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THE WORKS

OF

BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER.

FRANCIS BEAUMONT

THE

WORKS

OF

BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER,

With an Introduction

BY

GEORGE DARLEY.

LONDON:
EDWARD MOXON, DOVER STREET.
MDCCCXXXII.

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GEORGE DARLEY.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

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OF

THE WORKS

OF

BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER

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May, 1840.

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INTRODUCTION.

SHIRLEY the dramatist, when concluding his Preface to the works of BEAUMONT and FLETCHER, pronounces an interdict by way of an opinion—"he must be a bold man that *dares* undertake to write their lives." Yet Shirley lived at the same time as our authors, was a member of the same literary guild to which they belonged, and moreover stood towards one of them, Fletcher, in the position of friend. What had deserved the name *boldness* under his circumstances, would escape with no such ambiguous epithet under those of a modern biographer. Biography and history differ beyond common idea in this, that a subtle philosophical process will oftentimes, from the multifold, inter-dependent, full-fraught, known facts of the latter, elicit other facts unrecognised before, even by the age itself when they took place; whilst the facts of a particular life, unless it were prominent enough to be historic, are so scanty, exclusive, and meagre, that a similar process, applied to them, would seldom have a similar effect. Man's general nature is sufficiently uniform to admit of our reasoning out consequences which must have occurred at a certain time past, because parallel situations would always produce them; but man, as an individual, being far more variable than any other sentient creature upon earth, to divine from all he ever did aught he would ever do again, baffles the calculus of probabilities in most cases. Hence, without exact and abundant contemporaneous memoirs, it becomes an easier matter to develope, by help of those few and superficial we may have, the united life of Mankind during a given period gone by, than the life of one Man.

Such desirable memoirs of Beaumont and of Fletcher we should now possess, had Shirley not been either too modest or too proud for a biographer, a very circumspect or a very careless friend. He gives us in his preface but a single trait, and that at second-hand, of their private character. His aforesaid preface, less a critique than a panegyrical flourish, little elucidates even the character of their works. I cannot well forgive him the amiable, or the unamiable, motive of his silence, through which my present task seems yet more hopeless than that of a Jew under Pharaoh, as to make my bricks I have only the straw and not the clay. But let me excuse Shirley, if possible, though his costiveness places me in the predicament of a tombstone-poet, expected to draw out a handsome epitaph from a proper name, two calendar dates, and "here lies." An inventive age leaves the business of criticism to a barren one,

just as biography, a sort of criticism upon lives, is left for the most part to those whose own lives are beneath its notice. This explains why Fletcher's friend, himself an original dramatist, left the office of critic and biographer to Tibbalds, to Seward, to Weber, and to me. Another reason yet more honourable for his suppression of evidence may be pleaded. Fireside-treachery was less venial in his time, or was at least made less a marketable article of literature than in ours; rich-minded men were less swarmed upon by brain-suckers to qualify themselves as book-makers; and persons of great note could then admit persons of none to their discourse, without much dread lest it would be sold (adulterated or attenuated), by the retailer, towards his own especial benefit, except in reputation. The example of Drummond had not become contagious, nor can we rank among petty-traitors of this species an eminent poet, whose crime against friendship sprang from a darker source than love of money, while theirs arises from the dirtier. I have no such cause for gratitude to the literary parasites of Beaumont and Fletcher, as future biographers will have to those of our intellectual notables. If Shirley be taciturn, other persons who were acquainted with my authors are dumb. How simple a thing will prove the compilation of Lives belonging to this present tell-tale era! *Aliquid usui est in illo malo.*

Another disposition our earlier poets seem to have cultivated far less than our modern—far less than is convenient to life-compilers—videlicet, *egotism.* Egotism displays a good deal of the owner's character besides his vanity, and records some important facts along with many things which appear such to himself alone. Jonson has, it is true, facilitated not a little his biographer's task by frequent allusions to "Ben" throughout his minor poems, and a genial indulgence in this overflow of the soul everywhere. But even he had not that particular view, as it were, towards the ease of us pitiable gropers after personal details, which a modern poet exhibits, whose works, well furnished with what he might call—*Contributions to the Memoirs of Myself*, will do much to render our office henceforth a sinecure. "He spreads his bounty with a sowing hand," it may be said of each generous author like this; and we shall reap a plentiful, perhaps a superabundant, harvest. As in Beaumont and Fletcher's age, however, it was not the fashion to make poetry subservient to the poet, rather than the poet to poetry, I am denied those aids their egotism might have afforded. Some hints from their prologues and smaller pieces—some casual remarks thrown out by others—some few dates—and some anecdotes, trivial or dubious—must complete these brief memoirs, with which I can have no hope the public will be satisfied, being myself discontent with them altogether.

John Fletcher was born in the year 1576, of something more than "honest parents," as the phrase is; we may guess even of more than respectable; for his father had pretensions to a bishopric, which he soon after obtained at the hands of a Sovereign Mistress not wont to confer such dignities when unchallenged by particular merit. This circumstance likewise warrants the supposition that our poet's mother, although her name is forgotten, must have been of good repute; more especially since it appears Elizabeth took much greater care about her dependants' moral connexions than her own. Dr. Fletcher, upon his elevation to the see of London, having married again,

had to endure a suspension from his sacred office, for an act so little in accord with the Queen's notions of episcopal decorum, and, I may add, with her celibatarian prejudices. He was, it is said, like most of her favourites, very handsome, eloquent, accomplished, and courtly; attributes to which, perhaps, as well as solider recommendations, he owed the repeal of his suspension after a few months, and all the re-admission a twice-married bishop could expect to that Royal Coquette's good graces. His son inherited the perfections above specified, if his portrait and his friends flatter him no more than is customary; but he did not, I believe, inherit the *weakness*, so called by Elizabeth, as he remained a bachelor till thirty; and research has failed to detect he ever had a wife. Whether he derived his poetic tastes from his father, or, like Alfred, from his gentler parent, or from Heaven alone, may be a question: although the talents of a bishop are seldom left unrecorded, we do not find poetry numbered amongst Dr. Fletcher's. Yet there was, beyond doubt, a rich imaginative vein flowing through his family: Dr. Giles Fletcher, the bishop's younger brother, is entitled by Wood "an excellent poet," terms indeed often applied to a lettered person for the sake of rounding his character, but here it would seem justifiable: his sons, Giles and Phineas, wrote, the one "Christ's Victory and Triumph," a poem of merit enough to attract Milton; the other, what he names with classical indistinctness, "The Purple Island," which poem also deserves praise. These particulars may go some length towards an explanation of certain details and various peculiarities in our author's life and in his works. I do not see what light is thrown upon either by such circumstances as my predecessor, Weber, takes pains to mention—that the Bishop "was extremely dextrous in the management of the *great horse*," or that Camden charges him with having died of *tobacco**. But the wanderer through a desert will often stop to pluck trash from the few wild shrubs which adorn it, and to take a mouthful, no less green and bitter, from its brackish springs.

Cambridge had the honour of completing our poet's education, and Bene't College lays more particular claim to it, the bishop having remembered this establishment in his will. A youth from London of his name was admitted to Bene't, October the 15th, 1591, when Fletcher was about fifteen, the usual entrance-age then: this appears to fix both his birth-place and his college. Here we are told he acquired much classical erudition, of which, however, no creditable degree remains as a proof, nor do his works furnish a valid one, although they superabound with antique *dramatis personæ* and localities that might as well be modern. So many of his plots taken from Spanish, French, and Italian dramas then untranslated, seem to attest his knowledge of the living languages, which may have been sought at the expense of the dead. We are not told what verses the mellifluous waters of Cam inspired, or the memory of

* As others might deem this of some consequence, I give Camden's accusation at length:—"Endeavouring to smother the cares of an unlucky match in the smoke of tobacco, which he took to excess, and falling under the Queen's displeasure, who thought it enough for Bishops to be fathers of the Church [alluding to his marriage], between the experiment and the misfortune, lost his life."—*History of England*, vol. ii. p. 596.

Weber should have furnished the answer when he quoted the accusation. Tobacco, on its first introduction, was imagined by many sagacious persons, besides Camden and King James, most fatal to health, with perhaps the same justice as it is imagined beneficial now.

Spenser, who had chosen its sweetest reed for his Dorique pipe a little before. Fletcher was born that same year the immortal Sizar of Pembroke took a master's degree at Cambridge, where it is probable the "Shepherd's Calendar," which came out soon after, had been meditated or composed, and must have been in high repute when our author entered college. Is it subtilizing (no mark of true discerning power), when I trace the origin of his "Faithful Shepherdess," a pastoral drama, to these pastoral dialogues of his fellow-academic? Various thoughts, descriptions, &c., are taken or imitated from the "Shepherd's Calendar;" some peculiar words, as "*dell*," "*leese*," are common to both productions; and so likewise are some proper names, as *Thenot*, *Perigot*, which do not exist in Fletcher's supposed prototypes, the "Aminta" and the "Pastor Fido." I will give two specimens of the former coincidences:

> "Sort all your shepherds from the lazy clowns
> That feed their heifers in the budded brooms."
>
> *Faithful Shepherdess*, Act V. Scene 5.

> "So loytering live you, little herd-grooms,
> Keeping your beasts in the budded brooms."
>
> *Shepherd's Calendar. February.*

Spenser himself imitated in this a passage of Chaucer, from which I quote the last lines, to show how much sweeter the stream of poetry often is at the source:—

> "And many a floite and litlyng horne,
> And pipis made of grenè corne,
> As have these litel herdè-gromes
> That kepen bestis in the bromes."
>
> *House of Fame. Boke* iii. 133.

Again: Dorus's Song—

> "Dorus, he
> That was the soul and god of melody,"

by whom Fletcher is thought to have meant Spenser; Dorus's Song goes thus—

> "Daffadillies,
> Roses, pinks, and loved lilies,
> Let us fling
> While we sing,
> &c. &c."
>
> *Faithful Shepherdess*, Act V. Scene 5.

> "Strowe me the ground with daffadowndillies,
> And cowslips and kingcups and loved lilies."
>
> *Shepherd's Calendar. April.*

We are, indeed, without positive evidence that Fletcher wrote anything till he reached the age of thirty; but it is likelier his free-spoken and somewhat loose-tongued Muse was scarce so old ere she came to her speech. From certain manuscripts, preserved at Dulwich College, of Henslowe, a theatrical proprietor, Malone concludes Fletcher to have written for the stage as early as 1596, his twentieth year: these manuscripts, however, may regard a comedian of his name, or some other person,

the surname alone "*Fleatcher*," being specified *. No earlier work than his "Woman-Hater," produced in 1606-7, has been ascertained to exist.

His circumstances, it is probable, were such as did not compel him to turn stage-writer, and "coin his *brain*, or drop its sweat for drachmas," during youth's gay season, because his father lived till 1596; and he who could remember a College, could scarcely have forgotten a son, in his will. Some verses which precede the "Faithful Shepherdess," published about 1610, assert his independence: he declares that poem not written

"to make it serve to feed
At my need,"

but to please good judges. I am not sure whether much more reliance can be placed on this alleged motive than on the "request of friends," so proverbially an excuse for a wish to get bread: but the above Henslowe papers are brought forward in confirmation of its truth. From these manuscripts I give a letter written by certain prisoners for debt, which Gifford well observes, "it is impossible to read without the most poignant regret at the distress of such men;" I give it also as a warning to every aspirant who thinks his genius can elevate him above such distress, when he finds *Massinger* among them.

"To our most loving Friend, Mr. Philip Hinchlow, Esquire, These.

"Mr. Hinchlow,

"You understand our unfortunate extremities, and I do not thinke you so void of christianitie but that you would throw so much money into the Thames as wee request now of you, rather than endanger so many innocent lives. You know there is x$^{l.}$ more, at least, to be receaved of you for the play. We desire you to lend us v$^{l.}$ of that, which shall be allowed to you; without which wee cannot be bayled, nor I play any more till this be dispatch't. It will lose you xx$^{l.}$ ere the end of the next weeke, besides the hinderance of the next new play. Pray, sir, consider our cases with humanitie, and now give us cause to acknowledge you our true friend in time of neede. We have entreated Mr. Davison to deliver this note, as well to witnesse your love as our promises, and alwayes acknowledgment to be ever,

"Your most thanckfull and loving friends,
"NAT. FIELD."

"The money shall be abated out of the money remayns for the play of Mr. Fletcher and ours. "ROB. DABORNE."

"I have ever found you a true loving friend to mee, and in so small a suite, it beinge honest, I hope you will not faile us. "PHILIP MASSINGER."

Indorsed.

"Received by mee, Robert Davison, of Mr. Hinchlowe, for the use of Mr. Daboerne, Mr. Field, Mr. Messenger, the sum of v$^{l.}$ "ROBERT DAVISON."

* Lawrence Fletcher was an actor, and likewise joint-principal with Shakspeare of the Lord Chamberlain's company soon after this time.

The "play of Mr. Fletcher and ours," here mentioned, must have been written before Henslowe died (1616). Malone conjectures its date to lie between 1612 and 1615; whence, as Fletcher did not sign this petition, for a fourth of five pounds, he was probably, say the commentators, less indigent than his associates—a conclusion which, even if the premises authorised, would do little towards proving him independent at this time. His joyous social temper might have led him to dissipate whatever funds he had obtained from his father's will long before; and that he did so, the numerous plays written by him during his later years seem to evince. *Eleven* new plays * flowed from his pen in the last four years of his life—an average of three per annum, as he died some months ere the fourth year ended. This surpasses even the ratio of Shakspeare's rapid effusions, except for one or two of his earlier years, when *he* was poor, and is calculated to have written three plays per annum. Malone "makes no doubt" that Fletcher wrote "near twenty dramas" between 1615 (the date of Beaumont's death) and 1622; which, added to the above eleven, comprise thirty-one written, with a little occasional help, in eleven years. It is not often that a gentleman of easy circumstances, even now when language has become flexible enough to bend at almost any gentleman's will, without much exertion of power, into verse—it is not often that such a person writes for so long a time as fast as a dun-driven poet. Fletcher's lines "Upon an Honest Man's Fortune," which bear the marks of being composed in life's autumn, particularise *Want* among the various ills our author relies solely on God to aid him against, for he does not disavow it:—

> "Nor Want, *the curse of man*, shall make me groan,"

a line that sounds all through like an imprecative groan, expressive of conscious affliction,

> "Which the poor heart would fain deny, and dare not."

If the plea of necessity during his later years be assignable on the evidence above given, it will explain and excuse much of what would otherwise detract from his credit as a poet: several of his scenes, nay whole acts, must have been written with either an ill-filled stomach or head.

Fletcher's boon and colloquial disposition might be guessed from his works, and is certified by witnesses: Shirley singles it out as the characteristic trait of both our authors:—"Some, familiar in their conversation, deliver them upon every occasion so fluent, to talk a comedy †." The prologue spoken at the revival of "The Chances" has the same image:—

> "Nor fear I to be taxed for a vain boast,
> My promise will find credit with the most,

* Rowley contributed towards one, "The Maid of the Mill," but against this may be placed two left unfinished by Fletcher, "The Night-Walker," and the "Lover's Progress," which were completed by Shirley.

† Let me here note, that this reference to "familiar" acquaintances, does not seem to indicate the very close bond of friendship rivetted by commentators between Fletcher and Shirley. Our author is likewise made a particular friend of Shakspeare; I am unable to discover upon what grounds. Yet that he was an admirer of him, for which opinion there are grounds enough, has been denied!

When they know ingenious *Fletcher* made it, he
Being in himself a perfect comedy;
And some sit here, I doubt not, dare aver,
Living, he made that house a theatre
Which he pleased to frequent."

A preceding editor is solicitous to claim for two playwrights the cardinal virtues; and because they were fine poets to prove them patriot citizens as well as exemplary Christians: his attempt resembles that of the old critic, who would persuade us we have in Homer an encyclopædia of all the Arts and Sciences, besides a triumphant demonstration of the Trinity. I should feel myself ungrateful towards a pioneer who has done so much to smooth my way, if my frequent animadversions upon him had been avoidable; but the last editor of Beaumont and Fletcher was, it may be said, the first—the first meriting such a name—and therefore, if therefore alone, no farther a perfect one than a pioneer is a perfect road-maker. His above-mentioned attempt sprang from the fondness of a foster-father; and prejudice seldom renders our panegyrics consistent or conclusive. Thus, he will not allow us to find fault with Beaumont and Fletcher for having inculcated the slavish doctrine of passive obedience, "as that was the almost universal doctrine of the times;" yet himself lauds Fletcher for having, after Beaumont's death, abjured this "servility." To prove Beaumont held "religious opinions," he has no evidence except "occasional effusions put into the mouths of his characters;"—but then "the poems of his *elder brother* abound with piety!" In like manner the Irishman proved his pretensions to genius for music, because his brother could play the German flute. Again, Fletcher, it seems, has left us a valuable testimony of his religious and moral creed in his verses upon an "Honest Man's Fortune:" these verses beyond doubt breathe an excellent devotional spirit, which may have been entertained when they were written; are we by a parity of reasoning to set him down a profligate from various loose and libertine principles expressed in his dramas? If such logic be at all admissible, it will only prove that Fletcher was dissolute during one portion of his life, religious and moral during another, but decides nought about his permanent tenets. Biographers are driven to these vague and impertinent topics by the dearth of proper materials.

A Prologue spoken at the revival of his "Nice Valour," attributes the noble trait of self-respect, in very strong language, to our author:

"It grows in fashion of late, in these days,
To come and beg a sufferance to our plays;
'Truth gentlemen, our poet ever writ
Language so good, mix'd with such sprightly wit,
He made the theatre so sovereign
With his rare scenes, he scorn'd this crouching vein.
We stabb'd him with keen daggers, when we pray'd,
Him write a preface to a play well made.
He could not write these toys; 'twas easier far
To bring a felon t' apppear at th' bar,
So much he hated baseness; which this day,
His scenes will best convince you of in's play."

If Beaumont wrote the above drama, as Seward maintains, but does not prove, we need merely transfer the trait and the praise.

I have nothing else personal to communicate or discuss with regard to Fletcher, save his death, the most momentous fact of a man's existence, yet upon which there is seldom much for others to say. Our author died in his forty-ninth year, August 1625; and was buried on the 29th (as the printed parish register declares), at St. Saviour's Church, Southwark. His death, it would seem, happened from one of those slight fatalities most humiliating to man's pride—wish for a new suit of clothes delayed him in London; he caught the plague then prevalent there, and became its victim. This has no air of a catastrophe made to character, like Anacreon's being choked by a grape-stone, yet is far bitterer as a satire upon the illustrious of earth. That the purchase of new apparel, or perhaps an unpunctual tailor, should occasion a great poet's death! Aubrey, the literary gossip, who was not, however, the less credulous a gossip because he was a learned one, first related it from the mouth, he says, of the tailor himself. Except for the lesson it teaches, its truth or falsehood were immaterial. Aubrey is speaking of St. Saviour's. "In this Church was interred, without any Memorial, that eminent Dramatic Poet, Mr. *John Fletcher*, son to Bishop *Fletcher* of *London*, who dyed of the Plague the 19th of *August* 1625. When I searched the Register of this Parish in 1670 for his *Obit*, for the Use of Mr. *Anthony à Wood*, the Parish-Clerk aged above 80, told me that he was his Taylor, and that Mr. Fletcher, staying for a Suit of Cloaths before he retired into the Country, Death stopped his Journey, and laid him low here." If he died of the plague, we may suspect an error either in the date of his death or his burial, as ten days could not well, under such circumstances, have elapsed between them. The "Beggar's Bush," written by Fletcher but three years before, contains an odd unintentional prophecy—

> "Pray God it do not prove the *Plague!* Yet sure
> It has infected me!"—Act v. Scene 1.

Sir Aston Cokayne, a worthless poetaster in general, wrote some valuable verses as stating curious facts: he lived at the same time, and appears to have been acquainted with Massinger:

> "In the same grave was Fletcher buried, here
> Lies the stage-poet, *Philip Massinger;*
> Plays they did write together, were great friends,
> And now one grave includes them in their ends.
> Two whom on earth nothing could part, beneath
> Here in their fame they lie, in spite of death."

The grave, so enriched with poetic earth, cannot be found: pilgrims wishing to pay genius their homage vainly search about for a shrine,—they cannot find even a tombstone!

Of Beaumont's life the authentic particulars are scarce numerous enough to support a fanciful memoir upon them, or important enough to admit of being swelled by decoration. But in truth the written life of a great poet is often far duller than the life of a great blockhead: while this latter, through mere mental unfitness for meditative

pursuits or seclusion, plunges blind amidst life's many vortices, to attain the pleasure, or the profit, or the excitement from without he cannot have from within, and after perhaps a few years has to deliver no unvarnished tale—

> "Of most disastrous chances,
> Of moving accidents by flood and field,
> Of hair-breadth scapes i' the imminent deadly breach,
> Of being taken by the insolent foe
> And sold to slavery; of his redemption thence,
> And portance in his travel's history,"

—the poet, the intellectual Quietist, has perhaps during the same period beheld no object more outlandish than the "Saracen's Head" or the "Mermaid," met with no peril more romantic than a tumble off his Pegasean hobby, nor encountered anything more like an anthropophagus than a bum-bailiff. An author's deeds are his *works*—his explorements and excursions are those into the world of Reflection and Imagination—his chief adventures are with the ogre Popular Ignorance, the dwarf Distorted Taste, and the blatant beast Detraction: his hair-breadth scapes are i' the imminent deadly Theatre or Review, his insolent foe is the playhouse swaggerer or the pert scribbler-critic. Alas! how many severer trials of the spirit, the fortitude, the temper, yea the frame (for sickness assails this with its most poisonous tooth within-doors), has the hearthstone been witness to than the battle-field, or the desert, or the ocean! But *those* evils are not striking because so common, while *these* are interesting because so rare.

Francis Beaumont was born in 1586, ten years after Fletcher, and died in 1615, ten years before him: besides memory, it may help comparative analysis of what greater and lesser minds did for our literature at its most improving epoch, to remark that Fletcher's death occurred the same year as Lord Bacon's (1625), that Beaumont's preceded Shakspeare's (1616) by but one year, and that Bacon was born three years earlier than Shakspeare. I select Bacon, because he is a well-known biographical landmark; because he is a poetic imaginator; because dramatic poets are (or ought to be) philosophers; and because his influence upon our Humane Literature (manifested at time seven in the present light Works) has been, through the direction he gave to the whole world of Thought, far more considerable than palpable.

Beaumont and Fletcher were both born in the aristocratical "purple;" both their fathers enjoyed high offices; the one we have seen held a bishopric, the other became a judge of the Common Pleas. Beaumont's family, however, the older and more honorable, long had its seat at Grace-Dieu, in Leicestershire *. Another coincidence

* See *Vignette* on the Title page.

> "Grace-Dieu, that under Charnwood stand'st alone,
> As a grand relic of religion,
> I reverence thine old but fruitful worth,
> That lately brought such noble *Beaumonts* forth,
> Whose brave heroic Muses might aspire
> To match the anthems of the heavenly quire:

between our "Two Noble Kinsmen" of Wit, as if their likeness extended beyond their minds, was that each could boast even his very blood poetic. I have enumerated three cognate Fletcher poets, besides the dramatist; our British Parnassus numbers no less than five relatives of Beaumont, along with himself. These are, his elder brother, Sir John Beaumont, who wrote "Bosworth Field," and much improved our rhyme couplet *; John, a son of this Sir John, who lives upon his old reputation rather than his present; Francis Beaumont, master of the Charter-House, a cousin of the far-greater Francis; Dr. Joseph Beaumont, from whom Pope thought an author might "steal wisely"—an offset of this stock; and Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, whose race and maiden name, Pierrepont, were those of Anne, our author's mother, and who attested her relationship by some "fugitive pieces" creditable enough at a time of mere wit, when England's Hippocrene was a dry well. We know there are *castes* of priests, husbandmen, soldiers, traders, and mechanics of all kinds in the East; but castes of poets are, I believe, rare even in that wonder-breeding land: no such castes occur to me as having existed in Great Britain at least since the days of the Druids, save those two just mentioned, the Fletcher and the Beaumont. Let me add another coincidence, though trivial, to complete a parallel which runs so far of itself: both our authors' names are French (*Beau-Mont* and *Fléchier*), indicating a foreign extraction,—an extraction too that accords very well with the general gaiety and levity of their genius.

Our dramatist became a gentleman-commoner of Broadgate Hall (now Pembroke College), during the Lent term, 1596, when but ten years old; studied, or neglected, law at the Inner Temple for some brief time; turned the fable of *Salmacis and Hermaphroditus* from Ovid into English rhyme, and published it when but sixteen; became the friend of Ben Jonson before nineteen, and as such addressed a letter to him on his "Fox," produced in 1635. This letter has been said to evince the

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The mountains crown'd with rocky fortresses,
And shelt'ring woods secure thy happiness,
That highly-favor'd art (though lowly placed),
Of heaven, and with free nature's bounty graced:
Herein grow happier, and that bliss of thine,
Nor pride o'ertop, nor envy undermine."

These verses are taken from "Two Bookes of Epigrammes and Epitaphs, &c.," by Thomas Bancroft, London, 1639. Grace-Dieu is now indeed but a "grand relic;" for though neither "pride o'ertopt it nor envy undermined," according to our epigrammatist's prayer, he forgot to ensure it against the elements also.

* Drayton, in one of his epistles, celebrates him and his brother Francis, as well as William Browne, author of "Britannia's Pastorals."

"Then the two Beaumonts and my Browne arose,
My dear companions, whom I freely chose
My bosom friends; and in their several ways,
Rightly born poets, and in these last days
Men of much note, and no less nobler parts,
Such as have freely told to me their hearts,
As I have mine to them."

"soundest criticism," and "a familiar acquaintance with the models of the ancient drama:" it consists of twenty-six lines, a short space to include so much, even were they all given up to critique; but twenty-one are general praise of Jonson or abuse of his audience, and five alone remain for criticism, whose soundness may be estimated by the fact, that it gives the palm of comic style to Jonson above Shakspeare:

> "I would have shown
> To all the world, the art, which thou alone
> Hast taught our tongue, the rules of time, of place,
> And other rites, delivered, with a grace
> Of comic style, which, only, is far more
> Than any English stage hath known before."

Yet for a critic in his teens, and commendatory verses moreover, these exhibit singular judgment. Jonson submitted to him, it is said, the plots of his dramas,—Dryden believes "*all* his plots," which would prove our author indeed a precocious genius, as "Every Man in his Humour" was produced in 1596, when Beaumont was but ten years old. But Dryden seems to have been the loosest speaker, not an intentional liar, among all our great literati.

Jonson, insensible neither to services nor laudations, repaid both with the following deep-thoughted lines:

TO MR. FRANCIS BEAUMONT.

> How I do love thee, Beaumont, and thy Muse,
> That unto me dost such religion use!
> How do I fear myself, that am not worth
> The least indulgent thought thy pen drops forth!
> At once thou makest me happy, and unmakest,
> And giving largely to me, more thou takest:
> What fate is mine that so itself bereaves?
> What art is thine, that so thy friend deceives?
> When even there, where most thou praisest me
> For writing better, I must envy thee!

Beaumont married Ursula, daughter and coheir of Henry Isley, of Sundridge, in Kent, by whom he left two daughters. One of these was living in 1700, at which time she enjoyed one hundred pounds a-year pension from the Duke of Ormond, having been, Weber says, a "domestic" of his family: this was a large pension for a servant; perhaps she had lived as companion to one of the Ormond ladies. Several poems written by her father, we are told, were in her possession, and lost on her passage from Ireland to England. He died at an age as premature as his genius—twenty-nine, and was buried near the entrance of St. Benedict's Chapel, Westminster Abbey, near the Earl of Middlesex's monument. Like his friend even in this, neither slab nor epitaph points out his grave. A huge erection to Dryden, raised by Sheffield about 1720, may have encroached on the spot consecrate to him, or altogether usurped it.

I give the ingenious Bishop Corbet's epitaph upon him, as, besides being a high testimonial, it suggests a cause, not improbable, of his early death:

ON MR. FRANCIS BEAUMONT.

(THEN NEWLY DEAD.)

"He that hath such acuteness and such wit,
As would ask ten good heads to husband it;
He that can write so well, that no man dare
Refuse it for the best, let him beware:
Beaumont is dead, by whose sole death appears,
Wit's a disease consumes men in few years."

Wit then expressed *genius*, or mental power—somewhat as the French word *esprit* does now. This cause of our author's death appears to have been more than a poetical conceit, from some verses written by his brother, Sir John Beaumont:

AN EPITAPH ON MY DEARE BROTHER, FRANCIS BEAUMONT.

* * *

"Thou should'st have followed me, but Death, to blame,
Miscounted years, and measured age by fame;
So dearly hast thou bought thy precious lines—
Their praise grew swiftly, so thy life declines:
Thy Muse, the hearer's queen, the reader's love,
All ears, all hearts—but Death's—could please and move."

Of his private character, the single trait before quoted from Shirley remains,—that he talked a comedy: a hyperbolism not so well supported by what we know to be his works as by Fletcher's. He possessed, we have seen, much judgment, which rather belongs to a grave character; and such a one tradition has always assigned him. His celebrated description of the "wit combats," at the Mermaid tavern, proves only that he, as well as the saturnine Ben Jonson, could be jocund at times and under excitement.

"What things have we seen
Done at the Mermaid! heard words that have been
So nimble and so full of subtle flame,
As if that every one from whom they came
Had meant to put his whole wit in a jest,
And had resolved to live a fool the rest
Of his dull life; then when there hath been known
Wit able enough to justify the town
For three days past; wit that might warrant be
For the whole city to talk foolishly,
Till that were cancelled; and when that was gone,
We left an air behind us, which alone
Was able to make the two next companies
Right witty; though but downright fools, mere wise."

Beaumont, as has been remarked of English poets generally, seems to have been handsome: a portrait of him exists in Lord Harcourt's collection.

Aubrey relates an anecdote of our two friends, which scandalizes some biographers,

but which contains much that is agreeable to me, as offering a picture of perfect union, whose heartiness excuses its homeliness. "They lived," he says, "together, on the Bankside, not far from the playhouse, both bachelors; had one * in their house, which they did so admire; the same clothes, cloak, &c. between them." I must own the star implies too florid a spot on this sketch to be a beauty; but when critics would explain away the community of cloak and clothes, by accident or slander, methinks their fastidiousness exceeds their good feeling. Chalmers supplies a nonsensical word, *bench*, for the true one, by which moreover he "tells a lie for God's sake"—no part of the decalogue.

I will subjoin another anecdote, though it comes from a still more turbid source, Winstanley, because certain of the following scenes appear to substantiate it, and reversely it appears to illustrate them. At a tavern, as our poets choose each his share of some future dramatic task, a fierce ejaculation is heard from their chamber—"I'll undertake to kill the king!" One who stood outside, readier to catch up a treasonable than a poetic idea, gives information of this regicide plot; and the poor dramatist, till he can explain, has a prospect of the block, which better befitted the blockhead his betrayer. Critics hold the anecdote apocryphal, or its truth dimly countenanced by the "Maid's Tragedy;" yet I observe a close and very remarkable parallel to it in the "Woman-Hater." Here *Lazarillo*, an epicure, from his vague talk to a friend about grotesque means to come at the head of an "umbrana-fish," is accused by *Intelligencers* [informers] of a plot to "kill the duke," his sovereign prince; and these wretches are thereupon dragged through three distinct scenes of ridicule for their preposterous mistake in espionage, with a bitterness and vengeful satire that looks very like resentment of a personal wrong:

> "Your grace shall have
> The cause hereafter, when you may laugh freely;
> But such are called *informers*; men that live by treason
> As rat-catchers do by poison." Act V. Scene 2.

In Act I., Scene 3, the character of an Informer is drawn at great length, and with still greater severity:—

"This fellow is a kind of an informer, one that lives in ale-houses and taverns; and because he perceives some worthy men in the land, with much labour and great expense, to have discovered things dangerously hanging over the State, he thinks to discover as much out of the talk of drunkards, in tap-houses: he brings me informations, picked out of broken words, in men's common talk, which, with his malicious misapplication, he hopes will seem dangerous; he doth besides bring me the names of all the young gentlemen in the city, that use ordinaries or taverns, talking (to my thinking) only as the freedom of their youth teaches them, without any further ends, for dangerous and seditious spirits," &c.

I shall now arrange, chronologically, the works of Beaumont and Fletcher, and appropriate to each his own, as far as this can be done with certitude or likelihood —a very short distance, indeed. There are of the works entitled at hazard

"Beaumont and Fletcher," *fifty-two* plays, besides a Masque, and some Minor Poems. The "Masque of the Inner Temple and Gray's Inn" was written by Beaumont alone; as were the Minor Poems, it is believed, except one, called "The Honest Man's Fortune," which follows a play of that name, and challenges Fletcher for its sole author. This remains the single undramatic poem extant of Fletcher's, unless we add a few self-commendatory verses prefixed to the "Faithful Shepherdess." Out of the fifty-two plays, Beaumont had no share in the first *nine* here set down, it may be said with little hesitation, and with none in the next *nine*—making in all *eighteen*.

The Loyal Subject	First represented in 1618.
The Island Princess	1621.
The Pilgrim	"
The Wildgoose Chase	"
The Beggar's Bush	1622.
The Woman's Prize; or, The Tamer Tamed.	
The Mad Lover.	
Love's Pilgrimage.	
The Night-Walker.	

The Faithful Shepherdess.	
The Prophetess	Produced the 14th May, 1622.
The Sea-Voyage	22d June, "
The Spanish Curate	24th Oct. "
The Maid of the Mill	29th Aug. 1623.
A Wife for a Month	27th May, 1624.
Rule a Wife and have a Wife	19th Oct. "
The Fair Maid of the Inn	22d Jan. 1625.
The Noble Gentleman	3d Feb. "

For this latter set of dates we have Sir Henry Herbert, the licenser's manuscript, as authority; which also decides the corresponding dramas to be by Fletcher alone, except the "Maid of the Mill," wherein he had Rowley's assistance. That the "Faithful Shepherdess" was Fletcher's sole production, there is no doubt, and every evidence. Two other plays by him, licensed in 1623, are lost,—"The Devil of Dowgate, or Usury put to Use," and "The Wandering Lovers." For the former set of dates we have authority not so direct, but sufficient; and Fletcher seems to have written without help all the dramas, dated and undated, save the last two, which he left imperfect, and Malone says, were finished by Shirley.—These eighteen plays, therefore, furnish criticism a fair, broad ground, whereupon to judge of Fletcher's individual style. We may perhaps add—"The Woman Hater," produced about 1606-7.

Concerning the other thirty-three dramas (half a dozen excepted), we can ascertain the times of their representation, or at least publication, with various degrees of precision; but it is difficult to apportion their authorship—I might say, impossible—though easy enough to hypothesize, and yet easier to pronounce about it. Strange perversity of man's disposition, strange alternative between its supineness and precipitateness, that when he had some right to pronounce, he would not, and now when he

has none, he will! I have mentioned the provoking reserve of Shirley: but Humphrey Moseley, the stationer, exceeds him as much as *Shallow* does *Silence*: he adds a preamble of his own, and therein has the face to tell us—"It was once in my thoughts to have printed Mr. Fletcher's works *by themselves*, because single and alone he would make a just volume,"—yet he neglects giving us their name, or even their number, or any one note of distinction between them and their jointly-written companions! Still worse: Sir Aston Cockayne falls foul of Moseley for this said omission—

> "In the large book of plays you late did print
> In Beaumont and in Fletcher's name, why in't
> Did you not justice, give to each his due?
> For Beaumont of those many writ but few:
> And Massinger in other few; the main
> Being sweet issues of sweet Fletcher's brain;
> But how came I, you ask, so much to know?—
> Fletcher's chief bosom-friend informed me so."

Yet able, by his own evidence here cited, to repair Moseley's fault, what does this addle-pated baronet but reiterate it? These are not things to sweeten a biographer's temper. Hear with how much noble concern for the interest of Fletcher, and of futurity, our indignant doggerelist follows up his philippic against the stationer:—

> "What a foul
> And inexcusable fault it is (that whole
> Volumes of plays being, almost every one,
> After the death of Beaumont wrote), that none
> Would certify them for so much?"

I have heard a story of two Bathers, one of whom uttering a contemptuous laugh at the other, who had plunged in with spectacles on, followed himself immediately after in a pair of tight leather breeches. But the two bathers committed ludicrous mistakes, Moseley and Sir Aston lamentable.

Neither my space, time, power, nor disposition, encourages me to undertake a conjectural critique upon these thirty-three plays, for the purpose of ascribing, probably or possibly, as others have done, such a part or whole, such a plot or character, to this or that author. Besides the above-mentioned definite class of Eighteen attributable almost entirely to Fletcher, I shall mark out another of *Nine*, all which may have been partly written by Beaumont, as they were composed or made public before his death, and some of them even claim him for their chief author on good evidence.

The Knight of the Burning Pestle	First represented in 1611.
Philaster; or, Love lies a-Bleeding.	Before 1611.
The Maid's Tragedy	Before 1611.
King and No King	Licensed in 1611.
The Honest Man's Fortune	1613.
The Coxcomb	Acted first in 1613.
Cupid's Revenge	"
The Captain	"
The Scornful Lady	Published in 1616.

I add "The Scornful Lady," though not published till after the death of Beaumont, because it was written some years earlier; and I omit the "Woman-Hater," though published before that epoch, because he is understood to have had no share in this work.

Even from the above small class we can select but *three* dramas, verified as joint compositions of our English *Damon* and *Pythias*, to wit, "Philaster," "The Maid's Tragedy," "King and No King." The former two, indeed, if they be not equivaluable with all the other plays together of this collection, are beyond doubt those on which has depended, and ever will depend, its principal charm, and the chief renown of Beaumont and Fletcher. "King and No King" also renders their genius apparent in its brightest phase.

Critics, however, go farther than I can. They affirm, that of the fifty-two plays these under-named—sixteen, or *seventeen* (if we include "The Knight of the Burning Pestle,")—vindicate the time-honoured title of our volume. Beaumont, it is thought, was co-parent to these, but no more than these. I will particularise such of their dates as have been ascertained.

The Knight of the Burning Pestle	First represented in 1611.
Philaster	Written before 1611.
The Maid's Tragedy	"
Four Plays in One	Probably before "
King and No King	Licensed in "
The Honest Man's Fortune	1613.
The Coxcomb	Acted first "
Cupid's Revenge	"
The Scornful Lady	Printed 1616.
Wit without Money.	
Wit at Several Weapons.	
The Little French Lawyer.	
The Custom of the Country.	
Bonduca.	
The Laws of Candy.	
The Knight of Malta.	
The Faithful Friends.	

Partnership in but seventeen out of fifty-two plays, gives Beaumont small apparent claim on the total joint-stock reputation acquired. It seems possible, however, that some others, not brought out till after his death, may have been planned, and partly or wholly written, with his co-operation, before it. "Valentinian," for example, was produced before 1619; "Thierry and Theodoret," before 1621*; two plays which approach nearer in solid, sustained merit, "Philaster" and "The Maid's Tragedy," than any of Fletcher's known eighteen. We are now, it will be remembered, somewhat beyond the actual bounds of *terra cognita*, so I permit myself a conjecture or two, if merely to keep up with the critics. Another play, "The Bloody Brother," bears traces of Beaumont's deeper, graver enthusiasm. Weber pronounces the Fletcher-like portion far superior to the rest (Acts III., IV., and part of V.); yet

* Said in the epilogue to be by *one* poet.

Edith's noble pleading for her father's life, and *Aubrey's* fine philippic against sycophants, occur in the condemned portion: when it was produced is not known. There are intrinsic qualities of rhythm and general style, to come under discussion hereafter, which would give these conjectures verisimilitude; still they are but conjectures.

How happens it, the reader may ask, that this collection of plays, although not a third part ascribed to Beaumont, should be called "Beaumont and Fletcher" instead of "Fletcher and Beaumont?" A question of mere curiosity rather than of moment fortunately demands no better answer than I have to give—another conjecture. Beaumont, we find reason to believe, was a very precocious writer, published works, and made acquaintances among the Wits, before Fletcher did, who appears in the light of a late genius comparatively. Thus Fletcher would have joined Beaumont, as it were, not Beaumont Fletcher; and Beaumont would have been the paramount name, the one most spoken of at the "Mermaid" among choice spirits. Besides, from the very superior excellence of their earlier joint-essays, "Philaster," &c., a presumption arises that Beaumont contributed the weightier share of them; else, why did not Fletcher reach the same perfection in some of those many works we know to be by him alone? This also might explain wherefore Beaumont's name took precedence of Fletcher's, which it kept afterwards from habit. Or that very simple solution of numberless phenomena, which philosophers puzzle themselves stupid otherwise to account for, may probably resolve the present enigma better than any chain of profound causes we could tie together—videlicet, *accident*.

To complete this brief and imperfect abstract of our authors' lives and deeds, little remains. Beaumont wrote an independent drama, now lost, called "The History of Mador, King of Great Britain." Fletcher, besides two such works, specified at page xxii, wrote "The History of Cardenio," in conjunction with *Shakspeare* it is said; on what ground it were bootless now to inquire, as the play is lost. Among the works which form no portion of our volume, but which acknowledge Fletcher's participating hand, must be reckoned "The Widow," written by him, Ben Jonson, and Middleton; another drama, of uncertain appellation, by him, Field, Massinger, and Daborne (see page xiii); and "A Right Woman," lost, one of those attributed to him and Beaumont. Massinger, we have Sir Aston Cockayne's evidence (page xvi), assisted Fletcher on a few other occasions: Weber conjectures "The False One" and "Love's Pilgrimage" came from this partnership. Shakspeare, according to the Quarto of 1634 and several critics, must divide the honour (small honour for him) of "The Two Noble Kinsmen" with Fletcher. If bibliographic details more minute be desired upon the different works of Beaumont and Fletcher, readers may consult Weber's edition in fourteen volumes octavo, with all the advantages derivable therefrom, until a better appears.

We now come to estimate the literary merits of our Authors. Criticism upon works not scientifical is much a matter of taste, perhaps still more of prejudice, and some little of reasoning and knowledge. Tastes are luckily by no means the same in all minds, else merit too would be monotonous, and those numberless faculties would be

neglected which did not subserve towards the production of that single merit alone. Yet most persons appear to consider the difference of tastes far from desirable or agreeable, as nothing oftener causes dissatisfaction and ill-humour between opponents: they are at best like travellers under rain, who allow it a general benefit, but grumble nevertheless against every drop that descends upon themselves. For my own part, I shall not quarrel with any reader if he like Beaumont and Fletcher less or more than I do: will he reciprocate the indulgence? Immortality has sculptured adamantine statues to these twins of Thalia; Fame has accorded them pedestals in her temple; but I shall prove neither idolater nor iconoclast before them. It is possible this may please none save Pythagoreans—a small sect. Extremes are ever most attractive, because they require no painful effort of penetration to discern, or circumspection to keep them: the middle path, with deference to Apollo's judgment, is very seldom the safest; a critic preserving it gratifies those he would illuminate as little as Phaeton did by deserting it; he allays the flame of enthusiasm he should for his own glory arouse, or puffs it up when he should puff it out. But exaggerated panegyric on secondary merit, no less than frigid acknowledgment of superior, bespeaks want of real enthusiasm. And if there be anything which admits fanatical worship, this is not *genius*, but *Truth*.

Prejudices, again, or let me call them by the gentle name, their modern synonyme—*associations*—are powerful rudders of opinion. Many persons admire old books, because old, just as still more admire new, because new. Others dislike Elizabethan poetry, because it appears semi-barbarous to minds imbued with the classical spirit of Queen Anne's school—or deem this latter style no poetry at all, because its rhythm runs like a dry wheel for ever in one rut, and its subject-matter is compact, not of imagination, but refined sense. Some hold Pastorals in horror, from having seen maudlin compositions so called by Pope, Cunningham, Shenstone, &c., peopled with outlandish shepherds and shepherdesses—*Damons* and *Daphnes*, no more proper to England than oran-otans—and stuffed with affected discourse about gods and goddesses, sacrifices of goats and lambkins, plaintive philomels, purling streams, Tyrian fleeces, &c.—which makes the gorge rise at the very name *Eclogue* ever after. Various such prejudices beset on each side the course a critic has to steer, till he resembles the venturous mariner who attempts to sail through a continued strait of rocks serried so close, that in weathering one he falls foul of its opposite, or has to tack as often and quick as a butterfly, if he would flutter along with as little earnestness of purpose. I cannot expect long-cherished prejudices, handed down, it may be, like precious heir-looms, from generation to generation, will give way before principles, however demonstrable: what then remains for me? Hannibal's Alpine route is perhaps the best model for most courses—to go straightforward through all obstacles, and rather than turn aside use fire and vinegar. Such accessories would indeed alone become Hannibal critics; but the main part of the maxim recommends itself strongly for my particular adoption under existing circumstances, still more than for general practice. A Bourbon Queen of Spain's sarcasm against Stuart, Duke of Berwick, her intractable mareschal, has always struck me as rather a compliment—

"*C'est un grand diable d'Anglais sec, qui va toujours droit devant lui!*" Subducting the devilish feature, it were well, perhaps, if all Englishmen, critics or not, resembled this portrait: the most amiable mask Proteus ever put on is, in my mind, far more repulsive. To the subjoined brief critique further preamble would be superfluous.

Beaumont and Fletcher rank, as dramatists, next below Shakspeare: once they ranked above him, two of their plays being performed for one of his, when Dryden wrote his "Essay on Dramatic Poesy," in 1666. New-fangledness, their plays having all a cast, and most of them a date, more modern than Shakspeare's, occasioned much of this preference, a fact scarce credible now, and marvellous indeed, if the vane of popular opinion had ever stood firm to Heaven's sweetest breath rather than veer to its foulest. But a concurrent cause was the revolution and decadence of English manners which took place about that time; an effect of advancing civilisation, hastened by our freer intercourse with foreign kingdoms, especially France and Spain, whose corrupt practical ethics, less primitive pastimes, and less earnest literature, began to find much favour among us under the first Stuarts. It is quite a mistake to imagine Sybaritism did not commence in England till the reign of Charles the Second, when it was rather at its climax: he simply rebuilt its Temple, on a basis indeed almost as broad as the whole land, brought together again the scattered flock of Thammuz, and with them for ministers, himself being well suited for High Priest, made proselytes of almost the whole people, prone enough to conversion. But even under James the First, and his pious son, it was more than a poetical fiction that Comus kept an itinerant court within this isle, had full as many secret partisans of his principles as John Calvin, and found but few Lady Alices and Lord Bracklys among the may-bushes and myrtle-groves to discountenance him either by their precepts or examples.

> "Nothing but wandering frailties,
> Wild as the wind, and blind as death or ignorance,
> Inhabit there."
>
> *Knight of Malta*, Act III, Sc. 4.

Voluptuaries are always numerous enough, and vicious characters more so; but a glance beneath the historical surface of those two reigns will discover how depraved, though softened and civilised (to use the common term), our manners had become since Elizabeth's sterner times. This circumstance illustrates much I shall have to observe regarding Beaumont and Fletcher. It rendered these dramatists, whose works are light, gay, and amorous, greater favourites than Shakspeare, who wrote with a depth, nerve, and intense passion, which made his Comedy itself too sterling for a mere amusement, and his Tragedy far too high-souled for a very gallant age, but not at all a romantic. Exalted imaginations and profound enthusiasm were confined to the Puritans, no play-goers. Time has settled the question between Shakspeare and our two poets, at least apparently, as we cannot well contemplate a period when public caprice will raise it again.

But I doubt whether in strict justice the next place to him on the dramatic scale belongs to them: or let us allow that it does, by reason of their Drama being so bulky, for books as well as mountains take an importance from their magnitude, still,

though much better theatrical writers than Ben Jonson, Webster, Ford, &c., they were, perhaps, less imbued with the genuine dramatic spirit. Comedy is said to be their forte, yet which of their comedies approaches "The Fox," "The Alchemyst," or "Every Man in his Humour?" Where have they developed a plot or group of characters so skilfully, so consistently, so harmoniously, as Ben Jonson has in these three dramas? Compared with them, "Rule a Wife and Have a Wife" seems less a comedy than an olla-podrida of comicalities. "The Little French Lawyer," "Wit without Money," "Elder Brother," "Spanish Curate," "Scornful Lady," are all distinguished by the same perpetual attention to, and recollection of, a mixed audience before them, the same solicitude for stage-effect, but by little artistic power, or even purpose, by little care how those ends—popular gratification, present success—may be obtained, so that they shall be obtained: which power, which purpose, which care, as opposed to that solicitude, constitute I submit the very features distinguishing the true dramatist from the mere theatrical playwright. Again: what is *Bessus* to *Bobadil*, or *Michael Perez* to *Volpone*, or *Lazarillo* to *Sir Epicure Mammon*,—where is the single character delineated by our authors with the force, thorough understanding, perfect contexture, and uniform self-sustainment, of any principal portrait by Ben? Among their best-drawn personages some are acknowledged imitations after his models, imitations servile enough to mark their own sense that he was their master. In tragedy, which they seldomer tried, Mr. Hallam thinks they succeeded worse*; except for this opinion I would say without hesitation, far better. "Valentinian," "Thierry and Theodoret," "King and No King," "Philaster," "The Maid's Tragedy," are tragic dramas, and much surpass their most select comic; those I believe every reader admits to be their *chefs-d'œuvre:* how then can it be contended that they succeeded best in Comedy? Their age's caprice or their own made them desert the tragic walk, their grander, earlier, and perhaps as earlier more native vein,—a circumstance which to me is very regrettable. For another Philaster, I could sacrifice many such whiffling drolleries as "The Chances." But with all the poetic charm of these tragedies, do they excel, do they equal, those of Webster and Ford in the essence itself of drama—impassioned action? Our two authors are not "Forcible Feebles," but they are oftentimes Feeble Forcibles when they attempt to control the demon whom they have unchained upon the scene. They cannot ride in the whirlwind, and direct the storm of passion which they have raised themselves. A shock of great events crushes them who brought it about. They are insects on the thigh of a great character, unable to comprehend it wholly. Their *furor poeticus* is apt to become ambitious fustian, their action unfanciful extravagance, both signs of energies over-taxed. A certain gentle and almost feminine pathos was their forte; with it they make our heart-strings thrill, yet in a tone of pleasant mournfulness. We are never made to exclaim like *Lear*, "O how this mother swells up toward my throat!" as in "Vittoria Corrombona" or "The Broken Heart." However, they had a keen theatrical, if not dramatical, spirit: that is, if we limit the term *theatrical* to a talent for composing such plays as will *fill theatres*. Beaumont and Fletcher (especially Fletcher) seldom lose any time, like Shakspeare,

* Introduction to Literature, vol. iii. chap. 6.

upon grand effusions of abstract poetry fitter for the closet, or upon materials beyond or above their simple stage-object, popular applause. Mr. Hallam alludes to this peculiar talent of our authors; and if his expressions imply no more than it, mine are but an echo of his. If, however, by asserting Fletcher "superior to Shakspeare in his knowledge of the stage," he meant not what fills theatres, but what *ought* to fill them, issue might be joined on the question. Fletcher's liveliness, bustle, his easy-flowing, ear-catching language, felicitous jumble of piquant details, are sure to titillate a mixed audience, though they would often fatigue a reader; while Shakspeare's plays, represented as written, would oppress such an audience under the load of their intellectuality, and put half of it to sleep or to flight. But in skilful and nice conduct of his plot, in harmonious combination of effective circumstances, in poetical (not to speak of moral) decorum, clear development of characters, omnipotent command over the passions, ubiquitous insight into nature,—Shakspeare has almost every pretension, Fletcher almost none. Now these, and not the other, are the supreme theatrical qualities, evince true artistic knowledge of the stage. Shakspeare catered for the popular taste, Fletcher pandered to it, without thought or reck whether it was vicious or not: the one would have raised his audience to him, the other lowered himself to his audience. Shakspeare knew what the stage required, Fletcher what the spectators. Public intellectual taste has perhaps always a tendency to decline, and it is the proper business of writers to counteract this: being left unperformed by Fletcher, if we cannot thence conclude he was ignorant of a stage-author's function, we have no right to infer his knowledge.

Comedy has been defined by some critics the representation of the manners. Such a definition, if accepted, would have the singular luck of excluding our very best comedic dramas from the list of comedies, and admitting our worst into it: Shakspeare's "Twelfth Night," "As You Like It," &c., are not representations of manners; but Etherege's "Love in a Tub," Wycherley's "Gentleman Dancing-Master," Rowe's "Biter," are. The definition is applicable to *superficial* comedy alone—that which represents human nature under the disguise of art, and represents little more than the disguise itself. None of this outside comedy exists in Shakspeare, for in him the man always becomes visible under the manners: even his "Merry Wives of Windsor," and other idealised realities, give us far more than the contemporaneous appearances and behaviour of men and women. Jonson seems to have led the way, or beaten it smooth, as a Manner-Comedist, by his delineations of *humours*, prevalent enough at his time. Beaumont and Fletcher depict humours with less strength, richness, and raciness, but represent the general manners of their age with more pliancy, variety, fidelity. This, although the merit of inferior minds, has a value which Shakspeare's profounder, nature-loving comedy wants. It affords illustrative matter to the historian, curious or useful to the antiquary, agreeable to the idle reader. Our two poets place a mirror of their period before our eyes, which reflects it much better than Shakspeare's mirror of all time does his own particular one: they had not his imagination to throw its splendid discolourment over all realities, or to intermix new features which modified them, or to teach them that the essence of actual things was more positive than the things

themselves, more imperishable. Our poets, nevertheless, are by no means without imagination; nay, in a certain sense, they idealise farther than he; that is, they unnaturalise, often making beautiful chimeras of their virtuous characters, such as *Ordella*, *Juliana*, *Shamont*, and hideous or grotesque monsters of their bad, as *Brunehalt*, *Megra*. But several among their fancy-portraits, as *Bellario*, *Aspasia*, *Aetius*, have a sufficient groundwork of truth: these, however, are almost all tragic personages.

We may trace the progressive decline of Great or General Comedy into Superficial Comedy or the Comedy of Manners, through Shakspeare, Jonson, Beaumont and Fletcher, Massinger, Shirley, Vanbrugh, Congreve, Wycherley, Farquhar. Fletcher is the Farquhar of our ancient stage. Both are sketchers rather than draughtsmen; keep upon the surface of their objects instead of penetrating them; represent the caprices, oddities, fashions, manias, of artificial life rather than genuine human nature, the world as it was, rather than as it ever will be; fill their scene with motion rather than action; are gay and brilliant, but seldom either without being licentious. Farquhar's kindred genius often led him to plagiarise from his prototype: the "Inconstant," for example, is a plain spoliation of the "Wildgoose-Chace." But our eldern dramatist was a decided poet, which our modern was not, being only a prose *maker;* sprightliness in the former tends to pertness in the latter, buoyancy to flippancy; nature makes some part of the man in Fletcher's dramas, manners the whole man in Farquhar's. Yet Farquhar has this advantage, he never talks "skimble-skamble stuff," for its own pure sake, like Fletcher; he has always, like Swift, "when particularly tedious, some design under it." Our present poet is bytimes a veritable *Gratiano*,—"speaks an infinite deal of nothing," and to no end save exhalement of superfluous animal spirits;

"His glass of life ran wine."

Beaumont and Fletcher seldom may be said to conduct their plots, nor to push them, nor even pursue them as they would naturally unwind themselves. Most imaginative authors, perhaps, commence random-wise, and letting each part beget a successor, save themselves the trouble of a total invention at first. But our dramatists do not often permit their plot to grow of itself thus spontaneously—they cut it short, and graft upon the stump any exotics that lie near, till their play becomes a *plica dramatica*, one intertangled knot of heterogeneous ramification, which, though sometimes beautiful, has almost as little radical connectedness as a nosegay, and but the tie of a name to keep it together. Such also are for the most part their characters—neither developed by the authors, nor suffered to develop themselves, but reared up to a certain bulk, like Nebuchadnezzar's image, with gold, silver, brass, iron, and clay, none of which materials cleave well together—each personage being rather portions of many characters than one character itself. Some few form exceptions, and the best of these, whether fables or characters, in the works betraying a double hand: let Beaumont have been what he may, right hand or left, his co-operation told upon them; albeit even that did not produce plots or portraits by any means impeccable. There are besides these exceptions certain personified Humours, as *Bessus*, *Cacafogo*, *Gondarino*, which

furnish marks of premeditation and a formative process; such evince better keeping, more individuality. But development of character seems to have been at best an effort with our authors; even these factitious characters are rather forced out than drawn out, elaborated painfully like Ben Jonson's, yet, unlike his, not skilfully. The grand fault committed by Beaumont and Fletcher, a fault that no retail merits can compensate, was their mistaking *particular* nature for *general* (which alone is true nature), founding their plots and characters on the *possible* instead of the *probable* (which alone is the true natural). Hence they too often come under the class *Lusus Naturæ*, not, as they should, *Opera Naturæ*. Notwithstanding we can hardly pronounce the angelic *Ordella*, or the supersanctified *Juliana*

"A faultless monster which the world *ne'er saw*,"

she is no less a monster, if the world has seen her too seldom. How strange, that *Caliban*, a creature who could not exist, should be more natural than Ordella and Juliana, who could! Because he, impossible as an existence, appears probable as a character, while they appear improbable as characters, though possible as existences.

If we look for the compound perfection of poetry—beautiful nature enhanced by beautiful art—we shall find no very large measure of it in Beaumont and Fletcher. Their accumulated works deserve much more than Shakspeare's to be entitled "*un fumier*"—but a *fumier* filled with jewels of the brightest, often of the purest, most celestial lustre, which a little rooting will discover. These make the real value, and form the real attraction, of their "plays," altogether unplayable now; even in their own time it made their chief merit, I repeat, maugre their stage-effectiveness. For if stage-effectiveness be the proper test of stage-merit, a sentimental melo-drama that acts like a mere onion on the public eyes, will be superior to "Macbeth," and "The Tempest" as an opera—to "The Tempest" as Shakspeare wrote it. Let us take that test—the Drama degenerates at once! A fine stage-drama must be effective; but convert this proposition and say, an effective stage-drama must be fine, no conclusion is less legitimate. Such conclusion Beaumont and Fletcher seem to have drawn. Had they only reflected that drama, however frivolous, superficial, or tasteless, may yet prove effective, upon an audience more frivolous, superficial, and tasteless still, they would have discovered the unsoundness of their creed and the error of their practice. Were anything else requisite to establish the above truth, it may perhaps be found in this—stage-effectiveness is a most *variable test*, (changing with the knowledge and judgment of the audience,) while the test of stage-merit ought to resemble the test of every other real merit, in being fixed. "Macbeth," "Lear," and "Hamlet," had always the same intrinsic stage-merit, though when public taste was degraded, these dramas were less stage-effective than those of Beaumont and Fletcher: private discriminative taste even then recognised that merit. If not so very immoral, the plays before us might "have a run" at present, like Maturin's "Bertram," or "Tom and Jerry," or those favourite quadrupedal performances of Astley's or Van Amburgh's *corps dramatique*. Would this stage-effectiveness demonstrate their stage-merit? I thought well to enlarge thus upon a dangerous doctrine held by almost

every one, and of late apparently pronounced orthodox by an influential writer upon our literature.

With only this subordinate stage-merit, with a *morale* which unsuits them even for our Minor Theatres, Beaumont and Fletcher's works are to be considered rather as dramatic poems than plays. They would prove also in my opinion more agreeable if read desultorily than consecutively. We have all remarked how well *extracts* read when tolerable; and how apt the whole original is to destroy our idea of their beauty, A good instance may be given from the present volume: *Jasper's* ghost thus threatens the worldly-minded father of his beloved *Luce*—

> "When thou art at the table with thy friends,
> Merry in heart, and fill'd with swelling wine,
> I'll come in midst of all thy pride and mirth,
> Invisible to all men but thyself,
> *And whisper such a sad tale in thine ear,*
> *Shall make thee let the cup fall from thy hand,*
> *And stand as mute and pale as death itself.*"

How are we struck by this awful picture, by its visionary character so well harmonising with the words which sound as if heard in a terrific dream? How are we disappointed when we find the ghost is but *Jasper* who has had "his face mealed," and the passage itself extracted from a mock-heroic play, "The Knight of the Burning Pestle?" Our volume resembles some once-cultivated wilderness—

> "Crowned with rank fumiter and furrow-weeds,
> With harlocks, hemlocks, nettles, cuckoo-flowers,
> Darnel, and all the idle weeds that grow
> In the sustaining corn,"—

where, if the corn be scanty, mildewed, and little worth, the flowers are of rare splendour, the herbs often of great virtue, nay, the weeds themselves have betimes a sweetness of scent amidst all their rankness, and colours as fresh if not as heavenly as those of the rainbow. I recommend the reader to rush into this labyrinth and lose himself; if he travel it by regular march like a high-road he will soon be tired. Or rather let me recommend him to peruse straight through the dramas above cited, and open the others at random. Were it possible to postpone the reading Shakspeare till Beaumont and Fletcher (also Ben Jonson, Massinger, &c.) had been read, this would beyond doubt ensure the greatest amount of pleasure; just as the wise boy never begins with the sugared top of his tart, but the plain cake itself; which, although sweet, would seem insipid after what was sweeter. Possibility apart, however, I should scarce venture to advise such a process of study, because towards the formation of taste it does much that our earliest-read books are the best. Mental palates may be spoiled far easier than physical, and beyond all cure, by vitiating aliment in youth.

Almost every one of Beaumont and Fletcher's fifty-two dramas is founded upon Love. This fact might even alone serve for a gauge to mete the genius of our authors. Among all poetic subjects, love is the easiest to succeed with, being the

most popular. To select it over-often is therefore a mark of weakness; a proof of impotence to handle subjects which interest less universally, enthusiastically. No dramatist who has a heart will eschew love-subjects; but they will be always chosen by many dramatisers who have nothing else. Now to form the complete poet, neither heart only, nor head only, is sufficient: the complete poet must have a heart in his brain, or a brain in his heart. Such was Shakspeare, complete because he had both, and supreme because he had both to the highest degree. Love, however, must not (as often imagined) pass for the sole emotion which evinces heart. Shakspeare evinces much throughout all his plays, though many are independent of that emotion altogether or almost—"Macbeth," to wit. A supreme poet, by native taste and ambition rather aspires to loftier subjects, as an eagle soars among cliffs and clouds, nor builds like the turtle-dove even on the most beautiful tree of the forest, though he may rock himself there awhile in the topmost branches. Out of Shakspeare's thirty-six dramas there are one-third decided love-plays—a due proportion: but his greater dramas, "Lear," "Hamlet," "Macbeth," "Othello," admit this passion subordinately, or not at all. Love-plays will ever be most popular in a voluptuous age, evidencing its effeminateness. Few of any other kind appeared under the Restoration, England's most dissolute, feeble-minded, contemptible era. Our authors' age was more masculine, but corruption had begun to enervate the higher ranks, to degrade gallant men into gallants, knights into rapiered fops, barons into powdered beaux. Luckily the Rebellion occurred, to reconvert these minions of Cytherea into Minerva's cavaliers. Beaumont and Fletcher's taste was either debauched by that of their age, or debauched it, or perhaps the debauchment was reciprocal. Love, with these writers, too often degenerates, as it will always degenerate when the sole pleasure and employ, into mere sensuality. Their noblest and purest delineation of the passion has a somewhat morbid character—an approach to the modern sentimental, that exception to the aphorism which says nothing can be at once detestable and despicable. But however platonic and refined, surely this eternal *love-lollying* is beneath an exalted genius? Achilles does not always delight to luxuriate on his press-bed, touching his lyre to the charms of his Mistress, touching both with a palm as soft as a hair-dresser's pomatumed fingers; this is the delight of a Paris. I am persuaded that even Woman herself, whose paramount influence it bespeaks, whose vanities it flatters, whom it enthrones idol-like for never-ceasing worship,—Woman herself would prefer an alternation of manlier subjects. She likes man in the hall, and better in the bower, but admires him more on the steed, or the rostrum: as a soldier, as a legislator, she adores him most; not as a chamberer, and a carpet-knight. Nor will I believe her so little intellectual, so uncomprehensive of intellectuality, that she would prize "Romeo and Juliet" above "Macbeth," and set *Herrick*, who sings ever of love, before *Milton*, who scarce sings of it at all. Our two dramatists, and love-mongers by profession, do anything rather than exalt Woman by their obsequiousness. When the "tender passion" becomes hacknied, it loses in real tenderness: when made too common a subject, it declines into somewhat worse than common-place, maudlin namby-pamby. Woman is *pawed* rather than caressed by Etherege, Wycherley, and Vanbrugh: set

up rather as a butt for compliments by Congreve, Dryden, &c., than a shrine for deep-murmured vows, prayers, and praises. If love-making prevail as an indispensable rule, it soon degenerates into an artificial accomplishment—all that is not factitious about it, is sensuality. Woman, throughout Fletcher's comedies, is treated too much as a fair animal, or little more. The homage paid her is almost heartless, at least soulless; she is degraded into a mere object of voluptuous pursuit—a hare to be coursed, or a trout to be tickled, for supper. When our playwright's lovers are married, it cannot make them happy, so it does not us; when they are separated from each other, it gives them little pain, and us therefore little interest. Love is represented as a nobler passion, and by consequence a deeper one, in the tragedies, especially those of Beaumont's co-fathership. Our authors have not developed it with as much native purity and wholesome intensity as Shakspeare has done; but they bestowed a grace upon it, a soft forlornness, a martyr-like or Magdalene air of pathos, which renders it, I should say, more ideal than his delineations, and others will perhaps think more attractive. He paints it like Raffael or Perugino; they, like Guido.

I am not Cato Major enough to enact the severe censor upon these authors for a certain laxity of morals which pervades their Dramas, nor Aristippus enough to excuse it altogether. Much, very much of it, was, beyond doubt, inspired by their age, when the breath of life could seldom be drawn without drinking that of libertinism. Massinger, though a stern moralist, at least moraliser, is bytimes yet more immodest than Beaumont and Fletcher. We have here the key to that puritanical horror of the drama, which has been represented as so rabid and ridiculous—to Prynne's furibund folio anathematising the Stage—and to the shutting-up of the Theatres during the Commonwealth. Though far from a Puritan myself, I must acknowledge this sect justified in all but its extreme procedures and prejudices against Dramatic Art as then exercised, in its most reasonable *theatro-phobia*, whilst playhouses were so like the devil's preserves, as playwrights then made them. I cannot, of course, exemplify my opinion: suffice it to say, that *cicisbeism* and *serventeism* were mentioned with no less complacency than if the dramatists themselves had been Italians, and these penchants were familiarised to Englishmen by their intellectual pastors still oftener than *stillettoism* is by our bedlamite and embrutified compatriots now. Let me add a very illustrative, yet not repulsive, trait of the free manners prevalent in our dramatists' time: promiscuous osculation between strangers of opposite sexes, married or unmarried. This sweetest domestic rite, sacred, except among the most shameless, to private affection, is performed with a frequency and a flagrancy which would shock the finer feelings of a modern Bartholomew-Fair audience. *Honora*, an incarnation of female honour, a miracle of Maidenhood, who lectures her royal tempter upon his libertinage till his ears tingle, at the end stifles him with kisses, begs more, makes her Sister (on whom he had had a like intent) follow her delicate example,—and all as a test, she alleges, of that virtue to which she had converted him! *Lucina*, another "moon of Rome," about to slay herself like a second Lucretia, having been kissed *ad nauseam* by *Maximus*, her husband, General *Aecius*, a grave spectator, exclaims, "I must *kiss too*," in homage of "so ripe a virtue!" Everywhere throughout Beaumont and Fletcher,

shame-capable human creatures are exhibited putting their bills together with almost as little ceremony or cessation as pigeons.

> "For ever amorous and billing,
> Like Philip and Mary on a shilling."

We do not find in Shakspeare this penultimate favour granted by the sex on such easy terms; even French Catherine, who was neither saint nor prude, tells Harry the Fifth—"*les dames et demoiselles pour estre baisées devant leur nopces, il n'est pas le coutume de France.*" But Massinger witnesses too, that in our poets' age women had made all except public commons of their faces, where any ass or goat might browse at pleasure: the human flower lent herself, like the vegetable, to be rifled of her sweets by each itinerant whisperer who chose to settle on her lips for a moment. From this amusing particular, we may estimate what must have been the moral condition of society at large in serious and more secret matters; how far, therefore, our authors' sympathetic libertinage is explicable and excusable. Fletcher seems to have prostituted his Muse with less reserve than Beaumont: perhaps because he gave himself to the sock rather than the buskin: many dramatists writing as if they supposed it were their function to make hearers of tragedy weep, and of comedy laugh, at the expense of virtue, instead of vice, when possible. But Fletcher's indelicacies and indecorums cannot now contaminate, they are so little seductive: there is much more about them to repel him who reads, than allure him towards the practices or way of life they suggest. I would prepare him for another species of coarseness which, also, distinguishes our authors' times by a "bad eminence," and their works even above Ben Jonson's,—a species still less dangerous than the former, because wholly unconnected with the passions. It is the too frequent use of scavenging words and offal images, ludicrous to clowns, or relishable in Swift-like satire alone. Dryden declares that Beaumont and Fletcher "understood and imitated the conversation of *gentlemen* much better [than Shakspeare did]; whose wild debaucheries, and quickness of wit in repartees, no poet can ever paint as they have done;" and Weber echoes this eulogium. Doubtless it is a merit, a subordinate merit, to have painted with such truth the manners of the times; but I cannot help suspecting that the beau-ideal these critics formed of "gentlemen" was a very vulgar one, and that they mistook *fashionables* for the nearest approach to it. Our two dramatists certainly painted better than Shakspeare, or any other poet, court *roués* and *rake-hells*, but could no more have delineated such inborn gentlemen as *Hamlet* and *Romeo* than conceived such poetic characters. *Prince Hal*, *Benedick*, *Mark Antony*, never descend into mere *bloods* and beaux-esprits, and men of *ton*; our dramatists' gentlemen never rise much above them. Perhaps the self-ennobled Citizen of Stratford-on-Avon was, among all poets, however high in birth, the farthest from a vulgarian: I could tax him with many a gross expression, not one vulgar. Fashionability is a kind of elevated vulgarity. We may have often observed how apt fashionable men are to be fond of *slang* diction, or *flash*, so called *; but a perfect

* I once knew a living *Mirabel* boast he had "blackguarded" against a fish-fag, and won the glorious palm, having reduced her to silence and tears. *Hamlet* and *Margaret of Anjou* demonstrate that Shakspeare could "unpack his heart with words;" but peradventure he could not have borne off the brazen honours of Billingsgate like this accomplished *gentleman*.

gentleman has seldom more acquaintance with it than they have with Sanscrit; and if a few of its terms may have polluted his ear, his lips are never befouled by them. Beaumont and Fletcher were themselves apparently "men of wit and pleasure about town;" and thence, perhaps, their success in delineating like personages, in disemboguing their favourite "fancy" language. The "Beggars' Bush" shows that Fletcher must have been an adept at Tyburn gibberish, a learned Corinthian, whom modern slang-whangers emulate rather than equal. His era, however, the Court itself, had imbibed a taste for ribald wit and farcical nastiness, so that we must not be surprised if his "gentlemen," yea, his *ladies*, scatter bytimes the rankest flowers of rhetoric over their discourse with great profusion. I have no design to present my readers with a *bouquet* from this heap of garbage, but simply a general contrast between it and Shakspeare's "odious savours sweet;" a contrast exhibited by the different use of the same endurable word. In Beaumont and Fletcher's "Wit Without Money," *Lady Heartwell*, a young and handsome widow, says to *Valentine*, upon whom she wishes to make a favourable impression—

> "You may do what you list, we what beseems us,
> And narrowly do that too, and precisely;
> Our names are served in else at ordinaries,
> And belched abroad in taverns."
>
> Act III. Sc. 1.

This last line, how expressive soever, should not have come from a woman's mouth, much less from a gentlewoman's. Mark how supreme genius and refined natural judgment can give that coarse word a charm, by the exquisite propriety of its application, nay, by making it suggest an oceanic image and sound, render it sublime. *Pericles* laments his Wife, whose corse is about to be thrown overboard in a sea-storm—

> "A terrible childbed hast thou had, my dear,
> No light, no fire; the unfriendly elements
> Forgot thee utterly; nor have I time
> To give thee hallowed to thy grave, but straight
> Must cast thee scarcely coffined in the ooze,
> Where, for [instead of] a monument upon thy bones,
> And age-remaining lamps, the *belching whale*
> And humming water must o'erwhelm thy corse,
> Lying with simple shells."
>
> Act III. Sc. 1.

There are few things more extraordinary in our Old Poets than the violent contrast between what is good and what is bad in their verses: you perpetually find tulips growing out of sandbanks, lilies attached like lichens to the dry rock; you not unfrequently catch the perfume of Sabæa amidst the pestilential reek of Lethe's wharf, pluck Hesperian fruit from crabtrees, and, after being fed upon husks or wash till well nigh famished, fall at length upon a breakfast fit for the cherubim—three grains of ambrosia and a nutshell crowned with nectar. The works of these poetic creators are like worlds produced by a sort of Manichean power, a double principle of Good and Evil, wherein the latter much predominates as to *quantum*, but the former is pre-emi-

nent as to *qualitas*, and each counteracts the other without pause. Or they are Deserts of Ammon, now presenting us immense reaches of dust, with here and there a stunted shrub or tuft of scutch-grass,—now an oasis which enraptures the eye of the mind with verdure the most luxuriant, the most refreshing. It may be hard to decide in some cases, whether this more provokes or pleases the student: certainly an English blonde looks fairer if we happen to see her among the brunettes of Caffraria, as all jewels are set off by foil. But, on the other hand, it is disagreeable to be prepared for a dose of wormwood by a spoonful of honey, to step from velvet turf upon sharp rubble. The flowers of this Antique Wilderness do indeed bloom aloft like "red rose on triumphant briar,"—which precious blossom, if one attempt to gather, he generally has to wade through a mass of bramblewood, nettles, thistles, and robin-run-the-hedge, —perhaps plumps ancle or chin-deep into a hidden pool,—and comes out bearing his rose above his head like Cæsar saving his Commentaries, but unlike him bepierced and bescratched as if he had been rolled down a hill in Regulus's barrel. We must often admit that the beauties of Beaumont and Fletcher are wheat grains lost amid bushels of chaff; "you shall seek all day ere you find them, and when you have found them they are not worth the search." But anon they are a handful of diamonds scattered through a hillock of rubbish, wedges of gold beaming through the sands of a current —which will enrich the speculatist ever after, who digs or dives for them. Those desirable virtues, Patience and Perseverance, are well exercised in the search, if not broken down by it; as what can test them more than to see passages that might otherwise become the lips of angels, disfigured by a revolting word or verse or phrase, like a lovely cheek by a claret-stain or a mouse-skin patch? At best it is Osiris, sublime and mysterious divinity, with a hawk's head on his august shoulders—Sir Lancelot armed to the throat like a Paladin, but his helmet a barber's basin: far oftener it is a grotesque body with the head alone godlike, a golden casque laced to harness of "leather and prunello." Throughout Beaumont and Fletcher's poetic domain, the Enchantress who appears when half visible a Venus rising from the sea, is a Syren, and ends in a fish's tail. We must confess that Shakspeare himself scrawls bytimes with a dead-struck hand, though the huge flaccid grasp betrays a Briareus in paralysis: most often his weakness becomes manifest by a wrong choice of object; he writhes with disproportionate lengthiness round some futile conceit, like a boa strangling a squirrel, or gambols unwieldily about a pun, like a whale playing with a cockleshell. Milton seems to have been our first bird of untireable pinion, who could sustain himself for a long flight through the loftiest empyrean without almost one descent from his sublime level—in truth a "mighty Orb of Song," which power so divine projected, that it could swerve but little out of its course till completed. But our earlier poets are heteroclite beings, half giants, half dwarfs; their genius is at perpetual suicide and self-resurrection; here they crawl as awkwardly as land-crabs, there they swallow the ground with noblest swiftness like warhorses; we might assimilate their works to pantomimes, wherein a Sylph springs out of a wheelbarrow, or *hey presto!*—and a throne sinks, leaving its occupant seated on the bare floor. Perhaps the unsettled and unconventional state of our language at that period may have

rendered all composition very difficult—private letters prove what extreme trouble the richest minds had to lay themselves out on paper, the best educated to use even comprehensible grammar—and this would go some length towards explaining both why our earlier poets produced so much that we consider worthless stuff, when to produce aught whatever like verse was such a miracle; and also, why they often produced poetry far beyond ours, as their prodigious efforts to write concentrated and exalted all their powers, ensuring either signal success or failure. Dryden I think it is who says, that the difficulty of rhyme forced him upon his happiest thoughts; and I cannot but believe, that the great ease with which nowadays language may be wielded, with which we can express ourselves in any form or tone without any particular effort, without summoning or summing up our total energies, or putting them to their utmost for the production of verse, is one reason why modern poetry, while it never sinks so far beneath the medium height as ancient, never rises so far above it. A cultivated language falls of itself into sweetnesses, which satisfy the writer and the reader: wherefore nothing much beyond them will either be attempted or desired. The first remarkable sweetening and softening, united with weakening of our poetic language into its present state, may, I think, be observed in Beaumont and Fletcher: for Spenser, if he did not strengthen it, can hardly be said to have enfeebled what was rather rough than firm before him. Shakspeare had bred up the English courser of the air to the highest wild condition, till his blood became fire and his sinews Nemean; Ben Jonson put a curb in his mouth, subjected him to strict manège, and fed him on astringent food, that hardened his nerves to rigidity; but our two authors took the reins off, let him run loose over a rank soil, relaxing all his fibres again, again to be fortified by Milton, and again to be rendered over-flexible by subsequent pamperers, not judicious trainers or masters. Such undulations the stream of every language must exhibit. Let us consider that one among them appropriate to our subject.

No quality distinguishing the works of Beaumont and Fletcher is more remarkable than their novel style of versification. I venture to call it "novel," because, although its germ may be detected earlier elsewhere, for example, in Ben Jonson's *hortus siccus*, it had not been reared as a known seed, but rather let come up casually and spontaneously as a weed: our poets chose to foster it into a consummate flower, which over-ran their garden. This peculiar style of versification (I speak now to the learner, not to the learned), has more than one characteristic, and that one often quoted for all, is perhaps the least efficient among them, viz. a perpetual recurrence to *double*, *triple*, *quadruple*, &c. *endings*. By these, the common blank-verse line of ten syllables obtains, as it were, a tail of supernumerary joints, which does not lengthen the actual body of the line, but gives it a graceful termination:—

Single ending . . "My mouth is much too narrow for my *heart*."
Double . . . . "Like a prodigious star, for all to *gaze at*."
Triple . . . . "'Tis strange my brains should still be beating *knavery*,"
Quadruple . . . "Have ye to swear that you will see it *executed*."
Quintuple . . . "No sir, I dare not leave her to that *solitariness*."

Lines with double endings are frequent in Shakspeare, with triple less so: but in

him single-ending, or common heroic verses without any supernumerary syllable, abound most. Hence, to a great degree, the firm, dignified, sonorous march of his numbers:

> *Timon*, (*digging.*)—Common Mother, thou,
> Whose womb unmeasurable, and infinite breast,
> Teems and feeds all; whose self-same mettle,
> Whereof thy proud child, arrogant man, is puffed,
> Engenders the black toad, and adder blue,
> The gilded newt, and eyeless venomed worm,
> With all the abhorrèd births below crisp Heaven,
> Whereon Hyperion's quickening fire doth shine;
> Yield him, who all thy human sons doth hate,
> From forth thy plenteous bosom, one poor root!
> Ensear thy fertile and conceptious womb,
> Let it no more bring out ungrateful man!
> Go great with tygers, dragons, wolves, and bears;
> Teem with new monsters, whom thy upward face
> Hath to the marbled mansion all above
> Never presented!—(O, a root,—dear thanks!)—
> Dry up thy marrows, vines, and plough-torn leas,
> Whereof ingrateful man, with liquorish draught,
> And morsels unctuous, greases his pure mind,
> That from it all consideration slips!
>
> *Timon of Athens*, Act IV. Sc. 3.

Here, out of twenty verses, not one is over-measure, and the tone is a continuous grave hum, like the murmur of a sea-shore heard afar off. But multiple endings give heroic verse a familiar cadence, and, as drama is more or less colloquial by its nature, these were an improvement on its primitive stiffness fitted rather for declamation. "Gorboduc," our first English tragedy, never transgresses the decasyllabic ordonnance:

> "For give once sway unto the people's lustes,
> To rush forth on, and stay them not in time,
> And as the streame that rolleth downe the hyll,
> So will they headlong ronne with raging thoughtes
> From bloud to bloud, from mischiefe unto woe,
> To ruin of the realme, themselves and all,
> So giddy are the common people's mindes,
> So glad of chaunge, more wavering than the sea.
>
> *Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.*

This square manner of versification is epic, not dramatic, because too remote from dialogue. Marlowe, our first writer of good tragedy, composed too much likewise in equal bars, lengthening, however, a verse here and there with admirable effect:

> "For falling to a devilish exercise,
> And glutted now with Learning's golden gifts,
> He surfeits on the cursed necromancy."—*Faustus.*

> "Leicester, if gentle words might comfort me,
> Thy speeches long ago had eased my sorrows."—*Edward II.*

> "Great sums of money lying in the banco."—*Jew of Malta.*

Ben Jonson makes his tragic lines preserve column strict enough, but Beaumont and Fletcher let theirs deploy *ad libitum*:—

> "Why do ye flatter a belief into *me*
> That I am all that is? The world's my cre*ature*,
> The trees bring forth their fruits when I say 'sum*mer*;'
> The wind, that knows no limit but his wild*ness*,
> At my command moves not a leaf; the sea,
> With his proud mountain waters envying heaven,
> When I say 'still!' runs into crystal mir*rors*;
> Can I do this, and she die? Why, ye bub*bles*,
> That with my least breath break, no more remem*bered*.
> Ye moths that fly about my flame and pe*rish*,
> Ye golden cankerworms that eat my ho*nours*,
> Living no longer than my spring of fa*vour*,
> Why do ye make me god, that can do no*thing*?
> Is she not dead?"
>
> *Valentinian.*—Act IV. Sc. 1.

Here, and for as many subsequent verses, all, save two, have double-endings.

A yet more efficient characteristic of our authors' modulation consists in the pauses being very often thrown upon *uneven* syllables instead of *even*, as is most usual: *Montague* says to *Veramour*, his page—

> "Little world
> Of vir*tue*, why dost love and follow me?"
>
> *Honest Man's Fortune*, Act IV. Sc. 1.

> "Too much a tur*tle*, a thing born without passion."
>
> *Philaster*, Act I. Sc. 1.

> "Having myself about *me*, and my sword."
>
> *Philaster*, Act I. Sc. 1.

Here the pauses are respectively after the *third*, *fifth*, and *seventh* syllables; whereas preceding poets seldom break their lines except at the *fourth* and *sixth* and *eighth*—

> "Things won are *done*, joy's soul lies in the doing."
>
> *Troilus and Cressida*, Act I. Sc. 3.

> "Let Pluto's *bells* ring out my fatal knell,
> And hags howl for my *death* at Charon's shore."
>
> MARLOWE'S *Edward II.*

> "Slaughter bestrid the *streets*, and stretched himself
> To seem more *huge*"—
>
> BEN JONSON'S *Catiline.*

A third characteristic is the frequent supplanting of one long syllable in a line by two, three, four, or even more short syllables, which, pronounced rapidly together, take up about the same time as the supplanted syllable, and therefore lengthen such verse to the eye, but not (or little) to the ear:—

> "Let him alone,
> And feed *yourself on your own* fortunes. Come, be frolic!
>
> *Wit without Money*, Act IV. Sc. 4.

These five italicated syllables pass but for *two*—in strictness, the line should go thus:

And feed you on your fortunes. Come, be frolic!

Still a fourth characteristic, and perhaps the most distinctive of all, lies in making the eleventh syllable of an over-running verse *long* and *emphatic*, when, as a supernumerary, it had been by earlier melodists chosen short, that it might be imperceptible:—

"Looks not Evadne beauteous with these rites *now*?"
Maid's Tragedy, Act V. Sc. 4.

"And merry gossipings go round, go round *still*."
Spanish Curate, Act III. Sc. 2.

"The seas and unfrequented deserts where the snow *dwells*."
Bonduca, Act III. Sc. 2.

The surplus syllable in these lines being long, it cannot be lapt under the tenth like a short one, but stands out as a substantive part of the verse, which is thereby augmented beyond a decasyllabic. Such lines are not oversights of our Authors; they are premeditated.

This very peculiar system of versification gives an air of great originality to Beaumont and Fletcher's style; and deserves some further notice, as well on that account as because it has been commended for adoption by an eminent critic and poet, Mr. Leigh Hunt, whose "Legend of Florence" is modelled upon it. He seems to doubt whether the Shakspearean rhythm be not too strict, and whether its great Master, if the sound of Marlowe's monotonous chime had been less in his ear, would not have himself given his system of numbers a Harmonic Law similar, though superior, to the "sprightly licence" of our poets. I believe few readers ever felt their rhythmical desires unsatisfied by Shakspeare's modulation, which, like a mountain-flood, adapts itself to the ground through which it flows, smooth or broken, wild or regular, level or precipitous, of almost endless variety and exquisite beauty. But other poets have not his might of hand to make "music malleable;" moreover, there is, beyond dispute, a particular grace in Beaumont and Fletcher's style which his wants—a certain openness, and *abandon*, and ever-varying elasticity, which sprang from the principles above enumerated. Nevertheless, before we attempt to improve the Shakspearean style, let me likewise dare to suggest a doubt: are the sterner form of it and the more flexuous of the other, compatible? Are they not respectively a *masculine* and a *feminine* perfection; and would they not, if used together, make a sort of *hermaphrodite* metre? Was the muscular style of Phidias compatible with the marrowy of Praxiteles, and did the former gain or lose when it was modified into the latter? Is the *graziose* of Correggio an improvement on the *grandiose* of Raffael, or a voluptuous depravement of it? We may recollect that what a refined language like ours most needs is precisely strength, not elegance; civilisation has a corruptive, enervating influence, and dissolves the vigour of language into a voluble feebleness soon enough without our special aid, which should rather be given, perhaps, to stay that decadence. Facility will come of its own accord, despite

of us; peradventure modern versification errs by over-facility. What is the fact with regard to Beaumont and Fletcher? Of all the great dramatists, their style must be granted the freest and the *feeblest*. I much suspect the tasteful critic above-mentioned merely meant, that Shakspeare would, on certain occasions, and for certain purposes, have admitted something like their opener style, not that he would have preferred it as a general style to his own. In Comedy, or comedic passages, or familiar scenes, it gives an ease and undulance and breadth, which are very colloquial and appropriate. For Tragedy it seems quite unfit; and perhaps the best proof of this is, that Beaumont and Fletcher themselves, when making their highest tragic efforts, disuse it. In the noblest scenes of "Philaster," &c., it vanishes almost altogether. It lets down the *tone* of tragedy. Its adoption even in modern comedy would be perilous, as nothing short of the nicest judgment could keep it from enfeebling what is feeble enough—modern dramatic versification.

But though a particular grace of Beaumont and Fletcher's style may be commended for a particular object, their general style furnishes anything rather than a good model. We might, perhaps, at once pronounce, that a *mannered* style cannot be a good one, and theirs is mannered to an excess. They push its characteristics into caricature. Thus their supernumerary syllables are often so heaped upon the line, that, like an animal with a clubbed tail, it is both disfigured and disabled by this overgrown appendage:

> "Will it please you
> To beat some half-a-dozen of his servants presently,
> That I may testify you have brought the same faith
> Unblemished home, you carried out? Or, if it like you,
> There be two chambermaids," &c.
>
> *Monsieur Thomas*, Act II. Sc. 2.

Again, the continued repetition of multiple endings becomes monotonous and wearisome, more so too as it is the repetition of a license, not a law: there are long tragic speeches here without one male verse, one line with a single ending, which takes away from them all sonorousness and much seriousness. Besides, even in comedy, the reiteration of those two conventional words, "sir" and "now," degenerates into a palpable *trick*:

> "Best father to my soul, I give you thanks, *sir!*"
> "Where's that good gentleman? O I could laugh *now*"—
> "Behold thy doctrine! You love now for reward, *sir*."—
> "My certain fate is fixed! Were I a knave *now*,
> I could avoid this; had my actions
> But mere relations to their own ends, I could 'scape *now*."

These and as many more occur within a page or two of the "Bloody Brother," Act V. Jonson had introduced such expletives, but with his usual judgment.

The use of a long supernumerary syllable is still a worse mannerism in our authors: it acts as a dead-weight upon the line, rendering it unwieldable by any pronunciation. Some of these lines may, indeed, be managed, if the reader can gather up several pre-

ceding syllables into one, and so make the last accent fall on this syllable as if it were not a supernumerary, but a tenth one, *e. g.* :

> "A powerful prince should be constant to his power still."

Reading this by accents instead of syllables, we may bring it into metre—

> A pów'rful prínce, should b' cónstant to's pów'r still.

But a multitude of elisions would give Beaumont and Fletcher's works the unsightliest aspect, if the lines were printed as they must be pronounced.

Their habitual setting the pauses at an uneven syllable, throws their versification into an agreeable *canter*, very sympathetic with the buoyancy of their lighter scenes and subjects :

> "When he goes tumble, tumble, o'er the stones,
> Like Anacreon's drunken verses."
>
> *Chances*, Act V. Sc. 2.

But this cantering measure is almost always too familiar and undignified for tragic purposes : it is not much used in the Beaumontesqué tragedies, and seldom with good effect in Fletcher's.

The third characteristic aforementioned leads also to difficulties. Crowding half as many again as the right number of syllables into a line occasions a jumble—

> "I crawled away, and lived again still. I am hurt plaguily!"
>
> *Humorous Lieutenant*, Act II. Sc. 2.

This, however, is a true metrical line (read by accents) ; but there are many verses which no power of condensing syllables, or facility of slurring them, will enable us to reduce into pleasant rhythm :

> "Cannot a man fall into one of your drunken cellars,
> And venture the breaking on's neck, your trap-doors open."
>
> *Custom of the Country*, Act III. Sc. 3.

The second line seems, like Falstaff's paunch, out of all compass.

I must add here, that Beaumont and Fletcher's versification is also too much distinguished by a *fifth* characteristic—that of ending their lines metrically where they could not end respiratively—

> "This brain,
> Without an Orpheus' harp, redeemed from hell's
> Three-headed porter our Eurydice."
>
> *Honest Man's Fortune*, Act III. Sc. 2.

This fault is often aggravated by ending the line with an insignificant word, as well as one individable from its successor—

> "Your subjects all have fed. by virtue of
> My arm."
>
> *Maid's Tragedy*, Act IV. Sc. 2.

Nothing tends to weaken versification more than this last fault; we may observe how Byron, who was not deficient in natural energies, by his adoption of it as a smoothener, makes his dramatic verse drag upon the ear, and his less vigorous imitators become intolerable drawlers.

I am persuaded that the text of Beaumont and Fletcher is corrupt to no common degree: few of their works were published during their life-time, and those few with perhaps little care from the prompter's copies. We have seen what an Augean labour it was to cleanse Shakspeare's text, how many commentators it employed and exhausted. The text before us, by reason of its very irregular nature, probably suffered still more disfiguration: an ignorant printer, or incompetent editor, having no rule to guide him, would lop off redundancies as excrescences, and supply words which he thought requisite, where a few extra syllables in a line seemed of little account. Prose was changed into verse, verse into prose, *ad libitum*. However, after making all allowances on this score, I should be disposed to say that Beaumont and Fletcher were rather happy modulators at times, than understanding melodists. Ben Jonson had opened and loosened comedic numbers before them. They mingled together, if we must not say jumbled, different laws of metre, because it is easier to observe by turns, several laws when we like, than any one law in particular, always. Their general style becomes thus for the most part, so to say, *broken-backed*, full of ridges, an incessant joggle from one rut to another. We can, indeed, by dint of slurring, condensing, balancing, misplacing emphases, and other means, eke out a modulation for almost all of their lines; but their lines ought rather to make modulation for us; *v. g.*

> "The basest, the most footboy-like, without respect."
>
> *Scornful Lady*, Act IV. Sc. 1.

This line should have the last word lopped off, to render it strict metre; but if we accentuate the *twelfth* syllable and slur the *six* syllables preceding it, a kind of modulation is made out, though no music. Not that these works are deficient in passages exquisitely musical; which, however, are formed rather on the old Shakspearean model than their own: *Philaster's* description of his Page, *Bellario*, runs with the very sweetness of a rivulet:—

> "I have a boy,
> Sent by the gods I hope, to this intent,
> Not yet seen in the court. Hunting the buck,
> I found him sitting by a fountain's side,
> Of which he borrowed some to quench his thirst,
> And paid the nymph as much again in tears.
> A garland lay him by, made by himself,
> Of many several flowers bred in the bay,
> Stuck in that mystic order, that the rareness
> Delighted me; but ever when he turned
> His tender eyes upon them, he would weep,
> As if he meant to make 'em grow again.
> Seeing such pretty helpless innocence
> Dwell in his face, I asked him all his story.
> He told me that his parents gentle died,

Leaving him to the mercy of the fields,
Which gave him roots; and of the crystal springs,
Which did not stop their courses; and the sun,
Which still, he thanked him, yielded him his light.
Then took he up his garland, and did show
What every flower, as country people hold,
Did signify; and how all, ordered thus,
Express'd his grief: and, to my thoughts, did read
The prettiest lecture of his country art
That could be wished: so that methought I could
Have studied it. I gladly entertained him,
Who was [as] glad to follow; and have got
The trustiest, loving'st, and the gentlest boy
That ever master kept."

Philaster, Act I. Sc. 2.

Here none of their metrical characteristics are prominent, except the proneness towards uneven pauses. Their more abstract mental characteristics are perceivable indeed—tender sentiment and pathos.

I could easily imagine a fine system of versification founded by some perfect modulator upon a very different principle from the *square;* upon a series of *triangles* for example, lengthening and contracting itself in turns like the rhythm of an Eolian lyre, now slowly, now rapidly—a swell now, now a swoon, till every mood of thought found its proper echo in the metre. But such a style of modulation is the last perfection of human language, which none has ever yet reached, perhaps ever will reach. Even to approach it demands much more consummate skill than our two dramatists possessed. Their peculiar rhythm has so little about it Eolian, that it has scarce any music at all except in some petted passages: ease is not music, gracefulness is not music, smoothness—nay suavity, is not music. To ensure music, lines must be full of sound, or *soundingness*, which results from principles in diametrical opposition to those of our authors,—from single endings, even pauses, sonorous terminative words, sustained tone, and regular cadence or tread of the numbers. Reverse principles are useful now and then to give this system variety, and introduce apt discords, the resolution of which back again into concord, pleases beyond unbroken concord itself. There is more virtue in rhythm than it has credit for,—a virtue productive of secret and remote effects, perhaps seldom thought of. Imagination and passion are beyond doubt the prime constituents of poetry, but to complete its distinct nature, rhythm would seem an attribute, however subordinate, little less useful than either. Thus to specialize man's nature, clay unites with the Spirit of God and the breath; these nobler adjuncts, reason and life, requiring as their presence-room the harmonical system of parts, called human form, ere they can render themselves apparent, like imagination and passion seeking the rhythmical form of language, called *Song*, wherein their divine properties might be rendered more manifest. Without rhythm,—that is, some obvious law of successive sounds, strict or loose,—how should poetry at once distinguish itself from Oratory, Picturesque History, and so forth? There may be as much imagination and passion in a speech from Demosthenes or Livy, as in one from Homer

or Virgil: what except the degree of rhythm * observed, assigns at once the former to rhetorical art, and the latter to poetical? Granted, the *kind* of imagination and passion used is often a sufficient distinguisher, apart from the absence or presence of rhythm: it constitutes, for example, the address of Brutus after Cæsar's death an oration, Antony's, an oratorical-poetic harangue. But neither kind nor measure of these qualities will always furnish a clear test, nor often indeed any: Burke's speeches are not poems, yet imaginative and impassioned in the poetical kind; Bacon's Essays are more imaginative than half the works produced by professed fancy-mongers, yet who calls these Essays † poems, except as a compliment or a feat of logic? Nevertheless, rhythm to poetry is like clay to man—the perishable form, not part of the essence; strip this form from both, and they will both remain immortal things. Rhythm I should maintain was chiefly valuable as an *inspirer*, and needful to the *poet* rather than the poem. We must all have remarked the inspiring nature of note-music—what numberless ideas, visions, emotions, passions, it suggests; what *creators* it makes us! Every true poet has a *song in his mind*, the notes of which, little as they precede his thoughts—so little as to seem simultaneous with them—do precede, suggest, and inspire many of these, modify and beautify them. That poet who has none of this dumb music going on within him, will neither produce any by his versification, nor prove an imaginative or impassioned writer: he will want the harmonizer which attunes heart, and mind, and soul, the mainspring that sets them in movement together. Rhythm, thus, as an enrapturer of the poet, mediately exalts him as a creator, and augments all his powers. A good system of rhythm becomes, therefore, momentous both for its own sake to the reader, and because it is the poet's latent inspirer. If this be allowed, choice or change of rhythm may entail important consequences to our National Poetry. We should not therefore, I submit, adopt Beaumont and Fletcher's style, till its superior merits are demonstrated. Now, a Teutonesque consonantal language like ours, will, however polished, want sufficient melodiousness,—not simply freedom, or ease, or smoothness, but *music*: in particular does our blank verse want this attribute, as will be plain to any one who considers how few of our great poets besides Shakspeare and Milton have written it with strength free from pompous rattle, and sweetness from drawl. Beaumont and Fletcher, to my sense, have not done so; their style is seldom vigorous except when inflated, nor often melodious without being somewhat mawkish. Besides, their most characteristic verse deserves too much the appellation of *blank doggerel*, and reminds us of Burletta metre:—

> "Why should he shake at sounds, that lives in a smith's forge?"
>
> *Chances*, Act V. Sc. 2.

This is precisely the grotesque metre of "Midas:"—

> *Pan.* So, Squire! well met—I flew to know your business.
>
> *Midas.* Why, Pan, this Pol we must bring down on his knees.
>
> Act I. Scene 1.

* Prose has its rhythm, but of that latent description not recognizable, though its charm peradventure is, by common ears. Hence I use the words "obvious" and "degree." Except in this general way, human powers will, I fear, demarcate the lower from the upper firmament as soon as prose from poetry.

† Bacon himself, it is plain, would not call them so, when he pronounced poetry "the shadow of a lie," and quotes with much complacency one of the Fathers who christened it "*vinum dæmonum*."

Butler, who admired our poets, and may have taken a hint for "Hudibras" from their "Knight of the Burning Pestle," scarcely parodies their favourite rhythm: his is the same, in a shorter measure:—

> "Quoth he, my love, as adamantine
> As chains of destiny, I 'll maintain."

Massinger belongs to Beaumont and Fletcher's school, but was a better artist, and modulates with more skill, without almost any music in his verse whatever: just as a scientifical pianist can run correctly, nay harmoniously, through all the keys, yet produce no melody. His verse is built up with exquisite colloquial *gusto*, one pitch above prose. His was the *Musa Pedestris*, and he himself for prosaic temper, as well as development of deep feeling and dark passion, an earlier Lillo. Fletcher (to judge from his known plays) had a fine natural ear, but fickle taste, and hits off, by a sort of chance-medley, beautiful modulations at times, when he lays aside his mannerism. If Beaumont by his judgment "checked what Fletcher writ," (as Pope says after Langbaine and Aubrey), if he did indeed check that mannerism, his death, perhaps, deprived us of more works like "Philaster" and the "Maid's Tragedy;" very little of it, and all Fletcher's sweetness concentrated, appears in these dramas.—I submit the foregoing remarks, with much deference, to critical judgment less fallible than mine; but have stated them with frankness, because every man must hold opinions, and they are only blameable, however erroneous, when given with presumption.

It now remains for me to offer a few promiscuous observations upon some of our authors' most remarkable works. Their five master-pieces have been noticed already. I must nevertheless quote from one of them, the celebrated "picture," as illustrating Beaumont and Fletcher's best style of sentiment and versification conjoined: *Aspatia* deserted by her lover, tells her maid thus to delineate in a piece of needlework *Ariadne* forsaken on a desert island:—

> "Do it by me;
> Do it again, by me, the lost Aspatia,
> And you shall find all true but the wild island.
> Suppose I stand upon the sea-beach now,
> Mine arms thus, and mine hair blown with the wind,
> Wild as that desert; and let all about me
> Be teachers of my story. Do my face
> (If thou hadst ever feeling of a sorrow)
> Thus, thus, Antiphila! Strive to make me look
> Like Sorrow's monument; and the trees about me,
> Let them be dry and leafless; let the rocks
> Groan with continual surges; and behind me
> Make all a desolation."

Maid's Tragedy, Act II. Scene 2.

Mr. Campbell remarks of this passage, that *Aspatia's* "fancy takes part with her heart, and gives its sorrow a visionary gracefulness." His just observation might be extended to the whole character, which is the perfect ideal of a love-lorn maiden. Admirable as are these five master-pieces, perhaps the "Knight of the Burning Pestle" exceeds them in one particular—dramatical (distinguished from theatrical) merit.

It is composed with an art almost equal to Ben Jonson's; with nativer and mellower humour, though less caustic. The characters are depicted forcibly and naturally, and consistently, from first to last: none by Shakspeare are better sustained than those of the Citizen and his Wife, who patronise a play in the plenitude of purse-pride, and insist on their shopman *Ralph* being let to perform the chief part, to cut every Gordian knot like an Alexander the Great, and to come forward as a "Dominus-do-all" whenever they please to see him. It combines two different satires—against citizen-ignorance and preposterous chivalry—into one plot, yet keeps them distinct throughout. Butler must have owed as much to the "Knight of the Burning Pestle" as this did to "Don Quixote." It is the first regular Mock-Heroic play in our language.

Amongst the other dramas I can discern none of like solid composition and sound humour to what this piece exhibits, unless it be "The Scornful Lady." Judging from internal evidence, both these comedies appear to be written for the most part by one hand, and that not the hand of Fletcher, if we take our idea of his style from his known productions. I should therefore *guess* these two works by Beaumont chiefly. The latter was once very popular: I suspect it to have been a mine of valuable hints to various plagiarists. Addison, as he himself confessed, took his character of *Vellum* in the "Drummer" from *Savil* in this play. Swift's humorous notion of spendthrifts stretching a Will to suit their desires, (see "Tale of a Tub,") is precisely similar to *Young Loveless's* interpretation for like purposes of his brother's living testament (Act I. Scene 2). *Boniface's* encomium upon *Ale,* in the "Beaux Stratagem," seems, as Farquhar was a notorious imitator of our poets, inspired by *Young Loveless's* upon the same beverage:—

> "*Widow.* But, my sweet knight, where is the meat to this,
> And clothes that they must look for?
> *Young Loveless.* In this short sentence 'ale' is all included;
> Meat, drink, and cloth. * *
> *Ale* is their eating and their drinking solely."
> &c. &c. Act IV. Sc. 2.

Nat. Lee's celebrated interjection—"Then he would talk, good gods! how he would talk!" is almost identical with the Elder Loveless's—

> "The wittiest little varlet! It would talk,
> Lord! how it talked!" Act IV. Sc. 1.

Massinger's still more famous "Kiss close!" occurs in Act II., Sc. 2. So many coincidences suggest the belief of plagiarisms, if they do not establish it. As I am upon this subject, let me cite another coincidence between Pope and Fletcher, not to my knowledge pointed out before. Pope, in his "Essay on Man," has the well-known line—

> An honest man's the noblest work of God.

Fletcher, in his poem on "An Honest Man's Fortune," gave the same criterion for human perfection—

> "Man is his own star; and that soul that can
> Be honest, is the only perfect man."

This poem contains many beautiful expressions and elevated thoughts, among which latter I cannot place the above-said aphorism: if Pope stole, he should have improved it, for it is false, and degrading to man, derogatory to God. An honest man is no more the noblest work of God than an honest *book* is the noblest of a writer: an honest *able* book is nobler than a dull book were it ever so honest, and Aristides nobler with the genius of a Homer or the wisdom of a Solon than Aristides with a clown's ignorance or a blockhead's understanding. Fletcher came nearer the truth elsewhere—

"An honest *wise* man is a prince's mate."

Triumph of Love, Sc. 2.

I have before mentioned that Farquhar took his "Inconstant" from Fletcher's "Wildgoose Chase," a production which responds well to its name, being a wild-witted, mercurial comedy, the scenes running away after one another with agreeable swiftness. Various parts of the "Humorous Lieutenant" are well written, but the character that gives name to the play is somewhat fantastic and exaggerated—Lucullus's soldier in masquerade: *Celia* has more natural spirit, and completes herself as a portrait of hot-brained, high-souled Devotedness without caricature.* "Monsieur Thomas," "The Chances," "Rule a Wife and Have a Wife," are dramas which will keep a careless temper in a state of perpetual exhilaration, and a fastidious one in a state of as perpetual regret that so much *vis comica* had been frittered away instead of rendered more effective by compactness. This indeed we might pronounce of almost all Beaumont and Fletcher's comedies; they appear scratched off each with the same unmended pen, wonderful for rough draughts, but requiring to be every one re-written—provisional pieces, like Shakspeare's first "Merry Wives of Windsor," not finished plays like his second. *La Writ* in "The Little French Lawyer," seems a character naturally conceived, extravagantly developed: the pettifogger, from hap-hazard success as a combatant setting up as a duellist, has many a real prototype, but to represent him insane is not to show him infatuated. "The Spanish Curate" comprises several characters—*Bartolus* a covetous lawyer, *Lopez* the curate, *Diego* his sexton—of clear outline and skilful contexture; if less striking than those of "Rule a Wife and Have a Wife," they are, I think, less over-strained: it may perhaps on the whole be numbered amongst our author's wittiest comedies. Mr. Hallam observes that Congreve borrowed the under-plot of his "Old Bachelor" from that of Bartolus and his Wife, "without by any means equalling it." Most critics have ranked "The Elder Brother" as a first-rate effort, some have found it very elegant and poetical; I fear to say the reader will find it more than tolerable. Dryden's "Cymon and Iphigenia" resembles it in plot; Cibber composed his "Love Makes a Man" out of it and "The Custom of the Country," which latter has been also given much applause by classical taste, and therefore can dispense with my scantier tribute. No one vaunts its decorousness,

* I had no control over the text of this volume, which was printed from Weber's edition, but several passages of "The Humorous Lieutenant," given in italics, were taken from the Rev. A. Dyce's edition of it, under another name, "Demetrius and Enanthe," published by Rodd, 1830.

except Lovelace, who considers it as fit reading for a college of Seraphic Doctors:

> "View here a loose thought said with such a grace,
> Minerva might have spoken in Venus' face;
> So well disguised that 'twas conceived by none,
> But Cupid had Diana's linen on."

"Bonduca"—"Wit without Money"—"The Beggars' Bush"—"The Loyal Subject"—"Rollo, or the Bloody Brother"—"Women Pleased"—may be cited as works of particular merit. Amidst much rant and flutter, "Bonduca" contains some fine poetry; amidst a mob of undistinguishable, over-drawn characters, one good one—*Caratach*—whose name the drama should rather assume, as he is the chief personage, and his actions form the chief subject. I cannot resist giving here from this work probably the sublimest effort of poetical imagination in Beaumont and Fletcher: *Suetonius* addresses his soldiers before battle—

> "The gods of Rome fight for ye; loud Fame calls ye,
> *Pitch'd on the topless Apennine*, and blows
> To all the under-world, all nations,
> The seas and unfrequented deserts, where the snow dwells;
> Wakens the ruined monuments, and there
> Where nothing but eternal death and sleep is,
> Informs again the dead bones with your virtues." Act III. Scene 2.

We may observe how the music of this passage is marred by that heretical rhythm in two lines (fourth and sixth), against which I ventured a protest. Mr. Campbell commends "The Double Marriage," and describes *Juliana*, the heroine, as "a fine idol of imagination, rather than a probable type of nature." Her self-sacrifice approaches yet nearer to idiotism, and her humble-mindedness to meanness, than these qualities of our authors' idols do generally: they seldom make me, so much as I should wish, a worshipper. He quotes, also, the scene from "Rollo," of *Edith* pleading for her father's life; and Charles Lamb, that of her revenge against the tyrant. If I am frugal in panegyric, these references to abler, as well as more liberal judges, will supply the defect. "Wit without Money" has a solid, Beaumontesque air; "The Loyal Subject," a Fletcher-like freedom, with some vigour, and more exaggeration.* In "The Beggar's Bush," a play of too melodramatic a cast, we find Thieves' gibberish, or Newgate cant, introduced. *Shakspeare* has been deemed part-author, with Fletcher, of "The Two Noble Kinsmen," from a superiority to Fletcher's usual style, and a resemblance to Shakspeare's. Imitation of the latter poet by the former might account in some degree for both these facts, if such: a lower artist imitating a higher, will often surpass himself; he makes a greater effort, and has a nobler model, than usual. The other Fine Arts offer frequent examples of this. But it is quite possible, also, that Shakspeare may have contributed towards "The Two Noble Kinsmen:" not only are several speeches (*vide* Act V. sc. 1, 2, 3)

* This play contains a singular anticipation: the Scene is at Moscow, and an *Ancient* observes—

> "This city would make a marvellous fine bonfire,
> 'Tis old dry timber, and such wood has no fellow. Act I. Sc. 3.

Pope "stole wisely" a remarkable idea concerning the transformation of Maids, in his "Rape of the Lock," from Act IV. Sc. 2.

after his "enormous" style of conception, but his enormous style of handling or versification, so different from Fletcher's. Palamon supplicates the statue of Mars:—

> "Oh great corrector of *enormous* times,
> Shaker of o'er-rank states, thou grand decider
> Of dusty and old titles, that heal'st with blood
> The earth when it is sick, and curest the world
> O' the plurisy of people; I do take
> Thy signs auspiciously, and in thy name
> To my design march boldly. Let us go!" Act V. Scene 1.

> "Thou mighty one, that with thy power hast turn'd
> Green Neptune into purple; [whose approach]
> Comets pre-warn; whose havock in vast field
> Unearthed skulls proclaim; whose breath blows down
> The teeming Ceres' foyzon; who dost pluck
> With hand omnipotent from forth blue clouds
> The mason'd turrets; that both mak'st and break'st
> The stony girths of cities; me thy pupil,
> Youngest follower of thy drum, instruct this day
> With military skill, that to thy laud
> I may advance my streamer, and by thee
> Be styled the lord o' the day! Give me, great Mars,
> Some token of thy pleasure!" Act V. Scene 1.

Beaumont and Fletcher seem to have caught one deep truth of nature,—their women are either far more angelical or diabolical than their men. They have also delineated women much better,—a mark, by the bye, of their feminine genius, if we must not call it effeminate or feeble. Lamb pronounces *Ordella* "the most perfect idea of the female heroic character, next to *Calantha* in 'The Broken Heart' of Ford, that has been embodied in fiction;" and her self-immolation ("Thierry and Theodoret," Act IV. sc. 1), as "the finest scene in Fletcher." *Aspatia*, in "The Maid's Tragedy," will probably interest the sentimental more, though we almost despise her abject faithfulness to *Amintor*, who has jilted her. *Euphrasia*, disguised as a boy, *Bellario*, in "Philaster," is our authors' prettiest and happiest exemplification of their favourite passion,—love's devotion. This character resembles closely *Veramour* in "The Honest Man's Fortune," and *Ascanio* in "The Spanish Curate."

Such are the thoughts which struck me on a hurried review of Beaumont and Fletcher, read desultorily long before without any object either critical or editorial.

In "The Wife for a Month," Naples is called an *island*, which parallels the maritime Bohemia of Shakspeare. I have nothing better to say, yet perhaps this is enough, of "The Nice Valour," than that it contains a sentimental *Song* which suggested Milton's Penseroso—"Hence, all you vain delights," &c. This song may be taken as an epitome of the valetudinarian interestingness, the delicateness implying want of perfect wholesomeness, which hangs about all Beaumont and Fletcher's more serious productions. Certain of their Lyrics are very good, especially the Anacreontic. "God Lyæus ever young" in "Valentinian," breathes a fine spirit of Bacchanalian enthusiasm. But the string our lyrists touched most often, was that which, like the

Teian bard's, "responded love;" and which often did so with exquisite sweetness—

"The very twang of Cupid's bow sung to it."

Indeed, throughout their works, "Venus the Victorious" seems to have been the battle-word on which they relied, rather than "Hercules the Invincible," though not always as successfully as Cæsar.

Of Fletcher's "Faithful Shepherdess" it is great praise to say that Milton borrowed many of its thoughts and much of its fable for his "Comus." True, those thoughts thus transferred, frequently resemble motes in the sunbeams, themselves futile particles, glittering with a radiance not their own. I must again dissent from the Historian of European Literature when he rates the lyric parts of Fletcher's poem so near those of Milton's, nor can I agree with him when he ranks the entire below "The Sad Shepherd" of Ben Jonson. Yet the lyric parts do contain some, and the un-lyric numerous beauties.

Fletcher's volubility is against more than his metre: he seems often to throw his words at thoughts in the hope of hitting them off by hazard, but he misses them altogether. His light-headed shafts fall short of their mark. When they do touch, however, it is with the irradiating effect if not the force of thunderbolts: this has an inexpressible charm. After all we have heard of "The Faithful Shepherdess," a fine English Pastoral Drama remains to be written. That such a work has not yet been produced among a people so agricultural, so devoted to rural pleasures, pursuits, and residence, is singular enough. It should little surprise us if the Italians, a town-loving people, had produced no "Pastor Fido" or "Aminta," and if Fletcher's representation of Sylvan life in the above poem had excelled these works more than I believe it does.

POSTSCRIPT.

The task which I undertook with reluctance, I have executed with solicitude. But it came upon me at so late a period, and found me so unprovided in materials, save those which casual reflection and most superficial research had brought together during my indolent literary hours, that a few weeks' care can have accomplished little deserving acceptance. I will not offer other excuses, because energies are scarce worth the name, if unequal to carry us over fortuitous obstacles as well as the route itself. How it should have fallen upon me to attempt standing in the place of Dr. Southey, though without any idea of filling it, is only conjecturable from the possible dread which abler and better-known writers than I am may have had, lest comparison with him might disserve them. Such a comparison is impossible in the case of a substitute like me, who have no pretensions whatever as a critic, except earnest desire for truth, and determination to speak it. Should disappointment at the change of Prefacers occasion my effort to be received with still greater severity than it merits, I shall yet enjoy the mournful consolation of having done my uttermost under very unfavourable circumstances.

TO THE READER.

(FOLIO, 1647.)

POETRY is the child of nature, which, regulated and made beautiful by art, presenteth the most harmonious of all other compositions; among which (if we rightly consider) the dramatical is the most absolute, in regard of those transcendent abilities which should wait upon the composer; who must have more than the instruction of libraries (which of itself is but a cold contemplative knowledge), there being required in him a soul miraculously knowing and conversing with all mankind, enabling him to express not only the phlegm and folly of thick-skinned men, but the strength and maturity of the wise, the air and insinuations of the court, the discipline and resolution of the soldier, the virtues and passions of every noble condition—nay, the counsels and characters of the greatest princes.

This, you will say, is a vast comprehension, and hath not happened in many ages. Be it then remembered, to the glory of our own, that all these are demonstrative and met in Beaumont and Fletcher, whom but to mention is to throw a cloud upon all former names, and benight posterity; this book being, without flattery, the greatest monument of the scene that time and humanity have produced, and must live, not only the crown and sole reputation of our own, but the stain of all other nations and languages: for, it may be boldly averred, not one indiscretion hath branded this paper in all the lines, this being the authentic wit that made Blackfriars an academy, where the three hours' spectacle, while Beaumont and Fletcher were presented, was usually of more advantage to the hopeful young heir than a costly, dangerous, foreign travel, with the assistance of a governing monsieur or signor to boot; and it cannot be denied but that the young spirits of the time, whose birth and quality made them impatient of the sourer ways of education, have, from the attentive hearing these pieces, got ground in point of wit and carriage of the most severely-employed students, while these recreations were digested into rules, and the very pleasure did edify. How many passable discoursing dining wits stand yet in good credit, upon the bare stock of two or three of these single scenes!

And now, reader, in this tragical age, where the theatre hath been so much out-acted, congratulate thy own happiness, that, in this silence of the stage, thou hast a liberty to read these inimitable plays, to dwell and converse in these immortal groves which were only showed our fathers in a conjuring-glass, as suddenly removed as represented; the landscape is now brought home by this optic, and the press, though too pregnant before, shall be now looked upon as greatest benefactor to Englishmen, that must acknowledge all the felicity of wit and words to this derivation.

You may here find passions raised to that excellent pitch, and by such insinuating degrees, that you shall not choose but consent, and go along with them, finding yourself at last grown insensibly the very same person you read; and then stand admiring the

subtile tracks of your engagement. Fall on a scene of love, and you will never believe the writers could have the least room left in their souls for another passion; peruse a scene of manly rage, and you would swear they cannot be expressed by the same hands; but both are so excellently wrought, you must confess none but the same hands could work them.

Would thy melancholy have a cure? thou shalt laugh at Democritus himself; and, but reading one piece of this comic variety, find thy exalted fancy in Elysium; and, when thou art sick of this cure, (for the excess of delight may too much dilate thy soul,) thou shalt meet almost in every leaf a soft purling passion or spring of sorrow, so powerfully wrought high by the tears of innocence, and wronged lovers, it shall persuade thy eyes to weep into the stream, and yet smile when they contribute to their own ruins.

Infinitely more might be said of these rare copies; but let the ingenuous reader peruse them, and he will find them so able to speak their own worth, that they need not come into the world with a trumpet, since any one of these incomparable pieces, well understood, will prove a preface to the rest; and if the reader can taste the best wit ever trod our English stage, he will be forced himself to become a breathing panegyric to them all.

Not to detain or prepare thee longer, be as capricious and sick-brained as ignorance and malice can make thee, here thou art rectified; or be as healthful as the inward calm of an honest heart, learning, and temper can state thy disposition, yet this book may be thy fortunate concernment and companion.

It is not so remote in time but very many gentlemen may remember these authors; and some, familiar in their conversation, deliver them upon every pleasant occasion so fluent, to talk a comedy. He must be a bold man that dares undertake to write their lives: what I have to say is, we have the precious remains; and as the wisest contemporaries acknowledged they lived a miracle, I am very confident this volume cannot die without one.

What more especially concerns these authors and their works, is told thee by another hand, in the epistle of the Stationer to the Readers.

Farewell: Read, and fear not thine own understanding; this book will create a clear one in thee: and when thou hast considered thy purchase, thou wilt call the price of it a charity to thyself; and, at the same time, forgive

Thy friend, and these authors' humble admirer,

JAMES SHIRLEY.

LIST OF THE PLAYS

OF

BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER.

Where no Edition is mentioned, the Play was first printed in the Folio Collection of 1647.

UNCERTAIN.

1. The Knight of the Burning Pestle. C. First represented in 1611. Uncertain whether by both or by one. Quartos 1613, 1635.

BY BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER.

2. Philaster. T. C. Before 1611, probably in 1608. Quartos 1620, 1622, 1628, 1634, 1651.

3. The Maid's Tragedy. T. Before 1611, probably in 1610. Quartos 1619, 1622, 1630, 1638, 1641, 1650, 1661.

4. Four Plays in One. Probably before 1611.

5. King and No King. T. C. Licensed for the stage, 1611. Quartos 1619, 1628, 1639, 1655, 1661.

6. The Honest Man's Fortune. T. C. Licensed 1613.

7. The Coxcomb. C. Acted first 1613.

8. Cupid's Revenge. T. Acted first 1613. Quartos 1625, 1630, 1635.

9. The Scornful Lady. C. Quartos 1616, 1625, 163-, 1639, 1651.

10. Wit Without Money. C. Quartos 1639, 1661.

11. Wit at several Weapons. C.

12. The Little French Lawyer. C.

13. The Custom of the Country. T. C. Principally by Fletcher.

14. Bonduca. T.

15. The Laws of Candy. T. C.

16. The Knight of Malta. T.

17. The Faithful Friends. T. C. Entered on the Stationers' Books June 29, 1660.

18. A Right Woman. C. Entered on the Stationers' Books June 29, 1660. Lost.

BY BEAUMONT.

19. The Masque of the Inner Temple and Gray's Inn. Produced 20th February, 1612. Quarto. N. D.

20. The History of Mador, King of Great Britain. Entered on the Stationers' Books June 29, 1660. Lost.

BY FLETCHER.

1. *Before the Death of Beaumont.*

21. The Woman-Hater. C. Produced about 1606, or 1607. Quartos 1607, 1647, 1648.

22. Thierry and Theodoret. T. Quartos 1621, 1648, 1649.

23. The Faithful Shepherdess. P. C. Before 1611. Quartos, N. D., 1629, 1633, 1656, 1661.

24. The Captain. T. C. Acted at Court 20th May, 1613.

2. *After the Death of Beaumont.*

25. The Queen of Corinth. T. C. About 1616.

26. The Loyal Subject. T. C. Licensed in 1618.

27. The Mad Lover. T. C. Before 1618-9.

28. Valentinian. T. Before 1618-9.

29. The False One. T. Conjectured to have been written by Fletcher and Massinger. Probably after 1618-9.

30. Love's Pilgrimage. T. C. Conjectured to have been written by Fletcher and Massinger.

31. The Double Marriage. T. Probably after 1618-9.

32. The Humorous Lieutenant. C. *Ditto.*

33. Nice Valour, or the Passionate Madman. C. *Ditto.*

34. Women Pleased. T. C. Probably after 1618-9.

35. The Woman's Prize, or the Tamer Tamed. C.

36. The Chances. C. Before 1621.

37. Monsieur Thomas. C. Before 1621. Quarto 1639.

38. The Island Princess. T. C. Acted at Court 1621.

39. The Pilgrim. C. *Ditto.*

40. The Wildgoose-Chase. C. Folio 1652. *Ditto.*

41. Prophetess. T. C. Licensed May 14, 1622.

42. Sea-Voyage. T. C. Licensed June 22, 1622.

43. Spanish Curate. C. Licensed October 24, 1622.

44. Beggar's Bush. T. C. Acted at Court 1622.

45. Love's Cure, or the Martial Maid. C. Probably produced in 1622 or 1623.

46. The Devil of Dowgate; or Usury put to Use. Licensed 17th October, 1623. Probably lost, if not the same as the Night-Walker.

47. The Wandering Lovers. Licensed 6th December, 1623. Lost.

48. A Wife for a Month. T. C. Licensed 27th May, 1624.

49. Rule a Wife and have a Wife. C. Licensed 19th October, 1624.

50. The Fair Maid of the Inn. T. C. Licensed 22d January, 1625-6, after the death of Fletcher.

51. The Noble Gentleman. C. Licensed 3d February, 1625-6, after the death of Fletcher.

52. The Elder Brother. C. Not acted till after the death of Fletcher. Quartos 1637, 1651.

BY FLETCHER AND SHAKSPEARE.

53. The Two Noble Kinsmen. T. Quarto 1634.

54. The History of Cardenio. T. C. Entered on the Stationers' Books September 9, 1653, as written by Shakspeare and Fletcher. Lost.

BY FLETCHER AND ROWLEY.

55. The Maid of the Mill. T. C. Licensed 29th August, 1623.

BY FLETCHER, JONSON, AND MIDDLETON.

56. The Widow. C. Quarto 1652. Probably written soon after 1615.

BY FLETCHER, FIELD, MASSINGER, AND [PROBABLY] DAUBORNE.

57. The Jeweller of Amsterdam, or the Hague. Entered on the Stationers' Books 8th April, 1654. Conjectured to be the play mentioned in Henslowe's Papers, and written between 1612 and 1615.

BY FLETCHER AND SHIRLEY.

58. The Night-Walker, or the Little Thief. C. Quarto 1640.

BY FLETCHER, ASSISTED BY UNKNOWN AUTHORS.

59. The Bloody Brother, or Rollo, Duke of Normandy. T. Quartos 1639, 1640.

60. The Lovers' Progress. T. Left imperfect by Fletcher, and finished by another poet, probably either Massinger or Shirley.

COMMENDATORY VERSES

ON

BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER.

ON MR. JOHN FLETCHER AND HIS WORKS,

Never before published.

To flatter living fools is easy sleight,
But hard, to do the living-dead men right.
To praise a landed lord is gainful art;
But thankless to pay tribute to desert.
This should have been my task: I had intent
To bring my rubbish to thy monument,
To stop some crannies there, but that I found
No need of least repair; all firm and sound.
Thy well-built fame doth still itself advance
Above the world's mad zeal and ignorance.
Though thou diedst not possess'd of that same pelf,
Which nobler souls call dirt, the city, wealth;
Yet thou hast left unto the times so great
A legacy, a treasure so complete,
That 'twill be hard, I fear, to prove thy will:
Men will be wrangling, and in doubting still,
How so vast sums of wit were left behind;
And yet nor debts, nor sharers, they can find.
'Twas the kind providence of Fate to lock
Some of this treasure up; and keep a stock
For a reserve until these sullen days;
When scorn, and want, and danger, are the bays
That crown the head of merit. But now he,
Who in thy will hath part, is rich and free.
But there's a caveat enter'd by command,
None should pretend, but those can understand.

HENRY MOODY, BART.

ON MR. FLETCHER'S WORKS.

Though poets have a license which they use
As the ancient privilege of their free muse,
Yet whether this be leave enough for me
To write, great bard, an eulogy for thee,
Or whether to commend thy work, will stand
Both with the laws of verse and of the land,
Were to put doubts might raise a discontent
Between the muses and the ————.
I'll none of that: There's desperate wits that be
(As their immortal laurel) thunder-free;
Whose personal virtues, 'bove the laws of fate,
Supply the room of personal estate;

And thus enfranchised, safely may rehearse,
Rapt in a lofty strain, their own neck-verse.
For he that gives the bays to thee, must then
First take it from the military men;
He must untriumph conquests, bid 'em stand,
Question the strength of their victorious hand;
He must act new things, or go near the sin,
Reader, as near as you and I have been;
He must be that which he that tries will swear
It is not good being so another year.
And now that thy great name I've brought to this,
To do it honour is to do amiss.
What's to be done to those that shall refuse
To celebrate, great soul, thy noble muse?
Shall the poor state of all those wandering things
Thy stage once raised to emperors and kings;
Shall rigid forfeitures, that reach our heirs,
Of things that only fill with cares and fears;
Shall the privation of a friendless life,
Made up of contradictions and strife;
Shall he be entity would antedate
His own poor name and thine annihilate?
Shall these be judgments great enough for one
That dares not write thee an encomion?
Then where am I? But now I've thought upon't,
I'll praise thee more than all have ventured on't.
I'll take thy noble work, and, like the trade
Where, for a heap of salt, pure gold is laid,
I'll lay thy volume, that huge tome of wit,
About in ladies' closets where they sit
Enthroned in their own wills, and, if she be
A laic sister, she'll strait fly to thee;
But, if a holy habit she have on,
Or be some novice, she'll scarce look upon
Thy lines at first; but watch her then a while,
And you shall see her steal a gentle smile
Upon thy title, put thee nearer yet,
Breathe on thy lines a whisper, and then set
Her voice up to the measures: then begin
To bless the hour and happy state she's in:
Now she lays by her characters, and looks
With a stern eye on all her pretty books.
She's now thy votaress, and the just crown
She brings thee with it is worth half the town.
I'll send thee to the army; they that fight
Will read thy tragedies with some delight,
Be all thy reformadoes, fancy scars,
And pay too in thy speculative wars.
I'll send thy comic scenes to some of those
That for a great while have play'd fast and loose;
New universalists, by changing shapes,
Have made with wit and fortune fair escapes.
Then shall the country, that poor tennis-ball
Of angry fate, receive thy pastorall,
And from it learn those melancholy strains
Fed the afflicted souls of primitive swains.
Thus the whole world to reverence will flock
Thy tragic buskin and thy comic sock:
And winged Fame unto posterity
Transmit but only two, this age and thee.

THOMAS PEYTON.
Agricola Anglo-Cantianus.

ON THE WORKS OF THE MOST EXCELLENT DRAMATIC POET, MR. JOHN FLETCHER,

Never before printed.

Hail, Fletcher! welcome to the world's great stage;
For our two hours, we have thee here an age
In thy whole works, and may th' impression call
The pretor that presents thy plays to all;
Both to the people, and the lords that sway
That herd, and ladies whom those lords obey.
And what's the loadstone can such guests invite
But moves on two poles, profit and delight?
Which will be soon, as on the rack, confest,
When every one is tickled with a jest,
And that pure Fletcher's able to subdue
A melancholy more than Burton knew.
And though upon the bye, to his designs,
The native may learn English from his lines,
And th' alien, if he can but construe it,
May here be made free denison of wit.
But his main end does drooping Virtue raise,
And crowns her beauty with eternal bays;
In scenes where she inflames the frozen soul,
While Vice (her paint wash'd off) appears so foul,
She must this blessed isle and Europe leave,
And some new quadrant of the globe deceive;
Or hide her blushes on the Afric shore,
Like Marius, but ne'er rise to triumph more;
That honour is resign'd to Fletcher's fame;
Add to his trophies, that a poet's name
(Late grown as odious to our modern states,
As that of King to Rome) he vindicates
From black aspersions, cast upon't by those
Which only are inspired to lie in prose.
And, by the court of muses be't decreed,
What graces spring from poesy's richer seed,
When we name Fletcher, shall be so proclaim'd,
As all, that's royal, is when Cæsar's named.

ROBERT STAPYLTON, KNT.

TO THE MEMORY OF MY MOST HONOURED KINSMAN, MR. FRANCIS BEAUMONT.

I'll not pronounce how strong and clean thou writes,
Nor by what new hard rules thou took'st thy flights,
Nor how much Greek and Latin some refine,
Before they can make up six words of thine;
But this I'll say, thou strik'st our sense so deep,
At once thou mak'st us blush, rejoice, and weep.
Great father Jonson bow'd himself, when he
(Thou writ'st so nobly) vow'd, 'he envied thee.'
Were thy Mardonius arm'd, there would be more
Strife for his sword than all Achilles wore;
Such wise just rage, had he been lately tried,
My life on't he had been o' th' better side;
And, where he found false odds, (through gold or sloth)
There brave Mardonius would have beat them both.
Behold, here's Fletcher too! the world ne'er knew
Two potent wits co-operate, till you;
For still your fancies are so wov'n and knit,
'Twas Francis Fletcher, or John Beaumont writ,

Yet neither borrow'd, nor were so put to't
To call poor gods and goddesses to do't ;
Nor made nine girls your muses (you suppose,
Women ne'er write, save love-letters in prose)
But are your own inspirers, and have made
Such powerful scenes, as, when they please, invade
Your plot, sense, language, all's so pure and fit,
He's bold, not valiant, dare dispute your wit.

GEORGE LISLE, KNT.

ON MR. JOHN FLETCHER'S WORKS.

So shall we joy, when all whom beasts and worms
Had turn'd to their own substances and forms,
Whom earth to earth, or fire hath changed to fire,
We shall behold, more than at first entire,
As now we do, to see all thine, thine own
In this thy muse's resurrection :
Whose scatter'd parts, from thy own race, more wounds
Hath suffer'd, than Acteon from his hounds;
Which first their brains, and then their bellies, fed,
And from their excrements new poets bred.
But now thy muse enraged from her urn,
Like ghosts of murder'd bodies, doth return
To accuse the murderers, to right the stage,
And undeceive the long-abused age ;
Which casts thy praise on them, to whom thy wit
Gives not more gold than they give dross to it :
Who, not content like felons to purloin,
Add treason to it, and debase thy coin.
  But whither am I stray'd ? I need not raise
Trophies to thee from other men's dispraise ;
Nor is thy fame on lesser ruins built,
Nor needs thy juster title the foul guilt
Of Eastern kings, who, to secure their reign,
Must have their brothers, sons, and kindred slain.
Then was Wit's empire at the fatal height,
When, labouring and sinking with its weight,
From thence a thousand lesser poets sprung,
Like petty princes from the fall of Rome ;
When Jonson, Shakspeare, and thyself did sit,
And sway'd in the triumvirate of Wit.
Yet what from Jonson's oil and sweat did flow,
Or what more easy Nature did bestow
On Shakspeare's gentler muse, in thee full grown
Their graces both appear ; yet so, that none
Can say, here Nature ends and Art begins ;
But mixt, like th' elements, and born like twins ;
So interweav'd, so like, so much the same,
None this mere Nature, that mere Art can name :
'Twas this the ancients meant, Nature and Skill
Are the two tops of their Parnassus hill.

J. DENHAM.

UPON MR. JOHN FLETCHER'S PLAYS.

Fletcher, to thee, we do not only owe
All these good plays, but those of others too :
Thy wit repeated, does support the stage,
Credits the last, and entertains this age.
No worthies form'd by any muse, but thine,
Could purchase robes to make themselves so fine :
What brave commander is not proud to see
Thy brave Melantius in his gallantry ?
Our greatest ladies love to see their scorn
Out-done by thine, in what themselves have worn :
Th' impatient widow, ere the year be done,
Sees thy Aspatia weeping in her gown.
I never yet the tragic strain assay'd,
Deterr'd by that inimitable Maid ;
And when I venture at the comic style,
Thy Scornful Lady seems to mock my toil :
Thus has thy muse, at once, improved and marr'd
Our sport in plays, by rend'ring it too hard.
So when a sort of lusty shepherds throw
The bar by turns, and none the rest outgo
So far, but that the best are measuring casts,
Their emulation and their pastime lasts ;
But if some brawny yeoman of the guard
Step in, and toss the axle-tree a yard,
Or more, beyond the farthest mark, the rest
Despairing stand, their sport is at the best.

EDM. WALLER.

TO FLETCHER REVIVED.

How have I been religious ? What strange good
Has 'scaped me, that I never understood ?
Have I hell-guarded heresy o'erthrown ?
Heal'd wounded states ? made kings and kingdoms one ?
That Fate should be so merciful to me,
To let me live to have said, "I have read thee."
  Fair star, ascend ! the joy, the life, the light
Of this tempestuous age, this dark world's sight !
Oh, from thy crown of glory dart one flame
May strike a sacred reverence, whilst thy name
(Like holy flamens to their god of day)
We, bowing, sing ; and whilst we praise, we pray.
  Bright spirit ! whose eternal motion
Of wit, like time, still in itself did run ;
Binding all others in it, and did give
Commission, how far this, or that, shall live :
Like Destiny, thy poems ; who, as she
Signs death to all, herself can never die.
  And now thy purple-robed tragedy,
In her embroider'd buskins, calls mine eye,
Where brave Aëtius we see betray'd, [VALENTINIAN.
To obey his death, whom thousand lives obey'd ;
Whilst that the mighty fool his sceptre breaks,
And through his gen'ral's wounds his own doom speaks ;
Weaving thus richly Valentinian,
The costliest monarch with the cheapest man.
  Soldiers may here to their old glories add,
The Lover love, and be with reason Mad : [MAD LOVER.

Not as of old Alcides furious,
Who, wilder than his bull, did tear the house;
(Hurling his language with the canvas stone)
'Twas thought the monster roar'd the sob'rer tone.
But ah! when thou thy sorrow didst inspire [Tragi-Comedies.
With passions black as is her dark attire,
Virgins, as sufferers, have wept to see [Arcas.
So white a soul, so red a cruelty; [Bellario.
That thou hast grieved, and, with unthought redress,
Dried their wet eyes who now thy mercy bless;
Yet, loth to lose thy watery jewel, when
Joy wiped it off, laughter strait sprung't again.
Now ruddy-cheeked Mirth with rosy wings [Comedies.
Fans ev'ry brow with gladness, whilst she sings [Spanish Curate.
Delight to all; and the whole theatre [Humorous Lieutenant.
A festival in Heaven doth appear.
Nothing but pleasure, love; and (like the morn) [Tamer Tamed.
Each face a general smiling doth adorn. [Little French Lawyer.
Hear, ye foul speakers, that pronounce the air
Of stews and shores, I will inform you where,
And how to clothe aright your wanton wit,
Without her nasty bawd attending it. [Custom of the Country.
View here a loose thought said with such a grace,
Minerva might have spoke in Venus' face;
So well disguised, that 'twas conceived by none
But Cupid had Diana's linen on;
And all his naked parts so veil'd, they express
The shape with clouding the uncomeliness;
That if this reformation which we
Received, had not been buried with thee,
The stage, as this work, might have lived and loved;
Her lines the austere scarlet had approved;
And the actors wisely been from that offence
As clear, as they are now from audience.
Thus with thy genius did the scene expire,
Wanting thy active and enlivening fire,
That now (to spread a darkness over all)
Nothing remains but poesy to fall.
And though from these thy embers we receive
Some warmth, so much as may be said, we live;
That we dare praise thee, blushless, in the head
Of the best piece Hermes to Love e'er read;
That we rejoice and glory in thy wit,
And feast each other with rememb'ring it;
That we dare speak thy thought, thy acts recite:
Yet all men henceforth be afraid to write.

RICH. LOVELACE.

UPON MASTER FLETCHER'S DRAMATIC WORKS.

What! now the stage is down, dar'st thou appear,
Bold Fletcher, in this tottering hemisphere!
Yes; poets are like palms, which, the more weight
You cast upon them, grow more strong and streight.
'Tis not Jove's thunderbolt, nor Mars his spear,
Or Neptune's angry trident, poets fear.
Had now grim Ben been breathing, with what rage
And high-swoln fury had he lash'd the age;
Shakspeare with Chapman had grown mad, and torn
Their gentle sock, and lofty buskins worn,

To make their muse welter up to the chin
In blood; of feigned scenes no need had been;
England, like Lucian's eagle, with an arrow
Of her own plumes piercing her heart quite thorough,
Had been a theatre and subject fit
To exercise in real truths their wit:
Yet none like high-winged Fletcher had been found
This eagle's tragic destiny to sound;
Rare Fletcher's quill had soared up to the sky,
And drawn down gods to see the tragedy.
Live, famous dramatist, let every spring
Make thy bay flourish, and fresh bourgeons bring;
And since we cannot have thee trod o' th' stage,
We will applaud thee in this silent page.

JA. HOWELL, *P.C.C.*

ON THE EDITION.

Fletcher (whose fame no age can ever waste;
Envy of ours, and glory of the last)
Is now alive again; and with his name
His sacred ashes waked into a flame;
Such as before did by a secret charm
The wildest heart subdue, the coldest warm;
And lend the ladies' eyes a power more bright,
Dispensing thus to either heat and light.
He to a sympathy those souls betray'd,
Whom love, or beauty, never could persuade;
And in each moved spectator could beget
A real passion by a counterfeit:
When first Bellario bled, what lady there
Did not for every drop let fall a tear?
And when Aspatia wept, not any eye
But seem'd to wear the same sad livery;
By him inspired, the feign'd Lucina drew
More streams of melting sorrow than the true;
But then the Scornful Lady did beguile
Their easy griefs, and teach them all to smile.
Thus he affections could or raise or lay;
Love, grief, and mirth, thus did his charms obey;
He Nature taught her passions to out-do,
How to refine the old, and create new;
Which such a happy likeness seem'd to bear,
As if that Nature Art, Art Nature were.
Yet all had nothing been, obscurely kept
In the same urn wherein his dust hath slept;
Nor had he ris' the Delphic wreath to claim,
Had not the dying scene expired his name;
Despair our joy hath doubled, he is come;
Thrice welcome by this *post-liminium*.
His loss preserv'd him; they, that silenced Wit,
Are now the authors to eternize it;
Thus poets are in spite of Fate revived,
And plays by intermission longer-lived.

THO. STANLEY.

ON THE DRAMATIC POEMS OF MR. JOHN FLETCHER.

Wonder! who's here? Fletcher, long buried,
Revived? 'Tis he! he's risen from the dead;
His winding-sheet put off, walks above ground,
Shakes off his fetters, and is better bound.
And may he not, if rightly understood,
Prove plays are lawful? he hath made them good.
Is any *Lover Mad*? See, here's *Love's Cure*;
Unmarried? to a *Wife* he may be sure,
A rare one, *for a Month*; if she displease,
The *Spanish Curate* gives a writ of ease.
Enquire the *Custom of the Country*, then
Shall the *French Lawyer* set you free again.
If the two *Fair Maids* take it wondrous ill,
(One of the *Inn*, the other of the *Mill*)
That th' *Lovers' Progress* stopt, and they defamed,
Here's that makes *Women Pleased*, and *Tamer Tamed*.
But who then plays the *Coxcomb*? or will try
His *Wit at several Weapons*, or else die?
Nice Valour, and he doubts not to engage
The *Noble Gentleman* in *Love's Pilgrimage*,
To take revenge on the *False One*, and run
The *Honest Man's Fortune*, to be undone
Like *Knight of Malta*, or else *Captain* be,
Or th' *Humorous Lieutenant*; go to *Sea*
(*A Voyage* for to starve) he's very loth,
Till we are all at peace, to swear an oath,
That then the *Loyal Subject* may have leave
To lie from *Beggar's Bush*, and undeceive
The creditor, discharge his debts; why so,
Since we can't pay to Fletcher what we owe?
Oh, could his *Prophetess* but tell one *Chance*,
When that the *Pilgrims* shall return from France,
And once more make this kingdom as of late,
The *Island Princess*, and we celebrate
A *Double Marriage*; every one to bring
To Fletcher's memory his offering,
That thus at last unsequesters the stage,
Brings back the silver and the golden age!

ROBERT GARDINER.

TO THE MANES OF THE CELEBRATED POETS AND FELLOW-WRITERS, FRANCIS BEAUMONT AND JOHN FLETCHER,
UPON THE PRINTING OF THEIR EXCELLENT DRAMATIC POEMS.

Disdain not, gentle shades, the lowly praise
Which here I tender your immortal bays:
Call it not folly, but my zeal, that I
Strive to eternize you, that cannot die.
And though no language rightly can commend
What you have writ, save what yourselves have penn'd,
Yet let me wonder at those curious strains
'The rich conceptions of your twin-like brains)
Which drew the gods' attention; who admired
To see our English stage by you inspired:
Whose chiming muses never fail'd to sing
A soul-affecting music, ravishing
Both ear and intellect; while you do each
Contend with other who shall highest reach

In rare invention ; conflicts, that beget
New strange delight, to see two fancies met,
That could receive no foil ; two wits in growth
So just, as had one soul informed both.
Thence (learned Fletcher) sung the muse alone,
As both had done before, thy Beaumont gone.
In whom, as thou, had he out-lived, so he
(Snatch'd first away) survived still in thee.
What though distempers of the present age
Have banish'd your smooth numbers from the stage ?
You shall be gainers by't ; it shall confer
To th' making the vast world your theatre ;
The press shall give to every man his part,
And we will all be actors ; learn by heart
Those tragic scenes and comic strains you writ,
Unimitable both for art and wit ;
And at each *exit*, as your fancies rise,
Our hands shall clap deserved plaudities.

JOHN WEBB.

ON MR. BEAUMONT.

(Written thirty years since, presently after his death.)

Beaumont lies here ; and where now shall we have
A muse like his to sigh upon his grave !
Ah ! none to weep this with a worthy tear,
But he that cannot, Beaumont that lies here.
Who now shall pay thy tomb with such a verse
As thou that lady's didst, fair Rutland's hearse ?
A monument that will then lasting be,
When all her marble is more dust than she.
In thee all's lost : A sudden dearth and want
Hath seized on Wit, good epitaphs are scant ;
We dare not write thy elegy, whilst each fears
He ne'er shall match that copy of thy tears.
Scarce in an age a poet, and yet he
Scarce lives the third part of his age to see ;
But quickly taken off, and only known,
Is in a minute shut as soon as shewn.
Why should weak Nature tire herself in vain
In such a piece, to dash it straight again ?
Why should she take such work beyond her skill,
Which, when she cannot perfect, she must kill ?
Alas, what is't to temper slime or mire ?
But Nature's puzzled, when she works in fire :
Great brains, like brightest glass, crack straight, while those
Of stone or wood hold out, and fear not blows :
And we their ancient hoary heads can see,
Whose wit was never their mortality :
Beaumont dies young, so Sidney died before,
There was not poetry he could live to more ;
He could not grow up higher ; I scarce know
If th' art itself unto that pitch could grow,
Were't not in thee, that hadst arrived the height
Of all that Wit could reach, or Nature might.
Oh, when I read those excellent things of thine,
Such strength, such sweetness, couch'd in every line,
Such life of fancy, such high choice of brain,
Nought of the vulgar wit or borrow'd strain,
Such passion, such expressions meet my eye,
Such wit untainted with obscenity,

And these so unaffectedly express'd,
All in a language purely-flowing drest;
And all so born within thyself, thine own,
So new, so fresh, so nothing trod upon,
I grieve not now, that old Menander's vein
Is ruin'd, to survive in thee again;
Such in his time was he, of the same piece,
The smooth, even, natural wit, and love of Greece.
Those few sententious fragments shew more worth,
Than all the poets Athens e'er brought forth;
And I am sorry we have lost those hours
On them, whose quickness comes far short of ours,
And dwell not more on thee, whose every page
May be a pattern for their scene and stage.
I will not yield thy works so mean a praise;
More pure, more chaste, more sainted than are plays,
Nor with that dull supineness to be read,
To pass a fire, or laugh an hour in bed.
How do the muses suffer every where,
Taken in such mouths' censure, in such ears,
That, 'twixt a whiff, a line or two rehearse,
And with their rheum together spawl a verse!
This all a poem's leisure, after play,
Drink, or tobacco, it may keep the day.
Whilst even their very idleness, they think,
Is lost in these, that lose their time in drink.
Pity their dulness; we that better know,
Will a more serious hour on thee bestow.
Why should not Beaumont in the morning please,
As well as Plautus, Aristophanes?
Who, if my pen may as my thoughts be free,
Were scurril wits and buffoons both to thee;
Yet these our learned of severest brow
Will deign to look on, and to note them too,
That will defy our own; 'tis English stuff,
And th' author is not rotten long enough.
Alas! what phlegm are they, compared to thee,
In thy Philaster, and Maid's Tragedy?
Where's such an humour as thy Bessus, pray?
Let them put all their Thrasoes in one play,
He shall out-bid them; their conceit was poor,
All in a circle of a bawd or whore,
A coz'ning Davus, take the fool away,
And not a good jest extant in a play.
Yet these are wits, because they're old, and now,
Being Greek and Latin, they are learning too:
But those their own times were content to allow
A thriftier fame, and thine is lowest now.
But thou shalt live, and, when thy name is grown
Six ages older, shalt be better known;
When thou'rt of Chaucer's standing in the tomb,
Thou shalt not share, but take up all his room.

JOHN EARLE.

ON THE WORKS OF BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER,

Now at length printed.

Great pair of authors, whom one equal star
Begot so like in genius, that you are
In fame, as well as writings, both so knit,
That no man knows where to divide your wit,
Much less your praise : You, who had equal fire,
And did each other mutually inspire ;
Whether one did contrive, the other write,
Or one framed the plot, the other did indite ;
Whether one found the matter, th' other dress,
Or th' one disposed what th' other did express :
Where'er your parts between yourselves lay, we,
In all things which you did, but one thread see ;
So evenly drawn out, so gently spun,
That art with nature ne'er did smoother run.
Where shall I fix my praise then ? or what part
Of all your numerous labours hath desert,
More to be famed than other ? Shall I say
I've met a lover so drawn in your play,
So passionately written, so inflamed,
So jealously enraged, then gently tamed,
That I, in reading, have the person seen,
And your pen hath part stage and actor been ?
Or shall I say that I can scarce forbear
To clap, when I a captain do meet there ; [Bessus.
So lively in his own vain humour drest,
So braggingly, and like himself exprest,
That modern cowards, when they saw him play'd,
Saw, blush'd, departed, guilty and betray'd ?
You wrote all parts right ; whatsoe'er the stage
Had from you, was seen there as in the age,
And had their equal life : Vices which were
Manners abroad, did grow corrected there :
They who possest a box, and half-crown spent
To learn obsceneness, return'd innocent,
And thank'd you for this coz'nage, whose chaste scene
Taught loves so noble, so reform'd, so clean,
That they, who brought foul fires, and thither came
To bargain, went thence with a holy flame.
Be't to your praise too, that your stock and vein
Held both to tragic and to comic strain ;
Where'er you listed to be high and grave,
No buskin shew'd more solemn ; no quill gave
Such feeling objects to draw tears from eyes;
Spectators sate parts in your tragedies.
And where you listed to be low and free,
Mirth turn'd the whole house into comedy ;
So piercing (where you pleased) hitting a fault,
That humours from your pen issued all salt.
Nor were you thus in works and poems knit,
As to be but two halfs, and make one wit ;
But as some things, we see, have double cause,
And yet the effect itself from both whole draws ;
So, though you were thus twisted and combined,
As [in] two bodies to have but one fair mind,
Yet, if we praise you rightly, we must say,
Both join'd, and both did wholly make the play.
For that you could write singly, we may guess
By the divided pieces which the press
Hath severally sent forth ; nor were join'd so,
Like some our modern authors made to go

One merely by the help of th' other, who
To purchase fame do come forth one of two ;
Nor wrote you so, that one's part was to lick
The other into shape ; nor did one stick
The other's cold inventions with such wit,
As served, like spice, to make them quick and fit ;
Nor, out of mutual want, or emptiness,
Did you conspire to go still twins to th' press ;
But what, thus join'd, you wrote, might have come forth
As good from each, and stored with the same worth
That thus united them; You did join sense ;
In you 'twas league, in others impotence ;
And the press, which both thus amongst us sends,
Sends us one poet in a pair of friends.

JASPER MAINE.

UPON THE REPORT OF THE PRINTING OF THE DRAMATICAL POEMS OF MASTER JOHN FLETCHER,

Never collected before, and now set forth in one Volume.

Though when all Fletcher writ, and the entire
Man was indulged unto that sacred fire,
His thoughts, and his thoughts' dress, appear'd both such
That 'twas his happy fault to do too much :
Who therefore wisely did submit each birth
To knowing Beaumont, ere it did come forth,
Working again until he said, 'twas fit,
And made him the sobriety of his wit.
Though thus he call'd his judge into his fame,
And for that aid allow'd him half the name,
'Tis known, that sometimes he did stand alone,
That both the spunge and pencil were his own ;
That himself judged himself, could singly do,
And was at last Beaumont and Fletcher too :
  Else we had lost his Shepherdess, a piece
Even and smooth, spun from a finer fleece ;
Where softness reigns, where passions passions greet,
Gentle and high, as floods of balsam meet.
Where, dress'd in white expressions, sit bright loves,
Drawn, like their fairest queen, by milky doves ;
A piece which Jonson in a rapture bid
Come up a glorified work ; and so it did.
  Else had his muse set with his friend, the stage
Had miss'd those poems, which yet take the age ;
The world had lost those rich exemplars, where
Art, language, wit, sit ruling in one sphere ;
Where the fresh matters soar above old themes,
As prophets' raptures do above our dreams ;
Where, in a worthy scorn, he dares refuse
All other gods, and makes the thing his muse ;
Where he calls passions up, and lays them so,
As spirits, awed by him to come and go ;
Where the free author did whate'er he would,
And nothing will'd but what a poet should.
  No vast uncivil bulk swells any scene,
The strength's ingenious, and the vigour clean ;
None can prevent the fancy, and see through
At the first opening ; all stand wond'ring how
The thing will be, until it is ; which thence,
With fresh delight still cheats, still takes the sense ;

The whole design, the shadows, the lights, such
That none can say he shews or hides too much:
Business grows up, ripen'd by just encrease,
And by as just degrees again doth cease;
The heats and minutes of affairs are watch'd,
And the nice points of time are met, and snatch'd;
Nought later than it should, nought comes before,
Chemists and calculators do err more:
Sex, age, degree, affections, country, place,
The inward substance, and the outward face,
All kept precisely, all exactly fit;
What he would write, he was before he writ.
'Twixt Jonson's grave, and Shakspeare's lighter sound,
His muse so steer'd, that something still was found,
Nor this, nor that, nor both, but so his own,
That 'twas his mark, and he was by it known;
Hence did he take true judgments, hence did strike
All palates some way, though not all alike:
The god of numbers might his numbers crown,
And, listning to them, wish they were his own.
Thus, welcome forth, what ease, or wine, or wit
Durst yet produce: that is, what Fletcher writ!

WILLIAM CARTWRIGHT.

ANOTHER.

Fletcher, though some call it thy fault that wit
So overflow'd thy scenes, that e'er 'twas fit
To come upon the stage, Beaumont was fain
To bid thee be more dull; that's, write again,
And bate some of thy fire; which from thee came
In a clear, bright, full, but too large a flame;
And, after all, (finding thy genius such)
That blunted, and allay'd, 'twas yet too much,
Added his sober spunge: and did contract
Thy plenty to less wit, to make't exact:
Yet we, through his corrections, could see
Much treasure in thy superfluity;
Which was so filed away, as, when we do
Cut jewels, that that's lost is jewel too;
Or as men use to wash gold, which we know
By losing makes the stream thence wealthy grow.
They who do on thy works severely sit,
And call thy store the over-births of wit,
Say thy miscarriages were rare, and when
Thou wert superfluous, that thy fruitful pen
Had no fault but abundance, which did lay
Out in one scene what might well serve a play;
And hence do grant that what they call excess,
Was to be reckon'd as thy happiness,
From whom wit issued in a full spring-tide,
Much did enrich the stage, much flow'd beside.
For that thou couldst thine own free fancy bind
In stricter numbers, and run so confined
As to observe the rules of art, which sway
In the contrivance of a true-born play,
Those works proclaim which thou didst write retired
From Beaumont, by none but thyself inspired.
Where, we see, 'twas not chance that made them hit,
Nor were thy plays the lotteries of wit;

But, like to Durer's pencil, which first knew
The laws of faces, and then faces drew,
Thou knew'st the air, the colour, and the place,
The symmetry, which gives a poem grace.
Parts are so fitted unto parts, as do
Shew thou hadst wit, and mathematics too:
Knew'st where by line to spare, where to dispense,
And didst beget just comedies from thence:
Things unto which thou didst such life bequeath,
That they, (their own Blackfriars) unacted, breathe.
Jonson hath writ things lasting and divine,
Yet his love-scenes, Fletcher, compared to thine,
Are cold and frosty, and express love so,
As heat with ice, or warm fires mix'd with snow;
Thou, as if struck with the same generous darts,
Which burn, and reign, in noble lovers' hearts,
Hast clothed affections in such native tires,
And so described them in their own true fires,
Such moving sighs, such undissembled tears,
Such charms of language, such hopes mix'd with fears,
Such grants after denials, such pursuits
After despair, such amorous recruits,
That some, who sat spectators, have confest
Themselves transform'd to what they saw exprest:
And felt such shafts steal through their captived sense,
As made them rise parts, and go lovers thence.
Nor was thy style wholly composed of groves,
Or the soft strains of shepherds and their loves;
When thou wouldst comic be, each smiling birth,
In that kind, came into the world all mirth,
All point, all edge, all sharpness; we did sit
Sometimes five acts out in pure sprightful wit,
Which flow'd in such true salt, that we did doubt
In which scene we laugh'd most two shillings out.
Shakspeare to thee was dull, whose best jest lies
I' th' ladies' questions, and the fools' replies,
Old-fashion'd wit, which walk'd from town to town
In trunk-hose, which our fathers call'd the clown;
Whose wit our nice times would obsceneness call,
And which made bawdry pass for comical.
Nature was all his art; thy vein was free
As his, but without his scurrility;
From whom mirth came unforced, no jest perplex'd,
But, without labour, clean, chaste, and unvex'd.
Thou wert not like some; our small poets, who
Could not be poets, were not we poets too;
Whose wit is pilf'ring, and whose vein and wealth
In poetry lies merely in their stealth;
Nor didst thou feel their drought, their pangs, their qualms,
Their rack in writing, who do write for alms;
Whose wretched genius, and dependent fires,
But to their benefactors' dole aspires.
Nor hadst thou the sly trick thyself to praise
Under thy friends' names; or, to purchase bays,
Didst write stale commendations to thy book,
Which we for Beaumont's or Ben Jonson's took:
That debt thou left'st to us, which none but he
Can truly pay, Fletcher, who writes like thee.

WILLIAM CARTWRIGHT.

TO MR. FRANCIS BEAUMONT.

(Then living.)

How I do love thee, Beaumont, and thy muse,
That unto me dost such religion use!
How I do fear myself, that am not worth
The least indulgent thought thy pen drops forth!
At once thou mak'st me happy, and unmak'st,
And giving largely to me, more thou tak'st.
What fate is mine, that so itself bereaves?
What art is thine, that so thy friend deceives
When even there, where most thou praisest me
For writing better, I must envy thee.

BEN JONSON.

UPON MR. FLETCHER'S INCOMPARABLE PLAYS.

Apollo sings, his harp resounds: give room,
For now behold the golden pomp is come,
Thy pomp of plays which thousands come to see,
With admiration both of them and thee.
Oh, volume! worthy, leaf by leaf, and cover,
To be with juice of cedar wash'd all over;
Here's words with lines, and lines with scenes consent,
To raise an act to full astonishment;
Here melting numbers, words of power to move
Young men to swoon, and maids to die for love.
Love lies a-bleeding here; *Evadne* there
Swells with brave rage, yet comely every where:
Here's a *Mad Lover*, there that high design
Of *King and no King*, and the rare plot thine,
So that whene'er we circumvolve our eyes,
Such rich, such fresh, such sweet varieties
Ravish our spirits, that entranced we see
None writes love's passions in the world like thee.

ROB. HERRICK.

ON THE HAPPY COLLECTION OF MR. FLETCHER'S WORKS,

Never before printed.

Fletcher, arise! usurpers share thy bays,
They canton thy vast wit to build small plays:
He comes! his volume breaks through clouds and dust;
Down, little wits! ye must refund, ye must.
Nor comes he private; here's great Beaumont too:
How could one single world encompass two?
For these coheirs had equal power to teach
All that all wits both can and cannot reach.
Shakspeare was early up, and went so drest
As for those dawning hours he knew was best;
But, when the sun shone forth, you two thought fit
To wear just robes, and leave off trunk-hose wit.
Now, now, 'twas perfect; none must look for new,
Manners and scenes may alter, but not you;
For yours are not mere humours, gilded strains;
The fashion lost, your massy sense remains.
Some think your wits of two complexions framed,
That one the sock, th' other the buskin, claim'd;
That, should the stage embattle all its force,
Fletcher would lead the foot, Beaumont the horse.

But you were both for both; not semi-wits,
Each piece is wholly two, yet never splits:
Ye are not two faculties, and one soul still,
He th' understanding, thou the quick free-will;
Not as two voices in one song embrace,
Fletcher's keen treble, and deep Beaumont's base,
Two, full, congenial souls; still both prevail'd;
His muse and thine were quarter'd, not impaled:
Both brought your ingots, both toil'd at the mint,
Beat, melted, sifted, till no dross stuck in't;
Then in each other's scales weigh'd every grain,
Then smooth'd and burnish'd, then weigh'd all again;
Stampt both your names upon't at one bold hit,
Then, then 'twas coin, as well as bullion-wit.
Thus twins: But as when Fate one eye deprives,
That other strives to double, which survives,
So Beaumont died; yet left in legacy
His rules and standard wit (Fletcher) to thee.
Still the same planet, though not fill'd so soon,
A two-horn'd crescent then, now one full-moon.
Joint love before, now honour, doth provoke;
So th' old twin giants forcing a huge oak,
One slipp'd his footing, th' other sees him fall,
Grasp'd the whole tree, and single held up all.
Imperial Fletcher! here begins thy reign;
Scenes flow like sun-beams from thy glorious brain;
Thy swift-dispatching soul no more doth stay,
Than he that built two cities in one day;
Ever brim-full, and sometimes running o'er,
To feed poor languid wits that wait at door;
Who creep and creep, yet ne'er above-ground stood;
(For creatures have most feet, which have least blood)
But thou art still that bird of paradise,
Which hath no feet, and ever nobly flies;
Rich, lusty sense, such as the poet ought;
For poems, if not excellent, are nought;
Low wit in scenes in state a peasant goes;
If mean and flat, let it foot yeoman-prose,
That such may spell, as are not readers grown;
To whom he, that writes wit, shews he hath none.
Brave Shakspeare flow'd, yet had his ebbings too,
Often above himself, sometimes below;
Thou always best; if aught seemed to decline,
'Twas the unjudging route's mistake, not thine:
Thus thy fair Shepherdess, which the bold heap
(False to themselves and thee) did prize so cheap,
Was found (when understood) fit to be crown'd;
At worst 'twas worth two hundred thousand pound.
Some blast thy works, lest we should track their walk,
Where they steal all those few good things they talk;
Wit-burglary must chide those it feeds on,
For plunder'd folks ought to be rail'd upon;
But (as stolen goods go off at half their worth)
Thy strong sense palls, when they purloin it forth.
When didst thou borrow? where's the man e'er read
Aught begg'd by thee from those alive or dead?
Or from dry goddesses? as some, who, when
They stuff their page with gods, write worse than men;
Thou wast thine own muse, and hadst such vast odds,
Thou out-writ'st him whose verse made all those gods:
Surpassing those our dwarfish age up rears,
As much as Greeks, or Latins, thee in years:

Thy ocean fancy knew nor banks nor dams;
We ebb down dry to pebble-anagrams;
Dead and insipid, all despairing sit;
Lost to behold this great relapse of wit:
What strength remains, is like that (wild and fierce)
Till Jonson made good poets and right verse.
  Such boist'rous trifles thy muse would not brook,
Save when she'd shew how scurvily they look;
No savage metaphors (things rudely great)
Thou dost display, nor butcher a conceit;
Thy nerves have beauty which invades and charms;
Looks like a princess harness'd in bright arms.
  Nor art thou loud and cloudy; those, that do
Thunder so much, do't without lightning too;
Tearing themselves, and almost split their brain
To render harsh what thou speak'st free and clean;
Such gloomy sense may pass for high and proud,
But true-born wit still flies above the cloud;
Thou knew'st 'twas impotence, what they call height;
Who blusters strong i' th' dark, but creeps i' th' light.
  And as thy thoughts were clear, so, innocent;
Thy fancy gave no unswept language vent;
Slander'st not laws, prophan'st no holy page
(As if thy father's crosier awed the stage;)
High crimes were still arraign'd; tho' they made shift
To prosper out four acts, were plagued i' th' fift:
All's safe and wise; no stiff affected scene,
Nor swoln, nor flat, a true full natural vein;
Thy sense (like well-drest ladies) cloath'd as skinn'd,
Not all unlaced, nor city-starch'd and pinn'd;
Thou hadst no sloth, no rage, no sullen fit,
But strength and mirth; Fletcher's a sanguine wit.
  Thus, two great consul-poets all things sway'd,
Till all was English born or English made:
Mitre and coif here into one piece spun,
Beaumont a judge's, this a prelate's son.
What strange production is at last display'd,
Got by two fathers, without female aid!
Behold, two masculines espoused each other;
Wit and the world were born without a mother.

J. BERKENHEAD.

UPON THE EVER-TO-BE-ADMIRED MR. JOHN FLETCHER AND HIS PLAYS.

What's all this preparation for? or why
Such sudden triumphs? Fletcher, the people cry!
Just so, when kings approach, our conduits run
Claret, as here the spouts flow Helicon:
See, every sprightful muse, dress'd trim and gay,
Strews herbs and scatters roses in his way.
  Thus th' outward yard set round with bays we've seen,
Which from the garden hath transplanted been;
Thus, at the prætor's feast, with needless costs,
Some must be employ'd in painting of the posts;
And some, as dishes made for sight, not taste,
Stand here as things for show to Fletcher's feast.
Oh, what an honour, what a grace 't had been,
To have had his cook in *Rollo* serve them in!
  Fletcher, the king of poets! such was he,
That earn'd all tribute, claim'd all sovereignty;

And may he that denies it, learn to blush
At's *Loyal Subject*, starve at's *Beggar's Bush*;
And, if not drawn by example, shame, nor grace,
Turn o'er to's *Coxcomb*, and the *Wild-Goose Chase*.
Monarch of wit! great magazine of wealth!
From whose rich bank, by a Promethean stealth,
Our lesser flames do blaze! His the true fire,
When they, like glow-worms, being touch'd, expire.
'Twas first believed, because he always was
The *ipse dixit*, and Pythagoras
To our disciple-wits, his soul might run
(By the same dreamt-of transmigration)
Into their rude and indigested brain,
And so inform their chaos-lump again;
For many specious brats of this last age
Spoke Fletcher perfectly in every page.
This roused his rage, to be abused thus,
Made's *Lover Mad*, *Lieutenant Humorous*.
Thus ends-of-gold-and-silver-men are made
(As th' use to say) goldsmiths of his own trade;
Thus rag-men from the dung-hill often hop,
And publish forth by chance a broker's shop.
But by his own light, now, we have descried
The dross, from that hath been so purely tried.
Proteus of wit! who reads him doth not see
The manners of each sex, of each degree!
His full-stored fancy doth all humours fill,
From th' *Queen of Corinth* to the *Maid o' th' Mill*;
His *Curate*, *Lawyer*, *Captain*, *Prophetess*,
Shew he was all and every one of these;
He taught (so subtly were their fancies seized)
To *Rule a Wife*, and yet the *Women Pleased*.
Parnassus is thine own; claim it as merit,
Law makes the *Elder Brother* to inherit.

G. HILLS.

UPON THE UNPARALLELED PLAYS WRITTEN BY THOSE RENOWNED TWINS OF POETRY, BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER.

What's here? another library of praise,
Met in a troop to advance contemned plays,
And bring exploded wit again in fashion?
I can't but wonder at this reformation.
My skipping soul surfeits with so much good,
To see my hopes into fruition bud.
A happy chemistry! blest viper! Joy!
That through thy mother's bowels gnaw'st thy way!
Wits flock in shoals, and club to re-erect,
In spite of ignorance, the architect
Of occidental poesy; and turn
Gods, to recal Wit's ashes from their urn.
Like huge Colosses, they've together knit
Their shoulders to support a world of wit.
The tale of Atlas (though of truth it miss)
We plainly read mythologized in this!
Orpheus and Amphion, whose undying stories
Made Athens famous, are but allegories.
'Tis Poetry has power to civilize
Men, worse than stones, more blockish than the trees.
I cannot chuse but think (now things so fall)
That Wit is past its climacterical;

And though the Muses have been dead and gone,
I know they'll find a resurrection.
  'Tis vain to praise; they're to themselves a glory,
And silence is our sweetest oratory.
For he, that names but Fletcher, must needs be
Found guilty of a loud hyperbole.
His fancy so transcendently aspires,
He shews himself a wit, who but admires.
  Here are no volumes stuff'd with chevrel sense,
The very anagrams of eloquence;
Nor long long-winded sentences that be,
Being rightly spell'd, but wit's stenography;
Nor words as void of reason as of rhyme,
Only cæsura'd to spin out the time.
But here's a magazine of purest sense,
Cloath'd in the newest garb of eloquence:
Scenes that are quick and sprightly, in whose veins
Bubbles the quintessence of sweet high strains.
Lines, like their authors, and each word of it
Does say, 'twas writ by a gemini of wit.
  How happy is our age! how blest our men!
When such rare souls live themselves o'er again.
We err, that think a poet dies; for this
Shews, that 'tis but a metempsychosis.
Beaumont and Fletcher here, at last, we see
Above the reach of dull mortality,
Or power of fate: And thus the proverb hits,
(That's so much cross'd) These men live by their wits.

ALEXR. BROME.

ON THE DEATH AND WORKS OF MR. JOHN FLETCHER.

My name, so far from great, that 'tis not known,
Can lend no praise but what thou'dst blush to own;
And no rude hand, or feeble wit, should dare
To vex thy shrine with an unlearned tear.
  I'd have a state of wit convoked, which hath
A power to take up on common faith;
That, when the stock of the whole kingdom's spent
In but preparative to thy monument,
The prudent council may invent fresh ways
To get new contribution to thy praise;
And rear it high, and equal to thy wit;
Which must give life and monument to it.
  So when, late, Essex died, the public face
Wore sorrow in't; and to add mournful grace
To the sad pomp of his lamented fall,
The commonwealth served at his funeral,
And by a solemn order built his hearse;
—But not like thine, built by thyself in verse,
Where thy advanced image safely stands
Above the reach of sacrilegious hands.
Base hands, how impotently you disclose
Your rage 'gainst Camden's learned ashes, whose
Defaced statua and martyr'd book,
Like an antiquity and fragment look,
Nonnulla desunt's legibly appear,
So truly now Camden's Remains lie there.
Vain malice! how he mocks thy rage, while breath
Of Fame shall speak his great Elizabeth!
'Gainst time and thee he well provided hath;
Britannia is the tomb and epitaph.

Thus princes' honours ; but wit only gives
A name which to succeeding ages lives.
  Singly we now consult ourselves and fame,
Ambitious to twist ours with thy great name.
Hence we thus bold to praise : For as a vine,
With subtle wreath and close embrace, doth twine
A friendly elm, by whose tall trunk it shoots,
And gathers growth and moisture from its roots ;
About its arms the thankful clusters cling
Like bracelets, and with purple ammelling
The blue-cheek'd grape, stuck in its vernant hair,
Hangs like rich jewels in a beauteous ear.
So grow our praises by thy wit ; we do
Borrow support and strength, and lend but show.
And but thy male wit, like the youthful sun,
Strongly begets upon our passion,
Making our sorrow teem with elegy,
Thou yet unwept, and yet unpraised might'st be.
But they're imperfect births ; and such are all
Produced by causes not univocal,
The scapes of Nature, passives being unfit :
And hence our verse speaks only mother-wit.
  Oh, for a fit o' th' father ! for a spirit
That might but parcel of thy worth inherit ;
For but a spark of that diviner fire,
Which thy full breast did animate and inspire ;
That souls could be divided, thou traduce
But a small particle of thine to us !
Of thine ; which we admired when thou didst sit
But as a joint-commissioner in wit ;
When it had plummets hung on to suppress
Its too luxuriant growing mightiness :
Till, as that tree which scorns to be kept down,
Thou grew'st to govern the whole stage alone ;
In which orb thy throng'd light did make the star,
Thou wert the intelligence did move that sphere.
Thy fury was composed ; Rapture no fit
That hung on thee ; nor thou far gone in wit
As men in a disease ; thy fancy clear,
Muse chaste, as those flames whence they took their fire ;
No spurious composures amongst thine,
Got in adultery 'twixt Wit and Wine.
  And as the hermetical physicians draw
From things that curse of the first-broken law,
That *ens venenum* which extracted thence
Leaves nought but primitive good and innocence :
So was thy spirit calcined ; no mixtures there
But perfect, such as next to simples are.
Not like those meteor-wits which wildly fly
In storm and thunder through the amazed sky ;
Speaking but th' ills and villainies in a state,
Which fools admire, and wise men tremble at,
Full of portent and prodigy, whose gall
Oft 'scapes the vice, and on the man doth fall.
Nature used all her skill, when thee she meant
A wit at once both great and innocent.
  Yet thou hadst tooth ; but 'twas thy judgment, not
For mending one word a whole sheet to blot.
Thou couldst anatomise with ready art,
And skilful hand, crimes lock'd close up i' th' heart.
Thou couldst unfold dark plots, and shew that path
By which Ambition climb'd to greatness hath ;

Thou couldst the rises, turns, and falls of states,
How near they were their periods and dates;
Couldst mad the subject into popular rage,
And the grown seas of that great storm assuage;
Dethrone usurping tyrants and place there
The lawful prince and true inheriter;
Knew'st all dark turnings in the labyrinth
Of policy, which who but knows he sinn'th,
Save thee, who un-infected didst walk in't,
As the great genius of government.
And when thou laidst thy tragic buskin by,
To court the stage with gentle comedy,
How new, how proper th' humours, how express'd
In rich variety, how neatly dress'd
In language, how rare plots, what strength of wit
Shined in the face and every limb of it!
The stage grew narrow while thou grew'st to be
In thy whole life an excellent comedy.
To these a virgin-modesty, which first met
Applause with blush and fear, as if he yet
Had not deserved; till bold with constant praise
His brows admitted the unsought-for bays.
Nor would he ravish Fame; but left men free
To their own vote and ingenuity.
When his fair Shepherdess, on the guilty stage,
Was martyr'd between ignorance and rage;
At which the impatient virtues of those few
Could judge, grew high, cried *murder!* though he knew
The innocence and beauty of his child,
He only, as if unconcerned, smiled.
Princes have gather'd since each scatter'd grace,
Each line and beauty of that injured face;
And on th' united parts breathed such a fire
As, spite of malice, she shall ne'er expire.
Attending, not affecting, thus the crown,
Till every hand did help to set it on,
He came to be sole monarch, and did reign
In Wit's great empire, absolute sovereign.

JOHN HARRIS.

TO THE MEMORY OF THE DECEASED, BUT EVER-LIVING AUTHOR, IN THESE HIS POEMS, MR. JOHN FLETCHER.

On the large train of Fletcher's friends let me
(Retaining still my wonted modesty)
Become a waiter, in my ragged verse,
As follower to the muse's followers.
Many here are of noble rank and worth
That have, by strength of art, set Fletcher forth
In true and lively colours, as they saw him,
And had the best abilities to draw him;
Many more are abroad, that write, and look
To have their lines set before Fletcher's book;
Some, that have known him too; some more, some less;
Some only but by hearsay, some by guess;
And some for fashion-sake would take the hint,
To try how well their wits would shew in print.
You, that are here before me, gentlemen,
And princes of Parnassus by the pen,
And your just judgments of his worth, that have
Preserved this author's memory from the grave,

And made it glorious; let me, at your gate,
Porter it here, 'gainst those that come too late,
And are unfit to enter. Something I
Will deserve here: for, where you versify
In flowing numbers, lawful weight, and time,
I'll write, though not rich verses, honest rhyme.
I am admitted. Now, have at the rout
Of those that would crowd in, but must keep out.
Bear back, my masters; pray keep back; forbear:
You cannot, at this time, have entrance here.
You, that are worthy, may, by intercession,
Find entertainment at the next impression.
But let none then attempt it, that not know
The reverence due, which to this shrine they owe:
All such must be excluded; and the sort,
That only upon trust, or by report,
Have taken Fletcher up, and think it trim
To have their verses planted before him:
Let them read first his works, and learn to know him;
And offer, then, the sacrifice they owe him.
But far from hence be such as would proclaim
Their knowledge of this author, not his fame;
And such, as would pretend, of all the rest,
To be the best wits that have known him best.
Depart hence, all such writers, and before
Inferior ones thrust in, by many a score;
As formerly, before Tom Coryate,
Whose work, before his praisers, had the fate
To perish: For the witty copies took
Of his encomiums made themselves a book.
Here's no such subject for you to out-do,
Out-shine, out-live, (though well you may do too
In other spheres:) for Fletcher's flourishing bays
Must never fade, while Phœbus wears his rays.
Therefore forbear to press upon him thus.
Why, what are you, (cry some) that prate to us?
Do not we know you for a flashy meteor?
And styled (at best) the muses' serving-creature?
Do you control? Ye've had your jeer: Sirs, no;
But, in an humble manner, let you know,
Old serving-creatures oftentimes are fit
To inform young masters, as in land, in wit,
What they inherit; and how well their dads
Left one, and wish'd the other to their lads.
And, from departed poets, I can guess
Who has a greater share of wit, who less.
'Way, fool! another says. I let him rail,
And, 'bout his own ears flourish his wit-flail,
Till, with his swingle, he his noddle break,
While this of Fletcher, and his works, I speak;
His works! (says Momus) nay, his plays, you'd say:
Thou hast said right, for that to him was play
Which was to others' brains a toil: With ease
He play'd on waves, which were their troubled seas.
His nimble births have longer lived than theirs
That have, with strongest labour, divers years
Been sending forth the issues of their brains
Upon the stage; and shall, to th' stationers' gains,
Life after life take, till some after-age
Shall put down printing, as this doth the stage;
Which nothing now presents unto the eye,
But in dumb-shows her own sad tragedy.

'Would there had been no sadder works abroad,
Since her decay, acted in fields of blood!
But to the man again, of whom we write,
The writer that made writing his delight,
Rather than work. He did not pump, nor drudge,
To beget wit, or manage it; nor trudge
To wit-conventions with note-book, to glean,
Or steal, some jests to foist into a scene:
He scorn'd those shifts. You, that have known him, know
The common talk; that from his lips did flow,
And run at waste, did savour more of wit,
Than any of his time, or since, have writ
(But few excepted) in the stage's way:
His scenes were acts, and every act a play.
I knew him in his strength; even then, when he,
That was the master of his art and me,
Most knowing Jonson (proud to call him son,)
In friendly envy swore he had out-done
His very self. I knew him till he died;
And, at his dissolution, what a tide
Of sorrow overwhelm'd the stage; which gave
Vollies of sighs to send him to his grave,
And grew distracted in most violent fits,
For she had lost the best part of her wits.
In the first year, our famous Fletcher fell,
Of good King Charles, who graced these poems well,
Being then in life of action: But they died
Since the king's absence; or were laid aside,
As is their poet. Now, at the report
Of the king's second coming to his court,
The books creep from the press to life, not action;
Crying unto the world, that no protraction
May hinder sacred majesty to give
Fletcher, in them, leave on the stage to live.
Others may more in lofty verses move,
I only thus express my truth and love.

RICH. BROME.

UPON THE PRINTING OF MR. JOHN FLETCHER'S WORKS.

What means this numerous guard? or, do we come
To file our names, or verse, upon the tomb
Of Fletcher, and, by boldly making known
His wit, betray the nothing of our own?
For, if we grant him dead, it is as true
Against ourselves, no wit, no poet now;
Or if he be return'd from his cool shade
To us, this book his resurrection's made:
We bleed ourselves to death, and but contrive
By our own epitaphs to shew him alive.
But let him live! and let me prophesy,
As I go swan-like out, our peace is nigh:
A balm unto the wounded age I sing,
And nothing now is wanting but the king.

JA. SHIRLEY.

TO MY WORTHY AUTHOR, MR. JOHN FLETCHER, UPON HIS FAITHFUL SHEPHERDESS.

The wise and many-headed bench, that sits
Upon the life and death of plays, and wits,
(Composed of gamester, captain, knight, knight's man,
Lady, or *pucelle*, that wears mask or fan,
Velvet, or taffata cap, rank'd in the dark
With the shop's foreman, or some such brave spark,
That may judge for his sixpence,) had, before
They saw it half, damn'd thy whole play; and, more,
Their motives were, since it had not to do
With vices, which they look'd for, and came to.
I, that am glad thy innocence was thy guilt,
And wish that all the muses' blood were spilt
In such a martyrdom, to vex their eyes,
Do crown thy murdered poem; which shall rise
A glorified work to time, when fire
Or moths shall eat what all these fools admire.

BEN JONSON.

TO HIS LOVING FRIEND, MR. JOHN FLETCHER, CONCERNING HIS PASTORAL BEING BOTH A POEM AND A PLAY.

There are no sureties, good friend, will be taken
For works that vulgar good-name hath forsaken.
A poem and a play too! Why, 'tis like
A scholar that's a poet: their names strike
Their pestilence inward, when they take the air,
And kill outright; one cannot both fates bear.
But, as a poet that's no scholar makes
Vulgarity his whiffler, and so takes
Passage with ease and state through both sides press
Of pageant seers: or as scholars please
That are no poets, more than poets learn'd,
(Since their art solely is by souls discern'd;
The others' falls within the common sense,
And sheds, like common light, her influence:)
So were your play no poem, but a thing
That every cobler to his patch might sing,
A rout of nifles, like the multitude,
With no one limb of any art endued;
Like would to like, and praise you. But, because
Your poem only hath by us applause,
Renews the golden world, and holds through all
The holy laws of homely pastoral,
Where flowers and founts, and nymphs and semi-gods,
And all the graces find their old abodes;
Where forests flourish but in endless verse,
And meadows, nothing fit for purchasers:
This iron age, that eats itself, will never
Bite at your golden world, that others ever
Loved as itself. Then, like your book, do you
Live in old peace, and that for praise allow.

G. CHAPMAN.

THE MAID'S TRAGEDY.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

KING.
LYSIPPUS, *Brother to the King.*
AMINTOR, *a noble Gentleman.*
MELANTIUS, DIPHILUS, } *Brothers to Evadne.*
CALIANAX, *an old humorous Lord, and Father to Aspatia.*
CLEON, STRATO, } *Gentlemen.*
DIAGORAS, *a Servant to Calianax.*

EVADNE, *Sister to Melantius.*

ASPATIA, *troth-plight Wife to Amintor.*
ANTIPHILA, OLYMPIAS, } *Waiting-Gentlewomen to Aspatia.*
DULA, *Waiting-Woman to Evadne.*
Ladies.

NIGHT, CYNTHIA, NEPTUNE, ÆOLUS, *Sea Gods,* } *Masquers.*

SCENE,—THE CITY OF RHODES.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*An Apartment in the Palace.*

Enter CLEON, STRATO, LYSIPPUS, *and* DIPHILUS.

Cleon. The rest are making ready, sir.
Lys. So let them;
There's time enough.
Diph. You are the brother to the king, my lord;
We'll take your word.
Lys. Strato, thou hast some skill in poetry:
What think'st thou of the masque? will it be well?
Strat. As well as masque can be.
Lys. As masque can be?
Strat. Yes; they must commend their king, and speak in praise
Of the assembly; bless the bride and bridegroom
In person of some god. They are tied to rules
Of flattery.
Cle. See, good my lord, who is return'd!

Enter MELANTIUS.

Lys. Noble Melantius! the land, by me,
Welcomes thy virtues home to Rhodes.
Thou, that with blood abroad buy'st us our peace!
The breath of kings is like the breath of gods;
My brother wish'd thee here, and thou art here.
He will be too kind, and weary thee
With often welcomes. But the time doth give thee
A welcome above his, or all the world's.
Mel. My lord, my thanks; but these scratch'd limbs of mine
Have spoke my love and truth unto my friends,
More than my tongue e'er could. My mind's the same
It ever was to you: Where I find worth,
I love the keeper till he let it go,
And then I follow it.
Diph. Hail, worthy brother!
He, that rejoices not at your return
In safety, is mine enemy for ever.
Mel. I thank thee, Diphilus. But thou art faulty;
I seat for thee to exercise thine arms
With me at Patria: Thou camest not, Diphilus;
'Twas ill.
Diph. My noble brother, my excuse
Is my king's strict command; which you, my lord,
Can witness with me.
Lys. 'Tis true, Melantius;
He might not come, till the solemnity
Of this great match was past.
Diph. Have you heard of it?
Mel. Yes. I have given cause to those that envy
My deeds abroad, to call me gamesome:
I have no other business here at Rhodes.
Lys. We have a masque to-night, and you must tread
A soldier's measure.
Mel. These soft and silken wars are not for me:
The music must be shrill, and all confused,
That stirs my blood; and then I dance with arms.
But is Amintor wed?
Diph. This day.
Mel. All joys upon him! for he is my friend.
Wonder not that I call a man so young my friend:
His worth is great; valiant he is, and temperate;
And one that never thinks his life his own,
If his friend need it. When he was a boy,
As oft as I returned (as, without boast,
I brought home conquest) he would gaze upon me,
And view me round, to find in what one limb
The virtue lay to do those things he heard.
Then would he wish to see my sword, and feel
The quickness of the edge, and in his hand
Weigh it: He oft would make me smile at this.
His youth did promise much, and his ripe years
Will see it all perform'd.

Enter ASPATIA.

Hail, maid and wife!
Thou fair Aspatia, may the holy knot
That thou hast tied to-day, last till the hand
Of age undo it! may'st thou bring a race

Unto Amintor, that may fill the world
Successively with soldiers!
Asp. My hard fortunes
Deserve not scorn; for I was never proud
When they were good. [*Exit.*
Mel. How's this?
Lys. You are mistaken,
For she is not married.
Mel. You said Amintor was.
Diph. 'Tis true; but——
Mel. Pardon me, I did receive
Letters at Patria from my Amintor,
That he should marry her.
Diph. And so it stood
In all opinion long; but your arrival
Made me imagine you had heard the change.
Mel. Who hath he taken then?
Lys. A lady, sir,
That bears the light about her, and strikes dead
With flashes of her eye: the fair Evadne,
Your virtuous sister.
Mel. Peace of heart betwixt them!
But this is strange.
Lys. The king my brother did it
To honour you; and these solemnities
Are at his charge.
Mel. 'Tis royal, like himself. But I am sad
My speech bears so unfortunate a sound
To beautiful Aspatia. There is rage
Hid in her father's breast, Calianax,
Bent long against me; and he should not think,
If I could call it back, that I would take
So base revenges, as to scorn the state
Of his neglected daughter. Holds he still
His greatness with the king?
Lys. Yes. But this lady
Walks discontented, with her watery eyes
Bent on the earth. The unfrequented woods
Are her delight; and when she sees a bank
Stuck full of flowers, she with a sigh will tell
Her servants what a pretty place it were
To bury lovers in; and make her maids
Pluck 'em, and strew her over like a corse.
She carries with her an infectious grief,
That strikes all her beholders; she will sing
The mournful'st things that ever ear hath heard,
And sigh, and sing again; and when the rest
Of our young ladies, in their wanton blood,
Tell mirthful tales in course, that fill the room
With laughter, she will, with so sad a look,
Bring forth a story of the silent death
Of some forsaken virgin, which her grief
Will put in such a phrase, that, ere she end,
She'll send them weeping, one by one, away.
Mel. She has a brother under my command,
Like her; a face as womanish as hers;
But with a spirit that hath much outgrown
The number of his years.

Enter Amintor.

Cle. My lord, the bridegroom!
Mel. I might run fiercely, not more hastily,
Upon my foe. I love thee well, Amintor;
My mouth is much too narrow for my heart;
I joy to look upon those eyes of thine;
Thou art my friend, but my disorder'd speech
Cuts off my love.
Amin. Thou art Melantius;
All love is spoke in that. A sacrifice,
To thank the gods Melantius is return'd
In safety! Victory sits on his sword,
As she was wont: May she build there and dwell;
And may thy armour be, as it hath been,
Only thy valour and thine innocence!
What endless treasures would our enemies give,
That I might hold thee still thus!
Mel. I am but poor
In words; but credit me, young man, thy mother
Could do no more but weep for joy to see thee
After long absence: All the wounds I have
Fetch'd not so much away, nor all the cries
Of widowed mothers. But this is peace,
And that was war.
Amin. Pardon, thou holy god
Of marriage bed, and frown not, I am forced,
In answer of such noble tears as those,
To weep upon my wedding-day.
Mel. I fear thou'rt grown too fickle; for I hear
A lady mourns for thee; men say, to death;
Forsaken of thee; on what terms I know not.
Amin. She had my promise; but the king forbade it,
And made me make this worthy change, thy sister,
Accompanied with graces far above her;
With whom I long to lose my lusty youth,
And grow old in her arms.
Mel. Be prosperous!

Enter Messenger.

Mess. My lord, the masquers rage for you.
Lys. We are gone. Cleon, Strato, Diphilus—
[*Exeunt* Lysippus, Cleon, Strato, *and* Diphilus.
Amin. We'll all attend you.—We shall trouble you
With our solemnities. [
Mel. Not so, Amintor:
But if you laugh at my rude carriage
In peace, I'll do as much for you in war,
When you come thither. Yet I have a mistress
To bring to your delights; rough though I am,
I have a mistress, and she has a heart
She says; but, trust me, it is stone, no better;
There is no place that I can challenge in't.
But you stand still, and here my way lies.
[*Exeunt severally.*

SCENE II.—*A large Hall in the same, with a Gallery full of Spectators.*

Enter Calianax, *with* Diagoras *at the Door.*

Cal. Diagoras, look to the doors better for shame; you let in all the world, and anon the king will rail at me—why, very well said—by Jove, the king will have the show i' th' court.
Diag. Why do you swear so, my lord? You know, he'll have it here.
Cal. By this light, if he be wise, he will not.
Diag. And if he will not be wise, you are forsworn.
Cal. One may wear out his heart with swearing, and get thanks on no side. I'll be gone—look to't who will.
Diag. My lord, I shall never keep them out. Pray, stay; your looks will terrify them.
Cal. My looks terrify them, you coxcombly ass, you! I'll be judged by all the company whether thou hast not a worse face than I.
Diag. I mean, because they know you and your office.
Cal. Office! I would I could put it off; I am sure I sweat quite through my office. I might

have made room at my daughter's wedding: they have near kill'd her among them; and now I must do service for him that hath forsaken her. Serve that will. [*Exit.*

Diag. He's so humorous since his daughter was forsaken—Hark, hark! there, there! so, so! Codes, codes! [*Knock within.*] What now?

Mel. [*within.*] Open the door.

Diag. Who's there?

Mel. [*within.*] Melantius.

Diag. I hope your lordship brings no troop with you; for, if you do, I must return them.

[*Opens the door. Persons endeavour to rush in.*

Enter MELANTIUS *and a* Lady.

Mel. None but this lady, sir.

Diag. The ladies are all placed above, save those that come in the king's troop: The best of Rhodes sit there, and there's room.

Mel. I thank you, sir.—When I have seen you placed, madam, I must attend the king; but, the masque done, I'll wait on you again.

[*Exit with the* Lady *into the gallery.*

Diag. Stand back there!—Room for my lord Melantius!—pray, bear back—this is no place for such youths and their trulls—let the doors shut again.—No!—do your heads itch? I'll scratch them for you. [*Shuts the door.*]—So, now thrust and hang. [*Knocking.*] Again! who is't now?—I cannot blame my lord Calianax for going away: 'Would he were here! he would run raging among them, and break a dozen wiser heads than his own, in the twinkling of an eye.—What's the news now?

[*Within.*] I pray you, can you help me to the speech of the master-cook?

Diag. If I open the door, I'll cook some of your calves-heads. Peace, rogues! [*Knocking.*]—Again! who is't?

Mel. [*within.*] Melantius.

Enter CALIANAX.

Cal. Let him not in.

Diag. O, my lord, I must.—Make room there for my lord.

Enter MELANTIUS.

Is your lady placed? [*To* MELANTIUS.

Mel. Yes, sir.

I thank you.—My Lord Calianax, well met.
Your causeless hate to me, I hope, is buried.

Cal. Yes, I do service for your sister here,
That brings my own poor child to timeless death;
She loves your friend Amintor; such another
False-hearted lord as you.

Mel. You do me wrong,
A most unmanly one, and I am slow
In taking vengeance! But be well advised.

Cal. It may be so.—Who placed the lady there,
So near the presence of the king?

Mel. I did.

Cal. My lord, she must not sit there.

Mel. Why?

Cal. The place is kept for women of more worth.

Mel. More worth than she? It misbecomes your age,
And place, to be thus womanish. Forbear!
What you have spoke, I am content to think
The palsy shook your tongue to.

Cal. Why, 'tis well
If I stand here to place men's wenches.

Mel. I shall forget this place, thy age, my safety,
And, thorough all, cut that poor sickly week,
Thou hast to live, away from thee.

Cal. Nay, I know you can fight for your whore.

Mel. Bate the king, and be he flesh and blood,
He lies, that says it! Thy mother at fifteen
Was black and sinful to her.

Diag. Good my lord!

Mel. Some god pluck threescore years from that fond man,
That I may kill him and not stain mine honour.
It is the curse of soldiers, that in peace
They shall be braved by such ignoble men,
As, if the land were troubled, would with tears
And knees beg succour from 'em. 'Would, that blood,
That sea of blood, that I have lost in fight,
Were running in thy veins, that it might make thee
Apt to say less, or able to maintain,
Should'st thou say more! This Rhodes, I see, is nought
But a place privileged to do men wrong.

Cal. Ay, you may say your pleasure.

Enter AMINTOR.

Amin. What vile injury
Has stirr'd my worthy friend, who is as slow
To fight with words as he is quick of hand?

Mel. That heap of age, which I should reverence
If it were temperate; but testy years
Are most contemptible.

Amin. Good sir, forbear.

Cal. There is just such another as yourself.

Amin. He will wrong you, or me, or any man,
And talk as if he had no life to lose,
Since this our match. The king is coming in:
I would not for more wealth than I enjoy,
He should perceive you raging. He did hear
You were at difference now, which hastened him.

Cal. Make room there! [*Hautboys play within.*

Enter King, EVADNE, ASPATIA, Lords *and* Ladies.

King. Melantius, thou art welcome, and my love
Is with thee still: But this is not a place
To brabble in. Calianax, join hands.

Cal. He shall not have my hand.

King. This is no time
To force you to it. I do love you both:
Calianax, you look well to your office;
And you, Melantius, are welcome home.—
Begin the masque!

Mel. Sister, I joy to see you, and your choice.
You look'd with my eyes when you took that man:
Be happy in him! [*Recorders play.*

Evad. O, my dearest brother!
Your presence is more joyful than this day
Can be unto me.

THE MASQUE.

NIGHT *rises in mists.*

Night. Our reign is come; for in the raging sea
The sun is drown'd, and with him fell the Day.
Bright Cynthia, hear my voice; I am the Night,
For whom thou bear'st about thy borrow'd light.
Appear; no longer thy pale visage shroud,
But strike thy silver horns quite through a cloud,
And send a beam upon my swarthy face;
By which I may discover all the place
And persons, and how many longing eyes
Are come to wait on our solemnities.

Enter CYNTHIA.

How dull and black am I! I could not find
This beauty without thee, I am so blind.
Methinks, they shew like to those eastern streaks
That warn us hence, before the morning breaks!
Back, my pale servant, for these eyes know how
To shoot far more and quicker rays than thou.

Cynth. Great queen, they be a troop for whom alone
One of my clearest moons I have put on;
A troop, that looks as if thyself and I
Had pluck'd our reins in, and our whips laid by,
To gaze upon these mortals, that appear
Brighter than we.

Night. Then let us keep 'em here;
And never more our chariots drive away,
But hold our places and outshine the day.

Cynth. Great queen of shadows, you are pleased to speak
Of more than may be done: We may not break
The gods' decrees; but, when our time is come,
Must drive away, and give the day our room.
Yet, while our reign lasts, let us stretch our power
To give our servants one contented hour,
With such unwonted solemn grace and state,
As may for ever after force them hate
Our brother's glorious beams; and wish the night
Crown'd with a thousand stars, and our cold light:
For almost all the world their service bend
To Phœbus, and in vain my light I lend;
Gazed on unto my setting from my rise
Almost of none, but of unquiet eyes.

Night. Then shine at full, fair queen, and by thy power
Produce a birth, to crown this happy hour,
Of nymphs and shepherds: Let their songs discover,
Easy and sweet, who is a happy lover.
Or, if thou woo't, then call thine own Endymion,
From the sweet flowery bed he lies upon,
On Latmus' top, thy pale beams drawn away,
And of this long night let him make a day.

Cynth. Thou dream'st, dark queen; that fair boy was not mine,
Nor went I down to kiss him. Ease and wine
Have bred these bold tales: Poets, when they rage,
Turn gods to men, and make an hour an age.
But I will give a greater state and glory,
And raise to time a noble memory
Of what these lovers are. Rise, rise, I say,
Thou power of deeps; thy surges laid away,
Neptune, great king of waters, and by me
Be proud to be commanded.

NEPTUNE *rises.*

Nept. Cynthia, see,
Thy word hath fetch'd me hither: Let me know
Why I ascend?

Cynth. Doth this majestic show
Give thee no knowledge yet?

Nept. Yes, now I see
Something intended, Cynthia, worthy thee.
Go on: I'll be a helper.

Cynth. Hie thee then,
And charge the wind fly from his rocky den.
Let loose thy subjects; only Boreas,
Too foul for our intention, as he was,
Still keep him fast chain'd: we must have none here
But vernal blasts, and gentle winds appear;
Such as blow flowers, and through the glad boughs sing
Many soft welcomes to the lusty spring:
These are our music. Next, thy watery race
Bring on in couples (we are pleased to grace
This noble night,) each in their richest things
Your own deeps, or the broken vessel, brings.
Be prodigal, and I shall be as kind,
And shine at full upon you.

Nept. Ho! the wind-
Commanding Æolus!

Enter ÆOLUS *out of a Rock.*

Æol. Great Neptune?

Nept. He.

Æol. What is thy will?

Nept. We do command thee free
Favonius, and thy milder winds, to wait
Upon our Cynthia; but tie Boreas straight;
He's too rebellious.

Æol. I shall do it.

Nept. Do.——

[*Exit* ÆOLUS *into the rock and re-enters.*

Æol. Great master of the flood, and all below,
Thy full command has taken.——Ho! the Main!
Neptune!

Nept. Here.

Æol. Boreas has broke his chain,
And, struggling, with the rest has got away.

Nept. Let him alone, I'll take him up at sea;
He will not long be thence. Go once again,
And call out of the bottoms of the main
Blue Proteus, and the rest; charge them put on
Their greatest pearls, and the most sparkling stone
The beaten rock breeds; till this night is done
By me a solemn honour to the moon.
Fly, like a full sail.

Æol. I am gone.

Cynth. Dark Night,
Strike a full silence; do a thorough right
To this great chorus; that our music may
Touch high as Heaven, and make the east break day
At mid-night. [*Music.*

SONG.

Cynthia, to thy power and thee,
We obey.
Joy to this great company!
And no day
Come to steal this night away,
Till the rites of love are ended;
And the lusty bridegroom say,
Welcome, light, of all befriended.

Pace out, you watery powers below;
Let your feet,
Like the gallies when they row,
Even beat.
Let your unknown measures, set
To the still winds, tell to all,
That gods are come, immortal, great,
To honour this great nuptial.

[*The Measure by the Sea-gods.*

SECOND SONG.

Hold back thy hours, dark Night, till we have done:
The day will come too soon;
Young maids will curse thee if thou steal'st away,
And leav'st their losses open to the day:
Stay, stay, and hide
The blushes of the bride.

Stay, gentle Night, and with thy darkness cover
The kisses of her lover.
Stay, and confound her tears, and her shrill cryings,
Her weak denials, vows, and often dyings;
Stay, and hide all:
But help not, though she call.

Nept. Great queen of us and Heaven,
Hear what I bring to make this hour a full one,
If not o'ermeasure.
Cynth. Speak, sea's king.
Nept. The tunes my Amphitrite joys to have,
When they will dance upon the rising wave,
And court me as she sails. My Tritons, play
Music to lead a storm; I'll lead the way.
[*Measure.*

SONG.

To bed, to bed; come, Hymen, lead the bride,
And lay her by her husband's side;
Bring in the virgins every one,
That grieve to lie alone;
That they may kiss while they may say, a maid;
To-morrow, 'twill be other, kiss'd, and said.
Hesperus be long a-shining,
Whilst these lovers are a-twining.

Æol. Ho! Neptune!
Nept. Æolus!
Æol. The sea goes high,
Boreas hath raised a storm: Go and apply
Thy trident; else, I prophesy, ere day
Many a tall ship will be cast away.
Descend with all the gods, and all their power,
To strike a calm.
Cynth. A thanks to every one, and to gratulate
So great a service, done at my desire,
Ye shall have many floods, fuller and higher
Than you have wished for; no ebb shall dare
To let the day see where your dwellings are.
Now back unto your government in haste,
Lest your proud charge should swell above the waste,
And win upon the island.
Nept. We obey.
[NEPTUNE *descends, and the Sea-gods.*
Cynth. Hold up thy head, dead Night; see'st thou not Day?
The east begins to lighten: I must down,
And give my brother place.
Night. Oh, I could frown
To see the Day, the Day that flings his light
Upon my kingdom, and contemns old Night!
Let him go on and flame! I hope to see
Another wild-fire in his axletree;
And all fall drench'd. But I forgot; speak, queen.
The day grows on; I must no more be seen.
Cynth. Heave up thy drowsy head again, and see
A greater light, a greater majesty,
Between our set and us! Whip up thy team!
The day-break's here, and yon sun-flaring beam
Shot from the south. Say, which way wilt thou go?
Night. I'll vanish into mists.
Cynth. I into day. [*Exeunt.*

THE MASQUE ENDS.

King. Take lights there!—Ladies, get the bride to bed.—
We will not see you laid. Good-night, Amintor;
We'll ease you of that tedious ceremony.
Were it my case, I should think time run slow.
If thou be'st noble, youth, get me a boy,
That may defend my kingdom from my foes.
Amin. All happiness to you.
King. Good night, Melantius. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*Antechamber to* EVADNE'S *Bed-Room in the Palace.*

Enter EVADNE, ASPATIA, DULA, *and other Ladies.*

Dula. Madam, shall we undress you for this fight?
The wars are nak'd that you must make to-night.
Evad. You are very merry, Dula.

Dula. *I should be merrier far, if 'twere*
With me as 'tis with you.

Evad. How's that?

Dula. *That I might go to bed with him*
With the credit that you do.

Evad. Why, how now, wench?
Dula. Come, ladies, will you help?
Evad. I am soon undone.
Dula. And as soon done:
Good store of clothes will trouble you at both.
Evad. Art thou drunk, Dula?
Dula. Why, here's none but we.
Evad. Thou think'st belike, there is no modesty
When we're alone.
Dula. Ay, by my troth, you hit my thoughts
Evad. You prick me, lady. [aright.
Dula. 'Tis against my will.
Anon you must endure more, and lie still;
You're best to practise.
Evad. Sure, this wench is mad.
Dula. No, 'faith, this is a trick that I have had
Since I was fourteen.
Evad. 'Tis high time to leave it.
Dula. Nay, now I'll keep it, till the trick leave
A dozen wanton words, put in your head, [me.
Will make you livelier in your husband's bed.
Evad. Nay, 'faith, then take it.
Dula. Take it, madam? where?
We all, I hope, will take it, that are here.
Evad. Nay, then, I'll give you o'er..
Dula. So will I make
The ablest man in Rhodes, or his heart ache.
Evad. Wilt take my place to-night?
Dula. I'll hold your cards 'gainst any two I [know.
Evad. What wilt thou do?
Dula. Madam, we'll do't, and make 'em leave
Evad. Aspatia, take her part. [play too.
Dula. I will refuse it.
She will pluck down a side; she does not use it.
Evad. Why, do.
Dula. You will find the play
Quickly, because your head lies well that way.
Evad. I thank thee, Dula. 'Would thou could'st
Some of thy mirth into Aspatia! [instil
Nothing but sad thoughts in her breast do dwell:
Methinks, a mean betwixt you would do well.

Dula. She is in love: Hang me, if I were so,
But I could run my country. I love, too,
To do those things that people in love do.
Asp. It were a timeless smile should prove my [cheek:
It were a fitter hour for me to laugh,
When at the altar the religious priest
Were pacifying the offended powers
With sacrifice, than now. This should have been
My night; and all your hands have been employed
In giving me a spotless offering
To young Amintor's bed, as we are now
For you. Pardon, Evadne; 'would my worth
Were great as yours, or that the king, or he,
Or both, thought so! Perhaps he found me worth-
But, till he did so, in these ears of mine, [less:
These credulous ears, he pour'd the sweetest words
That art or love could frame. If he were false,
Pardon it, Heaven! and if I did want
Virtue, you safely may forgive that too;
For I have lost none that I had from you.
Evad. Nay, leave this sad talk, madam.
Asp. Would I could!
Then should I leave the cause.
Evad. See, if you have not spoil'd all Dula's mirth.
Asp. Thou think'st thy heart hard; but if thou be'st caught,
Remember me; thou shalt perceive a fire
Shot suddenly into thee.
Dula. That's not so good; let 'em shoot any [thing
But fire, I fear 'em not.
Asp. Well, wench, thou may'st be taken.
Evad. Ladies, good-night: I'll do the rest [myself.
Dula. Nay, let your lord do some.

Asp. [*Sings.*] *Lay a garland on my hearse,*
Of the dismal yew.

Evad. That's one of your sad songs, madam.
Asp. Believe me, 'tis a very pretty one.
Evad. How is it, madam?

SONG.

Asp. Lay a garland on my hearse,
Of the dismal yew;
Maidens, willow branches bear;
Say I died true:
My love was false, but I was firm
From my hour of birth.
Upon my buried body lie
Lightly, gentle earth!

Evad. Fie on't, madam! The words are so strange, they are able to make one dream of hobgoblins. "I could never have the power:" Sing that, Dula.

SONG.

Dula. I could never have the power
To love one above an hour,
But my heart would prompt mine eye
On some other man to fly:
Venus, fix mine eyes fast,
Or if not, give me all that I shall see at last.

Evad. So, leave me now.
Dula. Nay, we must see you laid.
Asp. Madam, good-night. May all the marriage joys
That longing maids imagine in their beds,
Prove so unto you! May no discontent
Grow 'twixt your love and you! But, if there do,
Inquire of me, and I will guide your moan;
Teach you an artificial way to grieve,
To keep your sorrow waking. Love your lord
No worse than I: but if you love so well,
Alas, you may displease him; so did I.
This is the last time you shall look on me.—
Ladies, farewell. As soon as I am dead,
Come all, and watch one night about my hearse;
Bring each a mournful story, and a tear,
To offer at it when I go to earth.
With flatt'ring ivy clasp my coffin round;
Write on my brow my fortune; let my bier
Be borne by virgins that shall sing, by course,
The truth of maids, and perjuries of men.
Evad. Alas, I pity thee. [*Exit* Evadne.
All. Madam, good night.
1 *Lady.* Come, we'll let in the bridegroom.
Dula. Where's my lord?

Enter Amintor.

1 *Lady.* Here, take this light.
Dula. You'll find her in the dark.
1 *Lady.* Your lady's scarce a-bed yet; you must help her.
Asp. Go, and be happy in your lady's love.
May all the wrongs, that you have done to me,
Be utterly forgotten in my death!
I'll trouble you no more; yet I will take
A parting kiss, and will not be denied.
You'll come, my lord, and see the virgins weep
When I am laid in earth, though you yourself
Can know no pity. Thus I wind myself
Into this willow garland, and am prouder
That I was once your love, though now refused,
Than to have had another true to me.
So with my prayers I leave you, and must try
Some yet-unpractised way to grieve and die. [*Exit*
Dula. Come, ladies, will you go?
All. Good-night, my lord.
Amin. Much happiness unto you all!—
[*Exeunt* Ladies.
I did that lady wrong: Methinks, I feel
Her grief shoot suddenly through all my veins.
Mine eyes run: This is strange at such a time.
It was the king first moved me to't;—but he
Has not my will in keeping.—Why do I
Perplex myself thus? Something whispers me,
"Go not to bed." My guilt is not so great
As mine own conscience, too sensible,
Would make me think: I only break a promise,
And 'twas the king that forced me.—Timorous flesh,
Why shak'st thou so?—Away, my idle fears!

Enter Evadne.

Yonder she is, the lustre of whose eye
Can blot away the sad remembrance
Of all these things.—Oh, my Evadne, spare
That tender body; let it not take cold.
The vapours of the night will not fall here:
To bed, my love. Hymen will punish us
For being slack performers of his rites.
Cam'st thou to call me?
Evad. No.
Amin. Come, come, my love,
And let us lose ourselves to one another.
Why art thou up so long?
Evad. I am not well.
Amin. To bed, then; let me wind thee in these arms,
Till I have banish'd sickness.

Evad. Good my lord,
I cannot sleep.
Amin. Evadne, we will watch;
I mean no sleeping.
Evad. I'll not go to bed.
Amin. I pr'ythee do.
Evad. I will not for the world.
Amin. Why, my dear love?
Evad. Why? I have sworn I will not.
Amin. Sworn!
Evad. Ay.
Amin. How! sworn, Evadne?
Evad. Yes, sworn, Amintor; and will swear
If you will wish to hear me. [again,
Amin. To whom have you sworn this?
Evad. If I should name him, the matter were
not great.
Amin. Come, this is but the coyness of a bride.
Evad. The coyness of a bride?
Amin. How prettily that frown becomes thee!
Evad. Do you like it so?
Amin. Thou canst not dress thy face in such a
But I shall like it. [look,
Evad. What look likes you best?
Amin. Why do you ask?
Evad. That I may show you one less pleasing
Amin. How's that? [to you.
Evad. That I may show you one less pleasing
to you.
Amin. I pr'ythee, put thy jests in milder looks;
It shows as thou wert angry.
Evad. So, perhaps,
I am indeed.
Amin. Why, who has done thee wrong?
Name me the man, and by thyself I swear,
Thy yet-unconquer'd self, I will revenge thee.
Evad. Now I shall try thy truth. If thou dost
love me,
Thou weigh'st not any thing compared with me:
Life, honour, joys eternal, all delights
This world can yield, or hopeful people feign,
Or in the life to come, are light as air
To a true lover when his lady frowns,
And bids him *do this*. Wilt thou kill this man?
Swear, my Amintor, and I'll kiss the sin
Off from thy lips.
Amin. I will not swear, sweet love,
Till I do know the cause.
Evad. I would thou would'st.
Why, it is thou that wrong'st me; I hate thee;
Thou should'st have kill'd thyself.
Amin. If I should know that, I should quickly
The man you hated. [kill
Evad. Know it then, and do't.
Amin. Oh, no; what look soe'er thou shalt put
To try my faith, I shall not think thee false: [on
I cannot find one blemish in thy face,
Where falsehood should abide. Leave, and to bed.
If you have sworn to any of the virgins,
That were your old companions, to preserve
Your maidenhead a night, it may be done
Without this means.
Evad. A maidenhead, Amintor,
At my years?
Amin. Sure, she raves!—This cannot be
Thy natural temper. Shall I call thy maids?
Either thy healthful sleep hath left thee long,
Or else some fever rages in thy blood.
Evad. Neither, Amintor: Think you I am mad,
Because I speak the truth?
Amin. Will you not lie with me to-night?
Evad. To-night! you talk as if I would hereafter
Amin. Hereafter! yes, I do.
Evad. You are deceived.
Put off amazement, and with patience mark
What I shall utter; for the oracle
Knows nothing truer: 'tis not for a night,
Or two, that I forbear thy bed, but for ever.
Amin. I dream! Awake, Amintor!
Evad. You hear right.
I sooner will find out the beds of snakes,
And with my youthful blood warm their cold flesh,
Letting them curl themselves about my limbs,
Than sleep one night with thee. This is not feign'd,
Nor sounds it like the coyness of a bride.
Amin. Is flesh so earthly to endure all this?
Are these the joys of marriage? Hymen, keep
This story (that will make succeeding youth
Neglect thy ceremonies) from all ears;
Let it not rise up, for thy shame and mine,
To after-ages: We will scorn thy laws,
If thou no better bless them. Touch the heart
Of her that thou hast sent me, or the world
Shall know, there's not an altar that will smoke
In praise of thee; we will adopt us sons;
Then virtue shall inherit, and not blood.
If we do lust, we'll take the next we meet,
Serving ourselves as other creatures do;
And never take note of the female more,
Nor of her issue.—I do rage in vain;
She can but jest. O, pardon me, my love!
So dear the thoughts are that I hold of thee,
That I must break forth. Satisfy my fear;
It is a pain, beyond the hand of death,
To be in doubt: Confirm it with an oath,
If this be true.
Evad. Do you invent the form:
Let there be in it all the binding words
Devils and conjurers can put together,
And I will take it. I have sworn before,
And here, by all things holy, do again,
Never to be acquainted with thy bed.
Is your doubt over now?
Amin. I know too much. Would I had doubted
Was ever such a marriage night as this! [still!
Ye powers above, if you did ever mean
Man should be used thus, you have thought away
How he may bear himself, and save his honour.
Instruct me in it; for to my dull eyes
There is no mean, no moderate course to run:
I must live scorn'd, or be a murderer.
Is there a third? Why is this night so calm?
Why does not Heaven speak in thunder to us,
And drown her voice?
Evad. This rage will do no good.
Amin. Evadne, hear me: Thou hast ta'en an
But such a rash one, that, to keep it, were [oath,
Worse than to swear it: Call it back to thee;
Such vows as those never ascend the Heaven;
A tear or two will wash it quite away.
Have mercy on my youth, my hopeful youth,
If thou be pitiful; for, without boast,
This land was proud of me. What lady was there,
That men call'd fair and virtuous in this isle,
That would have shunn'd my love? It is in thee
To make me hold this worth. Oh! we vain men,
That trust out all our reputation,
To rest upon the weak and yielding hand
Of feeble woman! But thou art not stone;
Thy flesh is soft, and in thine eyes doth dwell

The spirit of love; thy heart cannot be hard.
Come, lead me from the bottom of despair,
To all the joys thou hast; I know thou wilt;
And make me careful, lest the sudden change
O'ercome my spirits.
Evad. When I call back this oath,
The pains of hell environ me!
Amin. I sleep, and am too temperate! Come to bed!
Or by those hairs, which, if thou hadst a soul
Like to thy locks, were threads for kings to wear
About their arms——
Evad. Why, so, perhaps, they are.
Amin. I'll drag thee to my bed, and make thy tongue
Undo this wicked oath, or on thy flesh
I'll print a thousand wounds to let out life!
Evad. I fear thee not. Do what thou dar'st to me!
Every ill-sounding word, or threat'ning look,
Thou show'st to me, will be revenged at full.
Amin. It will not, sure, Evadne?
Evad. Do not you hazard that.
Amin. Have you your champions?
Evad. Alas, Amintor, think'st thou I forbear
To sleep with thee, because I have put on
A maiden's strictness? Look upon these cheeks,
And thou shalt find the hot and rising blood
Unapt for such a vow. No; in this heart
There dwells as much desire, and as much will
To put that wish'd act in practice, as ever yet
Was known to woman; and they have been shown,
Both. But it was the folly of thy youth
To think this beauty, to what land soe'er
It shall be call'd, shall stoop to any second.
I do enjoy the best, and in that height
Have sworn to stand or die: You guess the man.
Amin. No: let me know the man that wrongs me so,
That I may cut his body into motes,
And scatter it before the northern wind.
Evad. You dare not strike him.
Amin. Do not wrong me so.
Yes, if his body were a poisonous plant,
That it were death to touch, I have a soul
Will throw me on him.
Evad. Why, it is the king.
Amin. The king!
Evad. What will you do now?
Amin. 'Tis not the king!
Evad. What did he make this match for, dull Amintor?
Amin. Oh, thou hast named a word, that wipes away
All thoughts revengeful! In that sacred name,
"The king," there lies a terror. What frail man
Dares lift his hand against it? Let the gods
Speak to him when they please: till when let us
Suffer, and wait.
Evad. Why should you fill yourself so full of heat,
And haste so to my bed? I am no virgin.
Amin. What devil put it in thy fancy, then,
To marry me?
Evad. Alas, I must have one
To father children, and to bear the name
Of husband to me, that my sin may be
More honourable.
Amin. What a strange thing am I!
Evad. A miserable one; one that myself
Am sorry for.
Amin. Why, show it then in this:
If thou hast pity, though thy love be none,
Kill me; and all true lovers, that shall live
In after-ages cross'd in their desires,
Shall bless thy memory, and call thee good;
Because such mercy in thy heart was found,
To rid a ling'ring wretch.
Evad. I must have one
To fill thy room again, if thou wert dead;
Else, by this night, I would: I pity thee.
Amin. These strange and sudden injuries have fallen
So thick upon me, that I lose all sense
Of what they are. Methinks I am not wrong'd:
Nor is it aught, if from the censuring world
I can but hide it. Reputation!
Thou art a word, no more.—But thou hast shown
An impudence so high, that to the world,
I fear, thou wilt betray or shame thyself.
Evad. To cover shame, I took thee; never fear
That I would blaze myself.
Amin. Nor let the king
Know I conceive he wrongs me; then mine honour
Will thrust me into action, though my flesh
Could bear with patience. And it is some ease
To me in these extremes, that I knew this
Before I touch'd thee; else had all the sins
Of mankind stood betwixt me and the king,
I had gone through 'em to his heart and thine.
I have left one desire: 'tis not his crown
Shall buy me to thy bed, now I resolve,
He has dishonoured thee. Give me thy hand;
Be careful of thy credit, and sin close;
'Tis all I wish. Upon thy chamber-floor
I'll rest to-night, that morning-visitors
May think we did as married people use.
And, pr'ythee, smile upon me when they come,
And seem to toy, as if thou hadst been pleased
With what we did.
Evad. Fear not; I will do this.
Amin. Come, let us practise: and as wantonly
As ever loving bride and bridegroom met,
Let's laugh and enter here.
Evad. I am content.
Amin. Down all the swellings of my troubled heart!
When we walk thus intwined, let all eyes see
If ever lovers better did agree. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*An Apartment in the Citadel.*

Enter ASPATIA, ANTIPHILA, *and* OLYMPIAS.

Asp. Away, you are not sad; force it no further.
Good Gods, how well you look! Such a full colour
Young bashful brides put on. Sure, you are new married!
Ant. Yes, madam, to your grief.
Asp. Alas, poor wenches!
Go learn to love first; learn to lose yourselves;
Learn to be flatter'd, and believe, and bless
The double tongue that did it. Make a faith
Out of the miracles of ancient lovers,
Such as speak truth, and died in't; and, like me,
Believe all faithful, and be miserable.
Did you ne'er love yet, wenches? Speak, Olympias;
Thou hast an easy temper, fit for stamp.
Olym. Never.
Asp. Nor you, Antiphila?
Ant. Nor I.
Asp. Then, my good girls, be more than women, wise:
At least be more than I was; and be sure

You credit anything the light gives light to,
Before a man. Rather believe the sea
Weeps for the rain'd merchant, when he roars;
Rather, the wind courts but the pregnant sails,
When the strong cordage cracks; rather, the sun
Comes but to kiss the fruit in wealthy autumn,
When all falls blasted. If you needs must love,
(Forced by ill fate) take to your maiden bosoms
Two dead-cold aspicks, and of them make lovers:
They cannot flatter, nor forswear; one kiss
Makes a long peace for all. But man,
Oh, that beast man! Come, let's be sad, my girls!
That down-cast of thine eye, Olympias,
Shews a fine sorrow. Mark, Antiphila;
Just such another was the nymph Œnone,
When Paris brought home Helen. Now, a tear;
And then thou art a piece expressing fully
The Carthage queen, when, from a cold sea-rock,
Full with her sorrow, she tied fast her eyes
To the fair Trojan ships; and, having lost them,
Just as thine eyes do, down stole a tear. Antiphila,
What would this wench do, if she were Aspatia?
Here she would stand, till some more pitying god
Turn'd her to marble! 'Tis enough, my wench!
Shew me the piece of needlework you wrought.

Ant. Of Ariadne, madam?

Asp. Yes, that piece.—
This should be Theseus; he has a cozening face:
You meant him for a man?

Ant. He was so, madam.

Asp. Why, then, 'tis well enough. Never look back:
You have a full wind, and a false heart, Theseus!
Does not the story say, his keel was split,
Or his masts spent, or some kind rock or other
Met with his vessel?

Ant. Not as I remember.

Asp. It should have been so. Could the gods know this,
And not, of all their number, raise a storm?
But they are all as ill! This false smile
Was well express'd; just such another caught me!
You shall not go [on] so, Antiphila:
In this place work a quicksand,
And over it a shallow smiling water,
And his ship ploughing it; and then a Fear:
Do that Fear to the life, wench.

Ant. 'Twill wrong the story.

Asp. 'Twill make the story, wrong'd by wanton poets,
Live long, and be believed. But where's the lady?

Ant. There, madam.

Asp. Fie! you have miss'd it here, Antiphila;
You are much mistaken, wench:
These colours are not dull and pale enough
To shew a soul so full of misery
As this sad lady's was. Do it by me;
Do it again, by me, the lost Aspatia,
And you shall find all true but the wild island.
Suppose I stand upon the sea-beach now,
Mine arms thus, and mine hair blown with the wind,
Wild as that desart; and let all about me
Be teachers of my story. Do my face
(If thou hadst ever feeling of a sorrow)
Thus, thus, Antiphila: Strive to make me look
Like Sorrow's monument! And the trees about me,
Let them be dry and leafless; let the rocks
Groan with continual surges; and, behind me,
Make all a desolation. Look, look, wenches!
A miserable life of this poor picture!

Olym. Dear madam!

Asp. I have done. Sit down; and let us
Upon that point fix all our eyes; that point there.
Make a dull silence, till you feel a sudden sadness
Give us new souls.

Enter CALIANAX.

Cal. The king may do this, and he may not do it:
My child is wrong'd, disgraced.—Well, how now, huswives!
What, at your ease? Is this a time to sit still?
Up, you young lazy whores, up, or I'll swinge you!

Olym. Nay, good my lord.

Cal. You'll lie down shortly. Get you in, and work!
What, are you grown so resty you want heats?
We shall have some of the court-boys heat you shortly.

Ant. My lord, we do no more than we are charged.
It is the lady's pleasure we be thus
In grief: she is forsaken.

Cal. There's a rogue too!
A young dissembling slave! Well, get you in!
I'll have a bout with that boy. 'Tis high time
Now to be valiant; I confess my youth
Was never prone that way. What, made an ass?
A court-stale? Well, I will be valiant,
And beat some dozen of these whelps; I will!
And there's another of 'em, a trim cheating soldier;
I'll maul that rascal; he has out-braved me twice:
But now, I thank the gods, I am valiant.—
Go, get you in! I'll take a course with all.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*Antechamber to* EVADNE'S *Bedroom in the Palace.*

Enter CLEON, STRATA, *and* DIPHILUS.

Cle. Your sister is not up yet.

Diph. Oh, brides must take their morning's rest; the night is troublesome.

Stra. But not tedious.

Diph. What odds, he has not my sister's maidenhead to-night?

Stra. No; it's odds, against any bridegroom living, he ne'er gets it while he lives.

Diph. You're merry with my sister; you'll please to allow me the same freedom with your mother.

Stra. She's at your service.

Diph. Then she's merry enough of herself; she needs no tickling. Knock at the door.

Stra. We shall interrupt them.

Diph. No matter; they have the year before

them.—Good-morrow, sister! Spare yourself to-day; the night will come again.

Enter AMINTOR.

Amin. Who's there? my brother! I'm no readier yet.
Your sister is but now up.
Diph. You look as you had lost your eyes to-night:
I think you have not slept.
Amin. I'faith I have not.
Diph. You have done better, then.
Amin. We ventured for a boy: When he is twelve,
He shall command against the foes of Rhodes.
Shall we be merry?
Stra. You cannot; you want sleep.
Amin. 'Tis true.—But she, [*Aside.*
As if she had drank Lethe, or had made
Even with Heaven, did fetch so still a sleep,
So sweet and sound——
Diph. What's that?
Amin. Your sister frets
This morning; and does turn her eyes upon me,
As people on their headsman. She does chafe,
And kiss, and chafe again, and clap my cheeks;
She's in another world.
Diph. Then I had lost: I was about to lay
You had not got her maidenhead to-night.
Amin. Ha! he does not mock me? [*Aside.*]—
You had lost, indeed;
I do not use to bungle.
Cleo. You do deserve her.
Amin. I laid my lips to hers, and that wild breath,
That was so rude and rough to me last night,
Was sweet as April.—I'll be guilty too,
If these be the effects. [*Aside.*

Enter MELANTIUS.

Mel. Good day, Amintor! for, to me, the name
Of brother is too distant: We are friends,
And that is nearer.
Amin. Dear Melantius!
Let me behold thee. Is it possible?
Mel. What sudden gaze is this?
Amin. 'Tis wond'rous strange!
Mel. Why does thine eye desire so strict a view
Of that it knows so well? There's nothing here
That is not thine.
Amin. I wonder, much, Melantius,
To see those noble looks, that make me think
How virtuous thou art: And, on the sudden,
'Tis strange to me thou shouldst have worth and honour;
Or not be base, and false, and treacherous,
And every ill. But——
Mel. Stay, stay, my friend;
I fear this sound will not become our loves.
No more; embrace me.
Amin. Oh, mistake me not:
I know thee to be full of all those deeds
That we frail men call good; but, by the course
Of nature, thou shouldst be as quickly changed
As are the winds; dissembling as the sea,
That now wears brows as smooth as virgins' be,
Tempting the merchant to invade his face,
And in an hour calls his billows up,
And shoots 'em at the sun, destroying all
He carries on him.—Oh, how near am I
To utter my sick thoughts! [*Aside.*
Mel. But why, my friend, should I be so by nature?
Amin. I have wed thy sister, who hath virtuous thoughts
Enough for one whole family; and, 'tis strange
That you should feel no want.
Mel. Believe me, this compliment's too cunning for me.
Diph. What should I be then, by the course of nature,
They having both robb'd me of so much virtue?
Stra. Oh, call the bride, my lord Amintor,
That we may see her blush, and turn her eyes down:
'Tis the prettiest sport!
Amin. Evadne!
Evad. [*within.*] My lord!
Amin. Come forth, my love!
Your brothers do attend to wish you joy.
Evad. I am not ready yet.
Amin. Enough, enough.
Evad. They'll mock me.
Amin. 'Faith, thou shalt come in.

Enter EVADNE.

Mel. Good-morrow, sister! He that understands
Whom you have wed, need not to wish you joy;
You have enough: Take heed you be not proud.
Diph. Oh, sister, what have you done?
Evad. I done! why, what have I done?
Stra. My lord Amintor swears you are no maid now.
Evad. Pish!
Stra. I'faith, he does.
Evad. I knew I should be mock'd.
Diph. With a truth.
Evad. If 'twere to do again,
In faith, I would not marry.
Amin. Nor I, by heaven! [*Aside.*
Diph. Sister, Dula swears
She heard you cry two rooms off.
Evad. Fie, how you talk!
Diph. Let's see you walk, Evadne. By my troth,
You are spoil'd.
Mel. Amintor!
Amin. Ha?
Mel. Thou art sad.
Amin. Who, I? I thank you for that.
Shall Diphilus, thou, and I, sing a catch?
Mel. How!
Amin. Pr'ythee, let's.
Mel. Nay, that's too much the other way.
Amin. I am so lightened with my happiness!
How dost thou, love? kiss me.
Evad. I cannot love you, you tell tales of me.
Amin. Nothing but what becomes us.—Gentlemen,
'Would you had all such wives, and all the world,
That I might be no wonder! You are all sad:
What, do you envy me? I walk, methinks,
On water, and ne'er sink, I am so light.
Mel. 'Tis well you are so.
Amin. Well? how can I be other,
When she looks thus?—Is there no music there?
Let's dance.
Mel. Why, this is strange, Amintor!
Amin. I do not know myself; yet I could wish
My joy were less.
Diph. I'll marry too, if it will make one thus.
Evad. Amintor, hark. [*Aside.*

Amin. What says my love?—I must obey.
Evad. You do it scurvily, 'twill be perceived.
[*Apart to him.*
Cleo. My lord, the king is here.
Enter KING *and* LYSIPPUS.
Amin. Where?
Stra. And his brother.
King. Good morrow, all!—
Amintor, joy on joy fall thick upon thee!
And, madam, you are alter'd since I saw you;
I must salute you; you are now another's.
How liked you your night's rest?
Evad. Ill, sir.
Amin. Ay, 'deed,
She took but little.
Lys. You'll let her take more,
And thank her too, shortly.
King. Amintor, wert
Thou truly honest till thou wert married.
Amin. Yes, sir.
King. Tell me, then, how shows the sport unto [thee?
Amin. Why, well.
King. What did you do?
Amin. No more, nor less, than other couples use;
You know what 'tis; it has but a coarse name.
King. But, pr'ythee, I should think, by her black eye,
And her red cheek, she should be quick and stirring
In this same business; ha?
Amin. I cannot tell;
I ne'er try'd other, sir; but I perceive
She is as quick as you delivered.
King. Well, you will trust me then, Amintor,
To chuse a wife for you again?
Amin. No, never, sir.
King. Why? like you this so ill?
Amin. So well I like her.
For this I bow my knee in thanks to you,
And unto heaven will pay my grateful tribute
Hourly; and do hope we shall draw out
A long contented life together here,
And die both, full of grey hairs, in one day:
For which the thanks are yours. But if the powers
That rule us please to call her first away,
Without pride spoke, this world holds not a wife
Worthy to take her room.
King. I do not like this.—All forbear the room,
But you, Amintor, and your lady.
[*Exeunt all but the* KING, AMINTOR, *and* EVADNE.
I have some speech with you, that may concern
Your after living well.
Amin. [*aside.*] He will not tell me that he lies with her?
If he do, something heavenly stay my heart,
For I shall be apt to thrust this arm of mine
To acts unlawful!
King. You will suffer me to talk with her,
Amintor, and not have a jealous pang?
Amin. Sir, I dare trust my wife with whom she [dares
To talk, and not be jealous.
[EVADNE *and the* KING *speak apart.*
King. How do you like
Amintor?
Evad. As I did, sir.
King. How is that?
Evad. As one that, to fulfil your will and plea-
I have given leave to call me wife and love. [sure,
King. I see there is no lasting faith in sin;
They, that break word with heaven, will break again
With all the world, and so dost thou with me.
Evad. How, sir?
King. This subtle woman's ignorance
Will not excuse you: thou hast taken oaths,
So great, methought, they did not well become
A woman's mouth, that thou wouldst ne'er enjoy
A man but me.
Evad. I never did swear so;
You do me wrong.
King. Day and night have heard it.
Evad. I swore indeed, that I would never love
A man of lower place; but, if your fortune
Should throw you from this height, I bade you trust
I would forsake you, and would bend to him
That won your throne: I love with my ambition,
Not with my eyes. But, if I ever yet
Touch'd any other, leprosy light here
Upon my face; which for your royalty
I would not stain!
King. Why, thou dissemblest, and it is
In me to punish thee.
Evad. Why, 'tis in me,
Then, not to love you, which will more afflict
Your body than your punishment can mine.
King. But thou hast let Amintor lie with thee.
Evad. I have not.
King. Impudence! he says himself so.
Evad. He lies.
King. He does not.
Evad. By this light he does,
Strangely and basely! and I'll prove it so.
I did not shun him for a night; but told him,
I would never close with him.
King. Speak lower; 'tis false.
Evad. I am no man
To answer with a blow; or, if I were,
You are the king! But urge me not; 'tis most true.
King. Do not I know the uncontrolled thoughts
That youth brings with him, when his blood is
With expectation, and desire of that [high
He long hath waited for? Is not his spirit,
Though he be temperate, of a valiant strain
As this our age hath known? What could he do,
If such a sudden speech had met his blood,
But ruin thee for ever, if he had not kill'd thee?
He could not bear it thus. He is as we,
Or any other wrong'd man.
Evad. 'Tis dissembling.
King. Take him! farewell! henceforth I am thy foe;
And what disgraces I can blot thee with look for.
Evad. Stay, sir!—Amintor!—You shall hear.
—Amintor!
Amin. [*coming forward.*] What, my love?
Evad. Amintor, thou hast an ingenuous look,
And shouldst be virtuous: It amazeth me,
That thou canst make such base malicious lies!
Amin. What, my dear wife!
Evad. Dear wife! I do despise thee.
Why, nothing can be baser than to sow
Dissention amongst lovers.
Amin. Lovers! who?
Evad. The king and me.
Amin. O, God!
Evad. Who should live long, and love without distaste,
Were it not for such pickthanks as thyself.
Did you lie with me? Swear now, and be punish'd
In hell for this!

Amin. The faithless sin I made
To fair Aspatia, is not yet revenged;
It follows me.—I will not lose a word
To this vile woman: But to you, my king,
The anguish of my soul thrusts out this truth,
You are a tyrant! And not so much to wrong
An honest man thus, as to take a pride
In talking with him of it.
Evad. Now, sir, see
How loud this fellow lied.
Amin. You that can know to wrong, should know how men
Must right themselves: What punishment is due
From me to him that shall abuse my bed?
Is it not death? Nor can that satisfy,
Unless I send your limbs through all the land,
To show how nobly I have freed myself.
King. Draw not thy sword: thou know'st I cannot fear
A subject's hand; but thou shalt feel the weight
Of this, if thou dost rage.
Amin. The weight of that!
If you have any worth, for Heaven's sake, think
I fear not swords; for as you are mere man,
I dare as easily kill you for this deed,
As you dare think to do it. But there is
Divinity about you, that strikes dead
My rising passions: As you are my king,
I fall before you, and present my sword
To cut mine own flesh, if it be your will.
Alas! I am nothing but a multitude
Of walking griefs! Yet, should I murder you,
I might before the world take the excuse
Of madness: For, compare my injuries,
And they will well appear too sad a weight
For reason to endure! But, fall I first
Amongst my sorrows, ere my treacherous hand
Touch holy things! But why (I know not what
I have to say) why did you chuse out me
To make thus wretched? There were thousand fools
Easy to work on, and of state enough,
Within the island.
Evad. I would not have a fool;
It were no credit for me.
Amin. Worse and worse!
Thou, that dar'st talk unto thy husband thus,
Profess thyself a whore, and, more than so,
Resolve to be so still——It is my fate
To bear and bow beneath a thousand griefs,
To keep that little credit with the world!
But there were wise ones too; you might have ta'en
Another.
King. No: for I believe thee honest,
As thou wert valiant.
Amin. All the happiness
Bestowed upon me turns into disgrace.
Gods, take your honesty again, for I
Am loaden with it!—Good my lord the king,
Be private in it.
King. Thou may'st live, Amintor,
Free as thy king, if thou wilt wink at this,
And be a means that we may meet in secret.
Amin. A bawd! Hold, hold, my breast! A bitter curse
Seize me, if I forget not all respects
That are religious, on another word
Sounded like that; and, through a sea of sins,
Will wade to my revenge, though I should call
Pains here, and after life, upon my soul!
King. Well, I am resolute you lay not with her;
And so I leave you. [*Exit* KING.
Evad. You must needs be prating;
And see what follows.
Amin. Pr'ythee, vex me not!
Leave me: I am afraid some sudden start
Will pull a murder on me.
Evad. I am gone;
I love my life well. [*Exit* EVADNE.
Amin. I hate mine as much.—
This 'tis to break a troth! I should be glad,
If all this tide of grief would make me mad. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.—*A Room in the Palace.*

Enter MELANTIUS.

Mel. I'll know the cause of all Amintor's griefs,
Or friendship shall be idle.

Enter CALIANAX.

Cal. O Melantius,
My daughter will die.
Mel. Trust me, I am sorry.
Would thou hadst ta'en her room!
Cal. Thou art a slave,
A cut-throat slave, a bloody treacherous slave!
Mel. Take heed, old man; thou wilt be heard to rave,
And lose thine offices.
Cal. I am valiant grown,
At all these years, and thou art but a slave!
Mel. Leave! Some company will come, and I respect
Thy years, not thee, so much, that I could wish
To laugh at thee alone.
Cal. I'll spoil your mirth:
I mean to fight with thee. There lie, my cloak!
This was my father's sword, and he durst fight.
Are you prepared?
Mel. Why wilt thou dote thyself
Out of thy life? Hence, get thee to bed!
Have careful looking-to, and eat warm things,
And trouble not me: My head is full of thoughts,
More weighty than thy life or death can be.
Cal. You have a name in war, where you stand safe
Amongst a multitude; but I will try
What you dare do unto a weak old man,
In single fight. You will give ground, I fear.
Come, draw.
Mel. I will not draw, unless thou pull'st thy death
Upon thee with a stroke. There's no one blow,
That thou canst give, hath strength enough to kill me.
Tempt me not so far then: The power of earth
Shall not redeem thee.
Cal. [*aside.*] I must let him alone:
He's stout and able; and, to say the truth,
However I may set a face, and talk,
I am not valiant. When I was a youth,
I kept my credit with a testy trick
I had, 'mongst cowards, but durst never fight.
Mel. I will not promise to preserve your life,
If you do stay.
Cal. I would give half my land
That I durst fight with that proud man a little.
If I had men to hold him, I would beat him
Till he ask'd me mercy.
Mel. Sir, will you be gone?
Cal. I dare not stay; but I'll go home, and beat
My servants all over for this. [*Exit* CALIANAX.
Mel. This old fellow haunts me!

But the distracted carriage of my Amintor
Takes deeply on me: I will find the cause.
I fear his conscience cries, he wrong'd Aspatia.

Enter AMINTOR.

Amin. Men's eyes are not so subtle to perceive
My inward misery: I bear my grief
Hid from the world. How art thou wretched then?
For aught I know, all husbands are like me;
And every one I talk with of his wife,
Is but a well dissembler of his woes,
As I am. 'Would I knew it! for the rareness
Afflicts me now.

Mel. Amintor, we have not enjoy'd our friendship of late,
For we were wont to change our souls in talk.

Amin. Melantius, I can tell thee a good jest
Of Strato and a lady the last day.

Mel. How was't?

Amin. Why, such an odd one!

Mel. I have long'd to speak with you;
Not of an idle jest, that's forced, but of matter
You are bound to utter to me.

Amin. What is that, my friend?

Mel. I have observed your words
Fall from your tongue wildly; and all your carriage
Like one that strove to show his merry mood,
When he were ill disposed: You were not wont
To put such scorn into your speech, or wear
Upon your face ridiculous jollity.
Some sadness sits here, which your cunning would
Cover o'er with smiles, and 'twill not be.
What is it!

Amin. A sadness here! what cause
Can fate provide for me, to make me so?
Am I not loved through all this isle? The king
Rains greatness on me. Have I not received
A lady to my bed, that in her eye
Keeps mounting fire, and on her tender cheeks
Inevitable colour, in her heart
A prison for all virtue? Are not you,
Which is above all joys, my constant friend?
What sadness can I have? No; I am light,
And feel the courses of my blood more warm
And stirring than they were. 'Faith, marry too:
And you will feel so unexpress'd a joy
In chaste embraces, that you will indeed
Appear another.

Mel. You may shape, Amintor,
Causes to cozen the whole world withal,
And yourself too: but 'tis not like a friend,
To hide your soul from me. 'Tis not your nature
To be thus idle: I have seen you stand
As you were blasted, 'midst of all your mirth;
Call thrice aloud, and then start, feigning joy
So coldly!—World, what do I hear? a friend
Is nothing. Heaven, I would have told that man
My secret sins! I'll search an unknown land,
And there plant friendship; all is wither'd here.
Come with a compliment! I would have fought,
Or told my friend "he lied," ere sooth'd him so.
Out of my bosom!

Amin. But there is nothing——

Mel. Worse and worse! farewell!
From this time have acquaintance, but no friend.

Amin. Melantius, stay: You shall know what it is.

Mel. See, how you play'd with friendship! Be advised
How you give cause unto yourself to say,
You have lost a friend.

Amin. Forgive what I have done;
For I am so o'ergone with injuries
Unheard-of, that I lose consideration
Of what I ought to do. Oh, oh!

Mel. Do not weep.
What is it? May I once but know the man
Hath turn'd my friend thus!

Amin. I had spoke at first,
But that——

Mel. But what?

Amin. I held it most unfit
For you to know. 'Faith, do not know it yet.

Mel. Thou see'st my love, that will keep company
With thee in tears! hide nothing, then, from me:
For when I know the cause of thy distemper,
With mine old armour I'll adorn myself,
My resolution, and cut through my foes,
Unto thy quiet; till I place thy heart
As peaceable as spotless innocence.
What is it?

Amin. Why, 'tis this——It is too big
To get out——Let my tears make way awhile.

Mel. Punish me strangely, Heaven, if he 'scape
Of life or fame, that brought this youth to this!

Amin. Your sister——

Mel. Well said.

Amin. You will wish't unknown,
When you have heard it.

Mel. No.

Amin. Is much to blame,
And to the king has given her honour up,
And lives in whoredom with him.

Mel. How is this?
Thou art run mad with injury, indeed;
Thou couldst not utter this else. Speak again;
For I forgive it freely; tell thy griefs.

Amin. She's wanton: I am loth to say, "a [whore,"
Though it be true.

Mel. Speak yet again, before mine anger grow
Up, beyond throwing down: What are thy griefs?

Amin. By all our friendship, these.

Mel. What, am I tame?
After mine actions, shall the name of friend
Blot all our family, and stick the brand
Of whore upon my sister, unrevenged?
My shaking flesh, be thou a witness for me,
With what unwillingness I go to scourge
This railer, whom my folly hath called friend!—
I will not take thee basely; thy sword
Hangs near thy hand; draw it, that I may whip
Thy rashness to repentance. Draw thy sword!

Amin. Not on thee, did thine anger swell as high
As the wild surges. Thou shouldst do me ease
Here, and eternally, if thy noble hand
Would cut me from my sorrows.

Mel. This is base
And fearful. They, that use to utter lies,
Provide not blows, but words, to qualify
The men they wrong'd. Thou hast a guilty cause.

Amin. Thou pleasest me; for so much more like this
Will raise my anger up above my griefs,
(Which is a passion easier to be borne)
And I shall then be happy.

Mel. Take then more,
To raise thine anger: 'Tis mere cowardice
Makes thee not draw; and I will leave thee dead,
However. But if thou art so much press'd

With guilt and fear, as not to dare to fight.
I'll make thy memory loath'd, and fix a scandal
Upon thy name for ever.
Amin. Then I draw,
As justly as our magistrates their swords
To cut offenders off. I knew before,
'Twould grate your ears; but it was base in you
To urge a weighty secret from your friend,
And then rage at it. I shall be at ease,
If I be kill'd; and if you fall by me,
I shall not long out-live you.
Mel. Stay awhile.—
The name of friend is more than family,
Or all the world besides: I was a fool!
Thou searching human nature, that didst wake
To do me wrong, thou art inquisitive,
And thrust'st me upon questions that will take
My sleep away! 'Would I had died, ere known
This sad dishonour!—Pardon me, my friend!
If thou wilt strike, here is a faithful heart;
Pierce it, for I will never heave my hand
To thine. Behold the power thou hast in me!
I do believe my sister is a whore,
A leprous one! Put up thy sword, young man.
Amin. How shall I bear it then, she being so?
I fear, my friend, that you will lose me shortly;
And I shall do a foul act on myself,
Through these disgraces.
Mel. Better half the land
Were buried quick together. No, Amintor;
Thou shalt have ease. Oh, this adulterous king,
That drew her to it! Where got he the spirit
To wrong me so?
Amin. What is it then to me,
If it be wrong to you?
Mel. Why, not so much:
The credit of our house is thrown away.
But from his iron den I'll waken Death,
And hurl him on this king! My honesty
Shall steel my sword; and on its horrid point
I'll wear my cause, that shall amaze the eyes
Of this proud man, and be too glittering
For him to look on.
Amin. I have quite undone my fame.
Mel. Dry up thy watery eyes,
And cast a manly look upon my face;
For nothing is so wild as I, thy friend,
Till I have freed thee. Still this swelling breast!
I go thus from thee, and will never cease
My vengeance, till I find thy heart at peace.
Amin. It must not be so. Stay!—Mine eyes would tell
How loth I am to this; but, love and tears,
Leave me awhile; for I have hazarded
All that this world calls happy.—Thou hast wrought
A secret from me, under name of friend,
Which art could ne'er have found, nor torture [wrung
From out my bosom: Give it me again,
For I will find it, wheresoe'er it lies,
Hid in the mortal'st part! Invent a way
To give it back.
Mel. Why would you have it back?
I will to death pursue him with revenge.
Amin. Therefore I call it back from thee; for I know
Thy blood so high, that thou wilt stir in this,
And shame me to posterity.
Take to thy weapon!
Mel. Hear thy friend, that bears
More years than thou.
Amin. I will not hear! but draw,
Or I——
Mel. Amintor!
Amin. Draw then; for I am full as resolute
As fame and honour can inforce me be!
I cannot linger. Draw!
Mel. I do. But is not
My share of credit equal with thine,
If I do stir?
Amin. No; for it will be call'd
Honour in thee to spill thy sister's blood,
If she her birth abuse; and, on the king,
A brave revenge: But on me, that have walk'd
With patience in it, it will fix the name
Of fearful cuckold. Oh, that word! Be quick.
Mel. Then join with me.
Amin. I dare not do a sin, or else I would.
Be speedy.
Mel. Then dare not fight with me; for that's a sin.—
His grief distracts him.—Call thy thoughts again,
And to thyself pronounce the name of friend,
And see what that will work. I will not fight.
Amin. You must.
Mel. I will be kill'd first. Though my passions
Offer'd the like to you, 'tis not this earth
Shall buy my reason to it. Think awhile,
For you are (I must weep when I speak that)
Almost besides yourself.
Amin. Oh, my soft temper!
So many sweet words from thy sister's mouth,
I am afraid, would make me take her
To embrace, and pardon her. I am mad indeed,
And know not what I do. Yet, have a care
Of me in what thou dost.
Mel. Why, thinks my friend
I will forget his honour? or, to save
The bravery of our house, will lose his fame,
And fear to touch the throne of majesty?
Amin. A curse will follow that; but rather live
And suffer with me.
Mel. I'll do what worth shall bid me, and no more.
Amin. Faith, I am sick, and desperately I hope;
Yet, leaning thus, I feel a kind of ease.
Mel. Come, take again your mirth about you.
Amin. I shall never do't.
Mel. I warrant you; look up; we'll walk together;
Put thine arm here; all shall be well again.
Amin. Thy love (oh, wretched!) ay, thy love, Melantius!
Why, I have nothing else.
Mel. Be merry then. [*Exeunt.*

Re-enter MELANTIUS.

Mel. This worthy young man may do violence
Upon himself; but I have cherish'd him
To my best power, and sent him smiling from me,
To counterfeit again. Sword, hold thine edge;
My heart will never fail me.

Enter DIPHILUS.

Diphilus! Thou com'st as sent.
Diph. Yonder has been such laughing.
Mel. Betwixt whom?
Diph. Why, our sister and the king;
I thought their spleens would break; they laugh'd us all
Out of the room.
Mel. They must weep, Diphilus.
Diph. Must they?
Mel. They must.

Thou art my brother; and if I did believe
Thou hadst a base thought, I would rip it out,
Lie where it durst.
Diph. You should not; I would first
Mangle myself and find it.
Mel. That was spoke
According to our strain. Come, join thy hands to
And swear a firmness to what project I [mine,
Shall lay before thee.
Diph. You do wrong us both:
People hereafter shall not say, there pass'd
A bond, more than our loves, to tie our lives
And deaths together.
Mel. It is as nobly said as I would wish.
Anon I'll tell you wonders: We are wrong'd.
Diph. But I will tell you now, we'll right ourselves.
Mel. Stay not: Prepare the armour in my house;
And what friends you can draw unto our side,
Not knowing of the cause, make ready too.
Haste, Diphilus, the time requires it, haste!—
[*Exit* DIPHILUS.
I hope my cause is just; I know my blood
Tells me it is; and I will credit it.
To take revenge, and lose myself withal,
Were idle; and to 'scape impossible,
Without I had the fort, which (misery!)
Remaining in the hands of my old enemy
Calianax——But I must have it. See,

Enter CALIANAX.

Where he comes shaking by me.—Good my lord,
Forget your spleen to me; I never wrong'd you,
But would have peace with every man.
Cal. 'Tis well;
If I durst fight, your tongue would lie at quiet.
Mel. You are touchy without all cause.
Cal. Do, mock me.
Mel. By mine honour I speak truth.
Cal. Honour? where is it?
Mel. See, what starts
You make into your hatred, to my love
And freedom to you. I come with resolution
To obtain a suit of you.
Cal. A suit of me!
'Tis very like it should be granted, sir.
Mel. Nay, go not hence:
'Tis this; you have the keeping of the fort,
And I would wish you, by the love you ought
To bear unto me, to deliver it
Into my hands.
Cal. I am in hope thou'rt mad,
To talk to me thus.
Mel. But there is a reason
To move you to it: I would kill the king,
That wrong'd you and your daughter.
Cal. Out, traitor!
Mel. Nay,
But stay: I cannot 'scape, the deed once done,
Without I have this fort.
Cal. And should I help thee?
Now thy treacherous mind betrays itself.
Mel. Come, delay me not;
Give me a sudden answer, or already
Thy last is spoke! refuse not offer'd love,
When it comes clad in secrets.
Cal. If I say [*Aside.*
I will not, he will kill me; I do see't
Writ in his looks; and should I say I will,
He'll run and tell the king.—I do not shun
Your friendship, dear Melantius, but this cause
Is weighty; give me but an hour to think.
Mel. Take it.—I know this goes unto the king;
But I am arm'd. [*Exit* MELANTIUS.
Cal. Methinks I feel myself
But twenty now again! this fighting fool
Wants policy: I shall revenge my girl,
And make her red again. I pray, my legs
Will last that pace that I will carry them:
I shall want breath, before I find the king. [*Exit.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*The Apartment of* EVADNE *in the Palace.*

Enter MELANTIUS, EVADNE, *and* Ladies.

Mel. Save you!
Evad. Save you, sweet brother!
Mel. In my blunt eye, methinks, you look, Evadne——
Evad. Come, you will make me blush.
Mel. I would, Evadne;
I shall displease my ends else.
Evad. You shall, if you commend me; I am
Come, sir, how do I look? [bashful.
Mel. I would not have your women hear me
Break into commendation of you; 'tis not seemly.
Evad. Go, wait me in the gallery.—Now speak.
[*Exeunt* Ladies.
Mel. I'll lock the door first.
Evad. Why?
Mel. I will not have your gilded things, that
In visitation with their Milan skins, [dance
Choke up my business.
Evad. You are strangely disposed, sir.
Mel. Good madam, not to make you merry.
Evad. No; if you praise me, it will make me sad.
Mel. Such a sad commendation I have for you.
Evad. Brother, the court hath made you witty,
And learn to riddle.
Mel. I praise the court for't: Has it learnt you
Evad. Me? [nothing?
Mel. Ay, Evadne; thou art young and handsome,
A lady of a sweet complexion,
And such a flowing carriage, that it cannot
Chuse but inflame a kingdom.
Evad. Gentle brother!
Mel. 'Tis yet in thy repentance, foolish woman,
To make me gentle.
Evad. How is this?
Mel. 'Tis base;
And I could blush, at these years, thorough all
My honour'd scars, to come to such a parley.
Evad. I understand you not.
Mel. You dare not, fool!
They, that commit thy faults, fly the remembrance.
Evad. My faults, sir! I would have you know, I care not
If they were written here, here in my forehead.
Mel. Thy body is too little for the story;
The lusts of which would fill another woman,
Though she had twins within her.

Evad. This is saucy:
Look you intrude no more! There lies your way.
Mel. Thou art my way, and I will tread upon thee,
Till I find truth out.
Evad. What truth is that you look for?
Mel. Thy long-lost honour. 'Would the gods had set me
Rather to grapple with the plague, or stand
One of their loudest bolts! Come, tell me quickly,
Do it without enforcement, and take heed
You swell me not above my temper.
Evad. How, sir!
Where got you this report?
Mel. Where there were people,
In every place.
Evad. They, and the seconds of it are base
Believe them not, they lied. [people:
Mel. Do not play with mine anger, do not, wretch! [*Seizes her.*
I come to know that desperate fool that drew thee
From thy fair life: Be wise and lay him open.
Evad. Unhand me, and learn manners! Such
Forgetfulness forfeits your life. [another
Mel. Quench me this mighty humour, and then tell me
Whose whore you are; for you are one, I know it.
Let all mine honours perish, but I'll find him,
Though he lie lock'd up in thy blood! Be sudden;
There is no facing it, and be not flatter'd!
The burnt air, when the Dog reigns, is not fouler
Than thy contagious name, till thy repentance
(If the gods grant thee any) purge thy sickness.
Evad. Be gone! you are my brother; that's your safety.
Mel. I'll be a wolf first! 'Tis, to be thy brother,
An infamy below the sin of coward.
I am as far from being part of thee,
As thou art from thy virtue: Seek a kindred
'Mongst sensual beasts, and make a goat thy bro-
A goat is cooler. Will you tell me yet? [ther?
Evad. If you stay here and rail thus, I shall tell you,
I'll have you whipp'd! Get you to your command,
And there preach to your centinels, and tell them
What a brave man you are: I shall laugh at you.
Mel. You are grown a glorious whore! Where be your fighters?
What mortal fool durst raise thee to this daring,
And I alive! By my just sword, he had safer
Bestride a billow when the angry North
Plows up the sea, or made Heaven's fire his food!
Work me no higher. Will you discover yet?
Evad. The fellow's mad: Sleep, and speak sense.
Mel. Force my swoll'n heart no further: I would save thee.
Your great maintainers are not here, they dare not:
Would they were all, and arm'd! I would speak loud;
Here's one should thunder to 'em! will you tell me?
Thou hast no hope to 'scape: He that dares most,
And damns away his soul to do thee service,
Will sooner snatch meat from a hungry lion,
Than come to rescue thee; thou hast death about thee.
Who has undone thine honour, poison'd thy virtue,
And, of a lovely rose, left thee a canker?
Evad. Let me consider.
Mel. Do, whose child thou wert,
Whose honour thou hast murder'd, whose grave open'd,
And so pull'd on the gods, that in their justice
They must restore him flesh again, and life,
And raise his dry bones to revenge this scandal.
Evad. The gods are not of my mind; they had better [here.
Let 'em lie sweet still in the earth; they'll stink
Mel. Do you raise mirth out of my easiness? [*Draws.*
Forsake me, then, all weaknesses of nature,
That make men women! Speak, you whore, speak
Or, by the dear soul of thy sleeping father, [truth!
This sword shall be thy lover! Tell, or I'll kill thee;
And, when thou hast told all, thou wilt deserve it.
Evad. You will not murder me?
Mel. No; 'tis a justice, and a noble one,
To put the light out of such base offenders.
Evad. Help!
Mel. By thy foul self, no human help shall help
If thou criest! When I have kill'd thee, as I [thee,
Have vow'd to do if thou confess not, naked,
As thou hast left thine honour, will I leave thee;
That on thy branded flesh the world may read
Thy black shame, and my justice. Wilt thou bend
Evad. Yes. [yet?
Mel. Up, and begin your story.
Evad. Oh, I am miserable!
Mel. 'Tis true, thou art. Speak truth still.
Evad. I have offended: Noble sir, forgive me.
Mel. With what secure slave?
Evad. Do not ask me, sir:
Mine own remembrance is a misery
Too mighty for me.
Mel. Do not fall back again:
My sword's unsheathed yet.
Evad. What shall I do?
Mel. Be true, and make your fault less.
Evad. I dare not tell.
Mel. Tell, or I'll be this day a-killing thee.
Evad. Will you forgive me then?
Mel. Stay; I must ask mine honour first.—
I have too much foolish nature in me: Speak.
Evad. Is there none else here?
Mel. None but a fearful conscience; that's too many.
Who is't?
Evad. Oh, hear me gently. It was the king.
Mel. No more. My worthy father's and my services
Are liberally rewarded.—King, I thank thee!
For all my dangers and my wounds, thou hast paid me
In my own metal: These are soldiers' thanks!—
How long have you lived thus, Evadne?
Evad. Too long.
Mel. Too late you find it. Can you be sorry?
Evad. Would I were half as blameless.
Mel. Evadne, thou wilt to thy trade again!
Evad. First to my grave.
Mel. 'Would gods thou hadst been so blest.
Dost thou not hate this king now? pr'ythee hate him.
Couldst thou not curse him? I command thee, curse him.
Curse till the gods hear, and deliver him
To thy just wishes! Yet, I fear, Evadne,
You had rather play your game out.
Evad. No; I feel
Too many sad confusions here, to let in
Any loose flame hereafter.
Mel. Dost thou not feel, 'mongst all those, one brave anger

That breaks out nobly, and directs thine arm
To kill this base king?
Evad. All the gods forbid it!
Mel. No; all the gods require it:
They are dishonour'd in him.
Evad. 'Tis too fearful.
Mel. You are valiant in his bed, and bold enough
To be a stale whore, and have your madam's name
Discourse for grooms and pages; and, hereafter,
When his cool majesty hath laid you by,
To be at pension with some needy sir,
For meat and coarser clothes; Thus far you know
No fear. Come, you shall kill him.
Evad. Good sir!
Mel. An 'twere to kiss him dead, thou shouldst smother him.
Be wise, and kill him. Canst thou live, and know
What noble minds shall make thee, see thyself
Found out with every finger, made the shame
Of all successions, and in this great ruin
Thy brother and thy noble husband broken?
Thou shalt not live thus. Kneel, and swear to
When I shall call thee to it; or, by all [help me,
Holy in Heaven and earth, thou shalt not live
To breathe a full hour longer; not a thought!
Come, 'tis a righteous oath. Give me thy hands,
And, both to Heaven held up, swear, by that wealth
This lustful thief stole from thee, when I say it,
To let his foul soul out.
Evad. Here I swear it;
And, all you spirits of abused ladies,
Help me in this performance!
Mel. Enough. This must be known to none
But you and I, Evadne; not to your lord,
Though he be wise and noble, and a fellow
Dares step as far into a worthy action
As the most daring: ay, as far as justice.
Ask me not why. Farewell. [*Exit* MELANTIUS.
Evad. 'Would I could say so to my black disgrace!
Oh, where have I been all this time? how 'friended,
That I should lose myself thus desperately,
And none for pity shew me how I wandered?
There is not in the compass of the light
A more unhappy creature: Sure, I am monstrous!
For I have done those follies, those mad mischiefs,
Would dare a woman. Oh, my loaden soul,
Be not so cruel to me; choke not up
The way to my repentance! Oh, my lord!

Enter AMINTOR.

Amin. How now?
Evad. My much-abused lord! [*Kneels.*
Amin. This cannot be!
Evad. I do not kneel to live; I dare not hope it;
The wrongs I did are greater. Look upon me,
Though I appear with all my faults.
Amin. Stand up.
This is a new way to beget more sorrow:
Heaven knows I have too many! Do not mock me:
Though I am tame, and bred up with my wrongs,
Which are my foster-brothers, I may leap,
Like a hand-wolf, into my natural wildness,
And do an outrage. Pr'ythee, do not mock me.
Evad. My whole life is so leprous, it infects
All my repentance. I would buy your pardon,
Though at the highest set; even with my life.
That slight contrition, that's no sacrifice
For what I have committed.

Amin. Sure I dazzle:
There cannot be a faith in that foul woman,
That knows no god more mighty than her mischiefs.
Thou dost still worse, still number on thy faults,
To press my poor heart thus. Can I believe
There's any seed of virtue in that woman
Left to shoot up, that dares go on in sin,
Known, and so known as thine is. Oh, Evadne!
'Would there were any safety in thy sex,
That I might put a thousand sorrows off,
And credit thy repentance! But I must not:
Thou hast brought me to that dull calamity,
To that strange misbelief of all the world,
And all things that are in it, that I fear
I shall fall like a tree, and find my grave,
Only remembering that I grieve.
Evad. My lord,
Give me your griefs: You are an innocent,
A soul as white as heaven; let not my sins
Perish your noble youth. I do not fall here
To shadow, by dissembling with my tears,
(As, all say, women can), or to make less,
What my hot will hath done, which Heaven and [you
Know to be tougher than the hand of time
Can cut from man's remembrance. No, I do not:
I do appear the same, the same Evadne,
Drest in the shames I lived in: the same monster!
But these are names of honour, to what I am:
I do present myself the foulest creature,
Most poisonous, dangerous, and despised of men,
Lerna e'er bred, or Nilus! I am hell,
Till you, my dear lord, shoot your light into me,
The beams of your forgiveness. I am soul-sick,
And wither with the fear of one condemn'd,
Till I have got your pardon.
Amin. Rise, Evadne.
Those heavenly powers that put this good into thee,
Grant a continuance of it! I forgive thee:
Make thyself worthy of it; and take heed,
Take heed, Evadne, this be serious.
Mock not the powers above, that can and dare
Give thee a great example of their justice
To all ensuing eyes, if thou playest
With thy repentance, the best sacrifice.
Evad. I have done nothing good to win belief,
My life hath been so faithless. All the creatures,
Made for Heaven's honours, have their ends, and good ones,
All but the cozening crocodiles, false women!
They reign here like those plagues, those killing sores,
Men pray against; and when they die, like tales
Ill told and unbelieved, they pass away,
And go to dust forgotten! But, my lord,
Those short days I shall number to my rest
(As many must not see me) shall, though too late,
Though in my evening, yet perceive a will;
Since I can do no good, because a woman,
Reach constantly at something that is near it:
I will redeem one minute of my age,
Or, like another Niobe, I'll weep
Till I am water.
Amin. I am now dissolved:
My frozen soul melts. May each sin thou hast
Find a new mercy! Rise; I am at peace.
Hadst thou been thus, thus excellently good,
Before that devil king tempted thy frailty,
Sure thou hadst made a star! Give me thy hand.
From this time I will know thee; and, as far

As honour gives me leave, be thy Amintor.
When we meet next, I will salute thee fairly,
And pray the gods to give thee happy days.
My charity shall go along with thee,
Though my embraces must be far from thee.
I should have kill'd thee, but this sweet repentance
Locks up my vengeance; for which thus I kiss thee—
The last kiss we must take! And 'would to Heaven
The holy priest, that gave our hands together,
Had given us equal virtues! Go, Evadne;
The Gods thus part our bodies. Have a care
My honour falls no farther: I am well then.
Evad. All the dear joys here, and, above, hereafter,
Crown thy fair soul! Thus I take leave, my lord;
And never shall you see the foul Evadne,
Till she have tried all honour'd means, that may
Set her in rest, and wash her stains away.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*The Presence Chamber.*

Banquet—Enter KING *and* CALIANAX—*Hautboys play within.*

King. I cannot tell how I should credit this
From you, that are his enemy.
Cal. I am sure
He said it to me; and I'll justify it
What way he dares oppose—but with my sword.
King. But did he break, without all circumstance,
To you, his foe, that he would have the fort,
To kill me, and then 'scape?
Cal. If he deny it,
I'll make him blush.
King. It sounds incredibly.
Cal. Ay, so does every thing I say of late.
King. Not so, Calianax.
Cal. Yes, I should sit
Mute, whilst a rogue with strong arms cuts your throat.
King. Well, I will try him; and, if this be true,
I'll pawn my life I'll find it. If't be false,
And that you clothe your hate in such a lie,
You shall hereafter dote in your own house,
Not in the court.
Cal. Why, if it be a lie,
Mine ears are false; for, I'll be sworn, I heard it.
Old men are good for nothing: You were best
Put me to death for hearing, and free him
For meaning it. You would have trusted me
Once, but the time is alter'd.
King. And will still,
Where I may do with justice to the world:
You have no witness?
Cal. Yes, myself.
King. No more,
I mean, there were that heard it.
Cal. How! no more?
Would you have more? why, am not I enough
To hang a thousand rogues?
King. But, so, you may
Hang honest men too, if you please.
Cal. I may!
'Tis like I will do so: There are a hundred
Will swear it for a need too, if I say it——
King. Such witnesses we need not.
Cal. And 'tis hard
If my word cannot hang a boisterous knave.
King. Enough.—Where's Strato?

Enter STRATO.

Strato. Sir!
King. Why, where's all the company? Call Amintor in;
Evadne. Where's my brother, and Melantius?
Bid him come too; and Diphilus. Call all
That are without there. [*Exit* STRATO.
If he should desire
The combat of you, 'tis not in the power
Of all our laws to hinder it, unless
We mean to quit 'em.
Cal. Why, if you do think
'Tis fit an old man, and a counsellor,
Do fight for what he says, then you may grant it.

Enter AMINTOR, EVADNE, MELANTIUS, DIPHILUS, LYSIPPUS, CLEON, STRATO, DIAGORAS.

King. Come, sirs!—Amintor, thou art yet a bridegroom,
And I will use thee so: Thou shalt sit down.—
Evadne, sit; and you, Amintor, too:
This banquet is for you, sir.—Who has brought
A merry tale about him, to raise laughter
Amongst our wine? Why, Strato, where art thou?
Thou wilt chop out with them unseasonably,
When I desire them not.
Stra. 'Tis my ill luck, sir, so to spend them then.
King. Reach me a bowl of wine.—Melantius, thou
Art sad.
Mel. I should be, sir, the merriest here,
But I have ne'er a story of my own
Worth telling at this time.
King. Give me the wine.
Melantius, I am now considering
How easy 'twere, for any man we trust,
To poison one of us in such a bowl.
Mel. I think it were not hard, sir, for a knave.
Cal. Such as you are. [*Aside.*
King. I'faith, 'twere easy: It becomes us well
To get plain-dealing men about ourselves;
Such as you all are here.—Amintor, to thee;
And to thy fair Evadne.
Mel. Have you thought
Of this, Calianax? [*Apart to him.*
Cal. Yes, marry, have I.
Mel. And what's your resolution?
Cal. You shall have it,—
Soundly, I warrant you.
King. Reach to Amintor, Strato.
Amin. Here, my love,
This wine will do thee wrong, for it will set
Blushes upon thy cheeks; and, till thou dost
A fault, 'twere pity.
King. Yet, I wonder much
At the strange desperation of these men,
That dare attempt such acts here in our state:
He could not 'scape, that did it.
Mel. Were he known,
Impossible.
King. It would be known, Melantius.
Mel. It ought to be: If he got then away,
He must wear all our lives upon his sword.
He need not fly the island; he must leave
No one alive.
King. No; I should think no man
Could kill me, and 'scape clear, but that old man.
Cal. But I! heaven bless me! I! should I, my liege?
King. I do not think thou would'st; but yet thou might'st;

For thou hast in thy hands the means to 'scape,
By keeping of the fort.—He has, Melantius,
And he has kept it well.
Mel. From cobwebs, sir,
'Tis clean swept: I can find no other art
In keeping of it now: 'Twas ne'er besieged
Since he commanded it.
Cal. I shall be sure
Of your good word: But I have kept it safe
From such as you.
Mel. Keep your ill temper in:
I speak no malice. Had my brother kept it,
I should have said as much.
King. You are not merry.
Brother, drink wine. Sit you all still:—Calianax,
[*Apart to him.*
I cannot trust thus: I have thrown out words,
That would have fetch'd warm blood upon the cheeks
Of guilty men, and he is never moved:
He knows no such thing.
Cal. Impudence may 'scape,
When feeble virtue is accused.
King. He must,
If he were guilty, feel an alteration
At this our whisper, whilst we point at him:
You see he does not.
Cal. Let him hang himself:
What care I what he does? This he did say.
King. Melantius, you can easily conceive
What I have meant; for men that are in fault
Can subtly apprehend, when others aim
At what they do amiss: But I forgive
Freely, before this man. Heaven do so too!
I will not touch thee, so much as with shame
Of telling it. Let it be so no more.
Cal. Why, this is very fine.
Mel. I cannot tell
What 'tis you mean; but I am apt enough
Rudely to thrust into an ignorant fault.
But let me know it: Happily, 'tis nought
But misconstruction; and, where I am clear,
I will not take forgiveness of the gods,
Much less of you.
King. Nay, if you stand so stiff,
I shall call back my mercy.
Mel. I want smoothness
To thank a man for pardoning of a crime
I never knew.
King. Not to instruct your knowledge, but to shew you,
My ears are every where, you meant to kill me,
And get the fort to 'scape.
Mel. Pardon me, sir;
My bluntness will be pardoned: You preserve
A race of idle people here about you,
Facers and talkers, to defame the worth
Of those that do things worthy. The man that utter'd this
Had perish'd without food, be't who it will,
But for this arm, that fenced him from the foe.
And if I thought you gave a faith to this,
The plainness of my nature would speak more.
Give me a pardon (for you ought to do't)
To kill him that spake this.
Cal. Ay, that will be
The end of all: Then I am fairly paid
For all my care and service.
Mel. That old man,
Who calls me enemy, and of whom I
(Though I will never match my hate so low)
Have no good thought, would yet, I think, excuse
And swear he thought me wrong'd in this. [me,
Cal. Who—I?
Thou shameless fellow! Didst thou not speak to me
Of it thyself?
Mel. Oh, then it came from him?
Cal. From me! who should it come from, but from me?
Mel. Nay, I believe your malice is enough:
But I have lost my anger.—Sir, I hope
You are well satisfied.
King. Lysippus, cheer
Amintor and his lady; there's no sound
Comes from you; I will come and do't myself.
Amin. You have done already, sir, for me,
I thank you. [*Apart.*
King. Melantius, I do credit this from him,
How slight soe'er you make't.
Mel. 'Tis strange you should.
Cal. 'Tis strange he should believe an old man's
That never lyed in's life. [word
Mel. I talk not to thee!—
Shall the wild words of this distemper'd man,
Frantic with age and sorrow, make a breach
Betwixt your majesty and me? 'Twas wrong
To hearken to him; but to credit him,
As much, at least, as I have power to bear.
But pardon me—whilst I speak only truth,
I may commend myself—I have bestow'd
My careless blood with you, and should be loth
To think an action that would make me lose
That, and my thanks too. When I was a boy,
I thrust myself into my country's cause,
And did a deed that pluck'd five years from time,
And styled me man then. And for you, my king,
Your subjects all have fed by virtue of
My arm. This sword of mine hath plough'd the
And reapt the fruit in peace; [ground,
And you yourself have lived at home in ease.
So terrible I grew, that, without swords,
My name hath fetch'd you conquest: And my heart
And limbs are still the same; my will as great
To do you service. Let me not be paid
With such a strange distrust.
King. Melantius,
I held it great injustice to believe
Thine enemy, and did not; if I did,
I do not; let that satisfy.—What, struck
With sadness all? More wine!
Cal. A few fine words
Have overthrown my truth. Ah, thou'rt a villain!
Mel. Why, thou wert better let me have the fort,
[*Apart to him.*
Dotard! I will disgrace thee thus for ever:
There shall no credit lie upon thy words.
Think better, and deliver it.
Cal. My liege,
He's at me now again to do it.—Speak;
Deny it, if thou canst.—Examine him
While he is hot; for if he cool again,
He will forswear it.
King. This is lunacy,
I hope, Melantius.
Mel. He hath lost himself
Much, since his daughter miss'd the happiness
My sister gain'd; and, though he call me foe,
I pity him.
Cal. Pity? a pox upon you!

Mel. Mark his disordered words! And, at the masque,
Diagoras knows, he raged, and rail'd at me,
And call'd a lady whore, so innocent
He understood him not. But it becomes
Both you and me too to forgive distraction:
Pardon him, as I do.
Cal. I'll not speak for thee,
For all thy cunning.—If you will be safe,
Chop off his head; for there was never known
So impudent a rascal.
King. Some, that love him,
Get him to bed. Why, pity should not let
Age make itself contemptible; we must be
All old; have him away.
Mel. Calianax, [*Apart to him.*
The king believes you; come, you shall go home,
And rest; you have done well. You'll give it up
When I have used you thus a month, I hope.
Cal. Now, now, 'tis plain, sir; he does move me
He says, he knows I'll give him up the fort, [still.
When he has used me thus a month. I am mad,
Am I not, still?
All. Ha, ha, ha!
Cal. I shall be mad indeed, if you do thus!
Why should you trust a sturdy fellow there
That has no virtue in him; all's in his sword)
Before me? Do but take his weapons from him,
And he's an ass; and I'm a very fool,
Both with him, and without him, as you use me.
All. Ha, ha, ha!
King. 'Tis well, Calianax. But if you use
This once again, I shall entreat some other
To see your offices be well discharged.
Be merry, gentlemen; it grows somewhat late.—
Amintor, thou wouldst be a-bed again.
Amin. Yes, sir.
King. And you, Evadne.—Let me take
Thee in my arms, Melantius, and believe
Thou art, as thou deserv'st to be, my friend
Still, and for ever.—Good Calianax,
Sleep soundly; it will bring thee to thyself.
[*Exeunt all but* Melantius *and* Calianax.
Cal. Sleep soundly! I sleep soundly now, I hope;
I could not be thus else.—How darest thou stay
Alone with me, knowing how thou hast used me?
Mel. You cannot blast me with your tongue, and that's
The strongest part you have about you.
Cal. I
Do look for some great punishment for this;
For I begin to forget all my hate,
And take't unkindly that mine enemy
Should use me so extraordinarily scurvily.
Mel. I shall melt too, if you begin to take
Unkindnesses: I never meant you hurt. [rogue,
Cal. Thou'lt anger me again. Thou wretched
Meant me no hurt! Disgrace me, with the king;
Lose all my offices! This is no hurt,
Is it? I pr'ythee, what dost thou call hurt?
Mel. To poison men, because they love me not;
To call the credit of men's wives in question;
To murder children betwixt me and land;
This is all hurt.
Cal. All this thou think'st is sport;
For mine is worse: But use thy will with me;
For, betwixt grief and anger, I could cry.
Mel. Be wise then, and be safe; thou may'st revenge.
Cal. Ay, o' the king? I would revenge o' thee.
Mel. That you must plot yourself.
Cal. I'm a fine plotter.
Mel. The short is, I will hold thee with the king
In this perplexity, till peevishness
And thy disgrace have laid thee in thy grave.
But if thou wilt deliver up the fort,
I'll take thy trembling body in my arms,
And bear thee over dangers: Thou shalt hold
Thy wonted state.
Cal. If I should tell the king,
Canst thou deny 't again?
Mel. Try, and believe.
Cal. Nay, then, thou canst bring any thing about.
Thou shalt have the fort.
Mel. Why, well;
Here let our hate be buried; and this hand
Shall right us both. Give me thy aged breast
To compass.
Cal. Nay, I do not love thee yet;
I cannot well endure to look on thee:
And, if I thought it were a courtesy,
Thou should'st not have it. But I am disgraced;
My offices are to be ta'en away;
And, if I did but hold this fort a day,
I do believe, the king would take it from me,
And give it thee, things are so strangely carried.
Ne'er thank me for't; but yet the king shall know
There was some such thing in't I told him of;
And that I was an honest man.
Mel. He'll buy
That knowledge very dearly.—Diphilus,

Enter Diphilus.

What news with thee?
Diph. This were a night indeed
To do it in: The king hath sent for her.
Mel. She shall perform it then.—Go, Diphilus,
And take from this good man, my worthy friend,
The fort; he'll give it thee.
Diph. Have you got that?
Cal. Art thou of the same breed? Canst thou
This to the king too? [deny
Diph. With a confidence
As great as his.
Cal. 'Faith, like enough.
Mel. Away, and use him kindly.
Cal. Touch not me;
I hate the whole strain. If thou follow me,
A great way off, I'll give thee up the fort;
And hang yourselves.
Mel. Be gone.
Diph. He's finely wrought.
[*Exeunt* Calianax *and* Diphilus.
Mel. This is a night, 'spite of astronomers,
To do the deed in. I will wash the stain,
That rests upon our house, off with his blood.

Enter Amintor.

Amin. Melantius, now assist me: If thou be'st
That which thou say'st, assist me. I have lost
All my distempers, and have found a rage
So pleasing! Help me.
Mel. Who can see him thus,
And not swear vengeance?—What's the matter, friend?
Amin. Out with thy sword; and, hand in hand with me,
Rush to the chamber of this hated king;
And sink him, with the weight of all his sins,
To hell for ever.
Mel. 'Twere a rash attempt,

Not to be done with safety. Let your reason
Plot your revenge, and not your passion.
Amin. If thou refusest me in these extremes,
Thou art no friend: He sent for her to me;
By Heaven, to me, myself! And, I must tell you,
I love her, as a stranger; there is worth
In that vile woman, worthy things, Melantius;
And she repents. I'll do't myself alone,
Though I be slain. Farewell.
Mel. He'll overthrow
My whole design with madness.—Amintor,
Think what thou dost: I dare as much as Valour;
But 'tis the king, the king, the king, Amintor,
With whom thou fightest!—I know he's honest,
And this will work with him. [*Aside.*
Amin. I cannot tell
What thou hast said; but thou hast charm'd my sword
Out of my hand, and left me shaking here,
Defenceless.
Mel. I will take it up for thee.
Amin. What a wild beast is uncollected man!
The thing, that we call honour, bears us all
Headlong to sin, and yet itself is nothing.
Mel. Alas, how variable are thy thoughts!
Amin. Just like my fortunes: I was run to that
I purposed to have chid thee for. Some plot,
I did distrust, thou hadst against the king,
By that old fellow's carriage. But take heed;
There's not the least limb growing to a king,
But carries thunder in it.
Mel. I have none
Against him.
Amin. Why, come then; and still remember,
We may not think revenge.
Mel. I will remember. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*A Room in the Palace.*

Enter EVADNE *and a* Gentleman.

Evad. Sir, is the king a-bed?
Gent. Madam, an hour ago.
Evad. Give me the key then, and let none be near;
'Tis the king's pleasure.
Gent. I understand you, madam; 'would 'twere mine.
I must not wish good rest unto your ladyship.
Evad. You talk, you talk.
Gent. 'Tis all I dare do, madam; but the king
Will wake, and then——
Evad. Saving your imagination, pray, good night, sir.
Gent. A good night be it then, and a long one, madam.
I am gone. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*The Bedchamber. The* KING *discovered in Bed, sleeping.*

Enter EVADNE.

Evad. The night grows horrible; and all about me
Like my black purpose. Oh, the conscience
Of a lost virgin! whither wilt thou pull me?
To what things, dismal as the depth of hell,
Wilt thou provoke me? Let no woman dare
From this hour be disloyal, if her heart be flesh,
If she have blood, and can fear: 'Tis a daring
Above that desperate fool's that left his peace,
And went to sea to fight. 'Tis so many sins,
An age cannot repent 'em; and so great,
The gods want mercy for! Yet I must through 'em.
I have begun a slaughter on my honour,
And I must end it there.—He sleeps. Good Heavens!
Why give you peace to this untemperate beast,
That hath so long transgress'd you; I must kill him,
And I will do it bravely: The mere joy
Tells me, I merit in it. Yet I must not
Thus tamely do it, as he sleeps; that were
To rock him to another world: My vengeance
Shall take him waking, and then lay before him
The number of his wrongs and punishments.
I'll shake his sins like furies, till I waken
His evil angel, his sick conscience;
And then I'll strike him dead. King, by your leave:
[*Ties his arms to the bed.*
I dare not trust your strength. Your grace and I
Must grapple upon even terms no more.
So. If he rail me not from my resolution,
I shall be strong enough.—My lord the king!
My lord!—He sleeps, as if he meant to wake
No more.—My lord!—Is he not dead already?
Sir! My lord!
King. Who's that?
Evad. Oh, you sleep soundly, sir!
King. My dear Evadne,
I have been dreaming of thee. Come to bed.
Evad. I am come at length, sir; but how welcome?
King. What pretty new device is this, Evadne?
What, do you tie me to you? By my love,
This is a quaint one. Come, my dear, and kiss me;
I'll be thy Mars; to bed, my queen of love:
Let us be caught together, that the gods
May see, and envy our embraces.
Evad. Stay, sir, stay;
You are too hot, and I have brought you physic
To temper your high veins.
King. Pr'ythee, to bed then; let me take it warm;
There thou shalt know the state of my body better.
Evad. I know you have a surfeited foul body;
And you must bleed.
King. Bleed!
Evad. Ay, you shall bleed! Lie still; and, if the devil,
Your lust, will give you leave, repent. This steel
Comes to redeem the honour that you stole,
King, my fair name; which nothing but thy death
Can answer to the world.
King. How's this, Evadne?
Evad. I am not she; nor bear I in this breast
So much cold spirit to be call'd a woman.
I am a tiger; I am any thing
That knows not pity. Stir not! If thou dost,
I'll take thee unprepared; thy fears upon thee,
That make thy sins look double; and so send thee
(By my revenge, I will) to look those torments
Prepared for such black souls.

King. Thou dost not mean this; 'tis impossible:
Thou art too sweet and gentle.
Evad. No, I am not.
I am as foul as thou art, and can number
As many such hells here. I was once fair,
Once I was lovely; not a blowing rose
More chastely sweet, till thou, thou, thou foul canker,
(Stir not) didst poison me. I was a world of virtue,
Till your curst court and you (Hell bless you for't!)
With your temptations on temptations,
Made me give up mine honour; for which, king,
I'm come to kill thee.
King. No!
Evad. I am.
King. Thou art not!
I pr'ythee speak not these things: Thou art gentle,
And wert not meant thus rugged.
Evad. Peace, and hear me.
Stir nothing but your tongue, and that for mercy
To those above us; by whose lights I vow,
Those blessed fires that shot to see our sin,
If thy hot soul had substance with thy blood,
I would kill that too; which, being past my steel,
My tongue shall reach. Thou art a shameless vil-
A thing out of the overcharge of nature; [lain!
Sent, like a thick cloud, to disperse a plague
Upon weak catching women! such a tyrant,
That for his lust would sell away his subjects!
Ay, all his Heaven hereafter!
King. Hear, Evadne,
Thou soul of sweetness, hear! I am thy king.
Evad. Thou art my shame! Lie still, there's none about you,
Within your cries: All promises of safety [man,
Are but deluding dreams. Thus, thus, thou foul
Thus I begin my vengeance! [*Stabs him.*
King. Hold, Evadne!
I do command thee, hold.
Evad. I do not mean, sir,
To part so fairly with you; we must change
More of these love-tricks yet.
King. What bloody villain
Provoked thee to this murder?
Evad. Thou, thou monster.
King. Oh!
Evad. Thou kept'st me brave at court, and whor'd'st me, king;
Then married me to a young noble gentleman,
And whor'd'st me still.
King. Evadne, pity me.
Evad. Hell take me then! This for my lord Amintor!
This for my noble brother! and this stroke
For the most wrong'd of women! [*Kills him.*
King. Oh! I die.
Evad. Die all our faults together! I forgive thee. [*Exit.*

Enter two Gentlemen *of the Bed-chamber.*

1 *Gent.* Come, now she's gone, let's enter; the king expects it, and will be angry.
2 *Gent.* 'Tis a fine wench; we'll have a snap at her one of these nights, as she goes from him.
1 *Gent.* Content. How quickly he had done with her! I see, kings can do no more that way than other mortal people.
2 *Gent.* How fast he is! I cannot hear him breathe.
1 *Gent.* Either the tapers give a feeble light,
Or he looks very pale.
2 *Gent.* And so he does:
Pray Heaven he be well; let's look.—Alas!
He's stiff, wounded and dead: Treason, treason!
1 *Gent.* Run forth and call.
2 *Gent.* Treason, treason! [*Exit.*
1 *Gent.* This will be laid on us:
Who can believe a woman could do this?

Enter Cleon *and* Lysippus.

Cleon. How now! Where's the traitor?
1 *Gent.* Fled, fled away; but there her woful act lies still.
Cleon. Her act! a woman!
Lys. Where's the body?
1 *Gent.* There.
Lys. Farewell, thou worthy man! There were two bonds
That tied our loves, a brother and a king;
The least of which might fetch a flood of tears:
But such the misery of greatness is,
They have no time to mourn; then pardon me!—

Enter Strato.

Sirs, which way went she?
Stra. Never follow her;
For she, alas! was but the instrument.
News is now brought in, that Melantius
Has got the fort, and stands upon the wall;
And with a loud voice calls those few, that pass
At this dead time of night, delivering
The innocence of this act.
Lys. Gentlemen,
I am your king.
Stra. We do acknowledge it.
Lys. I would I were not! Follow, all; for this
Must have a sudden stop. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*Before the* Citadel.

Enter Melantius, Diphilus, *and* Calianax, *on the Walls.*

Mel. If the dull people can believe I am arm'd,
(Be constant, Diphilus!) now we have time,
Either to bring our banish'd honours home,
Or create new ones in our ends.
Diph. I fear not;
My spirit lies not that way.—Courage, Calianax.
Cal. 'Would I had any! you should quickly know it.
Mel. Speak to the people: Thou art eloquent.
Cal. 'Tis a fine eloquence to come to the gallows!
You were born to be my end. The devil take you!
Now must I hang for company. 'Tis strange,
I should be old, and neither wise nor valiant.

Enter below, Lysippus, Diagoras, Cleon, Strato, *and* Guard.

Lys. See where he stands, as boldly confident
As if he had his full command about him.
Stra. He looks as if he had the better cause, sir;
Under your gracious pardon, let me speak it!
Though he be mighty-spirited, and forward
To all great things; to all things of that danger
Worse men shake at the telling of; yet, certainly,
I do believe him noble; and this action
Rather pull'd on, than sought: his mind was ever
As worthy as his hand
Lys. 'Tis my fear, too.
Heaven forgive all! Summon him, lord Cleon.

Cleon. Ho, from the walls there!
Mel. Worthy Cleon, welcome.
We could have wish'd you here, lord: You are honest.
Cal. Well, thou art as flattering a knave, though
I dare not tell thee so—— [*Aside.*
Lys. Melantius!
Mel. Sir?
Lys. I am sorry that we meet thus; our old love
Never required such distance. Pray Heaven,
You have not left yourself, and sought this safety
More out of fear than honour! You have lost
A noble master; which your faith, Melantius,
Some think, might have preserved: Yet you know best.
Cal. When time was, I was mad; some, that dares fight,
I hope will pay this rascal.
Mel. Royal young man, whose tears look lovely on thee;
Had they been shed for a deserving one,
They had been lasting monuments! Thy brother,
While he was good, I call'd him king; and served him
With that strong faith, that most unwearied valour,
Pull'd people from the farthest sun to seek him,
And beg his friendship. I was then his soldier.
But since his hot pride drew him to disgrace me,
And brand my noble actions with his lust
(That never-cured dishonour of my sister,
Base stain of whore! and, which is worse,
The joy to make it still so) like myself,
Thus I have flung him off with my allegiance;
And stand here mine own justice, to revenge
What I have suffered in him; and this old man,
Wronged almost to lunacy.
Cal. Who—I?
You would draw me in. I have had no wrong,
I do disclaim ye all.
Mel. The short is this:
'Tis no ambition to lift up myself
Urgeth me thus; I do desire again
To be a subject, so I may be free.
If not, I know my strength, and will unbuild
This goodly town. Be speedy and be wise,
In a reply.
Stra. Be sudden, sir, to tie
All up again: What's done is past recall,
And past you to revenge; and there are thousands,
That wait for such a troubled hour as this.
Throw him the blank.
Lys. Melantius, write in that
Thy choice: My seal is at it.
[*Throws him a paper.*
Mel. It was our honours drew us to this act,
Not gain; and we will only work our pardons.
Cal. Put my name in too.
Diph. You disclaim'd us all
But now, Calianax.
Cal. That is all one:
I'll not be hang'd hereafter by a trick:
I'll have it in.
Mel. You shall, you shall.—
Come to the back gate, and we'll call you king,
And give you up the fort.
Lys. Away, away. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*Antechamber to* EVADNE'S *Apartments in the* PALACE.

Enter ASPATIA, *in man's apparel.*

Asp. This is my fatal hour. Heaven may forgive
My rash attempt, that causelessly hath laid
Griefs on me that will never let me rest;
And put a woman's heart into my breast.
It is more honour for you, that I die;
For she, that can endure the misery
That I have on me, and be patient too,
May live and laugh at all that you can do.

Enter Servant.

God save you, sir!
Ser. And you, sir. What's your business?
Asp. With you, sir, now; to do me the fair office
To help me to your lord.
Ser. What, would you serve him?
Asp. I'll do him any service; but to haste,
For my affairs are earnest, I desire
To speak with him.
Ser. Sir, because you're in such haste, I would be loth
Delay you any longer: You cannot.
Asp. It shall become you, though, to tell your lord.
Ser. Sir, he will speak with nobody; but, in particular,
I have in charge, about no weighty matters.
Asp. This is most strange. Art thou gold-proof?
There's for thee; help me to him.
Ser. Pray be not angry, sir. I'll do my best.
[*Exit.*
Asp. How stubbornly this fellow answered me!
There is a vile dishonest trick in man,
More than in woman: All the men I meet
Appear thus to me, are all harsh and rude;
And have a subtilty in every thing,
Which love could never know. But we fond women
Harbour the easiest and the smoothest thoughts,
And think, all shall go so! It is unjust,
That men and women should be match'd together.

Enter AMINTOR *and his* Man.

Amin. Where is he?
Ser. There, my lord.
Amin. What would you, sir?
Asp. Please it your lordship to command your man
Out of the room, I shall deliver things
Worthy your hearing.
Amin. Leave us. [*Exit* Servant.
Asp. Oh, that that shape
Should bury falsehood in it! [*Aside.*
Amin. Now your will, sir.
Asp. When you know me, my lord, you needs must guess
My business; and I am not hard to know;
For till the chance of war mark'd this smooth face
With these few blemishes, people would call me
My sister's picture, and her mine. In short,
I am the brother to the wrong'd Aspatia.
Amin. The wrong'd Aspatia! 'Would thou were so too
Unto the wrong'd Amintor! Let me kiss
That hand of thine, in honour that I bear
Unto the wrong'd Aspatia. Here I stand,
That did it. 'Would he could not! Gentle youth
Leave me; for there is something in thy looks,

That calls my sins, in a most hideous form,
Into my mind; and I have grief enough
Without thy help.

Asp. I would I could with credit.
Since I was twelve years old, I had not seen
My sister till this hour; I now arrived:
She sent for me to see her marriage;
A woful one! But they, that are above,
Have ends in every thing. She used few words,
But yet enough to make me understand
The baseness of the injuries you did her.
That little training I have had, is war:
I may behave myself rudely in peace;
I would not, though. I shall not need to tell you,
I am but young, and would be loth to lose
Honour, that is not easily gained again.
Fairly I mean to deal: The age is strict
For single combats; and we shall be stopp'd,
If it be publish'd. If you like your sword,
Use it; if mine appear a better to you,
Change: for the ground is this, and this the time,
To end our difference.

Amin. Charitable youth,
(If thou be'st such) think not I will maintain
So strange a wrong: And, for thy sister's sake,
Know, that I could not think that desperate thing
I durst not do; yet, to enjoy this world,
I would not see her; for, beholding thee,
I am I know not what. If I have aught,
That may content thee, take it, and begone;
For death is not so terrible as thou.
Thine eyes shoot guilt into me.

Asp. Thus, she swore,
Thou wouldst behave thyself; and give me words
That would fetch tears into mine eyes; and so
Thou dost, indeed. But yet she bade me watch,
Lest I were cozen'd; and be sure to fight
Ere I return'd.

Amin. That must not be with me.
For her I'll die directly; but against her
Will never hazard it.

Asp. You must be urged.
I do not deal uncivilly with those
That dare to fight; but such a one as you
Must be used thus. [*She strikes him.*

Amin. I pr'ythee, youth, take heed.
Thy sister is a thing to me so much
Above mine honour, that I can endure
All this. Good gods! a blow I can endure!
But stay not, lest thou draw a timeless death
Upon thyself.

Asp. Thou art some prating fellow;
One, that hath studied out a trick to talk,
And move soft-hearted people; to be kick'd
[*She kicks him.*
Thus, to be kick'd!—Why should he be so slow
In giving me my death? [*Aside.*

Amin. A man can bear
No more, and keep his flesh. Forgive me, then!
I would endure yet, if I could. Now show
[*Draws.*
The spirit thou pretend'st, and understand,
Thou hast no hour to live.——
[*They fight; ASPATIA is wounded.*
What dost thou mean?
Thou canst not fight: The blows thou mak'st at me
Are quite besides; and those I offer at thee,
Thou spread'st thine arms, and tak'st upon thy
Alas, defenceless! [breast,

Asp. I have got enough,
And my desire. There is no place so fit
For me to die as here.

Enter EVADNE, *her Hands bloody, with a Knife.*

Evad. Amintor, I am loaden with events,
That fly to make thee happy. I have joys,
That in a moment can call back thy wrongs,
And settle thee in thy free state again.
It is Evadne still that follows thee,
But not her mischiefs.

Amin. Thou canst not fool me to believe again;
But thou hast looks and things so full of news,
That I am stay'd.

Evad. Noble Amintor, put off thy amaze,
Let thine eyes loose, and speak: Am I not fair?
Looks not Evadne beauteous, with these rites now?
Were those hours half so lovely in thine eyes,
When our hands met before the holy man?
I was too foul within to look fair then:
Since I knew ill, I was not free till now.

Amin. There is presage of some important thing
About thee, which, it seems, thy tongue hath lost.
Thy hands are bloody, and thou hast a knife!

Evad. In this consists thy happiness and mine.
Joy to Amintor! for the king is dead.

Amin. Those have most power to hurt us, that we love;
We lay our sleeping lives within their arms!
Why, thou hast raised up Mischief to his height,
And found out one, to out-name thy other faults.
Thou hast no intermission of thy sins,
But all thy life is a continued ill.
Black is thy colour now, disease thy nature.
Joy to Amintor! Thou hast touch'd a life,
The very name of which had power to chain
Up all my rage, and calm my wildest wrongs.

Evad. 'Tis done; and since I could not find a way
To meet thy love so clear as through his life,
I cannot now repent it.

Amin. Couldst thou procure the gods to speak
To bid me love this woman, and forgive, [to me,
I think I should fall out with them. Behold,
Here lies a youth whose wounds bleed in my breast,
Sent by his violent fate, to fetch his death
From my slow hand: And, to augment my woe.
You now are present, stain'd with a king's blood,
Violently shed. This keeps night here,
And throws an unknown wilderness about me.

Asp. Oh, oh, oh!

Amin. No more; pursue me not.

Evad. Forgive me then,
And take me to thy bed. We may not part.
[*Kneels.*

Amin. Forbear! Be wise, and let my rage go this way.

Evad. 'Tis you that I would stay, not it.

Amin. Take heed;
It will return with me.

Evad. If it must be,
I shall not fear to meet it: take me home.

Amin. Thou monster of cruelty, forbear!

Evad. For heaven's sake, look more calm: thine eyes are sharper
Than thou canst make thy sword.

Amin. Away, away!
Thy knees are more to me than violence.
I am worse than sick to see knees follow me,
For that I must not grant. For Heaven's sake, stand.

Evad. Receive me, then.
Amin. I dare not stay thy language:
In midst of all my anger and my grief,
Thou dost awake something that troubles me,
And says, "I loved thee once." I dare not stay;
There is no end of woman's reasoning. [*Leaves her.*
Evad. Amintor, thou shalt love me now again:
Go; I am calm. Farewell, and peace for ever!
Evadne, whom thou hat'st, will die for thee.
[*Kills herself.*
Amin. I have a little human nature yet,
That's left for thee, that bids me stay thy hand.
[*Returns.*
Evad. Thy hand was welcome, but it came too late.
Oh, I am lost! the heavy sleep makes haste.
[*She dies.*
Asp. Oh, oh, oh!
Amin. This earth of mine doth tremble, and I feel
A stark affrighted motion in my blood:
My soul grows weary of her house, and I
All over am a trouble to myself.
There is some hidden power in these dead things,
That calls my flesh unto 'em: I am cold!
Be resolute, and bear 'em company.
There's something, yet, which I am loth to leave.
There's man enough in me to meet the fears
That death can bring; and yet, 'would it were done!
I can find nothing in the whole discourse
Of death, I durst not meet the boldest way;
Yet still, betwixt the reason and the act,
The wrong I to Aspatia did stands up:
I have not such another fault to answer.
Though she may justly arm herself with scorn
And hate of me, my soul will part less troubled,
When I have paid to her in tears my sorrow.
I will not leave this act unsatisfied,
If all that's left in me can answer it.
Asp. Was it a dream? There stands Amintor still;
Or I dream still. [
Amin. How dost thou? Speak! receive my love and help.
Thy blood climbs up to his old place again:
There's hope of thy recovery.
Asp. Did you not name Aspatia?
Amin. I did.
Asp. And talk'd of tears and sorrow unto her?
Amin. 'Tis true; and till these happy signs in thee
Did stay my course, 'twas thither I was going.
Asp. Thou art there already, and these wounds are hers:
Those threats I brought with me sought not revenge;
But came to fetch this blessing from thy hand.
I am Aspatia yet.
Amin. Dare my soul ever look abroad again?
Asp. I shall surely live, Amintor; I am well:
A kind of healthful joy wanders within me.
Amin. The world wants lives to excuse thy loss!
Come, let me bear thee to some place of help.
Asp. Amintor, thou must stay; I must rest here;
My strength begins to disobey my will.
How dost thou, my best soul? I would fain live
Now, if I could: Wouldst thou have loved me then?
Amin. Alas!
All that I am's not worth a hair from thee.
Asp. Give me thy hand; my hands grope up and down,
And cannot find thee: I am wondrous sick:
Have I thy hand, Amintor?
Amin. Thou greatest blessing of the world, thou hast.
Asp. I do believe thee better than my sense.
Oh! I must go. Farewell! [*Dies.*
Amin. She swoons! Aspatia!—Help! for Heaven's sake, water!
Such as may chain life ever to this frame.—
Aspatia, speak!—What, no help yet? I fool!
I'll chafe her temples: Yet there's nothing stirs:
Some hidden power tell her, Amintor calls,
And let her answer me!—Aspatia, speak!—
I have heard, if there be any life, but bow
The body thus, and it will shew itself.
Oh, she is gone! I will not leave her yet.
Since out of justice we must challenge nothing,
I'll call it mercy, if you'll pity me,
Ye heavenly powers! and lend, for some few years,
The blessed soul to this fair seat again.
No comfort comes; the gods deny me too!
I'll bow the body once again.—Aspatia!—
The soul is fled for ever; and I wrong
Myself, so long to lose her company.
Must I talk now? Here's to be with thee, love!
[*Stabs himself.*

Enter Servant.

Serv. This is a great grace to my lord, to have the new king come to him: I must tell him he is entering.—Oh, God! Help, help!

Enter Lysippus, Melantius, Calianax, Cleon, Diphilus, *and* Strato.

Lys. Where's Amintor?
Serv. Oh, there, there.
Lys. How strange is this!
Cal. What should we do here?
Mel. These deaths are such acquainted things with me,
That yet my heart dissolves not. May I stand
Stiff here for ever! Eyes, call up your tears!
This is Amintor: Heart! he was my friend;
Melt; now it flows.—Amintor, give a word
To call me to thee.
Amin. Oh!
Mel. Melantius calls his friend Amintor. Oh!
Thy arms are kinder to me than thy tongue!
Speak, speak!
Amin. What?
Mel. That little word was worth all the sounds
That ever I shall hear again.
Diph. Oh, brother!
Here lies your sister slain; you lose yourself
In sorrow there.
Mel. Why, Diphilus, it is
A thing to laugh at, in respect of this:
Here was my sister, father, brother, son;
All that I had!—Speak once again: What youth
Lies slain there by thee?
Amin. 'Tis Aspatia.
My last is said. Let me give up my soul
Into thy bosom. [*Dies.*
Cal. What's that? what's that? Aspatia!
Mel. I never did
Repent the greatness of my heart till now;
It will not burst at need.
Cal. My daughter dead here too! And you have all fine new tricks to grieve; but I ne'er knew any but direct crying.

Mel. I am a prattler; but no more.
[*Offers to kill himself.*

Diph. Hold, brother.

Lys. Stop him.

Diph. Fie! how unmanly was this offer in you; Does this become our strain?

Cal. I know not what the matter is, but I am grown very kind, and am friends with you. You have given me that among you will kill me quickly; but I'll go home, and live as long as I can.

Mel. His spirit is but poor, that can be kept
From death for want of weapons.
Is not my hand a weapon sharp enough
To stop my breath? or, if you tie down those,
I vow, Amintor, I will never eat,
Or drink, or sleep, or have to do with that
That may preserve life! This I swear to keep.

Lys. Look to him though, and bear those bodies [in.
May this a fair example be to me,
To rule with temper: For, on lustful kings,
Unlook'd-for, sudden deaths from heaven are sent;
But curst is he that is their instrument. [*Exeunt.*

PHILASTER:

OR, LOVE LIES A-BLEEDING.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

KING.
PHILASTER, *Heir to the Crown.*
PHARAMOND, *Prince of Spain.*
DION, *a Lord.*
CLERMONT, THRASILINE, } *Noble Gentlemen, his Associates.*
An old Captain.
Five Citizens.
A Country Fellow.
Two Woodmen.
The King's Guard and Train.

ARETHUSA, *the King's Daughter.*
GALATEA, *a wise modest Lady, attending the Princess.*
MEGRA, *a lascivious Lady.*
An old wanton Lady *or Crone.*
Another Lady *attending the Princess.*
EUPHRASIA, *Daughter of* DION, *but disguised like a Page, and called* BELLARIO.

SCENE,—MESSINA, AND A NEIGHBOURING FOREST.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—MESSINA. *The Presence-Chamber in the Palace.*

Enter DION, CLERMONT, *and* THRASILINE.

Cle. Here's nor lords nor ladies.

Dion. Credit me, gentlemen, I wonder at it. They received strict charge from the king to attend here. Besides, it was boldly published, that no officer should forbid any gentlemen that desire to attend and hear.

Cle. Can you guess the cause?

Dion. Sir, it is plain, about the Spanish prince, that's come to marry our kingdom's heir, and be our sovereign.

Thra. Many, that will seem to know much, say she looks not on him like a maid in love.

Dion. Oh, sir, the multitude (that seldom know any thing but their own opinions) speak that they would have; but the prince, before his own approach, received so many confident messages from the state, that I think she's resolved to be ruled.

Cle. Sir, it is thought, with her he shall enjoy both these kingdoms of Sicily and Calabria.

Dion. Sir, it is, without controversy, so meant. But 'twill be a troublesome labour for him to enjoy both these kingdoms with safety, the rightful heir to one of them living, and living so virtuously; especially, the people admiring the bravery of his mind, and lamenting his injuries.

Cle. Who? Philaster?

Dion. Yes; whose father, we all know, was by our late king of Calabria unrighteously deposed from his fruitful Sicily. Myself drew some blood in those wars, which I would give my hand to be wash'd from.

Cle. Sir, my ignorance in state-policy will not let me know why, Philaster being heir to one of these kingdoms, the king should suffer him to walk abroad with such free liberty.

Dion. Sir, it seems your nature is more constant than to enquire after state news. But the king, of late, made a hazard of both the kingdoms, of Sicily and his own, with offering but to imprison Philaster. At which the city was in arms, not to be charm'd down by any state-order or proclamation, till they saw Philaster ride through the streets pleased, and without a guard; at which they threw their hats, and their arms from them; some to make bonfires, some to drink, all for his deliverance. Which, wise men say, is the cause the king labours to bring in the power of a foreign nation, to awe his own with.

Enter GALATEA, MEGRA, *and an old* Lady.

Thra. See, the ladies. What's the first?

Dion. A wise and modest gentlewoman that attends the princess.

Cle. The second?

Dion. She is one that may stand still discreetly enough, and ill-favouredly dance her measure; simper when she is courted by her friend, and slight her husband.

Cle. The last?

Dion. Marry, I think she is one whom the state keeps for the agents of our confederate princes. She'll cog and lie with a whole army, before the league shall break: her name is common through the kingdom, and the trophies of her dishonour advanced beyond Hercules' Pillars. She loves to try the several constitutions of men's bodies; and, indeed, has destroyed the worth of her own body, by making experiment upon it, for the good of the commonwealth.

Cle. She's a profitable member.—

La. Peace, if you love me! You shall see these gentlemen stand their ground, and not court us.

Gal. What if they should?

Meg. What if they should?

La. Nay, let her alone. What if they should? Why, if they should, I say they were never abroad.

What foreigner would do so? It writes them directly untravelled.

Gal. Why, what if they be?

Meg. What if they be?

La. Good madam, let her go on. What if they be? Why, if they be, I will justify, they cannot maintain discourse with a judicious lady, nor make a leg, nor say "excuse me."

Gal. Ha, ha, ha!

La. Do you laugh, madam?

Dion. Your desires upon you, ladies.

La. Then you must sit beside us.

Dion. I shall sit near you then, lady.

La. Near me, perhaps: But there's a lady endures no stranger; and to me you appear a very strange fellow.

Meg. Methinks he's not so strange; he would quickly be acquainted.

Thra. Peace, the king!

Enter KING, PHARAMOND, ARETHUSA, *and Train.*

King. To give a stronger testimony of love
Than sickly promises (which commonly
In princes find both birth and burial
In one breath) we have drawn you, worthy sir,
To make your fair endearments to our daughter,
And worthy services known to our subjects,
Now loved and wonder'd at: next, our intent,
To plant you deeply, our immediate heir,
Both to our blood and kingdoms. For this lady,
(The best part of your life, as you confirm me,
And I believe) though her few years and sex
Yet teach her nothing but her fears and blushes,
Desires without desire, discourse and knowledge
Only of what herself is to herself,
Make her feel moderate health; and when she sleeps,
In making no ill day, knows no ill dreams.
Think not, dear sir, these undivided parts,
That must mould up a virgin, are put on
To shew her so, as borrow'd ornaments,
To speak her perfect love to you, or add
An artificial shadow to her nature:
No, sir; I boldly dare proclaim her, yet
No woman. But woo her still, and think her mo-
A sweeter mistress than the offer'd language [desty
Of any dame, were she a queen, whose eye
Speaks common loves and comforts to her servants.
Last, noble son (for so I now must call you)
What I have done thus public, is not only
To add a comfort in particular
To you or me, but all; and to confirm
The nobles, and the gentry of these kingdoms,
By oath to your succession, which shall be
Within this month at most.

Thra. This will be hardly done.

Cle. It must be ill done, if it be done.

Dion. When 'tis at best, 'twill be but half done,
So brave a gentleman's wrong'd and flung off. [whilst

Thra. I fear.

Cle. Who does not?

Dion. I fear not for myself, and yet I fear too.
Well, we shall see, we shall see. No more.

Pha. Kissing your white hand, mistress, I take
To thank your royal father; and thus far, [leave
To be my own free trumpet. Understand,
Great king, and these your subjects, mine that must
(For so deserving you have spoke me, sir, [be,
And so deserving I dare speak myself)
To what a person, of what eminence,
Ripe expectation, of what faculties,
Manners and virtues, you would wed your king-
doms:
You in me have your wishes. Oh, this country!
By more than all my hopes I hold it happy;
Happy, in their dear memories that have been
Kings great and good; happy in yours that is;
And from you (as a chronicle to keep
Your noble name from eating age) do I
Opine myself, most happy. Gentlemen,
Believe me in a word, a prince's word,
There shall be nothing to make up a kingdom
Mighty, and flourishing, defenced, fear'd,
Equal to be commanded and obey'd,
But through the travels of my life I'll find it,
And tie it to this country. And I vow
My reign shall be so easy to the subject,
That every man shall be his prince himself,
And his own law (yet I his prince and law).
And, dearest lady, to your dearest self
(Dear, in the choice of him whose name and lustre
Must make you more and mightier) let me say,
You are the blessed'st living; for, sweet princess,
You shall enjoy a man of men, to be
Your servant; you shall make him yours, for
Great queens must die. [whom

Thra. Miraculous!

Cle. This speech calls him Spaniard, being nothing but a large inventory of his own commendations.

Dion. I wonder what's his price? For certainly
He'll sell himself, he has so praised his shape.

Enter PHILASTER.

But here comes one more worthy those large
Than the large speaker of them. [speeches,
Let me be swallow'd quick, if I can find,
In all the anatomy of yon man's virtues,
One sinew sound enough to promise for him,
He shall be constable. By this sun, he'll ne'er
make king
Unless it be for trifles, in my poor judgment.

Phi. Right noble sir, as low as my obedience,
And with a heart as loyal as my knee,
I beg your favour.

King. Rise; you have it, sir. [with fear'

Dion. Mark but the king, how pale he looks
Oh! this same whoreson conscience, how it jades

King. Speak your intents, sir. [us!

Phi. Shall I speak 'em freely?
Be still my royal sovereign.

King. As a subject,
We give you freedom.

Dion. Now it heats.

Phi. Then thus I turn
My language to you, prince; you, foreign man!
Ne'er stare, nor put on wonder, for you must [upon
Endure me, and you shall. This earth you tread
(A dowry, as you hope, with this fair princess)
By my dead father (oh, I had a father,
Whose memory I bow to!) was not left
To your inheritance, and I up and living;
Having myself about me, and my sword,
The souls of all my name, and memories,
These arms, and some few friends beside the gods;
To part so calmly with it, and sit still, [mond,
And say, "I might have been." I tell thee, Phara-
When thou art king, look I be dead and rotten,
And my name ashes: For, hear me, Pharamond!
This very ground thou goest on, this fat earth,
My father's friends made fertile with their faiths,

Before that day of shame, shall gape and swallow
Thee and thy nation, like a hungry grave,
Into her hidden bowels. Prince, it shall;
By Nemesis, it shall!

Pha. He's mad; beyond cure, mad.

Dion. Here is a fellow has some fire in's veins:
The outlandish prince looks like a tooth-drawer.

Phi. Sir, prince of poppinjays, I'll make it well
Appear to you I'm not mad.

King. You displease us:
You are too bold.

Phi. No, sir, I am too tame,
Too much a turtle, a thing born without passion,
A faint shadow, that every drunken cloud
Sails over and makes nothing.

King. I do not fancy this.
Call our physicians: Sure he's somewhat tainted.

Thra. I do not think 'twill prove so.

Dion. He has given him a general purge already,
For all the right he has; and now he means
To let him blood. Be constant, gentlemen:
By these hilts, I'll run his hazard,
Although I run my name out of the kingdom.

Cle. Peace, we are all one soul.

Pha. What you have seen in me, to stir offence,
I cannot find; unless it be this lady,
Offer'd into mine arms, with the succession;
Which I must keep, though it hath pleas'd your fury
To mutiny within you; without disputing
Your genealogies, or taking knowledge
Whose branch you are. The king will leave it me;
And I dare make it mine. You have your answer.

Phi. If thou wert sole inheritor to him
That made the world his, and couldst see no sun
Shine upon any thing but thine; were Pharamond
As truly valiant as I feel him cold,
And ring'd among the choicest of his friends
(Such as would blush to talk such serious follies,
Or back such bellied commendations)
And from this presence, 'spite of all these bugs,
You should hear further from me.

King. Sir, you wrong the prince: I gave you not this freedom
To brave our best friends. You deserve our frown.
Go to; be better temper'd.

Phi. It must be, sir, when I am nobler used.

Gal. Ladies,
This would have been a pattern of succession,
Had he ne'er met this mischief. By my life,
He is the worthiest the true name of man
This day within my knowledge. [knowledge;

Meg. I cannot tell what you may call your
But the other is the man set in my eye.
Oh, 'tis a prince of wax!

Gal. A dog it is.

King. Philaster, tell me
The injuries you aim at, in your riddles.

Phi. If you had my eyes, sir, and sufferance,
My griefs upon you, and my broken fortunes,
My wants great, and now nought but hopes and fears,
My wrongs would make ill riddles to be laugh'd at.
Dare you be still my king, and right me not?

King. Give me your wrongs in private.

Phi. Take them,
And ease me of a load would bow strong Atlas.
[*They walk apart.*

Cle. He dares not stand the shock.

Dion. I cannot blame him: there's danger in't.
Every man in this age has not a soul of crystal, for all men to read their actions through: Men's hearts and faces are so far asunder, that they hold no intelligence. Do but view yon stranger well, and you shall see a fever through all his bravery, and feel him shake like a true recreant. If he give not back his crown again, upon the report of an elder-gun, I have no augury.

King. Go to!
Be more yourself, as you respect our favour;
You'll stir us else. Sir, I must have you know,
That you are, and shall be, at our pleasure,
What fashion we will put upon you. Smooth
Your brow, or by the gods——

Phi. I am dead, sir; you're my fate. It was
Said, I was wrong'd: I carry all about me [not I
My weak stars lead me to, all my weak fortunes.
Who dares in all this presence, speak, (that is
But man of flesh, and may be mortal) tell me,
I do not most entirely love this prince,
And honour his full virtues!

King. Sure, he's possess'd.

Phi. Yes, with my father's spirit: It's here, O king!
A dangerous spirit. Now he tells me, king,
I was a king's heir, bids me be a king;
And whispers to me, these are all my subjects.
'Tis strange he will not let me sleep, but dives
Into my fancy, and there gives me shapes
That kneel, and do me service, cry me "king:"
But I'll suppress him; he's a factious spirit,
And will undo me.—Noble sir, your hand:
I am your servant.

King. Away, I do not like this:
I'll make you tamer, or I'll dispossess you
Both of life and spirit: For this time
I pardon your wild speech, without so much
As your imprisonment.
[*Exeunt* KING, PHARAMOND, *and* ARETHUSA.

Dion. I thank you, sir; you dare not for the people.

Gal. Ladies, what think you now of this brave fellow?

Meg. A pretty talking fellow; hot at hand. But eye yon stranger: Is he not a fine complete gentleman? Oh, these strangers, I do affect them strangely: They do the rarest home things, and please the fullest! As I live, I could love all the nation over and over for his sake.

Gal. Pride comfort your poor head-piece, lady! 'Tis a weak one, and had need of a night-cap.

Dion. See, how his fancy labours! Has he not
Spoke home, and bravely? What a dangerous train
Did he give fire to! How he shook the king,
Made his soul melt within him, and his blood
Run into whey! It stood upon his brow,
Like a cold winter dew.

Phi. Gentlemen,
You have no suit to me? I am no minion:
You stand, methinks, like men that would be
If I could well be flatter'd at a price, [courtiers,
Not to undo your children. You're all honest:
Go, get you home again, and make your country
A virtuous court; to which your great ones may,
In their diseased age, retire, and live recluse.

Cle. How do you, worthy sir?

Phi. Well, very well;
And so well, that, if the king please, I find
I may live many years.

Dion. The king must please,
Whilst we know what you are, and who you are,

Your wrongs and injuries. Shrink not, worthy sir,
But add your father to you: In whose name,
We'll waken all the gods, and conjure up
The rods of vengeance, the abused people;
Who, like to raging torrents, shall swell high,
And so begirt the dens of these male-dragons,
That, through the strongest safety, they shall beg
For mercy at your sword's point.
Phi. Friends, no more;
Our ears may be corrupted: 'Tis an age
We dare not trust our wills to. Do you love me?
Thra. Do we love heaven and honour?
Phi. My lord Dion, you had
A virtuous gentlewoman call'd you father;
Is she yet alive?
Dion. Most honour'd sir, she is:
And, for the penance but of an idle dream,
Has undertook a tedious pilgrimage.

Enter a Lady.

Phi. Is it to me,
Or any of these gentlemen, you come?
Lady. To you, brave lord: The princess would
Your present company. [entreat
Phi. The princess send for me! You are mistaken.
Lady. If you be call'd Philaster, 'tis to you.
Phi. Kiss her fair hand, and say I will attend her.
[*Exit* Lady.
Dion. Do you know what you do?
Phi. Yes; go to see a woman.
Cle. But do you weigh the danger you are in?
Phi. Danger in a sweet face!
By Jupiter, I must not fear a woman.
Thra. But are you sure it was the princess sent?
It may be some foul train to catch your life.
Phi. I do not think it, gentlemen; she's noble;
Her eye may shoot me dead, or those true red
And white friends in her face may steal my soul out:
There's all the danger in't. But, be what may,
Her single name hath armed me.
[*Exit* Philaster.
Dion. Go on:
And be as truly happy as thou'rt fearless.
Come, gentlemen, let's make our friends acquainted,
Lest the king prove false. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*An Apartment in the same.*

Enter Arethusa *and a* Lady.

Are. Comes he not?
Lady. Madam?
Are. Will Philaster come?
Lady. Dear madam, you were wont to credit me At first.
Are. But didst thou tell me so?
I am forgetful, and my woman's strength
Is so o'ercharged with dangers like to grow
About my marriage, that these under things
Dare not abide in such a troubled sea.
How look'd he, when he told thee he would come?
Lady. Why, well.
Are. And not a little fearful? [it is.
Lady. Fear, madam! sure, he knows not what
Are. You all are of his faction; the whole court
Is bold in praise of him: whilst I
May live neglected, and do noble things,
As fools in strife throw gold into the sea,
Drown'd in the doing. But, I know he fears.
Lady. Fear? Madam, methought, his looks hid
Of love than fear. [more
Are. Of love? to whom? to you?—
Did you deliver those plain words I sent,
With such a winning gesture, and quick look,
That you have caught him?
Lady. Madam, I mean to you.
Are. Of love to me? alas! thy ignorance
Lets thee not see the crosses of our births.
Nature, that loves not to be questioned
Why she did this, or that, but has her ends,
And knows she does well, never gave the world
Two things so opposite, so contrary,
As he and I am: If a bowl of blood,
Drawn from this arm of mine, would poison thee,
A draught of his would cure thee. Of love to me?
Lady. Madam, I think I hear him.
Are. Bring him in.——
Ye gods, that would not have your dooms withstood,
Whose holy wisdoms at this time it is,
To make the passion of a feeble maid
The way unto your justice, I obey.

Enter Philaster.

Lady. Here is my lord Philaster.
Are. Oh! 'tis well.
Withdraw yourself. [*Exit* Lady.
Phi. Madam, your messenger
Made me believe you wish'd to speak with me.
Are. 'Tis true, Philaster; but the words are such
I have to say, and do so ill beseem
The mouth of woman, that I wish them said,
And yet am loth to speak them. Have you known,
That I have aught detracted from your worth?
Have I in person wrong'd you? Or have set
My baser instruments to throw disgrace
Upon your virtues?
Phi. Never, madam, you.
Are. Why, then, should you, in such a public place,
Injure a princess, and a scandal lay
Upon my fortunes, famed to be so great;
Calling a great part of my dowry in question?
Phi. Madam, this truth which I shall speak, will be
Foolish: But, for your fair and virtuous self,
I could afford myself to have no right
To anything you wish'd.
Are. Philaster, know,
I must enjoy these kingdoms.
Phi. Madam! Both?
Are. Both, or I die: By fate, I die, Philaster.
If I not calmly may enjoy them both.
Phi. I would do much to save that noble life;
Yet would be loth to have posterity
Find in our stories, that Philaster gave
His right unto a sceptre and a crown,
To save a lady's longing.
Are. Nay then, hear!
I must and will have them, and more——
Phi. What more?
Are. Or lose that little life the gods prepared.
To trouble this poor piece of earth withal.
Phi. Madam, what more?
Are. Turn, then, away thy face.
Phi. No.
Are. Do.
Phi. I cannot endure it. Turn away my face?
I never yet saw enemy that look'd
So dreadfully, but that I thought myself
As great a basilisk as he; or spake
So horrible, but that I thought my tongue

Bore thunder underneath, as much as his;
Nor beast that I could turn from: Shall I then
Begin to fear sweet sounds? a lady's voice,
Whom I do love? Say, you would have my life;
Why, I will give it you; for 'tis of me
A thing so loath'd, and unto you that ask
Of so poor use, that I shall make no price:
If you entreat, I will unmov'dly hear.
Are. Yet, for my sake, a little bend thy looks.
Phi. I do.
Are. Then know, I must have them, and thee.
Phi. And me?
Are. Thy love; without which all the land
Discover'd yet, will serve me for no use,
But to be buried in.
Phi. Is't possible?
Are. With it, it were too little to bestow
On thee. Now, though thy breath do strike me dead,
(Which, know, it may) I have unript my breast.
Phi. Madam, you are too full of noble thoughts,
To lay a train for this contemned life,
Which you may have for asking: To suspect
Were base, where I deserve no ill. Love you,
By all my hopes, I do, above my life:
But how this passion should proceed from you
So violently, would amaze a man
That would be jealous.
Are. Another soul, into my body shot,
Could not have filled me with more strength and spirit,
Than this thy breath. But spend not hasty time,
In seeking how I came thus: 'Tis the gods,
The gods, that make me so; and, sure, our love
Will be the nobler, and the better blest,
In that the secret justice of the gods
Is mingled with it. Let us leave, and kiss;
Lest some unwelcome guest should fall betwixt us,
And we should part without it.
Phi. 'Twill be ill
I should abide here long.
Are. 'Tis true; and worse
You should come often. How shall we devise
To hold intelligence, that our true loves,
On any new occasion, may agree
What path is best to tread?
Phi. I have a boy,
Sent by the gods, I hope, to this intent,
Not yet seen in the court. Hunting the buck,
I found him sitting by a fountain's side,
Of which he borrowed some to quench his thirst,
And paid the nymph again as much in tears.
A garland lay him by, made by himself,
Of many several flowers, bred in the bay,
Stuck in that mystic order, that the rareness
Delighted me: But ever when he turn'd
His tender eyes upon 'em, he would weep,
As if he meant to make 'em grow again.
Seeing such pretty helpless innocence
Dwell in his face, I ask'd him all his story.
He told me, that his parents gentle died,
Leaving him to the mercy of the fields,
Which gave him roots; and of the crystal springs,
Which did not stop their courses; and the sun,
Which still, he thank'd him, yielded him his light.
Then took he up his garland, and did shew
What every flower, as country people hold,
Did signify; and how all, order'd thus,
Express'd his grief: And, to my thoughts, did read
The prettiest lecture of his country art
That could be wish'd: so that, methought, I could
Have studied it. I gladly entertain'd him,
Who was [as] glad to follow; and have got
The trustiest, loving'st, and the gentlest boy,
That ever master kept. Him will I send
To wait on you, and bear our hidden love.

Enter Lady.

Are. 'Tis well; no more.
Lady. Madam, the prince is come to do his service.
Are. What will you do, Philaster, with yourself?
Phi. Why, that which all the gods have pointed [out for me.
Are. Dear, hide thyself.—
Bring in the prince.
Phi. Hide me from Pharamond!
When thunder speaks, which is the voice of Jove,
Though I do reverence, yet I hide me not;
And shall a stranger prince have leave to brag
Unto a foreign nation, that he made
Philaster hide himself?
Are. He cannot know it.
Phi. Though it should sleep for ever to the world,
It is a simple sin to hide myself,
Which will for ever on my conscience lie.
Are. Then, good Philaster, give him scope and way
In what he says; for he is apt to speak
What you are loth to hear: For my sake, do.
Phi. I will.

Enter Pharamond.

Pha. My princely mistress, as true lovers ought,
I come to kiss these fair hands; and to shew,
In outward ceremonies, the dear love
Writ in my heart.
Phi. If I shall have an answer no directlier,
I am gone.
Pha. To what would he have answer?
Are. To his claim unto the kingdom.
Pha. Sirrah, I forbare you before the king.
Phi. Good sir, do so still: I would not talk with you.
Pha. But now the time is fitter: Do but offer
To make mention of your right to any kingdom,
Though it be scarce habitable——
Phi. Good sir, let me go.
Pha. And by my sword—
Phi. Peace, Pharamond! If thou——
Are. Leave us, Philaster.
Phi. I have done.
Pha. You are gone? By heaven, I'll fetch you back.
Phi. You shall not need.
Pha. What now?
Phi. Know, Pharamond,
I loath to brawl with such a blast as thou,
Who art nought but a valiant voice: But if
Thou shalt provoke me further, men shall say
"Thou wert," and not lament it.
Pha. Do you slight
My greatness so, and in the chamber of
The princess?
Phi. It is a place, to which, I must confess,
I owe a reverence: But were't the church,
Ay, at the altar, there's no place so safe,
Where thou dar'st injure me, but I dare kill thee.
And for your greatness, know, sir, I can grasp
You, and your greatness thus, thus into nothing.
Give not a word, not a word back! Farewell.
[*Exit* Philaster.
Pha. 'Tis an odd fellow, madam: We must stop
his mouth with some office when we are married.

Are. You were best make him your controller.
Pha. I think he would discharge it well. But, madam,
I hope our hearts are knit; and yet, so slow
The ceremonies of state are, that 'twill be long
Before our hands be so. If then you please,
Being agreed in heart, let us not wait
For dreaming form, but take a little stolen
Delights, and so prevent our joys to come.
Are. If you dare speak such thoughts,
I must withdraw in honour. [*Exit.*
Pha. The constitution of my body will never hold out till the wedding. I must seek elsewhere. [*Exit.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*An Apartment in the* PALACE.

Enter PHILASTER *and* BELLARIO:

Phi. And thou shalt find her honourable, boy;
Full of regard unto thy tender youth,
For thine own modesty; and for my sake,
Apter to give than thou wilt be to ask,
Ay, or deserve.
Bel. Sir, you did take me up when I was nothing;
And only yet am something, by being yours.
You trusted me unknown; and that which you
To construe a simple innocence in me, [were apt
Perhaps might have been craft; the cunning of a
Hardened in lies and theft: yet ventured you [boy
To part my miseries and me; for which,
I never can expect to serve a lady
That bears more honour in her breast than you.
Phi. But, boy, it will prefer thee. Thou art
And bear'st a childish overflowing love [young,
To them that clap thy cheeks, and speak thee fair yet.
But when thy judgment comes to rule those passions,
Thou wilt remember best those careful friends,
That placed thee in the noblest way of life.
She is a princess I prefer thee to.
Bel. In that small time that I have seen the
I never knew a man hasty to part [world,
With a servant he thought trusty: I remember,
My father would prefer the boys he kept
To greater men than he; but did it not
Till they were grown too saucy for himself.
Phi. Why, gentle boy, I find no fault at all
In thy behaviour.
Bel. Sir, if I have made
A fault of ignorance, instruct my youth:
I shall be willing, if not apt, to learn;
Age and experience will adorn my mind
With larger knowledge: And if I have done
A wilful fault, think me not past all hope,
For once. What master holds so strict a hand
Over his boy, that he will part with him
Without one warning? Let me be corrected,
To break my stubbornness, if it be so,
Rather than turn me off; and I shall mend.
Phi. Thy love doth plead so prettily to stay,
That, trust me, I could weep to part with thee.
Alas! I do not turn thee off; thou know'st
It is my business that doth call thee hence;
And, when thou art with her, thou dwell'st with me.
Think so, and 'tis so. And when time is full,
That thou hast well discharged this heavy trust,
Laid on so weak a one, I will again
With joy receive thee: as I live, I will.
Nay, weep not, gentle boy! 'Tis more than time
Thou did'st attend the princess.
Bel. I am gone.
But since I am to part with you, my lord,
And none knows whether I shall live to do
More service for you, take this little prayer:
Heaven bless your loves, your fights, all your designs!
May sick men, if they have your wish, be well;
And Heaven hate those you curse, though I be one: [*Exit.*
Phi. The love of boys unto their lords is strange:
I have read wonders of it: Yet this boy,
For my sake (if a man may judge by looks
And speech) would out-do story. I may see
A day to pay him for his loyalty.
[*Exit* PHILASTER.

SCENE II.—*A Gallery in the* PALACE.

Enter PHARAMOND.

Pha. Why should these ladies stay so long? They must come this way: I know the queen employs 'em not; for the reverend mother sent me word, they would all be for the garden. If they should prove honest now, I were in a fair taking. I was never so long without sport in my life; and, in my conscience, 'tis not my fault. Oh, for our country ladies!—Here's one bolted; I'll hound at her.

Enter GALATEA.

Gal. Your grace!
Pha. Shall I not be a trouble?
Gal. Not to me, sir.
Pha. Nay, nay, you are too quick. By this sweet hand——
Gal. You'll be forsworn, sir; 'tis but an old glove. If you will talk at a distance, I am for you: But, good prince, be not bawdy, nor do not brag; these two I bar: And then, I think, I shall have sense enough to answer all the weighty apophthegms your royal blood shall manage.
Pha. Dear lady, can you love?
Gal. Dear prince! how dear? I ne'er cost you a coach yet, nor put you to the dear repentance of a banquet. Here's no scarlet, sir, to blush the sin out it was given for. This wire mine own hair covers; and this face has been so far from being dear to any, that it ne'er cost penny painting: And, for the rest of my poor wardrobe, such as you see; it leaves no handle behind it, to make the jealous mercer's wife curse our good doings.
Pha. You mistake me, lady.
Gal. Lord, I do so: 'Would you or I could help it!
Pha. Do ladies of this country use to give no more respect to men of my full being?
Gal. Full being? I understand you not, unless your grace means growing to fatness; and then your only remedy (upon my knowledge, prince) is, in a morning, a cup of neat white-wine, brewed with carduus; then fast till supper: about eight you may eat; use exercise, and keep a sparrow-

hawk; you can shoot in a tiller: But, of all, your grace must fly phlebotomy, fresh pork, conger, and clarified whey: They are all dullers of the vital spirits.

Pha. Lady, you talk of nothing all this while.

Gal. 'Tis very true, sir, I talk of you.

Pha. This is a crafty wench; I like her wit well; 'twill be rare to stir up a leaden appetite. She's a Danäe, and must be courted in a shower of gold.—Madam, look here: All these, and more than——

Gal. What have you there, my lord? Gold! Now, as I live, 'tis fair gold! You would have silver for it, to play with the pages: You could not have taken me in a worse time; but, if you have present use, my lord, I'll send my man with silver, and keep your gold for you.

Pha. Lady, lady!

Gal. She's coming, sir, behind, will take white money. Yet for all this I'll match you. [*Apart.*

[*Exit behind the hangings.*

Pha. If there be but two such more in this kingdom, and near the court, we may even hang up our harps. Ten such camphire constitutions as this would call the golden age again in question, and teach the old way for every ill-faced husband to get his own children; and what a mischief that will breed, let all consider!

Enter MEGRA.

Here's another: If she be of the same last, the devil shall pluck her on.—Many fair mornings, lady.

Meg. As many mornings bring as many days,
Fair, sweet, and hopeful to your grace.

Pha. She gives good words yet; sure, this wench is free.—
If your more serious business do not call you,
Let me hold quarter with you; we'll talk an hour
Out quickly.

Meg. What would your grace talk of?

Pha. Of some such pretty subject as yourself.
I'll go no further than your eye, or lip;
There's theme enough for one man for an age.

Meg. Sir, they stand right, and my lips are yet even,
Smooth, young enough, ripe enough, red enough,
Or my glass wrongs me.

Pha. Oh, they are two twinn'd cherries dyed in blushes,
Which those fair suns above, with their bright beams,
Reflect upon and ripen. Sweetest beauty,
Bow down those branches, that the longing taste
Of the faint looker-on may meet those blessings,
And taste and live.

Meg. Oh, delicate sweet prince!
She that hath snow enough about her heart,
To take the wanton spring of ten such lines off,
May be a nun without probation.—Sir,
You have, in such neat poetry, gather'd a kiss,
That if I had but five lines of that number,
Such pretty begging blanks, I should commend
Your forehead, or your cheeks, and kiss you too.

Pha. Do it in prose; you cannot miss it, madam.

Meg. I shall, I shall.

Pha. By my life, you shall not. [*Kisses her.*
I'll prompt first: Can you do it now?

Meg. Methinks 'tis easy, now I ha' done't before;
But yet I should stick at it.

Pha. Stick till to-morrow;
I'll never part you, sweetest. But we lose time.
Can you love me?

Meg. Love you, my lord? How would you have me love you?

Pha. I'll teach you in a short sentence, 'cause I will not load your memory: This is all; love me, and lie with me.

Meg. Was it lie with you, that you said? 'Tis impossible.

Pha. Not to a willing mind, that will endeavour: If I do not teach you to do it as easily, in one night, as you'll go to bed, I'll lose my royal blood for't.

Meg. Why, prince, you have a lady of your own, that yet wants teaching.

Pha. I'll sooner teach a mare the old measures, than teach her any thing belonging to the function. She's afraid to lie with herself, if she have but any masculine imaginations about her. I know, when we are married, I must ravish her.

Meg. By my honour, that's a foul fault, indeed; but time, and your good help, will wear it out, sir.

Pha. And for any other I see, excepting your dear self, dearest lady, I had rather be Sir Tim the schoolmaster, and leap a dairy-maid.

Meg. Has your grace seen the court-star, Galatea?

Pha. Out upon her! She's as cold of her favour as an apoplex: She sail'd by but now.

Meg. And how do you hold her wit, sir?

Pha. I hold her wit? The strength of all the guard cannot hold it, if they were tied to it; she would blow 'em out of the kingdom. They talk of Jupiter; he's but a squib-cracker to her: Look well about you, and you may find a tongue-bolt. But speak, sweet lady, shall I be freely welcome?

Meg. Whither?

Pha. To your bed. If you mistrust my faith, you do me the unnoblest wrong.

Meg. I dare not, prince, I dare not.

Pha. Make your own conditions, my purse shall seal 'em; and what you dare imagine you can want, I'll furnish you withall: Give two hours to your thoughts every morning about it. Come, I know you are bashful; speak in my ear, will you be mine? Keep this, and with it me: Soon I will visit you.

[*Gives her a ring.*

Meg. My lord, my chamber's most unsafe; but when 'tis night, I'll find some means to slip into your lodging; till when——

Pha. Till when, this, and my heart, go with thee!

[*Exeunt several ways.*

Enter GALATEA *from behind the Hangings.*

Gal. Oh, thou pernicious petticoat prince! are these your virtues? Well, if I do not lay a train to blow your sport up, I am no woman: And, lady Towsabel, I'll fit you for't. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.—ARETHUSA'S *Apartment in the Palace.*

Enter ARETHUSA *and a* Lady.

Are. Where's the boy?

Lady. Within, madam.

Are. Gave you him gold to buy clothes?

Lady. I did.

Are. And has he done't?

Lady. Yes, madam.

Are. 'Tis a pretty sad-talking boy, is it not?
Ask'd you his name?
Lady. No, madam.

Enter GALATEA.

Are. Oh, you are welcome. What good news?
Gal. As good as any one can tell your grace,
That says, she has done that you would have wish'd.
Are. Hast thou discover'd?
Gal. I have strain'd a point of modesty for you.
Are. I pr'ythee, how?
Gal. In list'ning after bawdry. I see, let a lady live never so modestly, she shall be sure to find a lawful time to hearken after bawdry. Your prince, brave Pharamond, was so hot on't!
Are. With whom?
Gal. Why, with the lady I suspected: I can tell the time and place.
Are. Oh, when, and where?
Gal. To-night, his lodging.
Are. Run thyself into the presence; mingle there
With other ladies; leave the rest to me. [again
If Destiny (to whom we dare not say,
"Why did'st thou this?") have not decreed it so,
In lasting leaves (whose smallest characters
Were never altered) yet, this match shall break.
Where's the boy?
Lady. Here, madam.

Enter BELLARIO.

Are. Sir, you are sad to change your service; is't not so?
Bel. Madam, I have not changed; I wait on you,
To do him service.
Are. Thou disclaim'st in me.
Tell me thy name.
Bel. Bellario.
Are. Thou can'st sing, and play?
Bel. If grief will give me leave, madam, I can.
Are. Alas! what kind of grief can thy years know?
Hadst thou a curst master when thou went'st to [school?
Thou art not capable of other grief,
Thy brows and cheeks are smooth as waters be,
When no breath troubles them: Believe me, boy,
Care seeks out wrinkled brows and hollow eyes,
And builds himself caves, to abide in them.
Come, sir, tell me truly, does your lord love me?
Bel. Love, madam? I know not what it is.
Are. Canst thou know grief, and never yet knew'st love?
Thou art deceived, boy. Does he speak of me,
As if he wish'd me well?
Bel. If it be love,
To forget all respect of his own friends,
In thinking of your face; if it be love,
To sit cross-arm'd, and sigh away the day,
Mingled with starts, crying your name as loud
And hastily as men i' the streets do fire;
If it be love to weep himself away,
When he but hears of any lady dead,
Or kill'd, because it might have been your chance;
If, when he goes to rest (which will not be)
'Twixt every prayer he says, to name you once,
As others drop a bead,—be to be in love,
Then, madam, I dare swear he loves you.
Are. Oh you're a cunning boy, and taught to lie,
For your lord's credit: but thou know'st a lie,
That bears this sound, is welcomer to me
Than any truth that says he loves me not.
Lead the way, boy.—Do you attend me too.—
'Tis thy lord's business hastes me thus. Away.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*Before* Prince PHARAMOND'S *Lodgings in the Palace.*

Enter DION, CLEREMONT, THRASILINE, MEGRA, *and* GALATEA.

Dion. Come, ladies, shall we talk a round? As [men
Do walk a mile, women should talk an hour
After supper: 'Tis their exercise.
Gal. 'Tis late.
Meg. 'Tis all
My eyes will do to lead me to my bed.
Gal. I fear, they are so heavy, you'll scarce find the way to your lodging with 'em to-night.

Enter PHARAMOND.

Thra. The prince!
Pha. Not a-bed, ladies? You're good sitters-up.
What think you of a pleasant dream, to last
Till morning?
Meg. I should chuse, my lord, a pleasing wake before it.

Enter ARETHUSA *and* BELLARIO.

Are. 'Tis well, my lord; you're courting of these [ladies.—
Is't not late, gentlemen?
Cle. Yes, madam.
Are. Wait you there. [*Exit.*
Meg. She's jealous, as I live.—Look you, my [lord.
The princess has a Hylas, an Adonis.
Pha. His form is angel-like.
Meg. Why, this is he must, when you are wed,
Sit by your pillow, like young Apollo, with
His hand and voice, binding your thoughts in sleep;
The princess does provide him for you, and for [herself.
Pha. I find no music in these boys.
Meg. Nor I:
They can do little, and that small they do,
They have not wit to hide.
Dion. Serves he the princess?
Thra. Yes.
Dion. 'Tis a sweet boy; how brave she keeps him!
Pha. Ladies all, good rest; I mean to kill a buck
To-morrow morning, ere you have done your dreams. [*Exit.*
Meg. All happiness attend your grace! Gentlemen, good rest.—
Come, shall we to bed?
Gal. Yes; all good night.
[*Exeunt* GALATEA *and* MEGRA.
Dion. May your dreams be true to you!—
What shall we do, gallants? 'tis late. The king
Is up still; see, he comes; a guard along
With him.

Enter KING, ARETHUSA, *and* Guard.

King. Look your intelligence be true.
Are. Upon my life, it is: And I do hope,
Your highness will not tie me to a man,
That, in the heat of wooing, throws me off,
And takes another.
Dion. What should this mean?
King. If it be true,
That lady had much better have embraced
Cureless diseases: Get you to your rest.
[*Exeunt* ARETHUSA *and* BELLARIO.
You shall be righted.—Gentlemen, draw near;
We shall employ you. Is young Pharamond
Come to his lodging?
Dion. I saw him enter there.
King. Haste, some of you, and cunningly discover
If Megra be in her lodging. [*Exit* DION.

Cle. Sir,
She parted hence but now, with other ladies.
King. If she be there, we shall not need to make
A vain discovery of our suspicion.—
Ye gods, I see, that who unrighteously [*Aside.*
Holds wealth, or state, from others, shall be curst
In that which meaner men are blest withall.
Ages to come shall know no male of him
Left to inherit; and his name shall be
Blotted from earth. If he have any child,
It shall be crossly match'd; the gods themselves
Shall sow wild strife betwixt her lord and her.
Yet, if it be your wills, forgive the sin
I have committed; let it not fall
Upon this under-standing child of mine;
She has not broke your laws. But how can I
Look to be heard of gods, that must be just,
Praying upon the ground I hold by wrong?

Enter DION.

Dion. Sir, I have asked, and her women swear she is within; but they, I think, are bawds: I told 'em, I must speak with her; they laugh'd, and said, their lady lay speechless. I said, my business was important; they said, their lady was about it: I grew hot, and cried, my business was a matter that concerned life and death; they answer'd, so was sleeping, at which their lady was. I urged again, she had scarce time to be so since last I saw her; they smiled again, and seem'd to instruct me, that sleeping was nothing but lying down and winking. Answers more direct I could not get: In short, sir, I think she is not there.
King. 'Tis then no time to dally.—You o' the guard,
Wait at the back door of the prince's lodging,
And see that none pass thence, upon your lives.—
Knock, gentlemen! Knock loud! Louder yet!
What, has their pleasure taken off their hearing?
I'll break your meditations. Knock again!
Not yet? I do not think he sleeps, having this
Larum by him. Once more.—Pharamond! prince!

PHARAMOND *appears at a Window.*

Pha. What saucy groom knocks at this dead of night?
Where be our waiters? By my vexed soul,
He meets his death, that meets me, for this boldness.
King. Prince, you wrong your thoughts; we are [your friends.
Come down.
Pha. The king?
King. The same, sir; come down.
We have cause of present counsel with you.
Pha. If your grace please to use me, I'll attend [you
To your chamber.
King. No, 'tis too late, prince; I'll make bold with yours.
Pha. I have some private reasons to myself,
Make me unmannerly, and say, "you cannot."—
Nay, press not forward, gentlemen; he must
Come through my life, that comes here.

Enter PHARAMOND *below.*

King. Sir, be resolved,
I must and will come.
Pha. I'll not be dishonour'd.
He that enters, enters upon his death.
Sir, 'tis a sign you make no stranger of me,
To bring these renegadoes to my chamber,
At these unseason'd hours.
King. Why do you [be;
Chafe yourself so? You are not wrong'd, nor shall
Only I'll search your lodging, for some cause
To ourself known: Enter, I say.
Pha. I say, no. [MEGRA *appears above.*
Meg. Let 'em enter, prince; let 'em enter;
I am up, and ready; I know their business:
'Tis the poor breaking of a lady's honour,
They hunt so hotly after; let 'em enjoy it.—
You have your business, gentlemen; I lay here.—
Oh, my lord the king, this is not noble in you
To make public the weakness of a woman.
King. Come down.
Meg. I dare, my lord. Your whootings and your clamours,
Your private whispers, and your broad fleerings,
Can no more vex my soul, than this base carriage.
But I have vengeance yet in store for some,
Shall, in the most contempt you can have of me,
Be joy and nourishment.
King. Will you come down?
Meg. Yes, to laugh at your worst: But I shall [wring you,
If my skill fail me not.
King. Sir, I must dearly chide you for this looseness.
You have wrong'd a worthy lady; but, no more.—
Conduct him to my lodging, and to-bed.
Cle. Get him another wench, and you bring him to-bed indeed.
Dion. 'Tis strange a man cannot ride a stage or two, to breathe himself, without a warrant. If this geer hold, that lodgings be search'd thus, pray heaven, we may lie with our own wives in safety, that they be not by some trick of state mistaken.

Enter MEGRA.

King. Now, lady of honour, where's your honour [now?
No man can fit your palate, but the prince.
Thou most ill-shrouded rottenness; thou piece
Made by a painter and a 'pothecary;
Thou troubled sea of lust; thou wilderness,
Inhabited by wild thoughts; thou swol'n cloud
Of infection; thou ripe mine of all diseases;
Thou all sin, all hell, and last, all devils, tell me,
Had you none to pull on with your courtesies,
But he that must be mine, and wrong my daughter?
By all the gods! all these, and all the pages,
And all the court, shall hoot thee through the court;
Fling rotten oranges, make ribald rhymes,
And sear thy name with candles upon walls.
Do you laugh, lady Venus?
Meg. 'Faith, sir, you must pardon me;
I cannot choose but laugh to see you merry.
If you do this, oh, king! nay, if you dare do it,
By all those gods you swore by, and as many
More of mine own, I will have fellows, and such
Fellows in it, as shall make noble mirth.
The princess, your dear daughter, shall stand by me
On walls, and sung in ballads, any thing.
Urge me no more; I know her and her haunts,
Her lays, leaps, and outlays, and will discover all;
Nay, will dishonour her. I know the boy
She keeps; a handsome boy, about eighteen;
Know what she does with him, where, and when.
Come, sir, you put me to a woman's madness,
The glory of a fury; and if I do not
Do't to the height——
King. What boy is this she raves at?
Meg. Alas! good-minded prince, you know not these things;
I am loth to reveal 'em. Keep this fault,
As you would keep your health, from the hot air
Of the corrupted people, or, by heaven,

I will not fall alone. What I have known,
Shall be as public as a print; all tongues
Shall speak it, as they do the language they
Are born in, as free and commonly; I'll set it,
Like a prodigious star, for all to gaze at:
And so high and glowing, that other kingdoms, far and foreign,
Shall read it there, nay, travel with't till they find
No tongue to make it more, nor no more people:
And then behold the fall of your fair princess.

King. Has she a boy?

Cle. So please your grace, I have seen a boy wait
On her; a fair boy.

King. Go, get you to your quarter:
For this time I will study to forget you.

Meg. Do you study to forget me, and I'll study to forget you. [*Exeunt* King, Megra, *and* Guard.

Cle. Why, here's a male spirit for Hercules. If ever there be nine worthies of women, this wench shall ride astride and be their captain.

Dion. Sure she has a garrison of devils in her tongue, she uttereth such balls of wild-fire. She has so nettled the king, that all the doctors in the country will scarce cure him. That boy was a strange-found-out antidote to cure her infection: That boy, that princess's boy, that brave, chaste, virtuous lady's boy; and a fair boy, a well-spoken boy! All these considered, can make nothing else —But there I leave you, gentlemen.

Thra. Nay, we'll go wander with you. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*The Court of the Palace.*

Enter Clerremont, Dion, *and* Thrasiline.

Cle. Nay, doubtless, 'tis true.

Dion. Ay; and 'tis the gods
That raised this punishment, to scourge the king
With his own issue. Is it not a shame
For us, that should write noble in the land,
For us, that should be freemen, to behold
A man, that is the bravery of his age,
Philaster, press'd down from his royal right,
By this regardless king? and only look
And see the sceptre ready to be cast
Into the hands of that lascivious lady,
That lives in lust with a smooth boy, now to be married
To yon strange prince, who, but that people please
To let him be a prince, is born a slave
In that which should be his most noble part,
His mind?

Thra. That man, that would not stir with you,
To aid Philaster, let the gods forget
That such a creature walks upon the earth.

Cle. Philaster is too backward in't himself.
The gentry do await it, and the people,
Against their nature, are all bent for him,
And like a field of standing corn, that's move
With a stiff gale, their heads bow all one way.

Dion. The only cause, that draws Philaster back
From this attempt, is the fair princess' love,
Which he admires, and we can now confute.

Thra. Perhaps, he'll not believe it.

Dion. Why, gentlemen,
'Tis without question so.

Cle. Ay, 'tis past speech,
She lives dishonestly: But how shall we,
If he be curious, work upon his faith?

Thra. We all are satisfied within ourselves.

Dion. Since it is true, and tends to his own good,
I'll make this new report to be my knowledge:
I'll say I know it; nay, I'll swear I saw it.

Cle. It will be best.

Thra. 'Twill move him.

Enter Philaster.

Dion. Here he comes.—
Good morrow to your honour! We have spent
Some time in seeking you.

Phi. My worthy friends,
You that can keep your memories to know
Your friend in miseries, and cannot frown
On men disgraced for virtue, a good day
Attend you all! What service may I do,
Worthy your acceptation?

Dion. My good lord,
We come to urge that virtue, which we know
Lives in your breast, forth! Rise, and make a head,
The nobles and the people are all dull'd
With this usurping king; and not a man,
That ever heard the word, or knew such a thing
As virtue, but will second your attempts.

Phi. How honourable is this love in you
To me, that have deserved none? Know, my friends,
(You, that were born to shame your poor Philaster
With too much courtesy,) I could afford
To melt myself in thanks: But my designs
Are not yet ripe; suffice it, that ere long
I shall employ your loves; but yet the time
Is short of what I would.

Dion. The time is fuller, sir, than you expect:
That which hereafter will not, perhaps, be reach'd
By violence, may now be caught. As for the king,
You know the people have long hated him;
But now the princess, whom they loved——

Phi. Why, what of her?

Dion. Is loath'd as much as he.

Phi. By what strange means?

Dion. She's known a whore.

Phi. Thou lyest.

Dion. My lord——

Phi. Thou lyest, [*Offers to draw, and is held.*
And thou shalt feel it. I had thought, thy mind
Had been of honour. Thus to rob a lady
Of her good name, is an infectious sin,
Not to be pardon'd: Be it false as hell,
'Twill never be redeem'd, if it be sown
Amongst the people, fruitful to increase
All evil they shall hear. Let me alone
That I may cut off falsehood, whilst it springs!
Set hills on hills betwixt me and the man
That utters this, and I will scale them all,
And from the utmost top fall on his neck,
Like thunder from a cloud.

Dion. This is most strange:
Sure he does love her.

Phi. I do love fair truth:
She is my mistress, and who injures her,
Draws vengeance from me. Sirs, let go my arms.

Thra. Nay, good my lord, be patient.

Cle. Sir, remember this is your honour'd friend,
That comes to do his service, and will shew
You why he utter'd this.
Phi. I ask you pardon, sir;
My zeal to truth made me unmannerly:
Should I have heard dishonour spoke of you,
Behind your back, untruly, I had been
As much distemper'd and enraged as now.
Dion. But this, my lord, is truth.
Phi. Oh, say not so!
Good sir, forbear to say so! 'Tis then truth,
That all womankind is false! Urge it no more;
It is impossible. Why should you think
The princess light?
Dion. Why, she was taken at it. [not be!
Phi. 'Tis false! Oh, Heaven! 'tis false! it can-
Can it! Speak, gentlemen; for love of truth, speak!
Is't possible? Can women all be damn'd?
Dion. Why, no, my lord.
Phi. Why, then, it cannot be.
Dion. And she was taken with her boy.
Phi. What boy?
Dion. A page, a boy that serves her.
Phi. Oh, good gods!
A little boy?
Dion. Ay; know you him, my lord?
Phi. Hell and sin know him!—Sir, you are
I'll reason it a little coldly with you: [deceived;
If she were lustful, would she take a boy,
That knows not yet desire? She would have one
Should meet her thoughts, and know the sin he acts,
Which is the great delight of wickedness.
You are abused, and so is she, and I.
Dion. How you, my lord?
Phi. Why, all the world's abused
In an unjust report.
Dion. Oh, noble sir, your virtues
Cannot look into the subtle thoughts of woman.
In short, my lord, I took them; I myself.
Phi. Now, all the devils, thou didst! Fly from my rage!
'Would thou hadst ta'en devils engendering plagues,
When thou didst take them! Hide thee from my eyes!
'Would thou hadst taken thunder on thy breast,
When thou didst take them; or been strucken dumb
For ever; that this foul deed might have slept
In silence!
Thra. Have you known him so ill-temper'd?
Cle. Never before.
Phi. The winds, that are let loose
From the four several corners of the earth,
And spread themselves all over sea and land,
Kiss not a chaste one. What friend bears a sword
To run me through?
Dion. Why, my lord, are you so moved at this?
Phi. When any fall from virtue, I am distract;
I have an interest in't.
Dion. But, good my lord, recall yourself, and
What's best to be done. [think
Phi. I thank you: I will do it.
Please you to leave me: I'll consider of it.
To-morrow I will find your lodging forth,
And give you answer.
Dion. All the gods direct you
The readiest way!—
Thra. He was extreme impatient.
Cle. It was his virtue, and his noble mind.
[*Exeunt* DION, CLERMONT, *and* THRASILINE.

Phi. I had forgot to ask him where he took them.
I'll follow him. Oh, that I had a sea
Within my breast, to quench the fire I feel!
More circumstances will but fan this fire.
It more afflicts me now, to know by whom
This deed is done, than simply that 'tis done:
And he, that tells me this, is honourable,
As far from lies as she is far from truth.
Oh, that, like beasts, we could not grieve ourselves,
With that we see not! Bulls and rams will fight
To keep their females, standing in their sight;
But take 'em from them, and you take at once
Their spleens away; and they will fall again
Unto their pastures, growing fresh and fat;
And taste the waters of the springs as sweet
As 'twas before, finding no start in sleep.
But miserable man——

Enter BELLARIO *with a Letter.*

See, see, you gods,
He walks still; and the face, you let him wear
When he was innocent, is still the same,
Not blasted! Is this justice? Do you mean
To intrap mortality, that you allow
Treason so smooth a brow? I cannot now
Think he is guilty.
Bel. Health to you, my lord!
The princess doth commend her love, her life,
And this, unto you.
Phi. Oh, Bellario!
Now I perceive she loves me; she does shew it
In loving thee, my boy: She has made thee brave.
Bel. My lord, she has attired me past my wish,
Past my desert; more fit for her attendant,
Though far unfit for me, who do attend.
Phi. Thou art grown courtly, boy.—Oh, let all women,
That love black deeds, learn to dissemble here,
Here, by this paper! She does write to me,
As if her heart were mines of adamant
To all the world besides; but, unto me,
A maiden-snow that melted with my looks.—
Tell me, my boy, how doth the princess use thee?
For I shall guess her love to me by that.
Bel. Scarce like her servant, but as if I were
Something allied to her; or had preserved
Her life three times by my fidelity.
As mothers fond do use their only sons;
As I'd use one that's left unto my trust,
For whom my life should pay if he met harm,
So she does use me.
Phi. Why, this is wond'rous well:
But what kind language does she feed thee with?
Bel. Why, she does tell me, she will trust my youth
With all her loving secrets; and does call me
Her pretty servant; bids me weep no more
For leaving you; she'll see my services
Regarded; and such words of that soft strain,
That I am nearer weeping when she ends
Than ere she spake.
Phi. This is much better still.
Bel. Are you not ill, my lord?
Phi. Ill? No, Bellario.
Bel. Methinks, your words
Fall not from off your tongue so evenly,
Nor is there in your looks that quietness,
That I was wont to see.
Phi. Thou art deceived, boy:
And she strokes thy head?
Bel. Yes.

Phi. And she does clap thy cheeks?
Bel. She does, my lord.
Phi. And she does kiss thee, boy? ha!
Bel. How, my lord?
Phi. She kisses thee?
Bel. Not so, my lord.
Phi. Come, come, I know she does.
Bel. No, by my life.
Phi. Why then she does not love me. Come, she does.
I bade her do it; I charged her, by all charms
Of love between us, by the hope of peace
We should enjoy, to yield thee all delights
Naked, as to her bed: I took her oath
Thou should'st enjoy her. Tell me, gentle boy,
Is she not paralleless? Is not her breath
Sweet as Arabian winds, when fruits are ripe?
Are not her breasts two liquid ivory balls?
Is she not all a lasting mine of joy?
Bel. Ay, now I see why my disturbed thoughts
Were so perplex'd: When first I went to her,
My heart held augury. You are abused;
Some villain has abused you! I do see
Whereto you tend: Fall rocks upon his head
That put this to you! 'Tis some subtle train,
To bring that noble frame of yours to nought.
Phi. Thou think'st I will be angry with thee. Come,
Thou shalt know all my drift; I hate her more
Than I love happiness, and placed thee there,
To pry with narrow eyes into her deeds.
Hast thou discover'd? Is she fall'n to lust,
As I would wish her? Speak some comfort to me.
Bel. My lord, you did mistake the boy you sent:
Had she the lust of sparrows, or of goats;
Had she a sin that way, hid from the world,
Beyond the name of lust, I would not aid
Her base desires; but what I came to know
As servant to her, I would not reveal,
To make my life last ages.
Phi. Oh, my heart!
This is a salve worse than the main disease.
Tell me thy thoughts; for I will know the least [*Draws.*
That dwells within thee, or will rip thy heart
To know it: I will see thy thoughts as plain
As I do now thy face.
Bel. Why, so you do. [*Kneels.*
She is (for aught I know) by all the gods,
As chaste as ice: But were she foul as hell,
And I did know it thus, the breath of kings,
The points of swords, tortures, nor bulls of brass,
Should draw it from me.
Phi. Then it is no time
To dally with thee; I will take thy life,
For I do hate thee: I could curse thee now.
Bel. If you do hate, you could not curse me worse:
The gods have not a punishment in store
Greater for me, than is your hate.
Phi. Fie, fie,
So young and so dissembling! Tell me when
And where thou didst enjoy her, or let plagues
Fall on me, if I destroy thee not.
Bel. Heaven knows I never did; and when I lie
To save my life, may I live long and loath'd.
Hew me asunder, and, whilst I can think,
I'll love those pieces you have cut away,
Better than those that grow; and kiss those limbs
Because you made 'em so.
Phi. Fear'st thou not death?
Can boys contemn that?
Bel. Oh, what boy is he
Can be content to live to be a man,
That sees the best of men thus passionate,
Thus without reason?
Phi. Oh, but thou dost not know
What 'tis to die.
Bel. Yes, I do know, my lord:
'Tis less than to be born; a lasting sleep,
A quiet resting from all jealousy;
A thing we all pursue. I know besides,
It is but giving over of a game
That must be lost.
Phi. But there are pains, false boy,
For perjured souls: Think but on these, and then
Thy heart will melt, and thou wilt utter all.
Bel. May they fall all upon me whilst I live,
If I be perjured, or have ever thought
Of that you charge me with! If I be false,
Send me to suffer in those punishments
You speak of; kill me.
Phi. Oh, what should I do?
Why, who can but believe him? He does swear
So earnestly, that if it were not true,
The gods would not endure him. Rise, Bellario!
Thy protestations are so deep, and thou
Dost look so truly, when thou utter'st them,
That though I know 'em false, as were my hopes,
I cannot urge thee further. But thou wert
To blame to injure me, for I must love
Thy honest looks, and take no revenge upon
Thy tender youth: A love from me to thee
Is firm, whate'er thou dost. It troubles me
That I have call'd the blood out of thy cheeks,
That did so well become thee. But, good boy,
Let me not see thee more: Something is done,
That will distract me, that will make me mad,
If I behold thee. If thou tender'st me,
Let me not see thee.
Bel. I will fly as far
As there is morning, ere I give distaste
To that most honour'd mind. But through these tears,
Shed at my hopeless parting, I can see
A world of treason practised upon you,
And her, and me. Farewell, for evermore!
If you shall hear that sorrow struck me dead,
And after find me loyal, let there be
A tear shed from you in my memory,
And I shall rest at peace. [*Exit.*
Phi. Blessing be with thee,
Whatever thou deserv'st!—Oh, where shall I
Go bathe this body? Nature, too unkind.
That made no medicine for a troubled mind! [*Exit.*

SCENE II.—ARETHUSA'S *Apartment in the Palace.*

Enter ARETHUSA.

Are. I marvel my boy comes not back again:
But that I know my love will question him
Over and over, how I slept, waked, talk'd;
How I remembered him when his dear name
Was last spoke, and how, when I sigh'd, wept, sung,
And ten thousand such; I should be angry at his stay.

Enter KING.

King. What, at your meditations? Who attends you?

Are. None but my single self. I need no guard;
I do no wrong, nor fear none.
King. Tell me, have you not a boy?
Are. Yes, sir.
King. What kind of boy?
Are. A page, a waiting-boy.
King. A handsome boy?
Are. I think he be not ugly:
Well qualified, and dutiful, I know him;
I took him not for beauty.
King. He speaks, and sings, and plays?
Are. Yes, sir.
King. About eighteen?
Are. I never ask'd his age.
King. Is he full of service?
Are. By your pardon, why do you ask?
King. Put him away.
Are. Sir!
King. Put him away! he has done you that good service,
Shames me to speak of.
Are. Good sir, let me understand you.
King. If you fear me,
Shew it in duty: Put away that boy.
Are. Let me have reason for it, sir, and then
Your will is my command.
King. Do not you blush to ask it? Cast him off,
Or I shall do the same to you. You're one
Shame with me, and so near unto myself,
That, by my life, I dare not tell myself,
What you, myself, have done.
Are. What have I done, my lord?
King. 'Tis a new language, that all love to learn:
The common people speak it well already;
They need no grammar. Understand me well;
There be foul whispers stirring. Cast him off,
And suddenly: Do it! Farewell. [*Exit* KING.
Are. Where may a maiden live securely free,
Keeping her honour safe? Not with the living;
They feed upon opinions, errors, dreams,
And make 'em truths; they draw a nourishment
Out of defamings, grow upon disgraces;
And, when they see a virtue fortified
Strongly above the battery of their tongues,
Oh, how they cast to sink it; and, defeated,
(Soul-sick with poison) strike the monuments
Where noble names lie sleeping; till they sweat,
And the cold marble melt.

Enter PHILASTER.

Phi. Peace to your fairest thoughts, dearest mistress.
Are. Oh, my dearest servant, I have a war within me.
Phi. He must be more than man, that makes these crystals
Run into rivers. Sweetest fair, the cause?
And, as I am your slave, tied to your goodness,
Your creature, made again, from what I was,
And newly-spirited, I'll right your honour.
Are. Oh, my best love, that boy!
Phi. What boy?
Are. The pretty boy you gave me ——
Phi. What of him?
Are. Must be no more mine.
Phi. Why?
Are. They are jealous of him.
Phi. Jealous! who?
Are. The king.
Phi. Oh, my fortune
Then 'tis no idle jealousy. [*Aside.*]—Let him go.
Are. Oh, cruel!
Are you hard-hearted too? who shall now tell you,
How much I loved you? who shall swear it to you?
And weep the tears I send? who shall now bring you
Letters, rings, bracelets? lose his health in service?
Wake tedious nights in stories of your praise?
Who shall sing your crying elegies?
And strike a sad soul into senseless pictures,
And make them mourn? who shall take up his lute,
And touch it, till he crown a silent sleep
Upon my eye-lid, making me dream, and cry,
"Oh, my dear, dear Philaster!"
Phi. Oh, my heart!
Would he had broken thee, that made thee know
This lady was not loyal.—Mistress, forget
The boy: I'll get thee a far better.
Are. Oh, never, never such a boy again,
As my Bellario!
Phi. 'Tis but your fond affection.
Are. With thee, my boy, farewell for ever
All secrecy in servants! Farewell faith!
And all desire to do well for itself!
Let all that shall succeed thee, for thy wrongs,
Sell and betray chaste love!
Phi. And all this passion for a boy?
Are. He was your boy, and you put him to me,
And the loss of such must have a mourning for.
Phi. Oh, thou forgetful woman!
Are. How, my lord?
Phi. False Arethusa!
Hast thou a medicine to restore my wits,
When I have lost 'em? If not, leave to talk,
And do thus.
Are. Do what, sir? Would you sleep?
Phi. For ever, Arethusa. Oh, ye gods,
Give me a worthy patience! Have I stood
Naked, alone, the shock of many fortunes?
Have I seen mischiefs numberless, and mighty,
Grow like a sea upon me? Have I taken
Danger as stern as death into my bosom,
And laugh'd upon it, made it but a mirth,
And flung it by? Do I live now like him,
Under this tyrant king, that languishing
Hears his sad bell, and sees his mourners? Do I
Bear all this bravely, and must sink at length
Under a woman's falsehood? Oh, that boy,
That cursed boy! None but a villain boy
To ease your lust?
Are. Nay, then I am betray'd:
I feel the plot cast for my overthrow.
Oh, I am wretched!
Phi. Now you may take that little right I have
To this poor kingdom: Give it to your joy;
For I have no joy in it. Some far place,
Where never womankind durst set her foot,
For bursting with her poisons, must I seek,
And live to curse you:
There dig a cave, and preach to birds and beasts,
What woman is, and help to save them from you:
How Heaven is in your eyes, but, in your hearts,
More hell than hell has: How your tongues, like scorpions,
Both heal and poison: How your thoughts are woven
With thousand changes in one subtle web,
And worn so by you: How that foolish man
That reads the story of a woman's face,
And dies believing it, is lost for ever:
How all the good you have is but a shadow,

I' th' morning with you, and at night behind you,
Past and forgotten: How your vows are frosts,
Fast for a night, and with the next sun gone:
How you are, being taken all together,
A mere confusion. and so dead a chaos,
That love cannot distinguish. These sad texts,
Till my last hour, I am bound to utter of you.
So, farewell all my woe, all my delight!
[*Exit* PHILASTER.

Are. Be merciful, ye gods, and strike me dead!
What way have I deserved this? Make my breast
Transparent as pure crystal, that the world,
Jealous of me, may see the foulest thought
My heart holds. Where shall a woman turn her eyes,
To find out constancy?

Enter BELLARIO.

Save me, how black
And guiltily, methinks, that boy looks now!
Oh, thou dissembler, that, before thou spak'st,
Wert in thy cradle false, sent to make lyes,
And betray innocents! Thy lord and thou
May glory in the ashes of a maid
Fool'd by her passion; but the conquest is
Nothing so great as wicked. Fly away!
Let my command force thee to that, which shame
Would do without it. If thou understood'st
The loathed office thou hast undergone,
Why, thou wouldst hide thee under heaps of hills,
Lest men should dig and find thee.

Bel. Oh, what god,
Angry with men, hath sent this strange disease
Into the noblest minds? Madam, this grief
You add unto me is no more than drops
To seas, for which they are not seen to swell:
My lord hath struck his anger through my heart,
And let out all the hope of future joys.
You need not bid me fly; I came to part,
To take my latest leave. Farewell for ever!
I durst not run away, in honesty,
From such a lady, like a boy that stole,
Or made some grievous fault. The power of gods
Assist you in your sufferings! Hasty time
Reveal the truth to your abused lord
And mine, that he may know your worth; whilst I
Go seek out some forgotten place to die!
[*Exit* BELLARIO.

Are. Peace guide thee! Thou hast overthrown me once;
Yet, if I had another Troy to lose,
Thou, or another villain, with thy looks,
Might talk me out of it, and send me naked,
My hair dishevell'd, through the fiery streets.

Enter a Lady.

Lady. Madam, the king would hunt, and calls
With earnestness. [for you

Are. I am in tune to hunt!
Diana, if thou canst rage with a maid
As with a man, let me discover thee
Bathing, and turn me to a fearful hind,
That I may die pursued by cruel hounds,
And have my story written in my wounds. [*Exeunt*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*A Forest.*

Enter KING, PHARAMOND, ARETHURA, GALATEA, DION, CLERMONT, THRASILINE, *and Attendants.*

King. What, are the hounds before, and all the
Our horses ready, and our bows bent? [woodmen;

Dion. All, sir.

King. You are cloudy, sir: Come, we have forgotten
Your venial trespass; let not that sit heavy
Upon your spirit: here's none dare utter it.—

Dion. He looks like an old surfeited stallion after his leaping, dull as a dormouse. See how he sinks! The wench has shot him between wind and water, and, I hope, sprung a leak.

Thra. He needs no teaching, he strikes sure enough; his greatest fault is, he hunts too much in the purlieus. 'Would, he would leave off poaching!

Dion. And for his horn, he has left it at the lodge where he lay late. Oh, he's a precious limehound! Turn him loose upon the pursuit of a lady, and if he lose her, hang him up i' th' slip. When my fox-bitch Beauty grows proud, I'll borrow him.—

King. Is your boy turn'd away?

Are. You did command, sir, and I obey'd you.

King. 'Tis well done. Hark ye further.
[*They talk apart*

Cle. Is't possible this fellow should repent? methinks, that were not noble in him; and yet he looks like a mortified member, as if he had a sick man's salve in's mouth. If a worse man had done this fault now, some physical justice or other would presently (without the help of an almanack) have opened the obstructions of his liver, and let him blood with a dog-whip.

Dion. See, see, how modestly yon lady looks, as if she came from churching with her neighbour. Why, what a devil can a man see in her face, but that she's honest!

Thra. 'Troth, no great matter to speak of; a foolish twinkling with the eye, that spoils her coat; but he must be a cunning herald that finds it.

Dion. See how they muster one another! Oh, there's a rank regiment where the devil carries the colours, and his dam drum-major! Now the world and the flesh come behind with the carriage.

Cle. Sure, this lady has a good turn done her against her will: Before, she was common talk; now, none dare say, cantharides can stir her. Her face looks like a warrant, willing and commanding all tongues, as they will answer it, to be tied up and bolted when this lady means to let herself loose. As I live, she has got her a goodly protection, and a gracious; and may use her body discreetly, for her health's sake, once a week, excepting Lent and Dog-days. Oh, if they were to be got for money, what a great sum would come out of the city for these licences!

King. To horse, to horse! we lose the morning, gentlemen. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*Another part of the Forest.*

Enter two WOODMEN.

1 *Wood.* What, have you lodged the deer?

2 *Wood.* Yes, they are ready for the bow.

1 *Wood.* Who shoots?
2 *Wood.* The Princess.
1 *Wood.* No, she'll hunt.
2 *Wood.* She'll take a stand, I say.
1 *Wood.* Who else?
2 *Wood.* Why, the young stranger prince.
1 *Wood.* He shall shoot in a stone bow for me. I never loved his beyond-sea-ship, since he forsook the say, for paying ten shillings: He was there at the fall of a deer, and would needs (out of his mightiness) give ten groats for the dowcets; marry, the steward would have had the velvet-head into the bargain, to tuft his hat withal. I think he should love venery; he is an old Sir Tristrem; for, if you be remember'd, he forsook the stag once to strike a rascal mitching in a meadow, and her he killed in the eye. Who shoots else?
2 *Wood.* The lady Galatea.
1 *Wood.* That's a good wench, an she would not chide us for tumbling of her women in the brakes. She's liberal, and, by my bow, they say, she's honest; and whether that be a fault, I have nothing to do. There's all?
2 *Wood.* No, one more; Megra.
1 *Wood.* That's a firker, i'faith, boy; there's a wench will ride her haunches as hard after a kennel of hounds, as a hunting-saddle; and when she comes home, get 'em clapt, and all is well again. I have known her lose herself three times in one afternoon (if the woods have been answerable) and it has been work enough for one man to find her; and he has sweat for it. She rides well, and she pays well. Hark! let's go. [*Exeunt.*

Enter PHILASTER.

Phi. Oh, that I had been nourish'd in these woods,
With milk of goats, and acorns, and not known
The right of crowns, nor the dissembling trains
Of women's looks; but digg'd myself a cave,
Where I, my fire, my cattle, and my bed,
Might have been shut together in one shed;
And then had taken me some mountain girl,
Beaten with winds, chaste as the harden'd rocks
Whereon she dwells; that might have strew'd my bed
With leaves, and reeds, and with the skins of beasts,
Our neighbours; and have borne at her big breasts
My large coarse issue! This had been a life
Free from vexation.

Enter BELARIO.

Bel. Oh, wicked men!
An innocent may walk safe among beasts;
Nothing assaults me here. See, my grieved lord
Sits as his soul were searching out a way
To leave his body.—Pardon me, that must
Break thy last commandment; for I must speak.
You, that are grieved, can pity: Hear, my lord!
Phi. Is there a creature yet so miserable,
That I can pity?
Bel. Oh, my noble lord!
View my strange fortune; and bestow on me,
According to your bounty (if my service
Can merit nothing) so much as may serve
To keep that little piece I hold of life
From cold and hunger.
Phi. Is it thou? Begone!
Go, sell those misbeseeming clothes thou wear'st,
And feed thyself with them.
Bel. Alas! my lord, I can get nothing for them!
The silly country people think 'tis treason
To touch such gay things.
Phi. Now, by my life, this is
Unkindly done, to vex me with thy sight.
Thou'rt fall'n again to thy dissembling trade:
How should'st thou think to cozen me again?
Remains there yet a plague untried for me?
Even so thou wept'st, and look'd'st, and spok'st,
I took thee up: [when first
Curse on the time! If thy commanding tears
Can work on any other, use thy art;
I'll not betray it. Which way wilt thou take,
That I may shun thee? For thine eyes are poison
To mine; and I am loth to grow in rage.
This way, or that way?
Bel. Any will serve. But I will chuse to have
That path in chase that leads unto my grave.
[*Exeunt* PHILASTER *and* BELLARIO *severally.*

Enter DION *and the* Woodmen.

Dion. This is the strangest sudden chance! You, Woodman!
1 *Wood.* My lord Dion!
Dion. Saw you a lady come this way, on a sable horse studded with stars of white?
2 *Wood.* Was she not young and tall?
Dion. Yes. Rode she to the wood or to the plain?
2 *Wood.* 'Faith my lord, we saw none.
[*Exeunt* Woodmen.

Enter CLEREMONT.

Dion. Pox of your questions then!—What, is she found?
Cle. Nor will be, I think.
Dion. Let him seek his daughter himself. She cannot stray about a little necessary natural business, but the whole court must be in arms: When she has done, we shall have peace.
Cle. There's already a thousand fatherless tales amongst us: Some say, her horse run away with her; some, a wolf pursued her; others, it was a plot to kill her, and that armed men were seen in the wood: But, questionless, she rode away willingly.

Enter KING *and* THRASILINE.

King. Where is she?
Cle. Sir, I cannot tell.
King. How is that?
Answer me so again!
Cle. Sir, shall I lye?
King. Yes, lie and damn, rather than tell me
I say again, where is she? Mutter not!— [that.
Sir, speak you; where is she?
Dion. Sir, I do not know.
King. Speak that again so boldly, and, by Hea-
It is thy last.—You, fellows, answer me; [ven,
Where is she? Mark me, all; I am your king;
I wish to see my daughter; shew her me;
I do command you all, as you are subjects,
To show her me! What! am I not your king?
If "ay," then am I not to be obey'd?
Dion. Yes, if you command things possible and honest.
King. Things possible and honest! Hear me, thou,
Thou traitor! that dar'st confine thy king to things
Possible and honest; show her me,
Or, let me perish, if I cover not
All Sicily with blood!
Dion. Indeed I cannot, unless you tell me where she is.

King. You have betray'd me; you have let me lose
The jewel of my life: Go, bring her me,
And set her here, before me: 'Tis the king
Will have it so; whose breath can still the winds,
Uncloud the sun, charm down the swelling sea,
And stop the floods of Heaven. Speak, can it not?
Dion. No.
King. No! cannot the breath of kings do this?
Dion. No; nor smell sweet itself, if once the lungs be but corrupted.
King. Is it so? Take heed!
Dion. Sir, take you heed, how you dare the powers that must be just.
King. Alas! what are we kings?
Why do you, gods, place us above the rest,
To be served, flatter'd, and adored, till we
Believe we hold within our hands your thunder;
And, when we come to try the power we have,
There's not a leaf shakes at our threatenings.
I have sinn'd, 'tis true, and here stand to be punish'd;
Yet would not thus be punish'd. Let me chuse
My way, and lay it on.
Dion. He articles with the gods. 'Would somebody would draw bonds, for the performance of covenants betwixt them! [*Aside.*

Enter PHARAMOND, GALATEA, *and* MEGRA.

King. What, is she found?
Pha. No; we have ta'en her horse:
He gallop'd empty by. There is some treason.
You, Galatea, rode with her into the wood:
Why left you her?
Gal. She did command me.
King. Command! You should not.
Gal. 'Twould ill become my fortunes and my birth
To disobey the daughter of my king.
King. You're all cunning to obey us for our hurt;
But I will have her.
Pha. If I have her not,
By this hand, there shall be no more Sicily.
Dion. What, will he carry it to Spain in's pocket?
Pha. I will not leave one man alive, but the king,
A cook, and a tailor.
Dion. Yet you may do well to spare your lady-bedfellow; and her you may keep for a spawner.
King. I see the injuries I have done must be revenged.
Dion. Sir, this is not the way to find her out.
King. Run all; disperse yourselves! The man that finds her,
Or (if she be kill'd), the traitor, I'll make him great.
Dion. I know some would give five thousand pounds to find her.
Pha. Come, let us seek.
King. Each man a several way;
Here I myself.
Dion. Come, gentlemen, we here.
Cle. Lady, you must go search too.
Meg. I had rather be search'd myself.
[*Exeunt severally.*

SCENE III.—*Another part of the Forest.*

Enter ARETHUSA.

Are. Where am I now? Feet, find me out a way,
Without the counsel of my troubled head:
I'll follow you, boldly, about these woods,
O'er mountains, thorough brambles, pits, and floods.
Heaven, I hope, will ease me. I am sick.
[*Sits down.*

Enter BELLARIO.

Bel. Yonder's my lady: Heaven knows I want nothing,
Because I do not wish to live; yet I
Will try her charity.—
Oh, hear, you that have plenty! from that flowing store,
Drop some on dry ground.—See, the lively red
Is gone to guard her heart! I fear she faints.—
Madam, look up!—She breathes not. Open once more
Those rosy twins, and send unto my lord
Your latest farewell. Oh, she stirs:—How is it, Madam? Speak comfort.
Are. Tis not gently done,
To put me in a miserable life,
And hold me there: I pr'ythee, let me go;
I shall do best without thee; I am well.

Enter PHILASTER.

Phi. I am to blame to be so much in rage:
I'll tell her coolly, when and where I heard
This killing truth. I will be temperate
In speaking, and as just in hearing.——
Oh, monstrous! Tempt me not, ye gods! good gods,
Tempt not a frail man! What's he, that has a heart,
But he must ease it here!
Bel. My lord, help the princess.
Are. I am well: Forbear.
Phi. Let me love lightning, let me be embraced
And kiss'd by scorpions, or adore the eyes
Of basilisks, rather than trust the tongues
Of hell-bred women! Some good gods look down,
And shrink these veins up; stick me here a stone
Lasting to ages, in the memory
Of this damn'd act! Hear me, you wicked ones!
You have put hills of fire into this breast,
Not to be quench'd with tears; for which may guilt
Sit on your bosoms! at your meals, and beds,
Despair await you! What, before my face?
Poison of asps between your lips! Diseases
Be your best issues! Nature make a curse,
And throw it on you!
Are. Dear Philaster, leave
To be enraged, and hear me.
Phi. I have done;
Forgive my passion. Not the calmed sea,
When Æolus locks up his windy brood,
Is less disturb'd than I: I'll make you know it.
Dear Arethusa, do but take this sword,
And search how temperate a heart I have;
Then you, and this your boy, may live and reign
In lust, without controul. Wilt thou, Bellario?
I pr'ythee kill me: thou art poor, and may'st
Nourish ambitious thoughts, when I am dead:
This way were freer. Am I raging now?
If I were mad, I should desire to live.
Sirs, feel my pulse: Whether have you known
A man in a more equal tune to die?
Bel. Alas, my lord, your pulse keeps madman's time,
So does your tongue.
Phi. You will not kill me, then?
Are. Kill you?
Bel. Not for a world.
Phi. I blame not thee,
Bellario: Thou hast done but that, which gods
Would have transform'd themselves to do. Be gone;
Leave me without reply; this is the last
Of all our meeting.—[*Exit* BELLARIO.] Kill me with this sword;
Be wise, or worse will follow: We are two

Earth cannot bear at once. Resolve to do,
Or suffer.

Are. If my fortune be so good to let me fall
Upon thy hand, I shall have peace in death.
Yet tell me this, will there be no slanders,
No jealousy in the other world; no ill there?

Phi. No.

Are. Shew me, then, the way.

Phi. Then guide my feeble hand, [*Draws.*
You that have power to do it, for I must
Perform a piece of justice!—If your youth
Have any way offended Heaven, let prayers
Short and effectual reconcile you to it.

Are. I am prepared.

Enter a Country Fellow.

Coun. I'll see the king, if he be in the forest; I have hunted him these two hours; if I should come home and not see him, my sisters would laugh at me. I can see nothing but people better horsed than myself, that out-ride me; I can hear nothing but shouting. These kings had need of good brains; this whooping is able to put a mean man out of his wits. There's a courtier with his sword drawn; by this hand, upon a woman, I think.

Phi. Are you at peace?

Are. With heaven and earth.

Phi. May they divide thy soul and body!
[*Wounds her.*

Coun. Hold, dastard, strike a woman! Thou art a craven, I warrant thee: Thou would'st be loth to play half a dozen of venies at wasters with a good fellow for a broken head.

Phi. Leave us, good friend.

Are. What ill-bred man art thou, to intrude thy-
Upon our private sports, our recreations? [self

Coun. God uds me, I understand you not; but, I know, the rogue has hurt you.

Phi. Pursue thy own affairs: It will be ill
To multiply blood upon my head;
Which thou wilt force me to.

Coun. I know not your rhetoric; but I can lay it on, if you touch the woman. [*They fight.*

Phi. Slave, take what thou deservest.

Are. Heavens guard my lord!

Coun. Oh, do you breathe?

Phi. I hear the tread of people. I am hurt:
The gods take part against me: Could this boor
Have held me thus else? I must shift for life,
Though I do loath it. I would find a course
To lose it rather by my will, than force.
[*Exit* PHILASTER.

Coun. I cannot follow the rogue. I pray thee, wench, come and kiss me now.

Enter PHARAMOND, DION, CLERMONT, THRASILINE, *and* Woodmen.

Pha. What art thou?

Coun. Almost kill'd I am for a foolish woman; a knave has hurt her.

Pha. The princess, gentlemen! Where's the
Is it dangerous? [wound, madam?

Are. He has not hurt me.

Coun. I' faith she lyes; he has hurt her in the breast; look else.

Pha. Oh, sacred spring of innocent blood!

Dion. 'Tis above wonder! Who should dare this?

Are. I felt it not.

Pha. Speak, villain, who has hurt the princess?

Coun. Is it the princess?

Dion. Ay.

Coun. Then I have seen something yet.

Pha. But who has hurt her?

Coun. I told you, a rogue; I ne'er saw him before, I.

Pha. Madam, who did it?

Are. Some dishonest wretch;
Alas! I know him not, and do forgive him.

Coun. He's hurt too; he cannot go far; I made my father's old fox fly about his ears.

Pha. How will you have me kill him?

Are. Not at all;
'Tis some distracted fellow.

Pha. By this hand, I'll leave ne'er a piece of him bigger than a nut, and bring him all in my hat.

Are. Nay, good sir,
If you do take him, bring him quick to me,
And I will study for a punishment
Great as his fault.

Pha. I will.

Are. But swear.

Pha. By all my love, I will.—Woodmen, conduct the princess to the king, and bear that wounded fellow to dressing.—Come, gentlemen, we'll follow the chase close.

[*Exeunt all but second* Woodman *and* Countryman.

Coun. I pray you, friend, let me see the king.

2 *Wood.* That you shall, and receive thanks.

Coun. If I get clear with this, I'll go to see no more gay sights. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*Another part of the same.*

Enter BELLARIO, *and lies down.*

Bel. A heaviness near death sits on my brow,
And I must sleep. Bear me, thou gentle bank,
For ever, if thou wilt. You sweet ones all,
Let me unworthy press you: I could wish,
I rather were a corse strew'd o'er with you,
Than quick above you. Dulness shuts mine eyes,
And I am giddy. Oh, that I could take
So sound a sleep, that I might never wake.
[*Falls asleep.*

Enter PHILASTER.

Phi. I have done ill; my conscience calls me
To strike at her, that would not strike at me. [false,
When I did fight, methought I heard her pray
The gods to guard me. She may be abused,
And I a loathed villain: If she be,
She will conceal who hurt her. He has wounds,
And cannot follow; neither knows he me.——
Who's this? Bellario sleeping? If thou be'st
Guilty, there is no justice that thy sleep
Should be so sound; and mine, whom thou hast
wrong'd, [*Cry within.*
So broken.—Hark! I am pursued. Ye gods,
I'll take this offer'd means of my escape:
They have no mark to know me, but my wounds,
If she be true; if false, let mischief light
On all the world at once! Sword, print my wounds
Upon this sleeping boy! I have none, I think,
Are mortal, nor would I lay greater on thee.
[*Wounds* BELLARIO

Bel. Oh! Death, I hope, is come: Blest be tha
It meant me well. Again, for pity's sake! [hand

Phi. I have caught myself: [*Falls*
The loss of blood hath stay'd my flight. Here, here
Is he that struck thee: Take thy full revenge;
Use me, as I did mean thee, worse than death:
I'll teach thee to revenge. This luckless hand
Wounded the princess; tell my followers,

Thou didst receive these hurts in staying me,
And I will second thee: Get a reward.
Bel. Fly, fly, my lord, and save yourself.
Phi. How's this?
Wouldst thou I should be safe?
Bel. Else were it vain
For me to live. These little wounds I have,
Have not bled much; reach me that noble hand;
I'll help to cover you.
Phi. Art thou true to me?
Bel. Or let me perish loath'd! Come, my good lord,
Creep in amongst those bushes: Who does know
But that the gods may save your much-loved breath?
Phi. Then I shall die for grief, if not for this,
That I have wounded thee. What wilt thou do?
Bel. Shift for myself well. Peace! I hear 'em come. [PHILASTER *creeps into a bush.*
Within. Follow, follow, follow! that way they went.
Bel. With my own wounds I'll bloody my own sword.
I need not counterfeit to fall; Heaven knows
That I can stand no longer.

Enter PHARAMOND, DION, CLEREMONT, *and* THRASILINE.

Pha. To this place we have track'd him by his blood.
Cle. Yonder, my lord, creeps one away.
Dion. Stay, sir! what are you?
Bel. A wretched creature wounded in these woods
By beasts: Relieve me, if your names be men,
Or I shall perish.
Dion. This is he, my lord,
Upon my soul, that hurt her: 'Tis the boy,
That wicked boy, that served her.
Pha. Oh, thou damn'd in thy creation! What cause could'st thou shape to hurt the princess?
Bel. Then I am betray'd.
Dion. Betray'd! no, apprehended.
Bel. I confess,
Urge it no more, that, big with evil thoughts,
I set upon her, and did take my aim,
Her death. For charity, let fall at once
The punishment you mean, and do not load
This weary flesh with tortures.
Pha. I will know
Who hired thee to this deed.
Bel. Mine own revenge.
Pha. Revenge! for what?
Bel. It pleased her to receive
Me as her page, and, when my fortunes ebb'd,
That men strid o'er them careless, she did shower
Her welcome graces on me, and did swell
My fortunes, till they overflow'd their banks,
Threat'ning the men that crost 'em; when as swift
As storms arise at sea, she turn'd her eyes
To burning suns upon me, and did dry
The streams she had bestow'd; leaving me worse
And more contemn'd, than other little brooks,
Because I had been great. In short, I knew
I could not live, and therefore did desire
To die revenged.
Pha. If tortures can be found,
Long as thy natural life, resolve to feel
The utmost rigour. [PHILASTER *creeps out of a bush.*
Cle. Help to lead him hence.
Phi. Turn back, you ravishers of innocence!
Know ye the price of that you bear away
So rudely?
Pha. Who's that?
Dion. 'Tis the Lord Philaster.
Phi. 'Tis not the treasure of all kings in one,
The wealth of Tagus, nor the rocks of pearl
That pave the court of Neptune, can weigh down
That virtue! It was I that hurt the princess.
Place me, some god, upon a Piramis,
Higher than hills of earth, and lend a voice
Loud as your thunder to me, that from thence
I may discourse to all the under-world
The worth that dwells in him!
Pha. How's this?
Bel. My lord, some man
Weary of life, that would be glad to die.
Phi. Leave these untimely courtesies, Bellario.
Bel. Alas, he's mad! Come, will you lead me on?
Phi. By all the oaths that men ought most to keep,
And gods do punish most when men do break,
He touch'd her not.—Take heed, Bellario,
How thou dost drown the virtues thou hast shown,
With perjury.—By all that's good, 'twas I!
You know, she stood betwixt me and my right.
Pha. Thy own tongue be thy judge.
Cle. It was Philaster.
Dion. Is't not a brave boy?
Well, sirs, I fear me, we were all deceived.
Phi. Have I no friend here?
Dion. Yes.
Phi. Then shew it:
Some good body lend a hand to draw us nearer.
Would you have tears shed for you when you die?
Then lay me gently on his neck, that there
I may weep floods, and breathe forth my spirit.
'Tis not the wealth of Plutus, nor the gold
Lock'd in the heart of earth, can buy away
This arm-full from me: This had been a ransom
To have redeem'd the great Augustus Cæsar,
Had he been taken. You hard-hearted men,
More stony than these mountains, can you see
Such clear pure blood drop, and not cut your flesh
To stop his life? To bind whose bitter wounds,
Queens ought to tear their hair, and with their tears
Bathe 'em.—Forgive me, thou that art the wealth
Of poor Philaster!

Enter KING, ARETHUSA, *and a* Guard.

King. Is the villain ta'en?
Pha. Sir, here be two confess the deed; but say
It was Philaster?
Phi. Question it no more; it was.
King. The fellow, that did fight with him, will tell us that.
Are. Ah me! I know he will.
King. Did not you know him?
Are. Sir, if it was he,
He was disguised.
Phi. I was so.—Oh, my stars!
That I should live still.
King. Thou ambitious fool!
Thou, that hast laid a train for thy own life!—
Now I do mean to do, I'll leave to talk.
Bear him to prison.
Are. Sir, they did plot together to take hence
This harmless life; should it pass unrevenged.
I should to earth go weeping: Grant me, then,

(By all the love a father bears his child)
Their custodies, and that I may appoint
Their tortures, and their death.

Dion. Death? Soft! our law will not reach that for this fault.

King. 'Tis granted; take 'em to you, with a guard.—
Come, princely Pharamond, this business past,
We may with more security go on
To your intended match.

Cle. I pray, that this action lose not Philaster the hearts of the people.

Dion. Fear it not; their over-wise heads will think it but a trick. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I.—MESSINA. *The Court of the Palace.*

Enter DION, CLEREMONT, *and* THRASILINE.

Thra. Has the king sent for him to death?

Dion. Yes; but the king must know, 'tis not in his power to war with Heaven.

Cle. We linger time; the king sent for Philaster and the headsman an hour ago.

Thra. Are all his wounds well?

Dion. All; they were but scratches; but the loss of blood made him faint.

Cle. We dally, gentlemen.

Thra. Away!

Dion. We'll scuffle hard, before he perish. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*The Prison.*

Enter PHILASTER, ARETHUSA, *and* BELLARIO.

Are. Nay, dear Philaster, grieve not; we are well.

Bel. Nay, good my lord, forbear; we are wondrous well.

Phi. Oh, Arethusa! oh, Bellario!
Leave to be kind:
I shall be shot from Heaven, as now from earth,
If you continue so. I am a man,
False to a pair of the most trusty ones
That ever earth bore: Can it bear us all?
Forgive and leave me! But the king hath sent
To call me to my death; Oh, shew it me,
And then forget me! And for thee, my boy,
I shall deliver words will mollify
The hearts of beasts, to spare thy innocence.

Bel. Alas, my lord, my life is not a thing
Worthy your noble thoughts: 'Tis not a life;
'Tis but a piece of childhood thrown away.
Should I out-live you, I should then outlive
Virtue and honour; and, when that day comes,
If ever I shall close these eyes but once,
May I live spotted for my perjury,
And waste my limbs to nothing!

Are. And I (the woful'st maid that ever was,
Forced with my hands to bring my lord to death)
Do, by the honour of a virgin swear,
To tell no hours beyond it.

Phi. Make me not hated so.

Are. Come from this prison, all joyful to our deaths.

Phi. People will tear me, when they find ye true
To such a wretch as I; I shall die loath'd.
Enjoy your kingdoms peaceably, whilst I
For ever sleep forgotten with my faults!
Every just servant, every maid in love,
Will have a piece of me, if ye be true.

Are. My, dear lord, say not so.

Bel. A piece of you?
He was not born of woman that can cut
It and look on.

Phi. Take me in tears betwixt you,
For my heart will break with shame and sorrow.

Are. Why, 'tis well.

Bel. Lament no more.

Phi. What would you have done
If you had wrong'd me basely, and had found
Your life no price, compared to mine? For love,
Deal with me truly. [sirs,

Bel. 'Twas mistaken, sir.

Phi. Why, if it were?

Bel. Then, sir, we would have ask'd you pardon.

Phi. And have hope to enjoy it?

Are. Enjoy it? ay.

Phi. Would you, indeed? Be plain.

Bel. We would, my lord.

Phi. Forgive me, then.

Are. So, so.

Bel. 'Tis as it should be now.

Phi. Lead to my death. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*A State-room in the Palace.*

Enter King, DION, CLEREMONT, *and* THRASILINE.

King. Gentlemen, who saw the prince?

Cle. So please you, sir, he's gone to see the city,
And the new platform, with some gentlemen
Attending on him.

King. Is the princess ready
To bring her prisoner out?

Thra. She waits your grace.

King. Tell her we stay.

Dion. King, you may be deceived yet: [*Aside.*
The head you aim at, cost more setting on
Than to be lost so lightly. If it must off,
Like a wild overflow, that swoops before him
A golden stack, and with it shakes down bridges,
Cracks the strong hearts of pines, whose cable roots
Held out a thousand storms, a thousand thunders,
And, so made mightier, takes whole villages
Upon his back, and, in that heat of pride,
Charges strong towns, towers, castles, palaces,
And lays them desolate; so shall thy head,
Thy noble head, bury the lives of thousands,
That must bleed with thee like a sacrifice,
In thy red ruins.

Enter PHILASTER, ARETHUSA, *and* BELLARIO *in a robe and garland.*

King. How now! what masque is this?

Bel. Right royal sir, I should
Sing you an epithalamium of these lovers,
But, having lost my best airs with my fortunes,
And wanting a celestial harp to strike
This blessed union on, thus in glad story
I give you all. These two fair cedar branches,
The noblest of the mountain, where they grew
Straitest and tallest, under whose still shades
The worthier beasts have made their layers, and slept

Free from the Sirian star, and the fell thunder-stroke,
Free from the clouds,
When they were big with humour, and deliver'd,
In thousand spouts, their issues to the earth:
Oh, there was none but silent quiet there!
Till never-pleased Fortune shot up shrubs,
Base under-brambles, to divorce these branches;
And for a while they did so; and did reign
Over the mountain, and cloak up his beauty
With brakes, rude thorns, and thistles, till the sun
Scorch'd them, even to the roots, and dried them
And now a gentle gale hath blown again, [there:
That made these branches meet, and twine together,
Never to be divided. The god, that sings
His holy numbers over marriage-beds,
Hath knit their noble hearts, and here they stand
Your children, mighty king; and I have done.

King. How, how?

Are. Sir, if you love it in plain truth,
(For now there is no masquing in't) this gentleman,
The prisoner that you gave me, is become
My keeper, and through all the bitter throes
Your jealousies and his ill fate have wrought him,
Thus nobly hath he struggled, and at length
Arrived here my dear husband.

King. Your dear husband!
Call in the captain of the citadel;
There you shall keep your wedding. I'll provide
A masque shall make your Hymen turn his saffron
Into a sullen coat, and sing sad requiems
To your departing souls: Blood shall put out
Your torches; and, instead of gaudy flowers
About your wanton necks, an axe shall hang
Like a prodigious meteor,
Ready to crop your loves' sweets. Hear, ye gods!
From this time do I shake all title off
Of father to this woman, this base woman;
And what there is of vengeance, in a lion
Cast among dogs, or robb'd of his dear young,
The same, enforced more terrible, more mighty,
Expect from me!

Are. Sir, by that little life I have left to swear by,
There's nothing that can stir me from myself.
What I have done, I have done without repentance;
For death can be no bugbear unto me,
So long as Pharamond is not my headsman. [maid,

Dion. Sweet peace upon thy soul, thou worthy
Whene'er thou diest! For this time I'll excuse thee,
Or be thy prologue.

Phi. Sir, let me speak next;
And let my dying words be better with you
Than my dull living actions. If you aim
At the dear life of this sweet innocent,
You are a tyrant and a savage monster;
Your memory shall be as foul behind you,
As you are, living; all your better deeds
Shall be in water writ, but this in marble;
No chronicle shall speak you, though your own,
But for the shame of men. No monument
(Though high and big as Pelion) shall be able
To cover this base murder: Make it rich
With brass, with purest gold, and shining jasper,
Like the Pyramides; lay on epitaphs,
Such as make great men gods; my little marble
(That only clothes my ashes, not my faults)
Shall far out-shine it. And, for after issues,
Think not so madly of the heavenly wisdoms,
That they will give you more for your mad rage
To cut off, unless it be some snake, or something
Yourself, that in his birth shall strangle you. [like
Remember my father, king! There was a fault,
But I forgive it. Let that sin persuade you
To love this lady: If you have a soul,
Think, save her, and be saved. For myself,
I have so long expected this glad hour,
So languish'd under you, and daily wither'd,
That, Heaven knows, it is a joy to die;
I find a recreation in't.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. Where is the king?

King. Here.

Mes. Get you to your strength,
And rescue the prince Pharamond from danger:
He's taken prisoner by the citizens,
Fearing the lord Philaster.

Dion. Oh, brave followers!
Mutiny, my fine dear countrymen, mutiny!
Now, my brave valiant foremen, shew your weapons
In honour of your mistresses.

Enter another Messenger.

Mes. Arm, arm, arm!

King. A thousand devils take 'em!

Dion. A thousand blessings on 'em!

Mes. Arm, oh, king! The city is in mutiny,
Led by an old grey ruffian, who comes on
In rescue of the lord Philaster. [*Exit.*

King. Away to th' citadel: I'll see them safe,
And then cope with these burghers. Let the guard
And all the gentlemen give strong attendance.

[*Exit with* Arethusa, Philaster, Bellario, *guarded.*

Cle. The city up! this was above our wishes.

Dion. Ay, and the marriage too. By my life,
This noble lady has deceived us all.
A plague upon myself, a thousand plagues,
For having such unworthy thoughts of her dear honour!
Oh, I could beat myself! or, do you beat me,
And I'll beat you; for we had all one thought.

Cle. No, no, 'twill but lose time.

Dion. You say true. Are your swords sharp? Well, my dear countrymen, What-ye-lack, if you continue, and fall not back upon the first broken shin, I'll have you chronicled and chronicled, and cut and chronicled, and sung in all-to-be-praised sonnets, and graved in new brave ballads, that all tongues shall troule you *in sæcula sæculorum*, my kind can-carriers.

Thra. What if a toy take 'em i' th' heels now, and they run all away, and cry, "the devil take the hindmost?"

Dion. Then the same devil take the foremost too, and souse him for his breakfast! If they all prove cowards, my curses fly amongst them, and be speeding! May they have murrains rain to keep the gentlemen at home, unbound in easy frieze! May the moths branch their velvets, and their silks only be worn before sore eyes! May their false lights undo 'em, and discover presses, holes, stains, and oldness in their stuffs, and make them shop-rid! May they keep whores and horses, and break; and live mewed up with necks of beef and turnips! May they have many children, and none like the father! May they know no language but that gibberish they prattle to their parcels; unless it be the Gothic Latin they write in their bonds: and may they write that false, and lose their debts!

Enter the King.

King. Now the vengeance of all the gods confound them, how they swarm together! What a

hum they raise! Devils choke your wild throats! If a man had need to use their valours, he must pay a brokage for it, and then bring 'em on, and they will fight like sheep. 'Tis Philaster, none but Philaster, must allay this heat: They will not hear me speak, but fling dirt at me, and call me tyrant. Oh, run, dear friend, and bring the lord Philaster; Speak him fair; call him prince; do him all the courtesy you can; commend me to him! Oh, my wits, my wits! [*Exit* CLERREMONT.

Dion. Oh, my brave countrymen! as I live, I will not buy a pin out of your walls for this: Nay, you shall cozen me, and I'll thank you; and send you brawn and bacon, and soil you every long vacation a brace of foremen, that at Michaelmas shall come up fat and kicking.

King. What they will do with this poor prince the gods know, and I fear.

Dion. Why, sir, they'll flea him, and make church-buckets on's skin, to quench rebellion; then clap a rivet in's sconce, and hang him up for a sign.

Enter CLERREMONT *with* PHILASTER.

King. Oh, worthy sir, forgive me! Do not make
Your miseries and my faults meet together,
To bring a greater danger. Be yourself,
Still sound amongst diseases. I have wrong'd you,
And though I find it last, and beaten to it,
Let first your goodness know it. Calm the people,
And be what you were born to: Take your love,
And with her my repentance, and my wishes,
And all my prayers. By the gods, my heart speaks
And if the least fall from me not perform'd, [this;
May I be struck with thunder!

Phi. Mighty sir,
I will not do your greatness so much wrong,
As not to make your word truth. Free the princess,
And the poor boy, and let me stand the shock
Of this mad sea-breach; which I'll either turn,
Or perish with it.

King. Let your own word free them.

Phi. Then thus I take my leave, kissing your hand,
And hanging on your royal word. Be kingly,
And be not moved, sir: I shall bring your peace,
Or never bring myself back.

King. All the gods go with thee! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*A Street.*

Enter an old Captain *and* Citizens, *with* PHARAMOND.

Cap. Come, my brave myrmidons, let us fall on!
Let our caps swarm, my boys, and your nimble tongues
Forget your mother-gibberish, of what do you lack,
And set your mouths up, children, till your palates
Fall frighted, half a fathom past the cure
Of bay-salt and gross pepper. And then cry
Philaster, brave Philaster! Let Philaster
Be deeper in request, my ding-dongs,
My pairs of dear indentures, kings of clubs,
Than your cold water camblets, or your paintings
Spotted with copper. Let not your hasty silks,
Or your branch'd cloth of bodkin, or your tissues,
Dearly beloved of spiced cake and custard,
Your Robinhoods, Scarlets and Johns, tie your affections
In darkness to your shops. No, dainty duckers,
Up with your three-piled spirits, your wrought valours;
And let your uncut choler make the king feel
The measure of your mightiness. Philaster!
Cry, my rose-nobles, cry.

All. Philaster! Philaster!

Cap. How do you like this, my lord prince?
These are mad boys, I tell you; these are things
That will not strike their top-sails to a foist;
And let a man of war, an argosy,
Hull and cry cockles.

Pha. Why, you rude slave, do you know what you do?

Cap. My pretty prince of puppets, we do know;
And give your greatness warning, that you talk
No more such bug-words, or that soldered crown
Shall be scratch'd with a musquet. Dear prince Pippin,
Down with your noble blood; or, as I live,
I'll have you coddled.—Let him loose, my spirits!
Make us a round ring with your bills, my Hectors,
And let us see what this trim man dares do.
Now, sir, have at you! Here I lie,
And with this swashing blow (do you sweat, prince?)
I could hulk your grace, and hang you up cross-legg'd,
Like a hare at a poulter's, and do this with this wiper.

Pha. You will not see me murder'd, wicked villains?

1 *Cit.* Yes, indeed, will we, sir: We have not seen one for a great while.

Cap. He would have weapons, would he?
Give him a broadside, my brave boys, with your pikes;
Branch me his skin in flowers like a sattin,
And between every flower a mortal cut.
Your royalty shall ravel! Jag him, gentlemen:
I'll have him cut to the kell, then down the seams.
Oh, for a whip to make him galloon-laces!
I'll have a coach-whip.

Pha. Oh, spare me, gentlemen!

Cap. Hold, hold;
The man begins to fear, and know himself;
He shall for this time only be seel'd up,
With a feather through his nose, that he may only
See Heaven, and think whither he's going. Nay,
My beyond-sea sir, we will proclaim you: You would be king!
Thou tender heir-apparent to a church-ale,
Thou slight prince of single sarcenet;
Thou royal ring-tail, fit to fly at nothing
But poor men's poultry, and have every boy
Beat thee from that too with his bread and butter!

Pha. Gods keep me from these hell-hounds!

2 *Cit.* Shall's geld him, captain?

Cap. No, you shall spare his dowcets, my dear donsels;
As you respect the ladies, let them flourish:
The curses of a longing woman kill
As speedy as a plague, boys.

1 *Cit.* I'll have a leg, that's certain.

2 *Cit.* I'll have an arm.

3 *Cit.* I'll have his nose, and at mine own charge
A college, and clap it upon the gate. [build

4 *Cit.* I'll have his little gut to string a kit with;
For, certainly, a royal gut will sound like silver.

Pha. 'Would they were in thy belly, and I past
My pain once!

5 *Cit.* Good captain, let me have his liver to feed ferrets.

Cap. Who will have parcels else? speak.

Pha. Good gods, consider me! I shall be tortured.
1 *Cit.* Captain, I'll give you the trimmings of your two-hand sword,
And let me have his skin to make false scabbards.
2 *Cit.* He has no horns, sir, has he?
Cap. No, sir, he's a pollard. What wouldst thou do
With horns?
1 *Cit.* Oh, if he had, I would have made
Rare hafts and whistles of 'em; but his shin-bones,
If they be sound, shall serve me.

Enter PHILASTER.

All. Long live Philaster, the brave prince Philaster!
Phi. I thank you, gentlemen. But why are these
Rude weapons brought abroad, to teach your hands
Uncivil trades?
Cap. My royal Rosiclear,
We are thy myrmidons, thy guard, thy roarers!
And when thy noble body is in durance,
Thus do we clap our musty murrions on,
And trace the streets in terror. Is it peace,
Thou Mars of men? is the king sociable,
And bids thee live? art thou above thy foemen,
And free as Phœbus? Speak. If not, this stand
Of royal blood shall be abroach, a-tilt,
And run even to the lees of honour.
Phi. Hold, and be satisfied; I am myself;
Free as my thoughts are: By the gods, I am.
Cap. Art thou the dainty darling of the king?
Art thou the Hylas to our Hercules?
Do the lords bow, and the regarded scarlets
Kiss their gumm'd golls, and cry, "we are your servants?"
Is the court navigable, and the presence stuck
With flags of friendship? If not, we are thy castle,
And this man sleeps.
Phi. I am what I do desire to be, your friend;
I am what I was born to be, your prince.
Pha. Sir, there is some humanity in you;
You have a noble soul; forget my name,
And know my misery: Set me safe aboard
From these wild cannibals, and, as I live,
I'll quit this land for ever. There is nothing,
Perpetual 'prisonment, cold, hunger, sickness
Of all sorts, of all dangers, and all together,
The worst company of the worst men, madness, age,
To be as many creatures as a woman,
And do as all they do; nay, to despair;
But I would rather make it a new nature,
And live with all those, than endure one hour
Amongst these wild dogs.
Phi. I do pity you.—Friends, discharge your fears;
Deliver me the prince: I'll warrant you,
I shall be old enough to find my safety.
3 *Cit.* Good sir, take heed he does not hurt you:
He is a fierce man, I can tell you, sir.
Cap. Prince, by your leave, I'll have a surcingle,
And mail you like a hawk. [*He stirs.*
Phi. Away, away; there is no danger in him:
Alas, he had rather sleep to shake his fit off.
Look ye, friends, how gently he leads. Upon my word,
He's tame enough, he needs no further watching.
Good my friends, go to your houses,
And by me have your pardons, and my love;
And know, there shall be nothing in my power
You may deserve, but you shall have your wishes.
To give you more thanks, were to flatter you.
Continue still your love; and, for an earnest,
Drink this.
All. Long may'st thou live, brave prince! brave prince! brave prince!
[*Exeunt* PHILASTER *and* PHARAMOND.
Cap. Go thy ways! Thou art the king of courtesy!
—Fall off again, my sweet youths. Come,
And every man trace to his house again,
And hang his pewter up; then to the tavern,
And bring your wives in muffs. We will have music;
And the red grape shall make us dance, and rise, boys. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—*The Palace.*

Enter KING, ARETHUSA, GALATEA, MEGRA, CLERMONT, DION, THRASILINE, BELLARIO, *and* Attendants.

King. Is it appeas'd?
Dion. Sir, all is quiet as the dead of night,
As peaceable as sleep. My lord Philaster
Brings on the prince himself.
King. Kind gentleman!
I will not break the least word I have given
In promise to him: I have heap'd a world
Of grief upon his head, which yet I hope
To wash away.

Enter PHILASTER *and* PHARAMOND.

Cle. My lord is come.
King. My son!
Blest be the time, that I have leave to call
Such virtue mine! Now thou art in mine arms.
Methinks I have a salve unto my breast,
For all the stings that dwell there. Streams of grief
That I have wrong'd thee, and as much of joy
That I repent it, issue from mine eyes:
Let them appease thee. Take thy right; take her:
She is thy right too; and forget to urge
My vexed soul with that I did before.
Phi. Sir, it is blotted from my memory,
Past and forgotten.—For you, prince of Spain,
Whom I have thus redeem'd, you have full leave
To make an honourable voyage home.
And if you would go furnish'd to your realm
With fair provision, I do see a lady,
Methinks, would gladly bear you company:
How like you this piece?
Meg. Sir, he likes it well;
For he hath tried it, and found it worth
His princely liking. We were ta'en a-bed:
I know your meaning. I am not the first
That Nature taught to seek a fellow forth:
Can shame remain perpetually in me,
And not in others? or, have princes salves
To cure ill names, that meaner people want?
Phi. What mean you?
Meg. You must get another ship,
To bear the princess and her boy together.
Dion. How now!
Meg. Others took me, and I took her and him
At that all women may be ta'en some time.
Ship us all four, my lord; we can endure
Weather and wind alike.
King. Clear thou thyself, or know not me for father.
Are. This earth, how false it is! What means is left for me
To clear myself? It lies in your belief.
My lords, believe me; and let all things else
Struggle together to dishonour me.

Bel. Oh, stop your ears, great king, that I may speak
As freedom would; then I will call this lady
As base as are her actions! Hear me, sir:
Believe your heated blood when it rebels
Against your reason, sooner than this lady.
Meg. By this good light, he bears it handsomely.
Phi. This lady? I will sooner trust the wind
With feathers, or the troubled sea with pearl,
Than her with any thing. Believe her not!
Why, think you, if I did believe her words,
I would outlive 'em? Honour cannot take
Revenge on you; then, what were to be known
But death?
King. Forget her, sir, since all is knit
Between us. But I must request of you
One favour, and will sadly be denied.
Phi. Command, whate'er it be.
King. Swear to be true
To what you promise.
Phi. By the powers above,
Let it not be the death of her or him,
And it is granted.
King. Bear away that boy
To torture: I will have her clear'd or buried.
Phi. Oh, let me call my words back, worthy sir!
Ask something else! Bury my life and right
In one poor grave; but do not take away
My life and fame at once.
King. Away with him! It stands irrevocable.
Phi. Turn all your eyes on me: Here stands a [man,
The falsest and the basest of this world.
Set swords against this breast, some honest man,
For I have lived till I am pitied!
My former deeds were hateful, but this last
Is pitiful; for I, unwillingly,
Have given the dear preserver of my life
Unto his torture! Is it in the power
Of flesh and blood to carry this, and live?
[*Offers to kill himself.*
Are. Dear sir, be patient yet! Oh, stay that [hand.
King. Sirs, strip that boy.
Dion. Come, sir; your tender flesh
Will try your constancy.
Bel. Oh, kill me, gentlemen!
Dion. No!—Help, sirs.
Bel. Will you torture me?
King. Haste there!
Why stay you?
Bel. Then I shall not break my vow,
You know, just gods, though I discover all.
King. How's that? will he confess?
Dion. Sir, so he says.
King. Speak then.
Bel. Great king, if you command
This lord to talk with me alone, my tongue,
Urged by my heart, shall utter all the thoughts
My youth hath known; and stranger things than [these
You hear not often.
King. Walk aside with him.—
Dion. Why speak'st thou not?
Bel. Know you this face, my lord?
Dion. No.
Bel. Have you not seen it, nor the like?
Dion. Yes, I have seen the like, but readily
I know not where.
Bel. I have been often told
In court of one Euphrasia, a lady,
And daughter to you; betwixt whom and me
They, that would flatter my bad face, would swear
There was such strange resemblance, that we two
Could not be known asunder, dress'd alike.
Dion. By heaven, and so there is.
Bel. For her fair sake,
Who now doth spend the spring-time of her life
In holy pilgrimage, move to the king,
That I may 'scape this torture.
Dion. But thou speak'st
As like Euphrasia, as thou dost look.
How came it to thy knowledge that she lives
In pilgrimage?
Bel. I know it not, my lord;
But I have heard it; and do scarce believe it.
Dion. Oh, my shame! Is it possible? Draw [near,
That I may gaze upon thee. Art thou she,
Or else her murderer? Where wert thou born?
Bel. In Siracusa.
Dion. What's thy name?
Bel. Euphrasia.
Dion. Oh, 'tis just, 'tis she!
Now I do know thee. Oh, that thou hadst died,
And I had never seen thee nor my shame!
How shall I own thee? shall this tongue of mine
E'er call thee daughter more?
Bel. 'Would I had died indeed; I wish it too:
And so I must have done by vow, ere published
What I have told, but that there was no means
To hide it longer. Yet I joy in this,
The princess is all clear.
King. What have you done?
Dion. All is discover'd.
Phi. Why then hold you me?
[*He offers to stab himself.*
All is discover'd! Pray you, let me go.
King. Stay him.
Are. What is discover'd?
Dion. Why, my shame!
It is a woman: Let her speak the rest.
Phi. How? that again!
Dion. It is a woman.
Phi. Bless'd be you powers that favour innocence!
King. Lay hold upon that lady. [MEGRA *is seized.*
Phi. It is a woman, sir! Hark, gentlemen!
It is a woman! Arethusa, take
My soul into thy breast, that would be gone
With joy. It is a woman! Thou art fair,
And virtuous still to ages, in despite
Of malice.
King. Speak you, where lies his shame?
Bel. I am his daughter.
Phi. The gods are just.
Dion. I dare accuse none; but, before you two,
The virtue of our age, I bend my knee
For mercy.
Phi. Take it freely; for, I know,
Though what thou didst were indiscreetly done,
'Twas meant well.
Are. And for me,
I have a power to pardon sins, as oft
As any man has power to wrong me.
Cle. Noble and worthy!
Phi. But, Bellario,
(For I must call thee still so) tell me why
Thou didst conceal thy sex? It was a fault;
A fault, Bellario, though thy other deeds
Of truth outweigh'd it: All these jealousies
Had flown to nothing, if thou hadst discover'd
What now we know.
Bel. My father oft would speak

Your worth and virtue; and, as I did grow
More and more apprehensive, I did thirst
To see the man so praised; but yet all this
Was but a maiden longing, to be lost
As soon as found; till sitting in my window,
Printing my thoughts in lawn, I saw a god,
I thought, (but it was you) enter our gates.
My blood flew out, and back again as fast,
As I had puff'd it forth and suck'd it in
Like breath: Then was I call'd away in haste
To entertain you. Never was a man,
Heaved from a sheep-cote to a sceptre, raised
So high in thoughts as I: You left a kiss
Upon these lips then, which I mean to keep
From you for ever. I did hear you talk,
Far above singing! After you were gone,
I grew acquainted with my heart, and search'd
What stirr'd it so: Alas! I found it love;
Yet far from lust; for could I but have lived
In presence of you, I had had my end.
For this I did delude my noble father
With a feign'd pilgrimage, and dress'd myself
In habit of a boy; and, for I knew
My birth no match for you, I was past hope
Of having you: and understanding well,
That when I made discovery of my sex,
I could not stay with you, I made a vow,
By all the most religious things a maid
Could call together, never to be known,
Whilst there was hope to hide me from men's eyes,
For other than I seem'd, that I might ever
Abide with you: Then sat I by the fount,
Where first you took me up.

King. Search out a match
Within our kingdom, where and when thou wilt,
And I will pay thy dowry; and thyself
Wilt well deserve him.

Bel. Never, sir, will I
Marry; it is a thing within my vow:
But if I may have leave to serve the princess,
To see the virtues of her lord and her,
I shall have hope to live.

Are. I, Philaster,
Cannot be jealous, though you had a lady
Dress'd like a page to serve you; nor will I
Suspect her living here.—Come, live with me;
Live free as I do. She that loves my lord,
Curst be the wife that hates her!

Phi. I grieve such virtues should be laid in earth
Without an heir. Hear me, my royal father:
Wrong not the freedom of our souls so much,
To think to take revenge of that base woman;
Her malice cannot hurt us. Set her free
As she was born, saving from shame and sin.

King. Set her at liberty; but leave the court;
This is no place for such! You, Pharamond,
Shall have free passage, and a conduct home
Worthy so great a prince.—When you come there,
Remember, 'twas your faults that lost you her,
And not my purposed will.

Pha. I do confess,
Renowned sir.

King. Last, join your hands in one. Enjoy, Philaster,
This kingdom, which is yours, and after me
Whatever I call mine. My blessing on you!
All happy hours be at your marriage-joys,
That you may grow yourselves over all lands,
And live to see your plenteous branches spring
Wherever there is sun! Let princes learn
By this, to rule the passions of their blood,
For what Heaven wills can never be withstood.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

A KING AND NO KING.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

ARBACES, *King of Iberia.*
TIGRANES, *King of Armenia.*
GOBRIAS, *Lord-Protector, and Father of Arbaces.*
BACCHUS, *a Lord,*
MARDONIUS, BESSUS, } *two Captains.*
LYGONES, *Father of Spaconia.*
Three Gentlemen.
Two Swordmen.
Three Men.
PHILIP, *a Servant.*
A Messenger.
A Servant to Bacurius.
A Boy.

ARANE, *the Queen-Mother.*
PANTHEA, *her Daughter.*
SPACONIA, *a* Lady, *Daughter of Lygones.*
MANDANE, *a* Waiting-woman; *and other* Attendants.
Two Citizens' Wives, and another Woman.

SCENE,—DURING THE FIRST ACT, ON THE FRONTIERS OF ARMENIA; AFTERWARDS IN THE METROPOLIS OF IBERIA.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*The Camp of Arbaces, on the Frontiers of Armenia.*

Enter MARDONIUS *and* BESSUS.

Mar. Bessus, the king has made a fair hand on't; he has ended the wars at a blow. 'Would my sword had a close basket hilt, to hold wine, and the blade would make knives; for we shall have nothing but eating and drinking.

Bes. We, that are commanders, shall do well enough.

Mar. 'Faith, Bessus, such commanders as thou may: I had as lieve set thee *perdue* for a pudding i' th' dark, as Alexander the Great.

Bes. I love these jests exceedingly.

Mar. I think thou lov'st 'em better than quarrelling, Bessus; I'll say so much in thy behalf. And yet thou'rt valiant enough upon a retreat: I think thou would'st kill any man that stopp'd thee, an thou couldst.

Bes. But was not this a brave combat, Mardonius?

Mar. Why, didst thou see it?

Bes. You stood with me.

Mar. I did so; but methought thou wink'd'st every blow they strake.

Bes. Well, I believe there are better soldiers than I, that never saw two princes fight in lists.

Mar. By my troth, I think so too, Bessus; many a thousand: But, certainly, all that are worse than thou have seen as much.

Bes. 'Twas bravely done of our king.

Mar. Yes, if he had not ended the wars. I'm glad thou dar'st talk of such dangerous businesses.

Bes. To take a prince prisoner in the heart of his own country, in single combat!

Mar. See how thy blood cruddles at this! I think thou couldst be contented to be beaten i' this passion.

Bes. Shall I tell you truly?

Mar. Ay.

Bes. I could willingly venture for it.

Mar. Hum! no venture neither, good Bessus.

Bes. Let me not live, if I do not think it is a braver piece of service than that I'm so famed for.

Mar. Why, art thou famed for any valour?

Bes. I famed? Ay, I warrant you.

Mar. I am very heartily glad on't: I have been with thee ever since thou cam'st to the wars, and this is the first word that ever I heard on't. Pr'ythee, who fames thee?

Bes. The Christian world.

Mar. 'Tis heathenishly done of 'em; in my conscience, thou deserv'st it not.

Bes. I ha' done good service.

Mar. I do not know how thou may'st wait of a man in's chamber, or thy agility in shifting a trencher; but otherwise no service, good Bessus.

Bes. You saw me do the service yourself.

Mar. Not so hasty, sweet Bessus! Where was it? is the place vanish'd?

Bes. At Bessus' Desperate Redemption,

Mar. At Bessus' Desperate Redemption! where's that?

Bes. There, where I redeem'd the day; the place bears my name.

Mar. Pr'ythee who christen'd it?

Bes. The soldier.

Mar. If I were not a very merrily disposed man, what would become of thee? One that had but a grain of choler in the whole composition of his body, would send thee of an errand to the worms, for putting thy name upon that field: Did not I beat thee there, i' th' head o' th' troops, with a truncheon, because thou wouldst needs run away with thy company, when we should charge the enemy?

Bes. True; but I did not run.

Mar. Right, Bessus: I beat thee out on't.

Bes. But came not I up when the day was gone, and redeem'd all?

Mar. Thou knowest, and so do I, thou meant'st

to fly, and thy fear making thee mistake, thou ran'st upon the enemy; and a hot charge thou gavest; as, I'll do thee right, thou art furious in running away; and, I think, we owe thy fear for our victory. If I were the king, and were sure thou wouldst mistake always, and run away upon the enemy, thou shouldst be general, by this light.

Bes. You'll never leave this till I fall foul.

Mar. No more such words, dear Bessus; for though I have ever known thee a coward, and therefore durst never strike thee, yet if thou proceed'st, I will allow thee valiant, and beat thee.

Bes. Come, our king's a brave fellow.

Mar. He is so, Bessus; I wonder how thou com'st to know it. But, if thou wert a man of understanding, I would tell thee, he is vain-glorious and humble, and angry and patient, and merry and dull, and joyful and sorrowful, in extremities, in an hour. Do not think me thy friend, for this; for if I cared who knew it, thou shouldst not hear it, Bessus. Here he is, with the prey in his foot.

Enter ARBACES, TIGRANES, *two* Gentlemen, *and* Attendants.

Arb. Thy sadness, brave Tigranes, takes away
From my full victory: Am I become
Of so small fame, that any man should grieve
When I o'ercome him? They that placed me here,
Intended it an honour, large enough
For the most valiant living, but to dare
Oppose me single, though he lost the day.
What should afflict you? You are as free as I.
To be my prisoner, is to be more free
Than you were formerly. And never think,
The man, I held worthy to combat me,
Shall be used servilely. Thy ransom is,
To take my only sister to thy wife:
A heavy one, Tigranes; for she is
A lady, that the neighbour princes send
Blanks to fetch home. I have been too unkind
To her, Tigranes: She, but nine years old,
I left her, and ne'er saw her since: Your wars
Have held me long, and taught me, though a youth,
The way to victory. She was a pretty child;
Then, I was little better; but now fame
Cries loudly on her, and my messengers
Make me believe she is a miracle.
She'll make you shrink, as I did, with a stroke
But of her eye, Tigranes.

Tigr. Is it the course of
Iberia to use her prisoners thus?
Had fortune thrown my name above Arbaces',
I should not thus have talk'd; for in Armenia,
We hold it base. You should have kept your temper
Till you saw home again, where 'tis the fashion,
Perhaps, to brag.

Arb. Be you my witness, earth,
Need I to brag? Doth not this captive prince
Speak me sufficiently, and all the acts
That I have wrought upon his suffering land?
Should I then boast? Where lies that foot of ground,
Within his whole realm, that I have not past,
Fighting and conquering: Far then from me
Be ostentation. I could tell the world,
How I have laid his kingdom desolate,
By this sole arm, propp'd by divinity;
Stript him out of his glories; and have sent
The pride of all his youth to people graves;
And made his virgins languish for their loves;
If I would brag. Should I, that have the power
To teach the neighbour world humility,
Mix with vain-glory?

Mar. Indeed, this is none! [*Aside.*

Arb. Tigranes, no; did I but take delight
To stretch my deeds as others do, on words,
I could amaze my hearers.

Mar. So you do. [*Aside.*

Arb. But he shall wrong his and my modesty,
That thinks me apt to boast: After an act
Fit for a god to do upon his foe,
A little glory in a soldier's mouth
Is well-becoming; be it far from vain.

Mar. 'Tis pity, that valour should be thus drunk. [*Aside.*

Arb. I offer you my sister, and you answer,
I do insult: A lady that no suit,
Nor treasure, nor thy crown, could purchase thee,
But that thou fought'st with me.

Tigr. Though this be worse
Than that you spoke before, it strikes not me;
But, that you think to over-grace me with
The marriage of your sister, troubles me.
I would give worlds for ransoms, were they mine,
Rather than have her.

Arb. See, if I insult,
That am the conqueror, and for a ransom
Offer rich treasure to the conquered,
Which he refuses, and I bear his scorn!
It cannot be self-flattery to say,
The daughters of your country, set by her,
Would see their shame, run home, and blush to death
At their own foulness. Yet she is not fair,
Nor beautiful; those words express her not:
They say, her looks have something excellent,
That wants a name yet. Were she odious,
Her birth deserves the empire of the world:
Sister to such a brother; that hath ta'en
Victory prisoner, and throughout the earth
Carries her bound, and should he let her loose,
She durst not leave him. Nature did her wrong,
To print continual conquest on her cheeks,
And make no man worthy for her to take,
But me, that am too near her; and as strangely
She did for me: But you will think I brag.

Mar. I do, I'll be sworn. Thy valour and thy passions severed, would have made two excellent fellows in their kinds. I know not, whether I should be sorry thou art so valiant, or so passionate: 'Would one of 'em were away! [*Aside.*

Tigr. Do I refuse her, that I doubt her worth?
Were she as virtuous as she would be thought;
So perfect, that no one of her own sex
Could find a want she had; so tempting fair,
That she could wish it off, for damning souls;
I would pay any ransom, twenty lives,
Rather than meet her married in my bed.
Perhaps, I have a love, where I have fix'd
Mine eyes, not to be moved, and she on me;
I am not fickle.

Arb. Is that all the cause?
Think you, you can so knit yourself in love
To any other, that her searching sight
Cannot dissolve it? So, before you tried,
You thought yourself a match for me in fight.
Trust me, Tigranes, she can do as much
In peace, as I in war; she'll conquer too.
You shall see, if you have the power to stand
The force of her swift looks. If you dislike,

I'll send you home with love, and name your ransom
Some other way; but if she be your choice,
She frees you. To Iberia you must.
Tigr. Sir, I have learn'd a prisoner's sufferance,
And will obey. But give me leave to talk
In private with some friends before I go.
Arb. Some do await him forth, and see him safe;
But let him freely send for whom he please,
And none dare to disturb his conference;
I will not have him know what bondage is,
Till he be free from me.
[*Exit* TIGRANES *with* Attendants.
This prince, Mardonius,
Is full of wisdom, valour, all the graces
Man can receive.
Mar. And yet you conquer'd him.
Arb. And yet I conquer'd him, and could have done,
Hadst thou joined with him, though thy name in arms
Be great. Must all men, that are virtuous,
Think suddenly to match themselves with me?
I conquer'd him, and bravely; did I not?
Bes. An please your majesty, I was afraid at first—
Mar. When wert thou other?
Arb. Of what?
Bes. That you would not have spied your best advantages; for your majesty, in my opinion, lay too high; methinks, under favour, you should have lain thus.
Mar. Like a tailor at a wake.
Bes. And then, if't please your majesty to remember, at one time——by my troth, I wish'd myself wi' you.
Mar. By my troth, thou wouldst ha' stunk 'em both out o' th' lists.
Arb. What to do?
Bes. To put your majesty in mind of an occasion: you lay thus, and Tigranes falsified a blow at your leg, which you, by doing thus, avoided; but, if you had whipped up your leg thus, and reach'd him on the ear, you had made the blood-royal run about his head.
Mar. What country fence-school didst thou learn that at?
Arb. Puff! did not I take him nobly?
Mar. Why, you did, and you have talk'd enough on't.
Arb. Talk enough!
Will you confine my words? By Heav'n and earth,
I were much better be a king of beasts
Than such a people! If I had not patience
Above a god, I should be call'd a tyrant,
Throughout the world! They will offend to death
Each minute: Let me hear thee speak again,
And thou art earth again. Why, this is like
Tigranes' speech, that needs would say I bragg'd.—
Bessus, he said, I bragg'd.
Bes. Ha, ha, ha!
Arb. Why dost thou laugh?
By all the world, I'm grown ridiculous
To my own subjects. Tie me to a chair,
And jest at me! But I shall make a start,
And punish some, that others may take heed
How they are haughty. Who will answer me?
He said I boasted: speak, Mardonius,
Did I?—He will not answer. Oh, my temper!
I give you thanks above, that taught my heart
Patience; I can endure his silence? What, will none
Vouchsafe to give me audience? Am I grown
To such a poor respect? or do you mean
To break my wind? Speak, speak, some one of you,
Or else, by Heaven——
1 *Gent.* So please your——
Arb. Monstrous!
I cannot be heard out; they cut me off,
As if I were too saucy. I will live
In woods, and talk to trees; they will allow me
To end what I begin. The meanest subject
Can find a freedom to discharge his soul,
And not I. Now it is a time to speak;
I hearken.
1 *Gent.* May it please——
Arb. I mean not you;
Did not I stop you once? But I am grown
To balk! But I desire let another speak.
2 *Gent.* I hope your majesty——
Arb. Thou draw'st thy words,
That I must wait an hour, where other men
Can hear in instants: Throw your words away
Quick, and to purpose; I have told you this.
Bes. An't please your majesty——
Arb. Wilt thou devour me? This is such a rudeness
As yet you never shew'd me: And I want
Power to command ye; else, Mardonius
Would speak at my request. Were you my king,
I would have answer'd at your word, Mardonius.
I pray you speak, and truly, did I boast?
Mar. Truth will offend you.
Arb. You take all great care what will offend me,
When you dare to utter such things as these.
Mar. You told Tigranes, you had won his land
With that sole arm, propp'd by divinity:
Was not that bragging, and a wrong to us
That daily ventured lives?
Arb. O, that thy name
Were great as mine! 'would I had paid my wealth
It were as great, as I might combat thee!
I would, through all the regions habitable,
Search thee, and, having found thee, with my sword
Drive thee about the world, 'till I had met
Some place that yet man's curiosity
Hath miss'd of: There, there would I strike thee
Forgotten of mankind, such funeral rites [dead:
As beasts would give thee, thou shouldst have.
Bes. The king rages extremely: shall we slink
He'll strike us. [away?
2 *Gent.* Content.
Arb. There I would make you know, 'twas this sole arm.
I grant, you were my instruments, and did
As I commanded you; but 'twas this arm
Moved you like wheels; it moved you as it pleased.
Whither slip you now? What, are you too good
To wait on me? I had need have temper,
That rule such people: I have nothing left
At my own choice! I would I might be private:
Mean men enjoy themselves; but 'tis our curse
To have a tumult, that, out of their loves,
Will wait on us, whether we will or no.
Go, get you gone! Why, here they stand like death:
My words move nothing.
1 *Gent.* Must we go?
Bes. I know not.
Arb. I pray you, leave me, sirs. I'm proud of this.
That you will be entreated from my sight.
[*Exeunt all but* ARBACES *and* MARDONIUS.
Why, now they leave me all. Mardonius!
Mar. Sir.

Arb. Will you leave me quite alone? Methinks,
Civility should teach you more than this,
If I were but your friend. Stay here, and wait.

Mar. Sir, shall I speak?

Arb. Why, you would now think much
To be denied; but I can scarce intreat
What I would have. Do, speak.

Mar. But will you hear me out?

Arb. With me you article, to talk thus: Well, I will hear you out.

Mar. [*Kneels.*] Sir, that I have ever loved you, my sword hath spoken for me; that I do, if it be doubted, I dare call an oath, a great one, to my witness; and were you not my king, from amongst men I should have chose you out, to love above the rest: Nor can this challenge thanks; for my own sake I should have doted, because I would have loved the most deserving man; for so you are.

Arb. Alas, Mardonius, rise! you shall not kneel:
We all are soldiers, and all venture lives;
And where there is no difference in men's worths,
Titles are jests. Who can outvalue thee?
Mardonius, thou hast loved me, and hast wrong;
Thy love is not rewarded; but, believe
It shall be better. More than friend in arms,
My father, and my tutor, good Mardonius!

Mar. Sir, you did promise you would hear me out.

Arb. And so I will: Speak freely, for from thee
Nothing can come, but worthy things and true.

Mar. Though you have all this worth, you hold some qualities that do eclipse your virtues.

Arb. Eclipse my virtues?

Mar. Yes; your passions; which are so manifold, that they appear even in this: When I commend you, you hug me for that truth; when I speak your faults, you make a start, and fly the hearing: But——

Arb. When you commend me? Oh, that I should live
To need such commendations! If my deeds
Blew not my praise themselves about the earth,
I were most wretched! Spare your idle praise:
If thou didst mean to flatter, and shouldst utter
Words in my praise, that thou thought'st impudence,
My deeds should make 'em modest. When you praise,
I hug you? 'Tis so false, that, wert thou worthy,
Thou shouldst receive a death, a glorious death,
From me! But thou shalt understand thy lyes;
For shouldst thou praise me into Heaven, and there
Leave me inthroned, I would despise thee though
As much as now, which is as much as dust,
Because I see thy envy.

Mar. However you will use me after, yet, for your own promise sake, hear me the rest.

Arb. I will, and after call unto the winds;
For they shall lend as large an ear as I
To what you utter. Speak!

Mar. Would you but leave these hasty tempers, which I do not say take from you all your worths, but darken 'em, then you will shine indeed.

Arb. Well.

Mar. Yet I would have you keep some passions, lest men should take you for a god, your virtues are such.

Arb. Why, now you flatter.

Mar. I never understood the word. Were you no king, and free from these wild moods, should I chuse a companion for wit and pleasure, it should be you; or for honesty to interchange my bosom with, it should be you; or wisdom to give me counsel, I would pick out you; or valour to defend my reputation, still I would find you out; for you are fit to fight for all the world, if it could come in question. Now I have spoke: Consider to yourself; find out a use; if so, then what shall fall to me is not material.

Arb. Is not material? more than ten such lives
As mine, Mardonius! It was nobly said;
Thou hast spoke truth, and boldly such a truth
As might offend another. I have been
Too passionate and idle; thou shalt see
A swift amendment. But I want those parts
You praise me for: I fight for all the world!
Give thee a sword, and thou wilt go as far
Beyond me, as thou art beyond in years;
I know thou dar'st and wilt. It troubles me
That I should use so rough a phrase to thee:
Impute it to my folly, what thou wilt,
So thou wilt pardon me. That thou and I
Should differ thus!

Mar. Why, 'tis no matter, sir.

Arb. 'Faith, but it is: But thou dost ever take
All things I do thus patiently; for which
I never can requite thee, but with love;
And that thou shalt be sure of. Thou and I
Have not been merry lately: Pr'ythee tell me,
Where hadst thou that same jewel in thine ear?

Mar. Why, at the taking of a town.

Arb. A wench, upon my life, a wench, Mardonius,
Gave thee that jewel.

Mar. Wench! They respect not me; I'm old and rough, and every limb about me, but that which should, grows stiffer. I' those businesses, I may swear I am truly honest; for I pay justly for what I take, and would be glad to be at a certainty.

Arb. Why, do the wenches encroach upon thee?

Mar. Ay, by this light, do they.

Arb. Didst thou sit at an old rent with 'em?

Mar. Yes, 'faith.

Arb. And do they improve themselves?

Mar. Ay, ten shillings to me, every new young fellow they come acquainted with.

Arb. How canst live on't?

Mar. Why, I think, I must petition to you.

Arb. Thou shalt take 'em up at my price.

Enter two Gentlemen *and* Bessus.

Mar. Your price?

Arb. Ay, at the king's price.

Mar. That may be more than I'm worth.

2 *Gent.* Is he not merry now?

1 *Gent.* I think not.

Bes. He is, he is: We'll shew ourselves.

Arb. Bessus! I thought you had been in Iberia by this; I bade you haste; Gobrias will want entertainment for me.

Bes. An't please your majesty, I have a suit.

Arb. Is't not lousy, Bessus? what is't?

Bes. I am to carry a lady with me.

Arb. Then thou hast two suits.

Bes. And if I can prefer her to the lady Panthea, your majesty's sister, to learn fashions, as her friends term it, it will be worth something to me.

Arb. So many nights' lodgings as 'tis thither: will't not?

Bes. I know not that; but gold I shall be sure of.

Arb. Why, thou shalt bid her entertain her from me, so thou wilt resolve me one thing.

Bes. If I can.

Arb. 'Faith, 'tis a very disputable question; and yet, I think, thou canst decide it.

Bes. Your majesty has a good opinion of my understanding.

Arb. I have so good an opinion of it: 'Tis, whether thou be valiant.

Bes. Somebody has traduced me to you: Do you see this sword, sir? [*Draws.*

Arb. Yes.

Bes. If I do not make my back-biters eat it to a knife within this week, say I am not valiant.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. Health to your majesty! [*Delivers a letter.*

Arb. From Gobrias?

Mes. Yes, Sir.

Arb. How does he? is he well?

Mes. In perfect health.

Arb. Take that for thy good news.

[*Gives money.*

A trustier servant to his prince there lives not,
Than is good Gobrias. [*Reads.*

1 *Gent.* The king starts back.

Mar. His blood goes back as fast.

2 *Gent.* And now it comes again.

Mar. He alters strangely.

Arb. The hand of Heaven is on me: Be it far
From me to struggle! If my secret sins
Have pull'd this curse upon me, lend me tears
Enow to wash me white, that I may feel
A child-like innocence within my breast!
Which, once perform'd, oh, give me leave to stand
As fix'd as constancy herself; my eyes
Set here unmoved, regardless of the world,
Though thousand miseries encompass me!

Mar. This is strange!—Sir, how do you?

Arb. Mardonius! my mother——

Mar. Is she dead?

Arb. Alas, she's not so happy! Thou dost know
How she hath labour'd, since my father died,
To take by treason hence this loathed life,
That would but be to serve her. I have pardon'd,
And pardon'd, and by that have made her fit
To practise new sins, not repent the old.
She now had hired a slave to come from thence,
And strike me here; whom Gobrias, sifting out,
Took, and condemn'd, and executed there.
The careful'st servant! Heaven, let me but live
To pay that man! Nature is poor to me,
That will not let me have as many deaths
As are the times that he hath saved my life,
That I might die 'em over all for him.

Mar. Sir, let her bear her sins on her own head;
Vex not yourself.

Arb. What will the world
Conceive of me? with what unnatural sins
Will they suppose me laden, when my life
Is sought by her, that gave it to the world?
But yet he writes me comfort here: My sister,
He says, is grown in beauty and in grace;
In all the innocent virtues that become
A tender spotless maid: She stains her cheeks
With mourning tears, to purge her mother's ill;
And 'mongst that sacred dew she mingles prayers,
Her pure oblations, for my safe return.—
If I have lost the duty of a son;
If any pomp or vanity of state
Made me forget my natural offices;
Nay, further, if I have not every night
Expostulated with my wand'ring thoughts,
If aught unto my parent they have err'd,
And call'd 'em back; do you direct her arm
Unto this foul dissembling heart of mine.
But if I have been just to her, send out
Your power to compass me, and hold me safe
From searching treason; I will use no means
But prayer: For, rather suffer me to see
From mine own veins issue a deadly flood,
Than wash my dangers off with mother's blood.

Mar. I ne'er saw such sudden extremities.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*Another part of the same.*

Enter Tigranes *and* Spaconia.

Tigr. Why, wilt thou have me fly, Spaconia?
What should I do?

Spa. Nay, let me stay alone;
And when you see Armenia again,
You shall behold a tomb more worth than I.
Some friend, that ever loves me or my cause,
Will build me something to distinguish me
From other women; many a weeping verse
He will lay on, and much lament those maids
That placed their loves unfortunately too high,
As I have done, where they can never reach.
But why should you go to Iberia?

Tigr. Alas, that thou wilt ask me! Ask the man
That rages in a fever, why he lies
Distemper'd there, when all the other youths
Are coursing o'er the meadows with their loves?
Can I resist it? am I not a slave
To him that conquer'd me?

Spa. That conquer'd thee,
Tigranes! He has won but half of thee,
Thy body; but thy mind may be as free
As his: His will did never combat thine,
And take it prisoner.

Tigr. But if he by force
Convey my body hence, what helps it me,
Or thee, to be unwilling?

Spa. O, Tigranes!
I know you are to see a lady there;
To see, and like, I fear: Perhaps, the hope
Of her makes you forget me, ere we part.
Be happier than you know to wish! farewell!

Tigr. Spaconia, stay, and hear me what I say.
In short, destruction meet me that I may
See it, and not avoid it, when I leave
To be thy faithful lover! Part with me
Thou shalt not; there are none that know our love;
And I have given gold unto a captain,
That goes unto Iberia from the king,
That he would place a lady of our land
With the king's sister that is offered me;
Thither shall you, and, being once got in,
Persuade her, by what subtle means you can,
To be as backward in her love as I.

Spa. Can you imagine that a longing maid,
When she beholds you, can be pull'd away
With words from loving you?

Tigr. Dispraise my health,
My honesty, and tell her I am jealous.

Spa. Why, I had rather lose you: Can my heart
Consent to let my tongue throw out such words?
And I, that ever yet spoke what I thought,
Shall find it such a thing at first to lye!

Tigr. Yet, do thy best.

Enter Bessus.

Bes. What, is your majesty ready?

Tigr. There is the lady, captain.

Bes. Sweet lady, by your leave. I could wish myself more full of courtship for your fair sake.

Spa. Sir, I shall feel no want of that.

Bes. Lady, you must haste; I have received new letters from the king, that require more haste than I expected; he will follow me suddenly himself; and begins to call for your majesty already.

Tigr. He shall not do so long.

Bes. Sweet lady, shall I call you my charge hereafter?

Spa. I will not take upon me to govern your tongue, sir: You shall call me what you please.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*The Capital of Iberia. An Apartment in the Palace.*

Enter Gobrias, Bacurius, Arane, Panthea, *and* Mandane, Waiting-women *and* Attendants.

Gob. My Lord Bacurius, you must have regard
Unto the queen; she is your prisoner;
'Tis at your peril, if she make escape.

Bac. My Lord, I know't; she is my prisoner,
From you committed: Yet she is a woman;
And, so I keep her safe, you will not urge me
To keep her close. I shall not shame to say,
I sorrow for her.

Gob. So do I, my lord:
I sorrow for her, that so little grace
Doth govern her, that she should stretch her arm
Against her king; so little womanhood
And natural goodness, as to think the death
Of her own son.

Ara. Thou know'st the reason why,
Dissembling as thou art, and wilt not speak.

Gob. There is a lady takes not after you;
Her father is within her; that good man,
Whose tears paid down his sins. Mark, how she [weeps;
How well it does become her! And if you
Can find no disposition in yourself
To sorrow, yet, by gracefulness in her,
Find out the way, and by your reason weep.
All this she does for you, and more she needs,
When for yourself you will not lose a tear.
Think, how this want of grief discredits you;
And you will weep, because you cannot weep.

Ara. You talk to me, as having got a time
Fit for your purpose; but you know, I know
You speak not what you think.

Pan. I would my heart
Were stone, before my softness should be urged
Against my mother! A more troubled thought
No virgin bears about her! Should I excuse
My mother's fault, I should set light a life,
In losing which a brother and a king
Were taken from me: If I seek to save
That life so loved, I lose another life,
That gave me being; I should lose a mother;
A word of such a sound in a child's ear,
That it strikes reverence through it. May the will
Of Heaven be done, and if one needs must fall,
Take a poor virgin's life to answer all!

Ara. But, Gobrias, let us talk. You know, this
Is not in me as in another woman. [fault

[*They walk apart.*

Gob. I know it is not.

Ara. Yet you make it so.

Gob. Why, is not all that's past beyond your

Ara. I know it is. [help?

Gob. Nay, should you publish it
Before the world, think you 'twould be believed?

Ara. I know, it would not.

Gob. Nay, should I join with you,
Should we not both be torn, and yet both die
Uncredited?

Ara. I think we should.

Gob. Why, then,
Take you such violent courses? As for me,
I do but right in saving of the king
From all your plots.

Ara. The king!

Gob. I bade you rest
With patience, and a time would come for me
To reconcile all to your own content:
But, by this way, you take away my power.
And what was done, unknown, was not by me,
But you; your urging. Being done,
I must preserve mine own; but time may bring
All this to light, and happily for all.

Ara. Accursed be this over-curious brain.
That gave that plot a birth! Accurs'd this womb,
That after did conceive, to my disgrace!

Bac. My lord-protector, they say, there are divers letters come from Armenia, that Bessus has done good service, and brought again a day by his particular valour: Received you any to that effect?

Gob. Yes; 'tis most certain.

Bac. I'm sorry for't; not that the day was won, but that 'twas won by him. We held him here a coward: He did me wrong once, at which I laughed, and so did all the world; for nor I, nor any other, held him worth my sword.

Enter Bessus *and* Spaconia.

Bes. Health to my lord-protector? From the king these letters; and to your grace, madam, these.

Gob. How does his majesty?

Bes. As well as conquest, by his own means and his valiant commanders, can make him: Your letters will tell you all.

Pan. I will not open mine, till I do know
My brother's health: Good captain, is he well?

Bes. As the rest of us that fought are.

Pan. But how's that? is he hurt?

Bes. He's a strange soldier that gets not a knock.

Pan. I do not ask how strange that soldier is
That gets no hurt, but whether he have one.

Bes. He had divers.

Pan. And is he well again?

Bes. Well again, an't please your grace? Why, I was run twice through the body, and shot i' th' head with a cross arrow, and yet am well again.

Pan. I do not care how thou do'st: is he well?

Bes. Not care how I do? Let a man, out of the mightiness of his spirit, fructify foreign countries with his blood, for the good of his own, and thus

he shall be answered. Why, I may live to relieve, with spear and shield, such a lady distressed.

Pan. Why, I will care: I'm glad that thou art well;
I pr'ythee, is he so? [

Gob. The king is well, and will be here to-morrow.

Pan. My prayer is heard. Now will I open mine. [*Reads.*

Gob. Bacurius, I must ease you of your charge.—
Madam, the wonted mercy of the king,
That overtakes your faults, has met with this,
And struck it out; he has forgiven you freely.
Your own will is your law; be where you please.

Ara. I thank him.

Gob. You will be ready
To wait upon his majesty to-morrow?

Ara. I will.

Bac. Madam, be wise, hereafter. I am glad
I have lost this office. [*Exit* ARANE.

Gob. Good captain Bessus, tell us the discourse
Betwixt Tigranes and our king, and how
We got the victory.

Pan. I pr'ythee do;
And if my brother were in any danger,
Let not thy tale make him abide there long,
Before thou bring him off; for all that while
My heart will beat.

Bes. Madam, let what will beat, I must tell truth, and thus it was: They fought single in lists, but one to one. As for my own part, I was dangerously hurt but three days before; else, perhaps, we had been two to two; I cannot tell, some thought we had. And the occasion of my hurt was this; the enemy had made trenches——

Gob. Captain, without the manner of your hurt
Be much material to this business,
We'll hear't some other time.

Pan. I pr'ythee, leave it, and go on with my brother.

Bes. I will; but 'twould be worth your hearing. To the lists they came, and single sword and gauntlet was their fight.

Pan. Alas!

Bes. Without the lists there stood some dozen captains of either side mingled, all which were sworn, and one of those was I: And 'twas my chance to stand next a captain of the enemies' side, call'd Tiribasus; valiant, they said, he was. Whilst these two kings were stretching themselves, this Tiribasus cast something a scornful look on me, and ask'd me, whom I thought would overcome? I smiled, and told him, if he would fight with me, he should perceive by the event of that whose king would win. Something he answer'd, and a scuffle was like to grow, when one Zipetus offered to help him: I—

Pan. All this is of thyself: I pr'ythee, Bessus,
Tell something of my brother; did he nothing?

Bes. Why, yes; I'll tell your grace. They were not to fight till the word given; which for my own part, by my troth, I was not to give.

Pan. See, for his own part!

Bac. I fear, yet, this fellow's abused with a good report.

Bes. Ay, but I——

Pan. Still of himself!

Bes. Cried, "Give the word;" when, as some of them say, Tigranes was stooping; but the word was not given then: yet one Cosroes, of the enemies' part, held up his finger to me, which is as much with us martialists, as, "I will fight with you:" I said not a word, nor made sign during the combat; but that once done——

Pan. He slips over all the fight.

Bes. I call'd him to me; "Cosroes," said I——

Pan. I will hear no more.

Bess. No, no, I lye.

Bac. I dare be sworn thou dost.

Bess. "Captain," said I; so 'twas.

Pan. I tell thee, I will hear no further.

Bess. No? Your grace will wish you had.

Pan. I will not wish it. What, is this the lady
My brother writes to me to take?

Bess. An't please your grace this is she.—
Charge, will you come near the princess?

Pan. You are welcome from your country; and
Shall shew unto you all the kindnesses [this land
That I can make it. What's your name?

Spa. Thalestris.

Pan. You're very welcome: You have got a letter
To put you to me, that has power enough [
To place mine enemy here; then much more you,
That are so far from being so to me,
That you ne'er saw me.

Bes. Madam, I dare pass my word for her truth.

Spa. My truth?

Pan. Why, captain, do you think I am afraid she'll steal?

Bes. I cannot tell; servants are slippery; but I dare give my word for her, and for honesty: she came along with me, and many favours she did me by the way; but, by this light, none but what she might do with modesty, to a man of my rank.

Pan. Why, captain, here's nobody thinks otherwise.

Bes. Nay, if you should, your grace may think your pleasure; but I am sure I brought her from Armenia, and in all that way, if ever I touched any bare of her above her knee, I pray God I may sink where I stand.

Spa. Above my knee?

Bes. No, you know I did not; and if any man will say I did, this sword shall answer. Nay, I'll defend the reputation of my charge whilst I live. Your grace shall understand, I am secret in these businesses, and know how to defend a lady's honour.

Spa. I hope your grace knows him so well already, I shall not need to tell you he's vain and foolish.

Bes. Ay, you may call me what you please, but I'll defend your good name against the world. And so I take my leave of your grace, and of you, my lord-protector.—I am likewise glad to see your lordship well.

Bac. Oh, captain Bessus, I thank you. I would speak with you anon.

Bes. When you please, I will attend your lordship. [*Exit* BESSUS.

Bac. Madam, I'll take my leave too.

Pan. Good Bacurius! [*Exit* BACURIUS.

Gob. Madam, what writes his majesty to you?

Pan. Oh, my lord,
The kindest words! I'll keep 'em while I live,
Here in my bosom; there's no art in 'em;
They lie disorder'd in this paper, just
As hearty nature speaks 'em.

Gob. And to me
He writes, what tears of joy he shed, to hear
How you were grown in every virtuous way;

And yields all thanks to me, for that dear care
Which I was bound to have in training you.
There is no princess living that enjoys
A brother of that worth.
Pan. My lord, no maid
Longs more for any thing, and feels more heat
And cold within her breast, than I do now,
In hope to see him.
Gob. Yet I wonder much
At this: He writes, he brings along with him
A husband for you, that same captive prince;
And if he love you, as he makes a shew,
He will allow you freedom in your choice.
Pan. And so he will, my lord, I warrant you;
He will but offer, and give me the power
To take or leave.
Gob. Trust me, were I a lady,
I could not like that man were bargain'd with,
Before I chose him.
Pan. But I am not built
On such wild humours; if I find him worthy,
He is not less because he's offered.
Spa. 'Tis true he is not; 'would, he would seem less! [*Apart.*
Gob. I think there is no lady can affect
Another prince, your brother standing by;
He doth eclipse men's virtues so with his.
Spa. I know a lady may, and, more I fear,
Another lady will. [*Apart.*
Pan. 'Would I might see him!
Gob. Why so you shall. My businesses are great:
I will attend you when it is his pleasure
To see you, madam.
Pan. I thank you, good my lord.
Gob. You will be ready, madam?
Pan. Yes. [*Exit* Gobrias.
Spa. I do beseech you, madam, send away
Your other women, and receive from me
A few sad words, which, set against your joys,
May make 'em shine the more.
Pan. Sirs, leave me all. [*Exeunt* Women.
Spa. I kneel a stranger here, to beg a thing [*Kneels.*
Unfit for me to ask, and you to grant.
'Tis such another strange ill-laid request,
As if a beggar should entreat a king
To leave his sceptre and his throne to him,
And take his rags to wander o'er the world,
Hungry and cold.
Pan. That were a strange request.
Spa. As ill is mine.
Pan. Then do not utter it.
Spa. Alas, 'tis of that nature, that it must
Be utter'd, ay, and granted, or I die!
I am ashamed to speak it; but where life
Lies at the stake, I cannot think her woman,
That will not talk something unreasonably
To hazard saving of it. I shall seem
A strange petitioner, that wish all ill
To them I beg of, ere they give me aught;
Yet so I must: I would you were not fair,
Nor wise, for in your ill consists my good:
If you were foolish, you would hear my prayer;
If foul, you had not power to hinder me;
He would not love you.
Pan. What's the meaning of it?
Spa. Nay, my request is more without the bounds
Of reason yet: for 'tis not in the power
Of you to do, what I would have you grant. [out.
Pan. Why, then, 'tis idle. Pr'ythee speak it
Spa. Your brother brings a prince into this land,
Of such a noble shape, so sweet a grace,
So full of worth withal, that every maid
That looks upon him gives away herself
To him for ever; and for you to have
He brings him: And so mad is my demand,
That I desire you not to have this man,
This excellent man; for whom you needs must die,
If you should miss him. I do now expect
You should laugh at me.
Pan. Trust me, I could weep
Rather; for I have found in all thy words
A strange disjointed sorrow.
Spa. 'Tis by me
His own desire so, that you would not love him.
Pan. His own desire! Why, credit me, Thalestris,
I am no common wooer: If he shall woo me,
His worth may be such, that I dare not swear
I will not love him; but if he will stay
To have me woo him, I will promise thee
He may keep all his graces to himself,
And fear no ravishing from me.
Spa. 'Tis yet
His own desire; but when he sees your face,
I fear, it will not be: therefore I charge you,
As you have pity, stop those tender ears
From his enchanting voice; close up those eyes,
That you may neither catch a dart from him,
Nor he from you. I charge you, as you hope
To live in quiet; for when I am dead,
For certain I shall walk to visit him,
If he break promise with me: For as fast
As oaths, without a formal ceremony,
Can make me, I am to him.
Pan. Then be fearless;
For if he were a thing 'twixt God and man,
I could gaze on him, (if I knew it sin
To love him,) without passion. Dry your eyes;
I swear, you shall enjoy him still for me;
I will not hinder you. But I perceive,
You are not what you seem: Rise, rise, Thalestris,
If your right name be so.
Spa. Indeed, it is not:
Spaconia is my name; but I desire
Not to be known to others.
Pan. Why, by me
You shall not; I will never do you wrong;
What good I can, I will: Think not my birth
Or education such, that I should injure
A stranger virgin. You are welcome hither.
In company you wish to be commanded:
But, when we are alone, I shall be ready
To be your servant. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*An open Place before the City. A great Crowd.*

Enter three Men *and a* Woman.

1 *Man.* Come, come, run, run, run.
2 *Man.* We shall out-go her.
3 *Man.* One were better be hang'd than carry women out fiddling to these shows.
Wom. Is the king hard by?
1 *Man.* You heard he with the bottles said, he thought we should come too late. What abundance of people here is!
Wom. But what had he in those bottles?
3 *Man.* I know not.
2 *Man.* Why, ink, goodman fool.
3 *Man.* Ink, what to do?

1 *Man.* Why, the king, look you, will many times call for those bottles, and break his mind to his friends.

Wom. Let's take our places; we shall have no room else.

2 *Man.* The man told us, he would walk o'foot through the people.

3 *Man.* Ay, marry, did he.

1 *Man.* Our shops are well look'd to now.

2 *Man.* 'Slife, yonder's my master, I think.

1 *Man.* No, 'tis not he.

Enter PHILIP *with two* Citizens' Wives.

1 *Cit. W.* Lord, how fine the fields be! What sweet living 'tis in the country!

2 *Cit. W.* Ay, poor souls, God help 'em, they live as contentedly as one of us.

1 *Cit. W.* My husband's cousin would have had me gone into the country last year. Wert thou ever there?

2 *Cit. W.* Ay, poor souls, I was amongst 'em once.

1 *Cit. W.* And what kind of creatures are they, for love of God?

2 *Cit. W.* Very good people, God help 'em.

1 *Cit. W.* Wilt thou go with me down this summer, when I am brought to bed?

2 *Cit. W.* Alas, 'tis no place for us.

1 *Cit. W.* Why, pr'ythee?

2 *Cit. W.* Why, you can have nothing there; there's nobody cries brooms.

1 *Cit. W.* No?

2 *Cit. W.* No truly, nor milk.

1 *Cit. W.* Nor milk, how do they?

2 *Cit. W.* They are fain to milk themselves i' the country.

1 *Cit. W.* Good lord! But the people there, I think, will be very dutiful to one of us.

2 *Cit. W.* Ay, God knows will they; and yet they do not greatly care for our husbands.

1 *Cit. W.* Do they not? alas! i' good faith, I cannot blame them: For we do not greatly care for them ourselves. Philip, I pray, chuse us a place.

Phil. There's the best, forsooth.

1 *Cit. W.* By your leave, good people, a little.

1 *Man.* What's the matter?

Phil. I pray you, my friends, do not thrust my mistress so; she's with child.

2 *Man.* Let her look to herself then; has she not had thrusting enough yet? If she stay shouldering here, she may hap to go home with a cake in her belly.

3 *Man.* How now, goodman Squitter-breech! why do you lean on me?

Phil. Because I will.

3 *Man.* Will you, Sir Sauce-box? [*Strikes him.*

1 *Cit. W.* Look, if one ha' not struck Philip.—Come hither, Philip; why did he strike thee?

Phil. For leaning on him.

1 *Cit. W.* Why didst thou lean on him?

Phil. I did not think he would have struck me.

1 *Cit. W.* As God save me, la, thou art as wild as a buck; there's no quarrel, but thou art at one end or other on't.

3 *Man.* It's at the first end then, for he'll ne'er stay the last.

1 *Cit. W.* Well, stripling, I shall meet with you.

3 *Man.* When you will.

1 *Cit. W.* I'll give a crown to meet with you.

3 *Man.* At a bawdy-house.

1 *Cit. W.* Ay, you're full of your roguery; but if I do meet you, it shall cost me a fall.

Flourish. Enter one running.

4 *Man.* The king, the king, the king, the king! Now, now, now, now!

Flourish. Enter ARBACES, TIGRANES, MARDONIUS, *and* Soldiers.

All. God preserve your majesty!

Arb. I thank you all. Now are my joys at full,
When I behold you safe, my loving subjects.
By you I grow; 'tis your united love
That lifts me to this height.
All the account that I can render you
For all the love you have bestow'd on me,
All your expences to maintain my war,
Is but a little word: You will imagine
'Tis slender payment; yet 'tis such a word
As is not to be bought without our bloods:
'Tis peace!

All. God preserve your majesty!

Arb. Now you may live securely in your towns,
Your children round about you; you may sit
Under your vines, and make the miseries
Of other kingdoms a discourse for you,
And lend them sorrows. For yourselves, you may
Safely forget there are such things as tears;
And you may all, whose good thoughts I have
Hold me unworthy, when I think my life [gain'd,
A sacrifice too great to keep you thus
In such a calm estate!

All. God bless your majesty!

Arb. See, all good people, I have brought the man,
Whose very name you fear'd, a captive home.
Behold him; 'tis Tigranes! In your hearts
Sing songs of gladness and deliverance.

1 *Cit. W.* Out upon him!

2 *Cit. W.* How he looks!

3 *Wom.* Hang him, hang him!

Mar. These are sweet people.

Tigr. Sir, you do me wrong,
To render me a scorned spectacle
To common people.

Arb. It was far from me
To mean it so. If I have aught deserved,
My loving subjects, let me beg of you
Not to revile this prince, in whom there dwells
All worth, of which the nature of a man
Is capable; valour beyond compare:
The terror of his name has stretch'd itself
Wherever there is sun: And yet for you
I fought with him single, and won him too.
I made his valour stoop, and brought that name,
Soar'd to so unbelieved a height, to fall
Beneath mine. This, inspired with all your loves,
I did perform; and will, for your content,
Be ever ready for a greater work.

All. The Lord bless your majesty!

Tig. So, he has made me
Amends now with a speech in commendation
Of himself; I would not be so vain-glorious.

Arb. If there be anything in which I may
Do good to any creature here, speak out;
For I must leave you: And it troubles me,
That my occasions, for the good of you,
Are such as call me from you: Else, my joy
Would be to spend my days amongst you all.
You shew your loves in these large multitudes
That come to meet me. I will pray for you.

Heaven prosper you, that you may know old years,
And live to see your children's children
Sit at your boards with plenty! When there is
A want of anything, let it be known
To me, and I will be a father to you.
God keep you all!

[*Flourish. Exeunt* Kings *and their Train.*

All. God bless your majesty, God bless your majesty!

1 *Man.* Come, shall we go? all's done.

Wom. Ay, for God's sake: I have not made a fire yet.

2 *Man.* Away, away! all's done.

3 *Man.* Content. Farewell, Philip.

1 *Cit. W.* Away, you halter-sack, you!

2 *Man.* Philip will not fight; he's afraid on's face.

Phil. Ay, marry; am I afraid of my face?

3 *Man.* Thou wouldst be, Philip, if thou saw'st it in a glass; it looks so like a visor.

[*Exeunt the three* Men *and* Women.

1 *Cit. W.* You'll be hang'd, sirrah. Come Philip, walk before us homewards. Did not his majesty say he had brought us home peas for all our money?

2 *Cit. W.* Yes, marry, did be.

1 *Cit. W.* They're the first I heard on this year, by my troth. I long'd for some of 'em. Did he not say, we should have some?

2 *Cit. W.* Yes, and so we shall anon, I warrant you, have every one a peck brought home to our houses. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.—IBERIA. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter ARBACES *and* GOBRIAS.

Arb. My sister take it ill?

Gob. Not very ill:
Something unkindly she does take it, sir,
To have her husband chosen to her hands.

Arb. Why, Gobrias, let her: I must have her know,
My will, and not her own, must govern her.
What, will she marry with some slave at home?

Gob. Oh, she is far from any stubbornness;
You much mistake her; and, no doubt, will like
Where you will have her. But, when you behold
You will be loth to part with such a jewel. [her,

Arb. To part with her? Why, Gobrias, art thou
She is my sister. [mad?

Gob. Sir, I know she is:
But it were pity to make poor our land,
With such a beauty to enrich another.

Arb. Pish! Will she have him?

Gob. I do hope she will not.—— [*Aside.*
I think she will, sir.

Arb. Were she my father, and my mother too,
And all the names for which we think folks friends,
She should be forced to have him, when I know
'Tis fit. I will not hear her say, she's loth.

Gob. Heaven, bring my purpose luckily to pass! [*Aside.*
You know 'tis just.—She will not need constraint,
She loves you so.

Arb. How does she love me? Speak.

Gob. She loves you more than people love their health,
That live by labour; more than I could love
A man that died for me, if he could live
Again.

Arb. She is not like her mother, then.

Gob. Oh, no! When you were in Armenia,
I durst not let her know when you were hurt:
For at the first, on every little scratch,
She kept her chamber, wept, and could not eat,
Till you were well; and many times the news
Was so long coming, that, before we heard,
She was as near her death, as you your health.

Arb. Alas, poor soul! But yet she must be ruled.
I know not how I shall requite her well.
I long to see her: Have you sent for her,
To tell her I am ready?

Gob. Sir, I have.

Enter 1 Gentleman *and* TIGRANES.

1 *Gent.* Sir, here is the Armenian king.

Arb. He's welcome.

1 *Gent.* And the queen-mother and the princess
Without. [wait

Arb. Good Gobrias, bring 'em in.——

[*Exit* GOBRIAS.

Tigranes, you will think you are arrived
In a strange land, where mothers cast to poison
Their only sons: Think you, you shall be safe?

Tig. Too safe I am, sir.

Enter GOBRIAS, ARANE, PANTHEA, SPACONIA, RACURIUS, MARDONIUS, BESSUS, *and two* Gentlemen.

Ara. [*Kneels.*] As low as this I bow to you; and would
As low as is my grave, to show a mind
Thankful for all your mercies.

Arb. Oh, stand up,
And let me kneel! the light will be ashamed
To see observance done to me by you.

Ara. You are my king.

Arb. You are my mother. Rise!
As far be all your faults from your own soul,
As from my memory; then you shall be
As white as Innocence herself.

Ara. I came
Only to shew my duty and acknowledge
My sorrows for my sins: Longer to stay,
Were but to draw eyes more attentively
Upon my shame. That power, that kept you safe
From me, preserve you still!

Arb. Your own desires
Shall be your guide. [*Exit* ARANE.

Pan. Now let me die!
Since I have seen my lord the king return
In safety, I have seen all good that life
Can show me. I have ne'er another wish
For Heaven to grant; nor were it fit I should;
For I am bound to spend my age to come,
In giving thanks that this was granted me.

Gob. Why does not your majesty speak?

Arb. To whom?

Gob. To the princess.

Pan. Alas, sir, I am fearful! You do look
On me, as if I were some loathed thing,
That you were finding out a way to shun.

Gob. Sir, you should speak to her,

Arb. Ha?

Pan. I know I am unworthy, yet not ill:

Arm'd with which innocence, here I will kneel
Till I am one with earth, but I will gain
Some words and kindness from you. [*Kneels.*
Tigr. Will you speak, sir?
Arb. Speak! am I what I was?
What art thou, that dost creep into my breast,
And dar'st not see my face? Shew forth thyself.
I feel a pair of fiery wings display'd
Hither, from thence. You shall not tarry there!
Up, and begone; if you be'st love, be gone!
Or I will tear thee from my wounded breast,
Pull thy lov'd down away, and with a quill,
By this right arm drawn from thy wanton wing,
Write to thy laughing mother in thy blood,
That you are powers belied, and all your darts
Are to be blown away, by men resolved,
Like dust. I know thou fear'st my words; away!
Tigr. Oh, misery; why should he be so slow?
[*Apart.*
There can no falsehood come of loving her.
Though I have given my faith, she is a thing
Both to be loved and served beyond my faith.
I would, he would present me to her quickly.
Pan. Will you not speak at all? Are you so far
From kind words? Yet, to save my modesty,
That must talk till you answer, do not stand
As you were dumb; say something, though it be
Poison'd with anger that it may strike me dead.
Mar. Have you no life at all? For manhood
Let her not kneel, and talk neglected thus. [sake,
A tree would find a tongue to answer her,
Did she but give it such a lov'd respect.
Arb. You mean this lady. Lift her from the
Why do you let her kneel so long?—Alas! [earth:
Madam, your beauty uses to command,
And not to beg. What is your suit to me?
It shall be granted; yet the time is short,
And my affairs are great. But where's my sister?
I bade, she should be brought.
Mar. What, is he mad?
Arb. Gobrias, where is she?
Gob. Sir!
Arb. Where is she, man?
Gob. Who, sir?
Arb. Who? hast thou forgot my sister?
Gob. Your sister, sir?
Arb. Your sister, sir! Some one that hath a wit,
Answer, where is she?
Gob. Do you not see here there?
Arb. Where?
Gob. There.
Arb. There? where?
Mar. 'Slight, there! are you blind?
Arb. Which do you mean? That little one?
Gob. No, sir.
Arb. No, sir? Why, do you mock me? I can see
No other here, but that petitioning lady.
Gob. That's she.
Arb. Away!
Gob. Sir, it is she.
Arb. 'Tis false.
Gob. Is it?
Arb. As hell! By heaven, as false as hell!
My sister!—Is she dead? If it be so,
Speak boldly to me; for I am a man,
And dare not quarrel with Divinity;
And do not think to cozen me with this.
I see, you all are mute and stand amazed,
Fearful to answer me. It is too true;
A decreed instant cuts off every life,
For which to mourn is to repine. She died
A virgin though, more innocent than sleep,
As clear as her own eyes; and blessedness
Eternal waits upon her where she is.
I know she could not make a wish to change
Her state for new; and you shall see me bear
My crosses like a man. We all must die,
And she hath taught us how.
Gob. Do not mistake,
And vex yourself for nothing; for her death
Is a long life off yet, I hope. 'Tis she;
And if my speech deserve not faith, lay death
Upon me, and my latest words shall force
A credit from you.
Arb. Which, good Gobrias?
That lady, dost thou mean?
Gob. That lady, sir:
She is your sister; and she is your sister
That loves you so; 'tis she for whom I weep,
To see you use her thus.
Arb. It cannot be.
Tigr. Pish! this is tedious: [*Apart.*
I cannot hold; I must present myself.
And yet the sight of my Spaconia
Touches me, as a sudden thunder clap
Does one that is about to sin.
Arb. Away!
No more of this! Here I pronounce him traitor,
The direct plotter of my death, that names
Or thinks her for my sister: 'Tis a lye,
The most malicious of the world, invented
To mad your king. He that will say so next,
Let him draw out his sword and sheathe it here;
It is a sin fully as pardonable.
She is no kin to me, nor shall she be:
If she were ever, I create her none.
And which of you can question this? My power
Is like the sea, that is to be obey'd,
And not disputed with. I have decreed her
As far from having part of blood with me,
As the naked Indians. Come and answer me,
He that is boldest now: Is that my sister?
Mar. Oh, this is fine! [majesty,
Bes. No, marry, she is not, an't please your
I never thought she was; she's nothing like you.
Arb. No; 'tis true, she is not.
Mar. Thou shouldst be hang'd. [*To* Bessus.
Pan. Sir, I will speak but once: By the same power
You make my blood a stranger unto yours,
You may command me dead; and so much love
A stranger may importune; pray you, do.
If this request appear too much to grant,
Adopt me of some other family,
By your unquestion'd word; else I shall live
Like sinful issues, that are left in streets
By their regardless mothers, and no name
Will be found for me.
Arb. I will hear no more.—
Why should there be such music in a voice,
And sin for me to hear it? All the world
May take delight in this; and 'tis damnation
For me to do so.—You are fair, and wise,
And virtuous, I think; and he is blessed
That is so near you as a brother is;
But you are nought to me but a disease;
Continual torment without hope of ease.
Such an ungodly sickness I have got,
That he, that undertakes my cure, must first
O'erthrow divinity, all moral laws,

And leave mankind as unconfin'd as beasts;
Allowing 'em to do all actions,
As freely as they drink when they desire.
Let me not hear you speak again; yet so
I shall but languish for the want of that,
The having which would kill me.—No man here
Offer to speak for her; for I consider
As much as you can say; I will not toil
My body and my mind too; rest thou there;
Here's one within will labour for you both.
Pan. I would I were past speaking.
Gob. Fear not, madam;
The king will alter: 'Tis some sudden rage,
And you shall see it end some other way.
Pan. Pray Heaven it do!
Tigr. [*Aside.*] Though she to whom I swore be here, I cannot
Stifle my passion longer; if my father
Should rise again, disquieted with this,
And charge me to forbear, yet it would out—
[*Comes forward.*
Madam, a stranger, and a prisoner begs
To be bid welcome.
Pan. You are welcome, sir,
I think; but if you be not, 'tis past me
To make you so; for I am here a stranger
Greater than you: We know from whence you come;
But I appear a lost thing, and by whom
Is yet uncertain; found here i' the court,
And only suffer'd to walk up and down,
As one not worth the owning.
Spa. Oh, I fear
Tigranes will be caught; he looks, methinks,
As he would change his eyes with her. Some help
There is above for me, I hope!
Tigr. Why do you turn away, and weep so fast,
And utter things that misbecome your looks?
Can you want owning?
Spa. Oh, 'tis certain so.
Tigr. Acknowledge yourself mine.
Arb. How now?
Tigr. And then
See if you want an owner.
Arb. They are talking!
Tigr. Nations shall own you for their queen.
Arb. Tigranes! art not thou my prisoner?
Tigr. I am.
Arb. And who is this?
Tigr. She is your sister.
Arb. She is so.
Mar. Is she so again? that's well.
Arb. And how, then, dare you offer to change words with her?
Tigr. Dare do it? Why, you brought me hither,
To that intent. [sir,
Arb. Perhaps, I told you so:
If I had sworn it, had you so much folly
To credit it? The least word that she speaks
Is worth a life. Rule your disorder'd tongue,
Or I will temper it!
Spa. Blest be that breath!
Tigr. Temper my tongue! Such incivilities
As these no barbarous people ever knew:
You break the laws of nature, and of nations;
You talk to me as if I were a prisoner
For theft. My tongue be temper'd! I must speak,
If thunder check me, and I will.
Arb. You will?
Spa. Alas, my fortune!
Tigr. Do not fear his frown.
Dear madam, hear me.
Arb. Fear not my frown? But that 'twere base in me
To fight with one I know I can o'ercome,
Again thou shouldst be conquered by me.
Mar. He has one ransom with him already:
methinks, 'twere good to fight double or quit.
Arb. Away with him to prison!—Now, sir, see
If my frown be regardless.—Why delay you?
Seize him, Bacurius!—You shall know my word
Sweeps like a wind; and all it grapples with
Are as the chaff before it.
Tigr. Touch me not.
Arb. Help there!
Tigr. Away!
1 *Gent.* It is in vain to struggle.
2 *Gent.* You must be forced.
Bac. Sir, you must pardon us;
We must obey.
Arb. Why do you dally there?
Drag him away by any thing.
Bac. Come, sir.
Tigr. Justice, thou ought'st to give me strength
To shake all these off.—This is tyranny, [enough
Arbaces, subtler than the burning bull's,
Or that famed tyrant's bed. Thou might'st as well
Search i' the deep of winter through the snow
For half-starved people, to bring home with thee
To show 'em fire and send 'em back again,
As use me thus.
Arb. Let him be close, Bacurius.
[*Exit* Tigranes, *led off by* Bacurius *and* Gentlemen.
Spa. I ne'er rejoiced at any ill to him,
But this imprisonment: What shall become
Of me forsaken?
Gob. You will not let your sister
Depart thus discontented from you, sir?
Arb. By no means, Gobrias: I have done her
And made myself believe much of myself, [wrong,
That is not in me.—You did kneel to me,
Whilst I stood stubborn and regardless by,
And, like a god incensed, gave no ear
To all your prayers. [*Kneels.*] Behold, I kneel to
Shew a contempt as large as was my own, [you:
And I will suffer it; yet, at the last,
Forgive me.
Pan. Oh, you wrong me more in this
Than in your rage you did: You mock me now.
Arb. Never forgive me, then; which is the worst
Can happen to me.
Pan. If you be in earnest,
Stand up, and give me but a gentle look,
And two kind words, and I shall be in Heaven.
Arb. Rise you then too: Here I acknowledge
My hope, the only jewel of my life, [thee,
The best of sisters, dearer than my breath,
A happiness as high as I could think;
And when my actions call thee otherwise,
Perdition light upon me!
Pan. This is better
Than if you had not frowned; it comes to me
Like mercy at the block: And when I leave
To serve you with my life, your curse be with me!
Arb. Then thus I do salute thee; and again,
To make this knot the stronger. Paradise
Is there! It may be, you are yet in doubt;
This third kiss blots it out.—I wade in sin, [*Aside.*
And foolishly entice myself along:—
Take her away; see her a prisoner

In her own chamber, closely, Gobrias!
Pan. Alas, sir, why?
Arb. I must not stay the answer. Do it.
Gob. Good sir!
Arb. No more! Do it, I say!
Mar. This is better and better.
Pan. Yet, hear me speak.
Arb. I will not hear you speak.—
Away with her! Let no man think to speak
For such a creature; for she is a witch,
A poisoner, and a traitor!
Gob. Madam, this office grieves me.
Pan. Nay, 'tis well;
The king is pleased with it.
Arb. Bessus, go you along too with her. I will [prove
All this that I have said, if I may live
So long. But I am desperately sick;
For she has given me poison in a kiss:
She had it 'twixt her lips; and with her eyes
She witches people. Go, without a word!
[*Exeunt* GOBRIAS, PANTHEA, BESSUS, *and* SPACONIA.
Why should You, that have made me stand in war
Like Fate itself, cutting what threads I pleased,
Decree such an unworthy end of me,
And all my glories? What am I, alas,
That you oppose me! If my secret thoughts
Have ever harboured swellings against you,
They could not hurt you; and it is in you
To give me sorrow, that will render me
Apt to receive your mercy: Rather so,
Let it be rather so, than punish me
With such unmanly sins. Incest is in me
Dwelling already; and it must be holy,
That pulls it thence.—Where art, Mardonius!
Mar. Here, sir.
Arb. I pray thee, bear me, if thou canst.
Am I not grown a strange weight?
Mar. As you were.
Arb. No heavier?
Mar. No, sir.
Arb. Why, my legs
Refuse to bear my body! Oh, Mardonius,
Thou hast in field beheld me, when thou know'st
I could have gone, though I could never run.
Mar. And so I shall again.
Arb. Oh, no, 'tis past.
Mar. Pray you, go rest yourself.
Arb. Wilt thou, hereafter, when they talk of me,
As thou shalt hear nothing but infamy,
Remember some of those things?
Mar. Yes, I will.
Arb. I pray thee, do; for thou shalt never see
Me so again. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*A Room in the House of* BESSUS.

Enter BESSUS.

Bes. They talk of fame; I have gotten it in the wars, and will afford any man a reasonable pennyworth. Some will say, they could be content to have it, but that it is to be atchieved with danger; but my opinion is otherwise: For if I might stand still in cannon-proof, and have fame fall upon me, I would refuse it. My reputation came principally by thinking to run away, which nobody knows but Mardonius; and, I think, he conceals it to anger me. Before I went to the wars, I came to the town a young fellow, without means or parts to deserve friends; and my empty guts persuaded me to lie, and abuse people, for my meat; which I did, and they beat me. Then would I fast two days, till my hunger cried out on me, "Rail still:" Then, methought, I had a monstrous stomach to abuse 'em again, and did it. In this state I continued, till they hung me up by the heels, and beat me with hasle-sticks, as if they would have baked me, and have cozen'd somebody with me for venison. After this I rail'd, and eat quietly: For the whole kingdom took notice of me for a baffled whipp'd fellow, and what I said was remembered in mirth, but never in anger, of which I was glad. I would it were at that pass again! After this, Heaven call'd an aunt of mine, that left two hundred pounds in a cousin's hand for me; who, taking me to be a gallant young spirit, raised a company for me with the money, and sent me into Armenia with 'em. Away I would have run from them, but that I could get no company: and alone I durst not run. I was never at battle but once, and there I was running, but Mardonius cudgell'd me: Yet I got loose at last, but was so afraid that I saw no more than my shoulders do; but fled with my whole company amongst mine enemies, and overthrew 'em: Now the report of my valour is come over before me, and they say I was a raw young fellow, but now I am improved: A plague on their eloquence! 'twill cost me many a beating; and Mardonius might help this too, if he would; for now they think to get honour on me, and all the men I have abused call me freshly to account, (worthily as they call it) by the way of challenge.

Enter the third Gentleman.

3 *Gent.* Good-morrow, Captain Bessus.
Bes. Good-morrow, sir.
3 *Gent.* I come to speak with you——
Bes. You're very welcome.
3 *Gent.* From one that holds himself wrong'd by you some three years since. Your worth, he says, is famed, and he doth nothing doubt but you will do him right, as beseems a soldier.
Bes. A pox on 'em, so they cry all!
3 *Gent.* And a slight note I have about me for you, for the delivery of which you must excuse me: It is an office that friendship calls upon me to do, and no way offensive to you; since I desire but right on both sides. [*Gives him a letter.*
Bes. 'Tis a challenge, sir, is it not?
3 *Gent.* 'Tis an inviting to the field.
Bes. An inviting? Oh, cry you mercy!—What a compliment he delivers it with! he might, as agreeably to my nature, present me poison with such a speech. [*Reads.*] Um, um, um,—*Reputation*—um, um, um—*call you to account*—um, um, um—*forced to this*—um, um, um—*with my sword*—um, um, um—*like a gentleman*—um, um, um—*dear to me*—um, um, um—*satisfaction.*—'Tis very well, sir; I do accept it; but he must wait an answer this thirteen weeks.
3 *Gent.* Why, sir, he would be glad to wipe off this stain as soon as he could.
Bes. Sir, upon my credit, I am already engaged to two hundred and twelve; all which must have their stains wiped off, if that be the word, before him.
3 *Gent.* Sir, if you be truly engaged but to one, he shall stay a competent time.
Bes. Upon my faith, sir, to two hundred and twelve: And I have a spent body, too much bruised in battle; so that I cannot fight, I must

be plain, above three combats a-day. All the kindness I can shew him, is to set him resolvedly in my roll, the two hundred and thirteenth man, which is something; for, I tell you, I think there will be more after him than before him; I think so. Pray you commend me to him, and tell him this.

3 *Gent.* I will, sir. Good-morrow to you.

[*Exit* Gentleman.

Bes. Good-morrow, good sir.—Certainly, my safest way were to print myself a coward, with a discovery how I came by my credit, and clap it upon every post. I have received above thirty challenges within this two hours: Marry, all but the first I put off with engagement; and, by good fortune, the first is no madder of fighting than I; so that that's referred. The place where it must be ended is four days' journey off, and our arbitrators are these; he has chosen a gentleman in travel, and I have a special friend with a quartain ague, like to hold him this five years, for mine; and when his man comes home, we are to expect my friend's health. If they would send me challenges thus thick, as long as I lived, I would have no other living: I can make seven shillings a-day o' th' paper to the grocers. Yet I learn nothing by all these, but a little skill in comparing of styles: I do find evidently, that there is some one scrivener in this town, that has a great hand in writing of challenges, for they are all of a cut, and six of 'em in a hand; and they all end, "My reputation is dear to me, and I must require satisfaction."—Who's there? more paper, I hope. No; 'tis my lord Bacurius. I fear, all is not well betwixt us.

Enter Bacurius.

Bac. Now, Captain Bessus! I come about a frivolous matter, caused by as idle a report: You know, you were a coward.

Bes. Very right.

Bac. And wrong'd me.

Bes. True, my lord.

Bac. But now, people will call you valiant; desertlessly, I think; yet, for their satisfaction, I will have you fight me.

Bes. Oh, my good lord, my deep engagements—

Bac. Tell not me of your engagements, Captain Bessus! It is not to be put off with an excuse. For my own part, I am none of the multitude that believe your conversion from coward.

Bes. My lord, I seek not quarrels, and this belongs not to me; I am not to maintain it.

Bac. Who then, pray?

Bes. Bessus the coward wrong'd you.

Bac. Right.

Bes. And shall Bessus the valiant maintain what Bessus the coward did?

Bac. I pr'ythee leave these cheating tricks! I swear thou shalt fight with me, or thou shalt be beaten extremely, and kick'd.

Bes. Since you provoke me thus far, my lord, I will fight with you; and, by my sword, it shall cost me twenty pounds, but I will have my leg well a week sooner purposely.

Bac. Your leg! why, what ail's your leg? I'll do a cure on you. Stand up!

Bes. My lord, this is not noble in you.

Bac. What dost thou with such a phrase in thy mouth? I will kick thee out of all good words before I leave thee. [*Kicks him.*

Bes. My lord, I take this as a punishment for the offence I did when I was a coward.

Bac. When thou wert? confess thyself a coward still, or, by this light, I'll beat thee into sponge.

Bes. Why, I am one.

Bac. Are you so, sir? and why do you wear a sword then? Come, unbuckle! quick!

Bes. My lord?

Bac. Unbuckle, I say, and give it me; or, as I live, thy head will ache extremely.

Best. It is a pretty hilt; and if your lordship take an affection to it, with all my heart I present it to you, for a new-year's-gift.

[*Gives him his sword, with a knife in the scabbard*

Bac. I thank you very heartily, sweet captain: Farewell.

Bes. One word more: I beseech your lordship to render me my knife again.

Bac. Marry, by all means, captain. [*Gives him back the knife.*] Cherish yourself with it, and eat hard, good captain! we cannot tell whether we shall have any more such. Adieu, dear captain!

[*Exit* Bacurius.

Bes. I will make better use of this, than of my sword. A base spirit has this 'vantage of a brave one; it keeps always at a stay, nothing brings it down, not beating. I remember I promised the king, in a great audience, that I would make my back-biters eat my sword to a knife: How to get another sword I know not; nor know any means left for me to maintain my credit, but impudence: Therefore I will outswear him and all his followers, that this is all that's left uneaten of my sword.

[*Exit* Bessus.

SCENE III.—*An Apartment in the Palace.*

Enter Mardonius.

Mar. I'll move the king; he is most strangely alter'd: I guess the cause, I fear, too right. Heaven has some secret end in't, and 'tis a scourge, no question, justly laid upon him. He has follow'd me through twenty rooms; and ever, when I stay to wait his command, he blushes like a girl, and looks upon me as if modesty kept in his business; so turns away from me; but, if I go on, he follows me again.

Enter Arbaces.

See, here he is. I do not use this, yet, I know not how, I cannot choose but weep to see him: his very enemies, I think, whose wounds have bred his fame, if they should see him now, would find tears i' their eyes.

Arb. I cannot utter it! Why should I keep
A breast to harbour thoughts I dare not speak?
Darkness is in my bosom; and there lie
A thousand thoughts that cannot brook the light.
How wilt thou vex me, when this deed is done,
Conscience, that art afraid to let me name it!

Mar. How do you, sir?

Arb. Why, very well, Mardonius:
How dost thou do?

Mar. Better than you, I fear.

Arb. I hope thou art; for, to be plain with thee,
Thou art in hell else! Secret scorching flames,
That far transcend earthly material fires,
Are crept into me, and there is no cure:
Is it not strange, Mardonius, there's no cure?

Mar. Sir, either I mistake, or there is something hid, that you would utter to me.

Arb. So there is: but yet I cannot do it.

Mar. Out with it, sir. If it be dangerous, I will

not shrink to do you service: I shall not esteem my life a weightier matter than indeed it is. I know 'tis subject to more chances than it has hours; and I were better lose it in my king's cause, than with an ague, or a fall, or (sleeping) to a thief; as all these are probable enough. Let me but know what I shall do for you.

Arb. It will not out! Were you with Gobrias,
And bade him give my sister all content
The place affords, and give her leave to send
And speak to whom she please?

Mar. Yes, sir, I was.

Arb. And did you to Bacurius say as much
About Tigranes?

Mar. Yes.

Arb. That's all my business.

Mar. Oh, say not so; you had an answer of this before: Besides, I think this business might be utter'd more carelessly.

Arb. Come, thou shalt have it out. I do beseech
By all the love thou hast profess'd to me, [thee,
To see my sister from me.

Mar. Well; and what?

Arb. That's all.

Mar. That's strange! Shall I say nothing to her?

Arb. Not a word:
But, if thou lov'st me, find some subtle way
To make her understand by signs.

Mar. But what shall I make her understand?

Arb. Oh, Mardonius, for that I must be pardon'd.

Mar. You may; but I can only see her then.

Arb. 'Tis true! [*Gives him a ring.*
Bear her this ring, then; and, on more advice,
Thou shalt speak to her: Tell her I do love
My kindred all; wilt thou?

Mar. Is there no more?

Arb. Oh, yes! And her the best;
Better than any brother loves his sister:
That is all.

Mar. Methinks, this need not have been delivered with such a caution. I'll do it.

Arb. There is more yet: Wilt thou be faithful to me?

Mar. Sir, if I take upon me to deliver it, after I hear it, I'll pass through fire to do it.

Arb. I love her better than a brother ought.
Dost thou conceive me?

Mar. I hope you do not, sir.

Arb. No! thou art dull. Kneel down before
And never rise again, till she will love me. [her,

Mar. Why, I think she does.

Arb. But, better than she does; another way;
As wives love husbands.

Mar. Why, I think there are few wives that love their husbands better than she does you.

Arb. Thou wilt not understand me! Is it fit
This should be utter'd plainly? Take it, then,
Naked as 'tis; I would desire her love
Lasciviously, lewdly, incestuously,
To do a sin that needs must damn us both;
And thee too. Dost thou understand me now?

Mar. Yes; there's your ring again. What have I done
Dishonestly, in my whole life, name it,
That you should put so base a business to me?

Arb. Didst thou not tell me, thou wouldst do it?

Mar. Yes, if I undertook it: But if all
My hairs were lives, I would not be engaged
In such a cause to save my last life.

Arb. Oh, guilt, how poor and weak a thing art thou!
This man, that is my servant, whom my breath
Might blow about the world, might beat me here
Having this cause; whilst I, press'd down with sin,
Could not resist him.—Hear, Mardonius!
It was a motion mis-beseeming man,
And I am sorry for it.

Mar. Heaven grant you may be so! You must understand, nothing that you can utter can remove my love and service from my prince: but, otherwise, I think, I shall not love you more: For you are sinful, and, if you do this crime, you ought to have no laws; for, after this, it will be great injustice in you to punish any offender, for any crime. For myself, I find my heart too big; I feel, I have not patience to look on, whilst you run these forbidden courses. Means I have none but your favour; and I am rather glad that I shall lose 'em both together, than keep 'em with such conditions. I shall find a dwelling amongst some people, where, though our garments perhaps be coarser, we shall be richer far within, and harbour no such vices in 'em. The gods preserve you, and mend——

Arb. Mardonius! Stay, Mardonius! for, though
My present state requires nothing but knaves
To be about me, such as are prepared
For every wicked act, yet who does know,
But that my loathed fate may turn about,
And I have use for honest men again?
I hope, I may; I pr'ythee leave me not.

Enter Bessus.

Bes. Where is the king?

Mar. There.

Bes. An't please your majesty, there's the knife.

Arb. What knife?

Bes. The sword is eaten.

Mar. Away, you fool! the king is serious,
And cannot now admit your vanities.

Bes. Vanities! I'm no honest man, if my enemies have not brought it to this. What, do you think I lie?

Arb. No, no; 'tis well, Bessus; tis very well. I'm glad on't.

Mar. If your enemies brought it to this, your enemies are cutlers. Come, leave the king.

Bes. Why, may not valour approach him?

Mar. Yes; but he has affairs. Depart, or I shall be something unmannerly with you!

Arb. No; let him stay, Mardonius; let him
I have occasion with him very weighty, [stay;
And I can spare you now.

Mar. Sir?

Arb. Why, I can spare you now.

Bes. Mardonius, give way to the state affairs.

Mar. Indeed, you are fitter for his present purpose. [*Exit* Mardonius.

Arb. Bessus, I should employ thee: Wilt thou do't?

Bes. Do't for you? By this air, I will do any thing, without exception, be it a good, bad, or indifferent thing.

Arb. Do not swear.

Bes. By this light, but I will; any thing whatsoever.

Arb. But I shall name the thing
Thy conscience will not suffer thee to do.

Bes. I would fain hear that thing. [me,—

Arb. Why, I would have thee get my sister for
Thou understand'st me,—in a wicked manner.

Bes. Oh, you would have a bout with her? I'll do't, I'll do't, i'faith.

Arb. Wilt thou? dost thou make no more on't?

Bes. More? No. Why, is there any thing else? If there be, trust me, it shall be done too.

Arb. Hast thou no greater sense of such a sin?
Thou art too wicked for my company,
Though I have hell within me, and may'st yet
Corrupt me further! Pr'ythee answer me,
How do I shew to thee after this motion?

Bes. Why, your majesty looks as well, in my opinion, as ever you did since you were born.

Arb. But thou appear'st to me, after thy grant,
The ugliest, loathed, detestable thing,
That I have ever met with. Thou hast eyes
Like flames of sulphur, which, methinks, do dart
Infection on me; and thou hast a mouth
Enough to take me in, where there do stand
Four rows of iron teeth.

Bes. I feel no such thing: But 'tis no matter how I look; I'll do your business as well as they that look better. And when this is dispatch'd, if you have a mind to your mother, tell me, and you shall see I'll set it hard. [this!

Arb. My mother?—Heaven forgive me, to hear I am inspired with horror.—Now I hate thee
Worse than my sin; which, if I could come by,
Should suffer death eternal, ne'er to rise
In any breast again. Know, I will die
Languishing mad, as I resolve I shall,
Ere I will deal by such an instrument:
Thou art too sinful to employ in this.
Out of the world, away! [*Beats him.*

Bes. What do you mean, sir?

Arb. Hung round with curses, take thy fearful flight
Into the desarts; where, 'mongst all the monsters,
If thou find'st one so beastly as thyself,
Thou shalt be held as innocent!

Bes. Good sir——

Arb. If there were no such instruments as thou,
We kings could never act such wicked deeds!
Seek out a man that mocks divinity,
That breaks each precept both of God and man,
And nature too, and does it without lust,
Merely because it is a law, and good,
And live with him; for him thou can'st not spoil.
Away, I say!— [*Exit Bessus.*
I will not do this sin.
I'll press it here, till it do break my breast:
It heaves to get out; but thou art a sin,
And, spite of torture, I will keep thee in. [*Exit.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*The Apartment of the Princess in the Palace.*

Enter GOBRIAS, PANTHEA, *and* SPACONIA.

Gob. Have you written, madam?

Pan. Yes, good Gobrias.

Gob. And with a kindness and such winning
As may provoke him, at one instant, feel [words
His double fault, your wrong, and his own rashness?

Pan. I have sent words enough, if words may win him
From his displeasure; and such words, I hope,
As shall gain much upon his goodness, Gobrias.
Yet fearing, since they are many, and a woman's,
A poor belief may follow, I have woven
As many truths within 'em to speak for me,
That if he be but gracious and receive 'em——

Gob. Good lady, be not fearful: Though he should not
Give you your present end in this, believe it,
You shall feel, if your virtue can induce you
To labour out this tempest (which, I know,
Is but a poor proof 'gainst your patience)
All those contents, your spirit will arrive at,
Newer and sweeter to you. Your royal brother,
When he shall once collect himself, and see
How far he has been asunder from himself,
What a mere stranger to his golden temper,
Must, from those roots of virtue, never dying,
Though somewhat stopt with humour, shoot again
Into a thousand glories, bearing his fair branches
High as our hopes can look at, strait as justice,
Loaden with ripe contents. He loves you dearly,
I know it, and, I hope, I need not further
Win you to understand it.

Pan. I believe it;
But, howsoever, I am sure I love him dearly;
So dearly, that if any thing I write
For my enlarging should beget his anger,
Heaven be a witness with me, and my faith,
I had rather live entombed here. [grief

Gob. You shall not feel a worse stroke than your
I am sorry 'tis so sharp. I kiss your hand,
And this night will deliver this true story,
With this hand to your brother.

Pan. Peace go with you!
You are a good man.— [*Exit Gobrias.*
My Spaconia,
Why are you ever sad thus?

Spa. Oh, dear lady!

Pan. Pr'ythee discover not a way to sadness,
Nearer than I have in me. Our two sorrows
Work, like two eager hawks, who shall get highest.
How shall I lessen thine? for mine, I fear,
Is easier known than cured.

Spa. Heaven comfort both,
And give yours happy ends, however I
Fall in my stubborn fortunes.

Pan. This but teaches
How to be more familiar with our sorrows,
That are too much our masters. Good Spaconia,
How shall I do you service?

Spa. Noblest lady,
You make me more a slave still to your goodness.
And only live to purchase thanks to pay you;
For that is all the business of my life now.
I will be bold, since you will have it so,
To ask a noble favour of you.

Pan. Speak it; 'tis yours; for, from so sweet a
No ill demand has issue. [virtue.

Spa. Then, ever-virtuous, let me beg your will
In helping me to see the prince Tigranes;
With whom I am equal prisoner, if not more.

Pan. Reserve me to a greater end, Spaconia;
Bacurius cannot want so much good manners
As to deny your gentle visitation,
Though you came only with your own command.

Spa. I know they will deny me, gracious madam,
Being a stranger, and so little famed,
So utter empty of those excellencies
That tame authority: But in you, sweet lady,
All these are natural; beside, a power
Derived immediate from your royal brother,
Whose least word in you may command the kingdom.
Pan. More than my word, Spaconia, you shall
For fear it fail you. [carry,
Spa. Dare you trust a token?
Madam, I fear I am grown too bold a beggar.
Pan. You are a pretty one; and, trust me, lady,
It joys me I shall do a good to you,
Though to myself I never shall be happy.
Here, take this ring, and from me as a token
Deliver it: I think they will not stay you.
So, all your own desires go with you, lady!
Spa. And sweet peace to your grace!
Pan. Pray Heaven, I find it! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*A Prison.*

TIGRANES *is discovered.*

Tigr. Fool that I am! I have undone myself,
And with my own hand turn'd my fortune round,
That was a fair one. I have childishly
Play'd with my hope so long, till I have broke it,
And now too late I mourn for't. Oh, Spaconia!
Thou hast found an even way to thy revenge now.
Why didst thou follow me, like a faint shadow,
To wither my desires? But, wretched fool,
Why did I plant thee 'twixt the sun and me,
To make me freeze thus! why did I prefer her
To the fair princess? Oh, thou fool, thou fool,
Thou family of fools, live like a slave still!
And in thee bear thine own hell and thy torment;
Thou hast deserved it. Couldst thou find no lady,
But she that has thy hopes, to put her to,
And hazard all thy peace? none to abuse,
But she that loved thee ever, poor Spaconia?
And so much loved thee, that, in honesty
And honour, thou art bound to meet her virtues!
She, that forgot the greatness of her grief
And miseries, that must follow such mad passions,
Endless and wild in women! she, that for thee,
And with thee, left her liberty, her name,
And country! You have paid me equal, heavens,
And sent my own rod to correct me with,
A woman! For inconstancy I'll suffer;
Lay it on, justice, till my soul melt in me,
For my unmanly, beastly, sudden doting,
Upon a new face; after all my oaths,
Many, and strange ones.
I feel my old fire flame again and burn
So strong and violent, that, should I see her
Again, the grief, and that, would kill me.

Enter BACURIUS *and* SPACONIA.

Bac. Lady,
Your token I acknowledge; you may pass;
There is the king.
Spa. I thank your lordship for it.
[*Exit* BACURIUS.
Tigr. She comes, she comes! Shame hide me
ever from her!
Would I were buried, or so far removed
Light might not find me out! I dare not see her.
Spa. Nay, never hide yourself! Or, were you hid
Where earth hides all her riches, near her centre,
My wrongs, without more day, would light me to
you:
I must speak ere I die. Were all your greatness
Doubled upon you, you're a perjured man,
And only mighty in your wickedness
Of wronging women! Thou art false, false, prince!
I live to see it; poor Spaconia lives
To tell thee thou art false; and then no more!
She lives to tell thee, thou art more inconstant
Than all ill women ever were together.
Thy faith is firm as raging overflows,
That no bank can command; as lasting
As boys' gay bubbles, blown i' th' air and broken.
The wind is fix'd to thee; and sooner shall
The beaten mariner, with his shrill whistle,
Calm the loud murmur of the troubled main,
And strike it smooth again, than thy soul fall
To have peace in love with any: Thou art all
That all good men must hate; and if thy story
Shall tell succeeding ages what thou wert,
Oh, let it spare me in it, lest true lovers,
In pity of my wrongs, burn thy black legend,
And with their curses shake thy sleeping ashes!
Tigr. Oh! oh!
Spa. The destinies, I hope, have pointed out
Our ends alike, that thou may'st die for love,
Though not for me; for, this assure thyself,
The princess hates thee deadly, and will sooner
Be won to marry with a bull, and safer,
Than such a beast as thou art.—I have struck,
I fear, too deep; beshrew me for it!—Sir,
This sorrow works me, like a cunning friendship,
Into the same piece with it.—He's ashamed!
Alas, I have been too rugged.—Dear my lord,
I am sorry I have spoken any thing,
Indeed I am, that may add more restraint
To that too much you have. Good sir, be pleased
To think it was a fault of love, not malice;
And do as I will do, forgive it, prince.
I do and can forgive the greatest sins
To me you can repent of. Pray believe.
Tig. Oh, my Spaconia! Oh, thou virtuous
Spa. No more; the king, sir. [woman!

Enter ARBACES, BACURIUS, *and* MARDONIUS.

Arb. Have you been careful of our noble prisoner,
That he want nothing fitting for his greatness?
Bar. I hope his grace will quit me for my care,
Arb. 'Tis well.—Royal Tigranes, health! [sir.
Tigr. More than the strictness of this place can
I offer back again to great Arbaces. [give, sir,
Arb. We thank you, worthy prince; and pray
excuse us,
We have not seen you since your being here.
I hope your noble usage has been equal
With your own person: Your imprisonment,
If it be any, I dare say, is easy;
And shall not out-last two days.
Tigr. I thank you.
My usage here has been the same it was,
Worthy a royal conqueror. For my restraint,
It came unkindly, because much unlook'd for;
But I must bear it.
Arb. What lady's that, Bacurius?
Bac. One of the princess' women, sir.
Arb. I fear'd it.
Why comes she hither?
Bac. To speak with the prince Tigranes.
Arb. From whom, Bacurius?

Bac. From the princess, sir.
Arb. I knew I had seen her.
Mar. His fit begins to take him now again. 'Tis a strange fever, and 'twill shake us all anon, I fear. 'Would he were well cured of this raging folly: Give me the wars, where men are mad, and may talk what they list, and held the bravest fellows; this pelting prating peace is good for nothing: Drinking's a virtue to't. [ence,
Arb. I see there's truth in no man, nor obedi-
But for his own ends: Why did you let her in?
Bac. It was your own command to bar none from him:
Besides, the princess sent her ring, sir, for my war-
Arb. A token to Tigranes, did she not? [rant.
Sir, tell truth.
Bac, I do not use to lie, sir.
'Tis no way I eat, or live by; and I think
This is no token, sir.
Mar. This combat has undone him: If he had been well beaten, he had been temperate. I shall never see him handsome again, till he have a horseman's staff yoked through his shoulders, or an arm broke with a bullet.
Arb. I am trifled with.
Bac. Sir?
Arb. I know it, as I know thee to be false.
Mar. Now the clap comes.
Bac. You never knew me so, sir, I dare speak it;
And, durst a worse man tell me, though my better—
Mar. 'Tis well said, by my soul.
Arb. Sirrah, you answer as you had no life.
Bac. That I fear, sir, to lose nobly.
Arb. I say, sir, once again——
Bac. You may say what you please, sir:
'Would I might do so.
Arb. I will, sir; and say openly,
This woman carries letters: By my life,
I know she carries letters; this woman does it.
Mar. 'Would Bessus were here, to take her aside and search her; he would quickly tell you what she carried, sir.
Arb. I have found it out, this woman carries letters.
Mar. If this hold, 'twill be an ill world for bawds, chambermaids, and post-boys. I thank Heaven, I have none but his letters-patents, things of his own inditing.
Arb. Prince, this cunning cannot do't.
Tigr. Do what, sir? I reach you not.
Arb. It shall not serve your turn, prince.
Tigr. Serve my turn, sir?
Arb. Ay, sir, it shall not serve your turn.
Tigr. Be plainer, good sir.
Arb. This woman shall carry no more letters back to your love Panthea; by Heaven she shall not; I say she shall not.
Mar. This would make a saint swear like a soldier, and a soldier like Termagant.
Tigr. This beats me more, king, than the blows you gave me.
Arb. Take 'em away both, and together let them prisoners be, strictly and closely kept; or, sirrah, your life shall answer it; and let nobody speak with 'em hereafter.
Tigr. Well, I am subject to you,
And must endure these passions.
Spa. This is th' imprisonment I have look'd for
And the dear place I would choose. [always,
[*Exeunt* TIGRANES, SPACONIA, BACURIUS.

Mar. Sir, have you done well now?
Arb. Dare you reprove it?
Mar. No.
Arb. You must be crossing me.
Mar. I have no letters, sir, to anger you,
But a dry sonnet of my corporal's,
To an old sutler's wife; and that I'll burn, sir.
'Tis like to prove a fine age for the ignorant.
Arb. How dar'st thou so often forfeit thy life?
Thou know'st 'tis in my power to take it.
Mar. Yes, and I know you wo' not; or, if you do, you'll miss it quickly.
Arb. Why?
Mar. Who shall tell you of these childish follies, when I am dead? who shall put to his power to draw those virtues out of a flood of humours, when they are drown'd, and make 'em shine again? No, cut my head off: Then you may talk, and be believed, and grow worse, and have your too self-glorious temper rock'd into a dead sleep, and the kingdom with you; till foreign swords be in your throats, and slaughter be every where about you, like your flatterers. Do, kill me!
Arb. Pr'ythee, be tamer, good Mardonius.
Thou know'st I love thee; nay, I honour thee;
Believe it, good old soldier, I am thine:
But I am rack'd clean from myself! Bear with me,
Woo't thou bear with me, my Mardonius?

Enter GOBRIAS.

Mar. There comes a good man; love him too: he's temperate; you may live to have need of such a virtue: Rage is not still in fashion.
Arb. Welcome, good Gobrias.
Gob. My service, and this letter, to your grace.
Arb. From whom?
Gob. From the rich mine of virtue and beauty, Your mournful sister.
Arb. She is in prison, Gobrias, is she not?
Gob. [*Kneels.*] She is, sir, till your pleasure do enlarge her,
Which on my knees I beg. Oh, 'tis not fit,
That all the sweetness of the world in one,
The youth and virtue that would tame wild tigers,
And wilder people, that have known no manners,
Should live thus cloister'd up! For your love's sake,
If there be any in that noble heart
To her, a wretched lady, and forlorn;
Or for her love to you, which is as much
As Nature and Obedience ever gave,
Have pity on her beauties.
Arb. Praythee, stand up: 'Tis true, she is too
And all these commendations but her own: [fair.
'Would thou hadst never so commended her,
Or I ne'er lived to have heard it, Gobrias!
If thou but knew'st the wrong her beauty does her,
Thou wouldst, in pity of her, be a liar.
Thy ignorance has drawn me, wretched man,
Whither myself, nor thou, canst well tell. Oh, my
I think she loves me, but I fear another [fate
Is deeper in her heart: How think'st thou, Gobrias?
Gob. I do beseech your grace, believe it not;
For, let me perish, if it be not false!
Good sir, read her letter. [ARBACES reads.
Mar. This love, or what a devil it is, I know not, begets more mischief than a wake. I had rather be well beaten, starved, or lousy, than live within the air on't. He, that had seen this brave fellow charge through a grove of pikes but t'other day, and look upon him now, will ne'er believe his

eyes again. If he continue thus but two days more, a tailor may beat him with one hand tied behind him.

Arb. Alas, she would be at liberty;
And there be thousand reasons, Gobrias,
Thousands, that will deny it;
Which, if she knew, she would contentedly
Be where she is, and bless her virtues for it,
And me, though she were closer: She would, Go-
Good man, indeed, she would. [brias;

Gob. Then, good sir, for her satisfaction,
Send for her, and, with reason, make her know
Why she must live thus from you.

Arb. I will. Go bring her to me. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*A Room in the House of* BESSUS.

Enter BESSUS, *two* Sword-men, *and a* Boy.

Bes. You're very welcome, both! Some stools there, boy;
And reach a table. Gentlemen o' th' sword,
Pray sit, without more compliment. Begone, child!
I have been curious in the searching of you,
Because I understand you wise and valiant persons.

1 *Sw.* We understand ourselves, sir.

Bes. Nay, gentlemen, and dear friends o'the
No compliment, I pray; but to the cause [sword,
I hang upon, which, in few, is my honour.

2 *Sw.* You cannot hang too much, sir, for your
But to your cause. [honour.

Bes. Be wise, and speak truth.
My first doubt is, my beating by my prince.

1 *Sw.* Stay there a little, sir; Do you doubt a beating?
Or, have you had a beating by your prince?

Bes. Gentlemen o'th'sword, my prince has beaten me.

2 *Sw.* Brother, what think you of this case?

1 *Sw.* If he has beaten him, the case is clear.

2 *Sw.* If he have beaten him, I grant the case.
But how? we cannot be too subtle in this business.
I say, but how?

Bes. Even with his royal hand.

1 *Sw.* Was it a blow of love, or indignation?

Bes. 'Twas twenty blows of indignation, gentle-
Besides two blows o' th' face. [men;

2 *Sw.* Those blows o' th' face have made a new cause on't;
The rest were but an honourable rudeness.

2 *Sw.* Two blows o' th' face, and given by a worse man,
I must confess, as the sword-men say, had turn'd
The business: Mark me, brother, by a worse man:
But, being by his prince, had they been ten,
And those ten drawn ten teeth, besides the hazard
Of his nose for ever, all this had been but favours.
This is my flat opinion, which I'll die in.

2 *Sw.* The king may do much, captain, believe it;
For had he crack'd your skull through, like a
Or broke a rib or two with tossing of you, [bottle,
Yet you had lost no honour. This is strange,
You may imagine, but this is truth now, captain.

Bes. I will be glad to embrace it, gentlemen.
But how far may he strike me?

1 *Sw.* There's another;
A new cause rising from the time and distance,
In which I will deliver my opinion.
He may strike, beat, or cause to be beaten;
For these are natural to man:
Your prince, I say, may beat you so far forth
As his dominion reaches; that's for the distance;
The time, ten miles a-day, I take it.

2 *Sw.* Brother, you err, 'tis fifteen miles a-day;
His stage is ten, his beatings are fifteen.

Bes. 'Tis of the longest, but we subjects must—

1 *Sw.* Be subject to it: You are wise and virtuous.

Bes. Obedience ever makes that noble use on't,
To which I dedicate my beaten body.
I must trouble you a little further, gentlemen o' th' sword.

2 *Sw.* No trouble at all to us, sir, if we may
Profit your understanding: We are bound,
By virtue of our calling, to utter our opinion
Shortly, and discretely.

Bes. My sorest business is, I have been kick'd.

2 *Sw.* How far, sir?

Bes. Not to flatter myself in it, all over:
My sword lost, but not forced; for discretely
I render'd it, to save that imputation.

1 *Sw.* It shew'd discretion, the best part of valour.

2 *Sw.* Brother, this is a pretty cause; pray pon-
Our friend here has been kick'd. [der on't:

1 *Sw.* He has so, brother.

2 *Sw.* Sorely, he says. Now, had he set down
Upon the mere kick, 't had been cowardly. [here,

1 *Sw.* I think, it had been cowardly, indeed.

2 *Sw.* But our friend has redeem'd it, in deliver-
His sword without compulsion; and that man [ing
That took it of him, I pronounce a weak one,
And his kicks nullities.
He should have kick'd him after the delivering,
Which is the confirmation of a coward.

1 *Sw.* Brother, I take it you mistake the ques-
For, say, that I were kick'd. [tion;

2 *Sw.* I must not say so;
Nor I must not hear it spoke by th' tongue of man.
You kick'd, dear brother! You are merry.

1 *Sw.* But put the case, I were kick'd.

2 *Sw.* Let them put it,
That are things weary of their lives, and know
Not honour! Put the case, you were kick'd!

1 *Sw.* I do not say I was kick'd.

2 *Sw.* Nor no silly creature that wears his head
Without a case, his soul in a skin-coat.
You kick'd, dear brother!

Bes. Nay, gentlemen, let us do what we shall do,
Truly and honestly. Good sirs, to the question.

1 *Sw.* Why, then, I say, suppose your boy kick'd, captain.

2 *Sw.* The boy, may be supposed, is liable.
But, kick my brother!

1 *Sw.* A foolish forward zeal, sir, in my friend.
But to the boy: Suppose, the boy were kick'd.

Bes. I do suppose it.

1 *Sw.* Has your boy a sword?

Bes. Surely, no; I pray, suppose a sword too.

1 *Sw.* I do suppose it. You grant, your boy was kick'd then.

2 *Sw.* By no means, captain; let it be supposed
The word "grant" makes not for us. [still;

1 *Sw.* I say, this must be granted.

2 *Sw.* This *must* be granted, brother?

1 *Sw.* Ay, this *must* be granted.

2 *Sw.* Still, this *must?*

1 *Sw.* I say, this *must* be granted.

2 *Sw.* Ay! give me the *must* again! Brother, you palter.

1 *Sw.* I will not hear you, wasp.
2 *Sw.* Brother,
I say you palter; the *must* three times together!
I wear as sharp steel as another man,
And my fox bites as deep. *Musted*, my dear bro-
But to the cause again. [ther!
Bes. Nay, look you, gentlemen!
2 *Sw.* In a word, I ha' done.
1 *Sw.* A tall man, but intemperate; 'tis great pity.
Once more, suppose the boy kick'd.
2 *Sw.* Forward.
1 *Sw.* And, being thoroughly kick'd, laughs at
2 *Sw.* So much for us. Proceed. [the kicker.
1 *Sw.* And in this beaten scorn, as I may call it,
Delivers up his weapon; where lies the error?
Bes. It lies i' the beating, sir: I found it four days since.
2 *Sw.* The error, and a sore one, as I take it,
Lies in the thing kicking.
Bes. I understand that well; 'tis sore indeed, sir.
1 *Sw.* That is according to the man that did it.
2 *Sw.* There springs a new branch: Whose was
Bes. A lord's. [the foot?
1 *Sw.* The cause is mighty; but, had it been two lords,
And both had kick'd you, if you laugh'd, 'tis clear.
Bes. I did laugh; but how will that help me, gentlemen?
2 *Sw.* Yes, it shall help you, if you laugh'd aloud.
Bes. As loud as a kick'd man could laugh, I laugh'd, sir.
1 *Sw.* My reason now: The valiant man is known
By suffering and contemning; you have
Enough of both, and you are valiant.
2 *Sw.* If he be sure he has been kick'd enough:
For that brave sufferance you speak of, brother,
Consists not in a beating and away,
But in a cudgell'd body, from eighteen
To eight and thirty; in a head rebuked
With pots of all size, daggers, stools, and bedstaves:
This shews a valiant man.
Bes. Then I am valiant, as valiant as the proud-
For these are all familiar things to me; [est;
Familiar as my sleep, or want of money;
All my whole body's but one bruise, with beating.
I think I have been cudgell'd with all nations,
And almost all religions.
2 *Sw.* Embrace him, brother! this man is valiant;
I know it by myself, he's valiant.
1 *Sw.* Captain, thou art a valiant gentleman,
To bide upon, a very valiant man.
Bes. My equal friends o' th' sword, I must re-
Your hands to this. [quest
2 *Sw.* 'Tis fit it should be.
Bes. Boy,
Get me some wine, and pen and ink, within.—
Am I clear, gentlemen?
1 *Sw.* Sir, when the world has taken notice what we have done,
Make much of your body; for I'll pawn my steel,
Men will be coyer of their legs hereafter.
Bes. I must request you go along, and testify
To the lord Bacurius, whose foot has struck me,
How you find my cause.
2 *Sw.* We will; and tell that lord he must be ruled;
Or there be those abroad, will rule his lordship.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*An Apartment in the Palace.*

Enter ARBACES *at one door, and* GOBRIAS *with* PANTHEA *at another.*

Gob. Sir, here's the princess.
Arb. Leave us, then, alone;
For the main cause of her imprisonment
Must not be heard by any but herself.—
[*Exit* GOBRIAS.
You're welcome, sister; and I would to Heaven
I could so bid you by another name.—
If you above love not such sins as these,
Circle my heart with thoughts as cold as snow,
To quench these rising flames that harbour here.
Pan. Sir, does it please you I shall speak?
Arb. Please me?
Ay, more than all the art of music can,
Thy speech doth please me; for it ever sounds
As thou brought'st joyful unexpected news:
And yet it is not fit thou shouldst be heard;
I pray thee, think so.
Pan. Be it so; I will.
Am I the first that ever had a wrong
So far from being fit to have redress,
That 'twas unfit to hear it? I will back
To prison, rather than disquiet you,
And wait till it be fit.
Arb. No, do not go;
For I will hear thee with a serious thought:
I have collected all that's man about me
Together strongly, and I am resolved
To hear thee largely: But I do beseech thee,
Do not come nearer to me; for there is
Something in that, that will undo us both.
Pan. Alas, sir, am I venom?
Arb. Yes, to me;
Though, of thyself, I think thee to be in
As equal a degree of heat or cold,
As Nature can make: Yet, as unsound men
Convert the sweetest and the nourishing'st meats
Into diseases, so shall I, distemper'd,
Do thee: I pray thee, draw no nearer to me.
Pan. Sir, this is that I would: I am of late
Shut from the world, and why it should be thus
Is all I wish to know.
Arb. Why, credit me,
Panthea, credit me, that am thy brother,
Thy loving brother, that there is a cause
Sufficient, yet unfit for thee to know,
That might undo thee everlastingly,
Only to hear. Wilt thou but credit this?
By Heaven, 'tis true; believe it, if thou canst.
Pan. Children and fools are very credulous,
And I am both, I think, for I believe,
If you dissemble, be it on your head!
I'll back unto my prison. Yet, methinks,
I might be kept in some place where you are:
For in myself I find, I know not what
To call it, but it is a great desire
To see you often.
Arb. Fy, you come in a step; what do you mean?
Dear sister, do not so! Alas, Panthea,
Where I am would you be? why, that's the cause
You are imprison'd, that you may not be
Where I am.
Pan. Then I must endure it, sir.
Heaven keep you!
Arb. Nay, you shall hear the cause in short, Panthea;
And, when thou hear'st it, thou wilt blush for me.
And hang thy head down like a violet

Full of the morning's dew. There is a way
To gain thy freedom; but 'tis such a one
As puts thee in worse bondage, and I know
Thou wouldst encounter fire, and make a proof
Whether the gods have care of innocence,
Rather than follow it: Know, that I have lost,
The only difference betwixt man and beast,
My reason.

Pan. Heaven forbid!

Arb. Nay, it is gone;
And I am left as far without a bound
As the wild ocean that obeys the winds;
Each sudden passion throws me where it lists,
And overwhelms all that oppose my will.
I have beheld thee with a lustful eye;
My heart is set on wickedness, to act
Such sins with thee, as I have been afraid
To think of. If thou dar'st consent to this,
Which, I beseech thee, do not, thou may'st gain
Thy liberty, and yield me a content;
If not, thy dwelling must be dark and close,
Where I may never see thee: For Heaven knows,
That laid this punishment upon my pride,
Thy sight at some time will enforce my madness
To make a start e'en to thy ravishing.
Now spit upon me, and call all reproaches
Thou can'st devise together, and at once
Hurl 'em against me; for I am a sickness
As killing as the plague, ready to seize thee.

Pan. Far be it from me to revile the king!
But it is true, that I shall rather choose
To search out death, that else would search out me,
And in a grave sleep with my innocence,
Than welcome such a sin. It is my fate;
To these cross accidents I was ordain'd,
And must have patience; and, but that my eyes
Have more of woman in 'em than my heart,
I would not weep. Peace enter you again!

Arb. Farewell; and, good Panthea, pray for me,
(Thy prayers are pure) that I may find a death,
However soon, before my passions grow,
That they forget what I desire is sin;
For thither they are tending: If that happen,
Then I shall force thee, though thou wert a virgin
By vow to Heaven, and shall pull a heap
Of strange, yet uninvented, sin upon me.

Pan. Sir, I will pray for you! yet you shall know
It is a sullen fate that governs us:
For I could wish, as heartily as you,
I were no sister to you; I should then
Embrace your lawful love, sooner than health.

Arb. Couldst thou affect me then?

Pan. So perfectly,
That, as it is, I ne'er shall sway my heart
To like another.

Arb. Then I curse my birth!
Must this be added to my miseries,
That thou art willing too? Is there no stop
To our full happiness, but these mere sounds,
Brother and sister?

Pan. There is nothing else:
But these, alas! will separate us more
Than twenty worlds betwixt us.

Arb. I have lived
To conquer men, and now am overthrown
Only by words, brother and sister. Where
Have those words dwelling? I will find 'em out,
And utterly destroy 'em; but they are
Not to be grasp'd: Let them be men or beasts,
And I will cut 'em from the earth; or towns,
And I will raze 'em, and then blow 'em up:
Let 'em be seas, and I will drink 'em off,
And yet have unquench'd fire left in my breast:
Let 'em be any thing but merely voice.

Pan. But 'tis not in the power of any force,
Or policy, to conquer them.

Arb. Panthea,
What shall we do? Shall we stand firmly here,
And gaze our eyes out?

Pan. 'Would I could do so!
But I shall weep out mine.

Arb. Accursed man,
Thou bought'st thy reason at too dear a rate;
For thou hast all thy actions bounded in
With curious rules, when every beast is free:
What is there that acknowledges a kindred,
But wretched man? Who ever saw the bull
Fearfully leave the heifer that he liked,
Because they had one dam?

Pan. Sir, I disturb you
And myself too; 'twere better I were gone.

Arb. I will not be so foolish as I was;
Stay, we will love just as becomes our births,
No otherwise: Brothers and sisters may
Walk hand in hand together; so shall we.
Come nearer: Is there any hurt in this?

Pan. I hope not.

Arb. 'Faith, there is none at all:
And tell me truly now, is there not one
You love above me?

Pan. No, by Heaven.

Arb. Why, yet
You sent unto Tigranes, sister.

Pan. True,
But for another: For the truth——

Arb. No more,
I'll credit thee; I know thou canst not lie.
Thou art all truth.

Pan. But is there nothing else,
That we may do, but only walk? Methinks,
Brothers and sisters lawfully may kiss.

Arb. And so they may, Panthea; so will we;
And kiss again too; we were too scrupulous
And foolish, but we will be so no more.

Pan. If you have any mercy, let me go
To prison, to my death, to any thing:
I feel a sin growing upon my blood,
Worse than all these, hotter, I fear, than yours.

Arb. That is impossible; what should we do?

Pan. Fly, sir, for Heaven's sake.

Arb. So we must; away!
Sin grows upon us more by this delay.

[*Exeunt several ways.*

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*Before the Palace.*

Enter MARDONIUS *and* LYGONES.

Mar. Sir, the king has seen your commission, and believes it; and freely by this warrant gives you power to visit prince Tigranes, your noble master.

Lyg. I thank his grace, and kiss his hand.

Mar. But is the main of all your business ended in this?

Lyg. I have another, but a worse; I am ashamed! It is a business——

Mar. You serve a worthy person; and a stranger, I am sure you are: You may employ me, if you please, without your purse; such offices should ever be their own rewards.

Lyg. I am bound to your nobleness.

Mar. I may have need of you, and then this courtesy,
If it be any, is not ill bestow'd.
But may I civilly desire the rest?
I shall not be a hurter, if no helper.

Lyg. Sir, you shall know: I have lost a foolish daughter,
And with her all my patience; pilfer'd away
By a mean captain of your king's.

Mar. Stay there, sir:
If he have reach'd the noble worth of captain,
He may well claim a worthy gentlewoman,
Though she were yours, and noble.

Lyg. I grant all that too: But this wretched fellow
Reaches no further than the empty name,
That serves to feed him. Were he valiant,
Or had but in him any noble nature,
That might hereafter promise him a good man,
My cares were so much lighter, and my grave
A span yet from me.

Mar. I confess, such fellows
Be in all royal camps, and have and must be,
To make the sin of coward more detested
In the mean soldier, that with such a foil
Sets off much valour. By description,
I should now guess him to you; it was Bessus,
I dare almost with confidence pronounce it.

Lyg. 'Tis such a scurvy name as Bessus;
And, now I think, 'tis he.

Mar. Captain do you call him?
Believe me, sir, you have a misery
Too mighty for your age: A pox upon him!
For that must be an end of all his service.
Your daughter was not mad, sir?

Lyg. No; 'would she had been!
The fault had had more credit. I would do some thing.

Mar. I would fain counsel you; but to what I know not.
He's so below a beating, that the women
Find him not worthy of their distaves, and
To hang him were to cast away a rope.
He's such an airy, thin, unbodied coward,
That no revenge can catch him.
I'll tell you, sir, and tell you truth; this rascal
Fears neither God nor man; has been so beaten,
Sufferance has made him wainscot; he has had,
Since he was first a slave,
At least three hundred daggers set in's head,
As little boys do new knives in hot meat.
There's not a rib in's body, o' my conscience,
That has not been thrice broken with dry beating;
And now his sides look like two wicker targets,
Every way bended;
Children will shortly take him for a wall,
And set their stone-bows in his forehead.
He is of so base a sense,
I cannot in a week imagine what
Shall be done to him.

Lyg. Sure, I have committed some great sin,
That this base fellow should be made my rod.
I would see him; but I shall have no patience.

Mar. 'Tis no great matter, if you have not: If a laming of him, or such a toy, may do you pleasure, sir, he has it for you; and I'll help you to him. 'Tis no news to him to have a leg broken, or a shoulder out, with being turn'd o' th' stones like a tansy. Draw not your sword, if you love it; for, on my conscience, his head will break it; We use him i' th' wars like a ram, to shake a wall withal. Here comes the very person of him; do as you shall find your temper; I must leave you: But if you do not break him like a biscuit, you're much to blame, sir. [*Exit* MARDONIUS.

Enter BESSUS *and the* Sword-men.

Lyg. Is your name Bessus?

Bes. Men call me Captain Bessus.

Lyg. Then, Captain Bessus, you are a rank rascal, without more exordiums; a dirty frozen slave! and, with the favour of your friends here, I will beat you.

2 *Sw.* Pray use your pleasure, sir; you seem to be a gentleman.

Lyg. [*Beats him.*] Thus, Captain Bessus, thus! Thus twinge your nose, thus kick, thus tread upon you.

Bes. I do beseech you, yield your cause, sir, quickly.

Lyg. Indeed, I should have told you that first.

Bes. I take it so.

1 *Sw.* Captain, he should, indeed; he is mistaken.

Lyg. Sir, you shall have it quickly, and more beating:
You have stolen away a lady, Captain Coward,
And such a one—— [*Beats him.*

Bes. Hold, I beseech you, hold, sir;
I never yet stole any living thing
That had a tooth about it.

Lyg. I know you dare lye.

Bes. With none but summer-whores, upon my life, sir:
My means and manners never could attempt
Above a hedge or haycock.

Lyg. Sirrah, that quits not me: Where is this lady?
Do that you do not use to do, tell truth,
Or, by my hand, I'll beat your captain's brains out,
Wash 'em, and put 'em in again, that will I.

Bes. There was a lady, sir, I must confess,
Once in my charge: The prince Tigranes gave her
To my guard, for her safety. How I used her
She may herself report; she's with the prince now.
I did but wait upon her like a groom,
Which she will testify, I am sure: If not,
My brains are at your service, when you please, sir,
And glad I have 'em for you.

Lyg. This is most likely. Sir, I ask your pardon, and am sorry I was so intemperate.

Bes. Well, I can ask no more. You would think it strange now, to have me beat you at first sight.

Lyg. Indeed, I would; but, I know, your goodness can forget twenty beatings: You must forgive me.

Bes. Yes; there's my hand. Go where you will, I shall think you a valiant fellow for all this.

Lyg. My daughter is a whore. [*Aside.*
I feel it now too sensible; yet I will see her;
Discharge myself from being father to her,
And then back to my country, and there die.—
Farewell, captain.

Bes. Farewell, sir, farewell! Commend me to the gentlewoman, I pray. [*Exit* LYGONES.

1 *Sw.* How now, captain? bear up, man.

Bes. Gentlemen o' th' sword, your hands once more; I have been kick'd again; but the foolish fellow is penitent, has ask'd me mercy, and my honour's safe.

2 *Sw.* We knew that; or the foolish fellow had better have kick'd his grandsire.

Bes. Confirm, confirm, I pray.

1 *Sw.* There be our hands again! Now let him come, and say he was not sorry, and he sleeps for it.

Bes. Alas! good ignorant old man, let him go, let him go; these courses will undo him. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*The Prison.*

Enter LYGONES *and* BACURIUS.

Bac. My lord, your authority is good, and I am glad it is so; for my consent would never hinder you from seeing your own king: I am a minister, but not a governor of this state. Yonder is your king; I'll leave you. [*Exit.*

Enter TIGRANES *and* SPACONIA.

Lyg. There he is,
Indeed, and with him my disloyal child.

Tig. I do perceive my fault so much, that yet,
Methinks, thou shouldst not have forgiven me.

Lyg. Health to your majesty!

Tigr. What, good Lygones! welcome!
What business brought thee hither?

Lyg. Several businesses: [*Gives a paper.*
My public business will appear by this;
I have a message to deliver, which,
If it pleases you so to authorize, is
An embassage from the Armenian state,
Unto Arbaces for your liberty.
The offer's there set down; please you to read it.

Tigr. There is no alteration happen'd since
I came thence?

Lyg. None, sir; all is as it was.

Tigr. And all our friends are well? [*Reads.*

Lyg. All very well.

Spa. Though I have done nothing but what was
I dare not see my father: It was fault [good,
Enough not to acquaint him with that good.

Lyg. Madam, I should have seen you.

Spa. Oh, good sir, forgive me.

Lyg. Forgive you! why, I am no kin to you, am I?

Spa. Should it be measured by my mean deserts,
Indeed you are not.

Lyg. Thou couldst prate unhappily,
Ere thou couldst go; 'would thou couldst do as well!
And how does your custom hold out here?

Spa. Sir?

Lyg. Are you in private still, or how?

Spa. What do you mean?

Lyg. Do you take money? Are you come to sell sin yet? Perhaps, I can help you to liberal clients: Or has not the king cast you off yet? Oh, thou vile creature, whose best commendation is, that thou art a young whore! I would thy mother had lived to see this; or, rather, that I had died ere I had seen it! Why didst not make me acquainted
When thou wert first resolved to be a whore?
I would have seen thy hot lust satisfied
More privately; I would have kept a dancer,
And a whole consort of musicians,
In my own house, only to fiddle thee.

Spa. Sir, I was never whore.

Lyg. If thou couldst not say so much for thyself, thou shouldst be carted.

Tigr. Lygones, I have read it, and I like it;
You shall deliver it.

Lyg. Well, sir, I will:
But I have private business with you.

Tigr. Speak; what is't?

Lyg. How has my age deserved so ill of you,
That you can pick no strumpets i' the land,
But out of my breed?

Tigr. Strumpets, good Lygones?

Lyg. Yes; and I wish to have you know, I scorn
To get a whore for any prince alive: [daughter
And yet scorn will not help! Methinks, my
Might have been spared; there were enow besides.

Tigr. May I not prosper but she's innocent
As morning light, for me; and, I dare swear,
For all the world.

Lyg. Why is she with you, then?
Can she wait on you better than your man?
Has she a gift in plucking off your stockings?
Can she make candles well, or cut your corns?
Why do you keep her with you? For a queen,
I know, you do contemn her; so should I;
And every subject else think much at it.

Tigr. Let 'em think much; but 'tis more firm
Thou seest thy queen there. [than earth,

Lyg. Then have I made a fair hand: I call'd her whore. If I shall speak now as her father, I cannot choose but greatly rejoice that she shall be a queen: But if I should speak to you as a statesman, she were more fit to be your whore.

Tigr. Get you about your business to Arbaces;
Now you talk idly.

Lyg. Yes, sir, I will go.
And shall she be a queen? She had more wit
Than her old father, when she ran away.
Shall she be queen? Now, by my troth, 'tis fine!
I'll dance out of all measure at her wedding:
Shall I not, sir?

Tigr. Yes, marry, shalt thou.

Lyg. I'll make these wither'd kexes bear my
Two hours together above ground. [body

Tigr. Nay, go;
My business requires haste.

Lyg. Good Heav'n preserve you!
You are an excellent king.

Spa. Farewell, good father.

Lyg. Farewell, sweet virtuous daughter.
I never was so joyful in my life,
That I remember! Shall she be a queen?
Now I perceive a man may weep for joy;
I had thought they had lyed that said so.

[*Exit* LYGONES.

Tigr. Come, my dear love.
Spa. But you may see another,
May alter that again.
Tigr. Urge it no more:
I have made up a new strong constancy,
Not to be shook with eyes. I know I have
The passions of a man; but if I meet
With any subject that should hold my eyes
More firmly than is fit, I'll think of thee,
And run away from it: Let that suffice. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*The House of* BACURIUS.

Enter BACURIUS *and a* Servant.

Bac. Three gentlemen without, to speak with [me?
Serv. Yes, sir.
Bac. Let them come in.

Enter BESSUS, *with the two* Sword-men.

Serv. They are enter'd, sir, already.
Bac. Now, fellows, your business? Are these the gentlemen?
Bes. My lord, I have made bold to bring these gentlemen,
My friends o' th' sword, along with me.
Bac. I am
Afraid you'll fight, then.
Bes. My good lord, I will not;
Your lordship is mistaken; fear not, lord.
Bac. Sir, I am sorry for't.
Bes. I ask no more in honour.—Gentlemen,
You hear my lord is sorry.
Bac. Not that I have beaten you,
But beaten one that will be beaten;
One whose dull body will require a lamming,
As surfeits do the diet, spring and fall.
Now, to your sword-men:
What come they for, good captain Stockfish?
Bes. It seems your lordship has forgot my name.
Bac. No, nor your nature neither; though they [are
Things fitter, I must confess, for any thing
Than my remembrance, or any honest man's:
What shall these billets do? be piled up in my wood-yard?
Bes. Your lordship holds your mirth still, heaven continue it!
But, for these gentlemen, they come——
Bac. To swear you are a coward? Spare your [book;
I do believe it.
Bes. Your lordship still draws wide;
They come to vouch, under their valiant hands,
I am no coward.
Bac. That would be a show, indeed, worth seeing. Sirs,
Be wise and take money for this motion, travel with't;
And where the name of Bessus has been known,
Or a good coward stirring, 'twill yield more than
A tilting. This will prove more beneficial to you,
If you be thrifty, than your captainship,
And more natural. Men of most valiant hands,
Is this true?
2 *Sw.* It is so, most renowned.
Bac. 'Tis somewhat strange.
1 *Sw.* Lord, it is strange, yet true.
We have examined, from your lordship's foot there
To this man's head, the nature of the beatings;
And we do find his honour is come off
Clean and sufficient: This, as our swords shall help us.
Bac. You are much bound to your *bilbo*-men;
I am glad you're straight again, captain. 'Twere good
You would think some way how to gratify them;
They have undergone a labour for you, Bessus,
Would have puzzled Hercules with all his valour.
2 *Sw.* Your lordship must understand we are no men
Of the law, that take pay for our opinions;
It is sufficient we have cleared our friend.
Bac. Yet there is something due, which I, as touch'd
In conscience, will discharge.—Captain, I'll pay
This rent for you.
Bes. Spare yourself, my good lord;
My brave friends aim at nothing but the virtue.
Bac. That's but a cold discharge, sir, for the [pains.
2 *Sw.* Oh, lord! my good lord!
Bac. Be not so modest; I will give you something.
Bes. They shall dine with your lordship; that's sufficient.
Bac. Something in hand the while. You rogues, you apple-squires,
Do you come hither, with your bottled valour,
Your windy froth, to limit out my beatings? [*Kicks them.*
1 *Sw.* I do beseech your lordship.
2 *Sw.* Oh, good lord!
Bac. 'Sfoot, what a bevy of beaten slaves are here!—
Get me a cudgel, sirrah, and a tough one. [*Exit* Servant.
2 *Sw.* More of your foot, I do beseech your lordship.
Bac. You shall, you shall, dog, and your fellow [beagle.
1 *Sw.* O' this side, good my lord.
Bac. Off with your swords;
For if you hurt my foot, I'll have you flead,
You rascals.
1 *Sw.* Mine's off, my lord. [*They take off their swords.*
2 *Sw.* I beseech your lordship, stay a little; my strap's
Tied to my cod-piece point: Now, when you please.
Bac. Captain, these are your valiant friends;
You long for a little too?
Bes. I am very well, I humbly thank your lordship.
Bac. What's that in your pocket hurts my toe, you mungrel?
Thy buttocks cannot be so hard; out with't quickly.
2 *Sw.* [*Takes out a pistol.*] Here 'tis, sir; a small piece of artillery,
That a gentleman, a dear friend of your lordship's,
Sent me with, to get it mended, sir; for, if you [mark,
The nose is somewhat loose.
Back. A friend of mine, you rascal?
I was never wearier of doing nothing,
Than kicking these two foot-balls.

Enter Servant.

Serv. Here's a good cudgel, sir.
Bac. It comes too late; I am weary; pr'ythee,
Do thou beat them.
2 *Sw.* My lord, this is foul play,
I'faith, to put a fresh man upon us:
Men are but men, sir.
Bac. That jest shall save your bones.—Captain, rally up your rotten regiment, and begone.—!

had rather thresh than be bound to kick these rascals, till they cried, "ho!" Bessus, you may put your hand to them now, and then you are quit.—Farewell! as you like this, pray visit me again; 'twill keep me in good health. [*Exit.*

2 *Sw.* He has a devilish hard foot; I never felt the like.

1 *Sw.* Nor I; and yet, I am sure, I have felt a hundred.

2 *Sw.* If he kick thus i' the dog-days, he will be dry-foundred.

What cure now, captain, besides oil of bays?

Bes. Why, well enough, I warrant you; you can go?

2 *Sw.* Yes, Heaven be thank'd! but I feel a Sure, he's sprang my huckle-bone. [shrewd ache;

1 *Sw.* I ha' lost a haunch.

Bes. A little butter, friend, a little butter;
Butter and parsley is a sovereign matter:
Probatum est.

2 *Sw.* Captain, we must request
Your hand now to our honours.

Bes. Yes, marry, shall ye;
And then let all the world come, we are valiant
To ourselves, and there's an end.

1 *Sw.* Nay, then, we must be valiant. Oh, my ribs!

2 *Sw.* Oh, my small guts!
A plague upon these sharp-toed shoes; they are murderers. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*A Room in the Palace.*

Enter ARBACES *with his sword drawn.*

Arb. It is resolved: I bore it whilst I could;
I can no more. Hell, open all thy gates,
And I will thorough them: If they be shut,
I'll batter 'em, but I will find the place
Where the most damn'd have dwelling! Ere I end,
Amongst them all they shall not have a sin,
But I may call it mine; I must begin
With murder of my friend, and so go on
To that incestuous ravishing, and end
My life and sins with a forbidden blow
Upon myself!

Enter MARDONIUS.

Mar. What tragedy is near?
That hand was never wont to draw a sword,
But it cried "dead" to something.

Arb. Mardonius,
Have you bid Gobrias come?

Mar. How do you, sir?

Arb. Well. Is he coming?

Mar. Why, sir, are you thus?
Why do your hands proclaim a lawless war
Against yourself?

Arb. Thou answer'st me one question with
Is Gobrias coming? [another:

Mar. Sir, he is.

Arb. 'Tis well:
I can forbear your questions then. Begone!

Mar. Sir I have mark'd——

Arb. Mark less! it troubles you and me.

Mar. You are more variable than you were.

Arb. It may be so.

Mar. To-day no hermit could be humbler
Than you were to us all.

Arb. And what of this?

Mar. And now you take new rage into your
As you would look us all out of the land. [eyes,

Arb. I do confess it; will that satisfy?
I pr'ythee, get thee gone.

Mar. Sir, I will speak.

Arb. Will ye?

Mar. It is my duty.
I fear you'll kill yourself: I am a subject,
And you shall do me wrong in't; 'tis my cause,
And I may speak.

Arb. Thou art not train'd in sin,
It seems, Mardonius: kill myself! by Heaven,
I will not do it yet; and, when I will,
I'll tell thee, then I shall be such a creature
That thou wilt give me leave without a word.
There is a method in man's wickedness;
It grows up by degrees: I am not come
So high as killing of myself; there are
A hundred thousand sins 'twixt me and it,
Which I must do; and I shall come to't at last,
But, take my oath, not now. Be satisfied,
And get thee hence.

Mar. I am sorry 'tis so ill.

Arb. Be sorry, then:
True sorrow is alone; grieve by thyself.

Mar. I pray you let me see your sword put up
Before I go: I'll leave you then.

Arb. [*Puts up.*] Why, so.
What folly is this in thee? is it not
As apt to mischief as it was before?
Can I not reach it, think'st thou? These are toys
For children to be pleased with, and not men.
Now I am safe, you think: I would the book
Of Fate were here: my sword is not so sure
But I would get it out, and mangle that,
That all the destinies should quite forget
Their fix'd decrees, and haste to make us new,
For other fortunes; mine could not be worse.
Wilt thou now leave me?

Mar. Heaven put into your bosom temperate thoughts!
I'll leave you, though I fear. [*Exit* MARDONIUS.

Arb. Go; thou art honest.
Why should the hasty errors of my youth
Be so unpardonable to draw a sin,
Helpless, upon me?

Enter GOBRIAS.

Gob. There is the king;
Now it is ripe.

Arb. Draw near, thou guilty man,
That art the author of the loathed'st crime
Five ages have brought forth, and hear me speak
Curses incurable, and all the evils
Man's body or his spirit can receive,
Be with thee!

Gob. Why, sir, do you curse me thus?

Arb. Why do I curse thee? If there be a man
Subtle in curses, that exceeds the rest,
His worst wish on thee! Thou hast broke my heart.

Gob. How, sir! Have I preserved you, from a
From all the arrows malice or ambition [child,
Could shoot at you, and have I this for pay?

Arb. 'Tis true, thou didst preserve me, and in
Wert crueller than hardened murderers [that
Of infants and their mothers! Thou didst save me,
Only till thou hadst studied out a way
How to destroy me cunningly thyself:
This was a curious way of torturing.

Gob. What do you mean?

Arb. Thou know'st the evils thou hast done to me!

Dost thou remember all those witching letters
Thou sent'st unto me to Armenia,
Fill'd with the praise of my beloved sister,
Where thou extol'dst her beauty? What had I
To do with that? what could her beauty be
To me? And thou didst write how well she loved
Dost thou remember this? so that I doted [me!
Something before I saw her.

Gob. This is true.

Arb. Is it? and, when I was return'd, thou know'st,
Thou didst pursue it, till thou wound'st me in
To such a strange and unbelieved affection,
As good men cannot think on.

Gob. This I grant;
I think, I was the cause.

Arb. Wert thou? Nay, more.
I think, thou meant'st it.

Gob. Sir, I hate a lye:
As I love Heaven and honesty, I did;
It was my meaning.

Arb. Be thine own sad judge;
A further condemnation will not need:
Prepare thyself to die.

Gob. Why, sir, to die?

Arb. Why shouldst thou live? was ever yet offender
So impudent, that had a thought of mercy,
After confession of a crime like this?
Get out I cannot where thou hurl'st me in;
But I can take revenge; that's all the sweetness
Left for me.

Gob. Now is the time.—Hear me but speak.

Arb. No! Yet I will be far more merciful
Than thou wert to me; thou didst steal into me,
And never gavest me warning: So much time
As I give thee now, had prevented me
For ever. Notwithstanding all thy sins,
If thou hast hope that there is yet a prayer
To save thee, turn and speak it to thyself.

Gob. Sir, you shall know your sins, before you
If you kill me—— [do 'em:

Arb. I will not stay then.

Gob. Know—
You kill your father.

Arb. How?

Gob. You kill your father.

Arb. My father? Though I know it for a lye,
Made out of fear, to save thy stained life,
The very reverence of the word comes 'cross me,
And ties mine arm down.

Gob. I will tell you that
Shall heighten you again; I am thy father;
I charge thee hear me.

Arb. If it should be so,
As 'tis most false, and that I should be found
A bastard issue, the despised fruit
Of lawless lust, I should no more admire
All my wild passions! But another truth
Shall be wrung from thee: If I could come by
The spirit of pain, it should be pour'd on thee,
'Till thou allow'st thyself more full of lyes
Than he that teaches thee.

Enter ARANE.

Ara. Turn thee about;
I come to speak to thee, thou wicked man!
Hear me, thou tyrant!

Arb. I will turn to thee;
Hear me, thou strumpet! I have blotted out
The name of mother, as thou hast thy shame.

Ara. My shame! Thou hast less shame than any thing!
Why dost thou keep my daughter in a prison?
Why dost thou call her sister, and do this?

Arb. Cease, thou strange impudence, and answer quickly! [*Draws.*
If thou contemn'st me, this will ask an answer,
And have it.

Ara. Help me, gentle Gobrias.

Arb. Guilt dare not help guilt! though they
In doing ill, yet at the punishment [grow together
They sever, and each flies the noise of other.
Think not of help; answer!

Ara. I will; to what?

Arb. To such a thing, as, if it be a truth,
Think what a creature thou hast made thyself,
That didst not shame to do what I must blush
Only to ask thee. Tell me who I am,
Whose son I am, without all circumstance;
Be thou as hasty as my sword will be,
If thou refusest.

Ara. Why, you are his son.

Arb. His son? Swear, swear, thou worse than woman damn'd!

Ara. By all that's good, you are.

Arb. Then art thou all
That ever was known bad! Now is the cause
Of all my strange misfortunes come to light.
What reverence expect'st thou from a child,
To bring forth which thou hast offended Heaven,
Thy husband, and the land? Adulterous witch!
I know now why thou wouldst have poison'd me:
I was thy lust, which thou wouldst have forgot!
Then, wicked mother of my sins, and me,
Shew me the way to the inheritance
I have by thee, which is a spacious world
Of impious acts, that I may soon possess it.
Plagues rot thee, as thou liv'st, and such diseases
As use to pay lust, recompense thy deed!

Gob. You do not know why you curse thus.

Arb. Too well.
You are a pair of vipers; and behold
The serpent you have got! There is no beast,
But, if he knew it, has a pedigree
As brave as mine, for they have more descents;
And I am every way as beastly got,
As far without the compass of a law,
As they.

Ara. You spend your rage and words in vain,
And rail upon a guess; hear us a little.

Arb. No, I will never hear, but talk away
My breath, and die.

Gob. Why, but you are no bastard.

Arb. How's that?

Ara. Nor child of mine.

Arb. Still you go on
In wonders to me.

Gob. Pray you, be more patient;
I may bring comfort to you.

Arb. I will kneel, [*Kneels.*
And hear with the obedience of a child.
Good father, speak! I do acknowledge you,
So you bring comfort.

Gob. First know, our last king, your supposed
Was old and feeble when he married her, [father,
And almost all the land, as she, past hope
Of issue from him.

Arb. Therefore she took leave
To play the whore, because the king was old:
Is this the comfort?

Ara. What will you find out
To give me satisfaction, when you find
How you have injured me? Let fire consume me
If ever I were whore!
Gob. Forbear these starts,
Or I will leave you wedded to despair,
As you are now: If you can find a temper,
My breath shall be a pleasant western wind,
That cools and blasts not.
Arb. Bring it out, good father. [*Lies down.*
I'll lie, and listen here as reverently
As to an angel: If I breathe too loud,
Tell me; for I would be as still as night. [queen
Gob. Our king, I say, was old, and this our
Desired to bring an heir, but yet her husband,
She thought, was past it; and to be dishonest,
I think, she would not: If she would have been,
The truth is, she was watch'd so narrowly,
And had so slender opportunities,
She hardly could have been: But yet her cunning
Found out this way; she feign'd herself with child,
And posts were sent in haste throughout the land,
And God was humbly thank'd in every church,
That so had bless'd the queen; and prayers were
For her safe going and delivery. [made
She feign'd now to grow bigger; and perceived
This hope of issue made her fear'd, and brought
A far more large respect from every man,
And saw her power encrease, and was resolved,
Since she believed she could not have't indeed,
At least she would be thought to have a child.
Arb. Do I not hear it well? Nay, I will make
No noise at all; but, pray you, to the point,
Quick as you can!
Gob. Now when the time was full
She should be brought to bed, I had a son
Born, which was you: This, the queen hearing of,
Moved me to let her have you; and such reasons
She shewed me, as she knew well would tie
My secrecy: She swore you should be king;
And, to be short, I did deliver you
Unto her, and pretended you were dead,
And in mine own house kept a funeral,
And had an empty coffin put in earth.
That night this queen feign'd hastily to labour,
And by a pair of women of her own,
Which she had charm'd, she made the world be-
She was deliver'd of you. You grew up, [lieve
As the king's son, till you were six years old;
Then did the king die, and did leave to me
Protection of the realm; and, contrary
To his own expectation, left this queen
Truly with child, indeed, of the fair princess
Panthea. Then she could have torn her hair,
And did alone to me, yet durst not speak
In public, for she knew she should be found
A traitor; and her tale would have been thought
Madness, or any thing rather than truth.
This was the only cause why she did seek
To poison you, and I to keep you safe;
And this the reason why I sought to kindle
Some sparks of love in you to fair Panthea,
That she might get part of her right again.
Arb. And have you made an end now? Is this
If not, I will be still till I be aged, [all?
Till all my hairs be silver.
Gob. This is all.
Arb. And is it true, say you too, madam?
Ara. Yes,
Heaven knows, it is most true.
Arb. Panthea, then, is not my sister?
Gob. No.
Arb. But can you prove this?
Gob. If you will give consent,
Else who dares go about it?
Arb. Give consent?
Why, I will have 'em all that know it rack'd
To get this from 'em.—All that wait without,
Come in, whate'er you be, come in, and be
Partakers of my joy!—Oh, you are welcome!

Enter Bessus, Gentlemen, Mardonius, *and* other Attendants.

Mardonius, the best news! Nay, draw no nearer;
They all shall hear it: I am found No King.
Mar. Is that so good news?
Arb. Yes, the happiest news
That e'er was heard.
Mar. Indeed, 'twere well for you
If you might be a little less obey'd.
Arb. One call the queen.
Mar. Why she is there.
Arb. The queen,
Mardonius? Panthea is the queen,
And I am plain Arbaces.—Go some one.
She is in Gobrias' house.— [*Exit a* Gentleman.
Since I saw you,
There are a thousand things deliver'd to me,
You little dream of.
Mar. So it should seem.—My lord,
What fury's this?
Gob. Believe me, 'tis no fury;
All that he says is truth.
Mar. 'Tis very strange.
Arb. Why do you keep your hats off, gentle-
Is it to me? I swear, it must not be; [men?
Nay, trust me, in good faith, it must not be!
I cannot now command you; but I pray you,
For the respect you bare me when you took
Me for your king, each man clap on his hat
At my desire.
Mar. We will. You are not found
So mean a man, but that you may be cover'd
As well as we; may you not?
Arb. Oh, not here!
You may, but not I, for here is my father
In presence.
Mar. Where?
Arb. Why, there. Oh, the whole story
Would be a wilderness, to lose thyself
For ever.—Oh, pardon me, dear father,
For all the idle and unreverend words
That I have spoke in idle moods to you!—
I am Arbaces; we all fellow subjects;
Nor is the queen Panthea now my sister.
Bes. Why, if you remember, fellow-subject
Arbaces, I told you once she was not your sister:
Ay, and she look'd nothing like you.
Arb. I think you did, good captain Bessus.
Bes. Here will arise another question now
amongst the sword-men, whether I be to call him
to account for beating me, now he is proved No
King.

Enter Lygones.

Mar. Sir, here's Lygones, the agent for the
Armenian state.
Arb. Where is he?—I know your business, good
Lygones.
Lyg. We must have our king again, and will.
Arb. I knew that was your business: You shall
Your king again; and have him so again, [have

As never king was had.—Go, one of you,
And bid Bacurius bring Tigranes hither;
And bring the lady with him, that Panthea,
The queen Panthea, sent me word this morning
Was brave Tigranes' mistress.
[*Exeunt two* Gentlemen.

Lyg. 'Tis Spaconia.
Arb. Ay, ay, Spaconia.
Lyg. She is my daughter.
Arb. She is so. I could now tell anything
I never heard. Your king shall go so home,
As never man went.
Mar. Shall he go on's head?
Arb. He shall have chariots easier than air,
That I will have invented; and ne'er think
He shall pay any ransom! And thyself,
That art the messenger, shall ride before him
On a horse cut out of an entire diamond,
That shall be made to go with golden wheels,
I know not how yet.
Lyg. Why, I shall be made
For ever! They belied this king with us,
And said he was unkind.
Arb. And then thy daughter;
She shall have some strange thing; we'll have the
Sold utterly and put into a toy, [kingdom
Which she shall wear about her carelessly,
Somewhere or other.—See, the virtuous queen!—

Enter PANTHEA *and* 1 Gentleman.

Behold the humblest subject that you have,
Kneel here before you. [*Kneels.*
Pan. Why kneel you to me,
That am your vassal?
Arb. Grant me one request.
Pan. Alas! what can I grant you? what I can
I will.
Arb. That you will please to marry me,
If I can prove it lawful.
Pan. Is that all?
More willingly than I would draw this air.
Arb. I'll kiss this hand in earnest.
2 *Gent.* Sir, Tigranes
Is coming; though he made it strange, at first,
To see the princess any more.

Enter TIGRANES *and* SPACONIA.

Arb. The queen,
Thou mean'st.—Oh, my Tigranes, pardon me!
Tread on my neck: I freely offer it;
And, if thou be'st so given, take revenge,
For I have injured thee.
Tigr. No; I forgive,
And rejoice more that you have found repentance,
Than I my liberty.
Arb. May'st thou be happy
In thy fair choice, for thou art temperate!
You owe no ransom to the state! Know, that
I have a thousand joys to tell you of,
Which yet I dare not utter, till I pay
My thanks to Heaven for 'em. Will you go
With me, and help me? pray you, do.
Tigr. I will.
Arb. Take then your fair one with you:—And
you, queen
Of goodness and of us, oh, give me leave
To take your arm in mine!—Come, every one
That takes delight in goodness, help to sing
Loud thanks for me, that I am proved No King!
[*Exeunt.*

THE SCORNFUL LADY.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

ELDER LOVELESS, *a Suitor to the Lady.*
YOUNG LOVELESS, *a Prodigal.*
SAVIL, *Steward to Elder Loveless.*
WELFORD, *a Suitor to the Lady.*
SIR ROGER, *Curate to the Lady.*
A Captain, *A* Traveller, *A* Poet, *A* Tobacco-Man, } *Hangers-on to Young Loveless.*
MORECRAFT, *an Usurer.*
LADY, MARTHA, } *Two Sisters.*
MRS. YOUNGLOVE, *or* ABIGAIL, *a Waiting Gentlewoman.*
A rich Widow.
Wenches, Fiddlers, and Attendants.

SCENE,—LONDON.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*An Apartment in the* Lady's *House.*

Enter ELDER LOVELESS, YOUNG LOVELESS, SAVIL, *and a* Page.

El. Lo. Brother, is your last hope past, to mollify Morecraft's heart about your mortgage?

Yo. Lo. Hopelessly past. I have presented the usurer with a richer draught than ever Cleopatra swallow'd; he hath suck'd in ten thousand pounds worth of my land more than he paid for, at a gulp, without trumpets.

El. Lo. I have as hard a task to perform in this house.

Yo. Lo. 'Faith, mine was to make an usurer honest, or to lose my land.

El. Lo. And mine is to persuade a passionate woman, or to leave the land.—Savil, make the boat stay.—I fear I shall begin my unfortunate journey this night, though the darkness of the night, and the roughness of the waters, might easily dissuade an unwilling man.

Savil. Sir, your father's old friends hold it the sounder course for your body and estate, to stay at home and marry, and propagate, and govern in your country, than to travel, and die without issue.

El. Lo. Savil, you shall gain the opinion of a better servant, in seeking to execute, not alter, my will, howsoever my intents succeed.

Yo. Lo. Yonder's Mistress Younglove, brother, the grave rubber of your mistress's toes.

Enter YOUNGLOVE *or* ABIGAIL.

El. Lo. Mistress Younglove——

Abig. Master Loveless, truly we thought your sails had been hoist; my mistress is persuaded you are sea-sick ere this.

El. Lo. Loves she her ill-taken-up resolution so dearly? Didst thou move her from me?

Abig. By this light that shines, there's no removing her, if she get a stiff opinion by the end. I attempted her to-day, when, they say, a woman can deny nothing.

El. Lo. What critical minute was that?

Abig. When her smock was over her ears; but she was no more pliant than if it hung above her heels.

El. Lo. I pr'ythee deliver my service, and say I desire to see the dear cause of my banishment; and then for France.

Abig. I'll do't. Hark hither: is that your brother?

El. Lo. Yes: have you lost your memory?

Abig. As I live, he's a pretty fellow. [*Exit.*

Yo. Lo. Oh, this is a sweet brache!

El. Lo. Why, she knows not you.

Yo. Lo. No, but she offered me once to know her. To this day she loves youth of eighteen. She heard a tale how Cupid struck her in love with a great lord in the tilt-yard, but he never saw her; yet she, in kindness, would needs wear a willow-garland at his wedding. She loved all the players in the last queen's time once over; she was struck when they acted lovers, and forsook some when they played murderers. She has nine spur-ryals, and the servants say she hoards old gold; and she herself pronounces angerly, that the farmer's eldest son, (or her mistress's husband's clerk that shall be,) that marries her, shall make her a jointure of fourscore pounds a-year. She tells tales of the serving-men——

El. Lo. Enough: I know her. Brother, I shall entreat you only to salute my mistress, and take leave: we'll part at the stairs.

Enter LADY *and* YOUNGLOVE.

Lady. Now, sir, this first part of your will is perform'd: What's the rest?

El. Lo. First, let me beg your notice for this gentleman, my brother.

Lady. I shall take it as a favour done to me. Though the gentleman hath received but an untimely grace from you, yet my charitable disposition would have been ready to have done him freer courtesies as a stranger, than upon those cold commendations.

Yo. Lo. Lady, my salutations crave acquaintance and leave at once.

Lady. Sir, I hope you are the master of your own occasions. [*Exeunt* Young Loveless *and* Savil.

El. Lo. 'Would I were so. Mistress, for me to praise over again that worth, which all the world and you yourself can see——

Lady. It's a cold room this, servant.

El. Lo. Mistress——

Lady. What think you if I have a chimney for't, out here?

El. Lo. Mistress, another in my place, that were not tied to believe all your actions just, would apprehend himself wrong'd: But I, whose virtues are constancy and obedience——

Lady. Younglove, make a good fire above, to warm me after my servant's exordiums.

El. Lo. I have heard and seen your affability to be such, that the servants you give wages to may speak.

Lady. 'Tis true, 'tis true; but they speak to the purpose.

El. Lo. Mistress, your will leads my speeches from the purpose. But as a man——

Lady. A simile, servant! This room was built for honest meaners, that deliver themselves hastily and plainly, and are gone. Is this a time or place for exordiums, and similes, and metaphors? If you have aught to say, break into it: My answers shall very reasonably meet you.

El. Lo. Mistress, I came to see you.

Lady. That's happily dispatch'd: the next?

El. Lo. To take leave of you.

Lady. To be gone?

El. Lo. Yes.

Lady. You need not have despair'd of that, nor have used so many circumstances to win me to give you leave to perform my command. Is there a third?

El. Lo. Yes; I had a third, had you been apt to hear it.

Lady. I? Never apter. Fast, good servant, fast!

El. Lo. 'Twas to entreat you to hear reason.

Lady. Most willingly: have you brought one can speak it?

El. Lo. Lastly, it is to kindle in that barren heart love and forgiveness.

Lady. You would stay at home?

El. Lo. Yes, lady.

Lady. Why, you may, and doubtlessly will, when you have debated that your commander is but your mistress; a woman, a weak one, wildly overborne with passions: But the thing by her commanded is, to see Dover's dreadful cliff, passing in a poor water-house; the dangers of the merciless channel 'twixt that and Calais, five long hours sail, with three poor weeks victuals.

El. Lo. You wrong me.

Lady. Then to land dumb, unable to enquire for an English host, to remove from city to city, by most chargeable post-horse, like one that rode in quest of his mother tongue.

El. Lo. You wrong me much.

Lady. And all these (almost invincible) labours performed for your mistress, to be in danger to forsake her, and to put on new allegiance to some French lady, who is content to change language with you for laughter; and, after your whole year spent in tennis and broken speech, to stand to the hazard of being laugh'd at, at your return, and hav tales made on you by the chamber-maids.

El. Lo. You wrong me much.

Lady. Louder yet.

El. Lo. You know your least word is of for to make me seek out dangers; move me not wi toys. But in this banishment, I must take lea to say you are unjust. Was one kiss forced fro you in public by me so unpardonable? Why, the hours of day and night have seen us kiss.

Lady. 'Tis true, and so you satisfied the co pany that heard me chide.

El. Lo. Your own eyes were not dearer to y than I.

Lady. And so you told 'em.

El. Lo. I did; yet no sign of disgrace need have stained your cheek: You yourself knew yo pure and simple heart to be most unspotted, a free from the least baseness.

Lady. I did: But if a maid's heart doth b once think that she is suspected, her own face w write her guilty.

El. Lo. But where lay this disgrace? The wor that knew us, knew our resolutions well: A could it be hoped that I should give away freedom, and venture a perpetual bondage w one I never kissed? or could I, in strict wisdo take too much love upon me, from her that ch me for her husband?

Lady. Believe me, if my wedding-smock w on;
Were the gloves bought and given, the lice come;
Were the rosemary branches dipp'd, and all
The hippocras and cakes eat and drank of:
Were these two arms encompass'd with the ha
Of batchelors, to lead me to the church;
Were my feet in the door; were "I John" sai
If John should boast a favour done by me,
I would not wed that year. And you, I hope,
When you have spent this year commodiously,
In achieving languages, will, at your return,
Acknowledge me more coy of parting with m eyes,
Than such a friend. More talk I hold not no
If you dare go——

El. Lo. I dare, you know. First, let me ki

Lady. Farewell, sweet servant. Your task
On a new ground, as a beginning suitor, [for
I shall be apt to hear you.

El. Lo. Farewell, cruel mistress. [*Exit* L

Enter Young Loveless *and* Savil.

Yo. Lo. Brother, you'll hazard the losing tide to Gravesend: you have a long half-mil land to Greenwich.

El. Lo. I go. But, brother, what yet-unhe of course to live doth your imagination flatter with? Your ordinary means are devoured.

Yo. Lo. Course? Why, horse-coursing, I th Consume no time in this: I have no estate t mended by meditation: He that busies hin about my fortunes, may properly be said to himself about nothing.

El. Lo. Yet some course you must take, wh for my satisfaction, resolve and open. If you shape none, I must inform you, that that man persuades himself he means to live, that imag not the means.

Yo. Lo. Why, live upon others, as others lived upon me.

El. Lo. I apprehend not that: You have fed others, and consequently disposed of 'em; and the same measure must you expect from your maintainers, which will be too heavy an alteration for you to bear.

Yo. Lo. Why, I'll purse; if that raise me not, I'll bet at bowling-alleys, or man whores: I would fain live by others. But I'll live whilst I am unhanged, and after the thought's taken.

El. Lo. I see you are tied to no particular employment then?

Yo. Lo. Faith, I may choose my course: They say Nature brings forth none but she provides for them: I'll try her liberality.

El. Lo. Well, to keep your feet out of base and dangerous paths, I have resolved you shall live as master of my house. It shall be your care, Savil, to see him fed and clothed, not according to his present estate, but to his birth and former fortunes.

Yo. Lo. If it be referred to him, if I be not found in carnation Jersey stockings, blue devils' breeches, with the guards down, and my pocket i' th' sleeves, I'll ne'er look you i' th' face again.

Sav. A comelier wear, I wus, it is than those dangling slops.

El. Lo. To keep you ready to do him all service peaceably, and him to command you reasonably, I leave these further directions in writing, which, at your best leisure, together open and read.

Enter ABIGAIL *to them, with a Jewel.*

Abig. Sir, my mistress commends her love to you in this token, and these words: It is a jewel, she says, which, as a favour from her, she would request you to wear till your year's travel be performed; which, once expired, she will hastily expect your happy return.

El. Lo. Return my service, with such thanks as she may imagine the heart of a suddenly-overjoyed man would willingly utter: And you, I hope, I shall, with slender arguments, persuade to wear this diamond; that when my mistress shall, through my long absence, and the approach of new suitors, offer to forget me, you may call your eye down to your finger, and remember and speak of me. She will hear thee better than those allied by birth to her, as we see many men much swayed by the grooms of their chambers; not that they have a greater part of their love or opinion on them than on others, but for they know their secrets.

Abig. O' my credit, I swear I think 'twas made for me. Fear no other suitors.

El. Lo. I shall not need to teach you how to discredit their beginning. You know how to take exception at their shirts at washing, or to make the maids swear they found plasters in their beds.

Abig. I know, I know; and do not you fear the suitors.

El. Lo. Farewell; be mindful, and be happy; the night calls me.

[*Exeunt* EL. *and* YO. LOVELESS *and* SAVIL.

Abig. The gods of the winds befriend you, sir! A constant and a liberal lover thou art; more such God send us!

Enter WELFORD.

Wel. (*Entering.*) Let 'em not stand still, we have rid [hard].

Abig. A suitor, I know, by his riding hard: I'll not be seen. [*Aside.*

Wel. A pretty hall this: No servant in't? I would look freshly.

Abig. You have deliver'd your errand to me then. There's no danger in a handsome young fellow. I'll shew myself. [*Aside.*

Wel. Lady, may it please you to bestow upon a stranger the ordinary grace of salutation? Are you the lady of this house?

Abig. Sir, I am worthily proud to be a servant of hers.

Wel. Lady, I should be as proud to be a servant of yours, did not my so late acquaintance make me despair.

Abig. Sir, it is not so hard to achieve, but nature may bring it about.

Wel. For these comfortable words, I remain your glad debtor. Is your lady at home?

Abig. She is no straggler, sir.

Wel. May her occasions admit me to speak with her?

Abi. If you come in the way of a suitor, no.

Wel. I know your affable virtue will be moved to persuade her that a gentleman, benighted and strayed, offers to be bound to her for a night's lodging.

Abig. I will commend this message to her; but if you aim at her body, you will be deluded. Other women of the household, of good carriage and government, upon any of which if you can cast your affection, they will perhaps be found as faithful, and not so coy. [*Exit* ABIGAIL.

Wel. What a skinful of lust is this! I thought I had come a-wooing, and I am the courted party. This is right court-fashion: men, women, and all woo; catch that catch may. If this soft-hearted woman have infused any of her tenderness into her lady, there is hope she will be pliant. But who's here?

Enter SIR ROGER.

Rog. God save you, sir! My lady lets you know, she desires to be acquainted with your name, before she confer with you.

Wel. Sir, my name calls me Welford.

Rog. Sir, you are a gentleman of a good name.—I'll try his wit. [*Aside.*

Wel. I will uphold it as good as any of my ancestors had this two hundred years, sir.

Rog. I knew a worshipful and a religious gentleman of your name in the bishopric of Durham: Call you him cousin?

Wel. I am only allied to his virtues, sir.

Rog. It is modestly said. I should carry the badge of your Christianity with me too.

Wel. What's that? a cross? There's a tester. [*Gives money.*

Rog. I mean, the name which your godfathers and godmothers gave you at the font.

Wel. 'Tis Harry. But you cannot proceed orderly now in your catechism; for you have told me who gave me that name. Shall I beg your name?

Rog. Roger.

Wel. What room fill you in this house?

Rog. More rooms than one.

Wel. The more the merrier: But may my boldness know why your lady hath sent you to decypher my name?

Rog. Her own words were these: To know whether you were a formerly-denied suitor, disguised in this message: for I can assure you she delights

not *in Thalamô:* Hymen and she are at variance. I shall return with much haste. [*Exit* ROGER.

Wel. And much speed, sir, I hope. Certainly I am arrived amongst a nation of new-found fools, on a land where no navigator has yet planted wit. If I had foreseen it, I would have laded my breeches with bells, knives, copper, and glasses, to trade with women for their virginities; yet, I fear, I should have betray'd myself to needless charge then. Here's the walking nightcap again.

Enter SIR ROGER.

Rog. Sir, my lady's pleasure is to see you; who hath commanded me to acknowledge her sorrow that you must take the pains to come up for so bad entertainment.

Wel. I shall obey your lady that sent it, and acknowledge you that brought it to be your art's master.

Rog. I am but a batchelor of arts, sir; and I have the mending of all under this roof, from my lady on her down bed, to the maid in the pease-straw.

Wel. A cobler, sir?

Rog. No, sir: I inculcate divine service within these walls.

Wel. But the inhabitants of this house do often employ you on errands, without any scruple of conscience.

Rog. Yes, I do take the air many mornings on foot, three or four miles, for eggs: But why move you that?

Wel. To know whether it might become your function to bid my man to neglect his horse a little, to attend on me.

Rog. Most properly, sir.

Wel. I pray you do so then, and whilst, I will attend your lady. You direct all this house in the true way.

Rog. I do, sir.

Wel. And this door, I hope, conducts to your lady?

Rog. Your understanding is ingenious.

[*Exeunt severally.*

SCENE II.—*A Room in the House of the* ELDER LOVELESS.

Enter YOUNG LOVELESS *and* SAVIL, *with a writing.*

Sav. By your favour, sir, you shall pardon me.

Yo. Lo. I shall beat your favour, sir! Cross me no more! I say, they shall come in.

Sav. Sir, you forget then who I am?

Yo. Lo. Sir, I do not: thou art my brother's steward, his cast-off mill-money, his kitchen arithmetic.

Sav. Sir, I hope you will not make so little of me?

Yo. Lo. I make thee not so little as thou art; for indeed there goes no more to the making of a steward, but a fair *imprimis*, and then a reasonable *item* infus'd into him, and the thing is done.

Sav. Nay, then, you stir my duty, and I must tell you——

Yo. Lo. What wouldst thou tell me? how hops go? or hold some rotten discourse of sheep, or when our Lady-day falls? Pr'ythee, fare well, and entertain my friends; be drunk, and burn thy table-books; and, my dear spark of velvet, thou and I——

Sav. Good sir, remember.

Yo. Lo. I do remember thee a foolish fellow; one that did put his trust in almanacks and horse-fairs, and rose by honey and pot-batter. Shall they come in yet?

Sav. Nay, then I must unfold your brother's pleasure: These be the lessons, sir, he left behind him.

Yo. Lo. Pr'ythee, expound the first.

Sav. "I leave, to keep my house, three hundred pounds a-year, and my brother to dispose of it"——

Yo. Lo. Mark that, my wicked steward; and I dispose of it!

Sav. "Whilst he bears himself like a gentleman, and my credit falls not in him." Mark that, my good young sir, mark that.

Yo. Lo. Nay, if it be no more, I shall fulfil it: while my legs will carry me I'll bear myself gentleman-like, but when I am drunk, let them bear me that can. Forward, dear steward.

Sav. "Next, it is my will that he be furnish'd (as my brother) with attendance, apparel, and the obedience of my people:"——

Yo. Lo. Steward, this is as plain as your old minikin-breeches. Your wisdom will relent now, will it not? Be mollified, or——You understand me, sir. Proceed.

Sav. "Next, that my steward keep his place and power, and bound my brother's wildness with his care."

Yo. Lo. I'll hear no more of this Apocrypha: bind it by itself, steward.

Sav. This is your brother's will; and, as I take it, he makes no mention of such company as you would draw unto you: Captains of gally-foists: such as in a clear day have seen Calais; fellows that have no more of God than their oaths come to; they wear swords to reach fire at a play, and get there the oiled end of a pipe for their guerdon. Then the remnants of your regiment are wealthy tobacco-merchants, that set up with one ounce, and break for three; together with a forlorn hope of poets; and all these look like Carthusians, things without linen: Are these fit company for my master's brother?

Yo. Lo. I will either convert thee, (oh, thou pagan steward!) or presently confound thee and thy reckonings.—Who's there? Call in the gentlemen.

Sav. Good sir!

Yo. Lo. Nay, you shall know both who I am, and where I am.

Sav. Are you my master's brother?

Yo. Lo. Are you the sage master steward, with a face like an old Ephemerides?

Enter Captain, Traveller, Poet, *and* Tobacco-man.

Sav. Then God help all, I say!

Yo. Lo. Ay, and 'tis well said, my old peer of France.—Welcome, gentlemen! welcome, gentlemen! mine own dear lads, you're richly welcome. Know this old Harry-groat.

Capt. Sir, I will take your love——

Sav. Sir, you will take my purse. [*Aside.*

Capt. And study to continue it.

Sav. I do believe you.

Trav. Your honourable friend and master's brother hath given you to us for a worthy fellow, and so we hug you, sir.

Sav. He has given himself into the hands of varlets, to be carv'd out. [*Aside.*] Sir, are these the pieces?

Yo. Lo. They are the morals of the age, the virtues, men made of gold.

Sav. Of your gold, you mean, sir.

Yo. Lo. This is a man of war, and cries, "Go on," and wears his colours——

Sav. In's nose. [*Aside.*

Yo. Lo. In the fragrant field. This is a traveller, sir, knows men and manners, and has ploughed up the sea so far, 'till both the poles have knock'd; has seen the sun take coach, and can distinguish the colour of his horses, and their kinds; and had a Flanders mare leap'd there.

Sav. 'Tis much.

Trav. I have seen more, sir.

Sav. 'Tis even enough, o'conscience. Sit down, and rest you: you are at the end of the world already. 'Would you had as good a living, sir, as this fellow could lie out of; he has a notable gift in't!

Yo. Lo. This ministers the smoke, and this the muses.

Sav. And you the clothes, and meat, and money. You have a goodly generation of 'em; pray let them multiply; your brother's house is big enough; and to say truth, he has too much land: hang it, dirt!

Yo. Lo. Why, now thou art a loving stinkard. Fire off thy annotations and thy rent-books; thou hast a weak brain, Savil, and with the next long bill thou wilt run mad.—Gentlemen, you are once more welcome to three hundred pounds a year! We will be freely merry; shall we not?

Capt. Merry as mirth and wine, my lovely Loveless.

Poet. A serious look shall be a jury to excommunicate any man from our company.

Trav. We will have nobody talk wisely neither.

Yo. Lo. What think you, gentlemen, by all this revenue in drink?

Capt. I am all for drink.

Trav. I am dry 'till it be so.

Poet. He that will not cry "amen" to this, let him live sober, seem wise, and die o' th' quorum.

Yo. Lo. It shall be so; we'll have it all in drink; let meat and lodging go; they are transitory, and shew men merely mortal. Then we'll have wenches, every one his wench, and every week a fresh one: We'll keep no powder'd flesh. All these we have by warrant, under the title of "things necessary:" Here, upon this place I ground it: "the obedience of my people, and all necessaries." Your opinions, gentlemen?

Capt. 'Tis plain and evident that he meant wenches.

Sav. Good sir, let me expound it.

Capt. Here be as sound men as yourself, sir.

Poet. This do I hold to be the interpretation of it: In this word "necessary" is concluded all that be helps to man: woman was made the first, and therefore here the chiefest.

Yo. Lo. Believe me, 'tis a learned one: and by these words, "the obedience of my people," you, steward, being one, are bound to fetch us wenches.

Capt. He is, he is.

Yo. Lo. Steward, attend us for instructions.

Sav. But will you keep no house, sir?

Yo. Lo. Nothing but drink, sir; three hundred pounds in drink.

Sav. Oh, miserable house, and miserable I that live to see it! Good sir, keep some meat.

Yo. Lo. Get us good whores; and for your part, I'll board you in an ale-house: you shall have cheese and onions.

Sav. What shall become of me? No chimney smoking? Well, prodigal, your brother will come home. [*Exit.*

Yo. Lo. Come, lads, I'll warrant you for wenches. Three hundred pounds in drink!

All. Oh, brave Loveless! [*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*A Bed-Room in the* LADY'S *House.*

Enter LADY, WELFORD, *and* SIR ROGER.

Lady. Sir, now you see your bad lodging, I must bid you good night.

Wel. Lady, if there be any want, 'tis in want of you.

Lady. A little sleep will ease that compliment. Once more, good night.

Wel. Once more, dear lady, and then, all sweet nights.

Lady. Dear sir, be short and sweet then.

Wel. Shall the morrow prove better to me? Shall I hope my suit happier by this night's rest?

Lady. Is your suit so sickly, that rest will help it? Pray ye let it rest, then, till I call for it. Sir, as a stranger, you have had all my welcome; but had I known your errand ere you came, your passage had been straiter. Sir, good night.

Wel. So fair and cruel! Dear unkind, good night. [*Exit* LADY.] Nay, sir, you shall stay with me: I'll press your zeal so far.

Rog. O, Lord, sir!

Wel. Do you love tobacco?

Rog. Surely I love it, but it loves not me; yet, with your reverence, I will be bold.

Wel. Pray light it, sir. How do you like it? [*They smoke tobacco.*

Rog. I promise you it is notable stinging geer indeed. It is wet, sir: Lord, how it brings down rheum!

Wel. Handle it again, sir; you have a warm text of it.

Rog. Thanks ever premis'd for it. I promise you it is very powerful, and, by a trope, spiritual; for certainly it moves in sundry places.

Wel. Ay, it does so, sir; and me, especially, to ask, sir, why you wear a night-cap?

Rog. Assuredly I will speak the truth unto you. You shall understand, sir, that my head is broken; and by whom? Even by that visible beast, the butler.

Wel. The butler! Certainly he had all his drink about him when he did it. Strike one of your grave cassock! The offence, sir?

Rog. Reproving him at tra-trip, sir, for swearing. You have the total, surely.

Wel. You reprov'd him when his rage was set a-tilt, and so he crack'd your canons: I hope he has not hurt your gentle reading. But shall we see these gentlewomen to-night?

Rog. Have patience, sir, until our fellow Nicholas be deceas'd, that is, asleep; for so the word is taken: "To sleep, to die; to die, to sleep;" a very figure, sir.

Wel. Cannot you cast another for the gentlewomen?

Rog. Not till the man be in his bed, his grave; his grave, his bed: The very same again, sir. Our comic poet gives the reason sweetly: *Plenus rimarum est;* he is full of loop-holes, and will discover to our patroness.

Wel. Your comment, sir, hath made me understand you.

Enter MARTHA *and* ABIGAIL *to them, with a posset.*

Rog. Sir, be address'd; the graces do salute you with a full bowl of plenty.—Is our old enemy entomb'd?

Abig. He's safe.

Rog. And does he snore out supinely with the poet?

Mar. No, he out-snores the poet.

Wel. Gentlewoman, this courtesy shall bind a stranger to you, ever your servant.

Mar. Sir, my sister's strictness makes not us forget you are a stranger and a gentleman.

Abig. In sooth, sir, were I changed into my lady, a gentleman so well endued with parts should not be lost.

Wel. I thank you, gentlewoman, and rest bound to you.—See how this foul familiar chews the cud! From thee and three-and-fifty, good Love deliver me! [*Aside.*

Mar. Will you sit down, sir, and take a spoon?

Wel. I take it kindly, lady.

Mar. It is our best banquet, sir.

Rog. Shall we give thanks?

Wel. I have to the gentlewoman already, sir.

Mar. Good Sir Roger, keep that breath to cool your part o' th' posset: you may chance have a scalding zeal else: an you will needs be doing, pray tell your twenty to yourself.—'Would you could like this, sir!

Wel. I would your sister would like me as well, lady!

Mar. Sure, sir, she would not eat you. But banish that imagination: she's only wedded to herself, lies with herself, and loves herself; and for another husband than herself, he may knock at the gate, but ne'er come in. Be wise, sir: she's a woman, and a trouble, and has her many faults, the least of which is, she cannot love you.

Abig. God pardon her: she'll do worse! 'Would I were worthy his least grief, Mistress Martha.

Wel. Now I must over-hear her. [*Aside.*

Mar. 'Faith, 'would thou hadst them all, with all my heart: I do not think they would make thee a day older.

Abig. Sir, will you put in deeper? 'tis the sweeter.

Mar. Well said, Old-sayings.

Wel. She looks like one, indeed. Gentlewoman, you keep your word: your sweet self has made the bottom sweeter.

Abig. Sir, I begin a frolic: Dare you change, sir?

Wel. Myself for you, so please you.—That smile has turned my stomach: This is right the old emblem of the moyle cropping of thistles. Lord, what a hunting head she carries! Sure she has been ridden with a martingale. Now, Love, deliver me! [*Aside.*

Rog. Do I dream, or do I wake? Surely I know not. Am I rubb'd off? Is this the way of all my morning prayers? Oh, Roger, thou art but grass, and woman as a flower! Did I for this consume my quarters in meditation, vows, and woo'd her in Heroical Epistles? Did I expound the Ovid, and undertook, with labour and expence, the recollection of those thousand pieces, consumed in cellars and tobacco-shops, of that our honoured Englishman, Nicholas Breton? Have I done this, and am I done thus to? I will end with the wise man, and say, "He that holds a woman has an eel by the tail."

Mar. Sir, 'tis so late, and our entertainment (meaning our posset) by this is grown so cold, that 'twere an unmannerly part longer to hold you from your rest. Let what the house has be at your command, sir.

Wel. Sweet rest be with you, lady.—And to you what you desire too.

Abig. It should be some such good thing like yourself then. [*Exeunt* MAR. *and* ABIG.

Wel. Heaven keep me from that curse, and all my issue! Good night, Antiquity.

Rog. *Solamen miseris socios habuisse doloris:* But I alone——

Wel. Learned sir, will you bid my man come to me? and, requesting a greater measure of your learning, good night, good Master Roger.

Rog. Good sir, peace be with you! [*Exit* ROGER.

Wel. Adieu, dear *Domine!* Half a dozen such in a kingdom would make a man forswear confession: For who, that had but half his wits about him, would commit the counsel of a serious sin to such a crewel night-cap?—Why, how now, shall we have an antic?

Enter Servant, *drunk.*

Whose head do you carry upon your shoulders, that you jell it so against the post? Is it for your ease, or have you seen the cellar? Where are my slippers, sir?

Serv. Here, sir.

Wel. Where, sir? Have you got the pot-vertigo? Have you seen the horses, sir?

Serv. Yes, sir.

Wel. Have they any meat?

Serv. 'Faith, sir, they have a kind of wholesome rushes; hay I cannot call it.

Wel. And no provender?

Serv. Sir, so I take it.

Wel. You are merry, sir: And why so?

Serv. 'Faith, sir, here are no oats to be got, unless you'll have 'em in porridge; the people are so mainly given to spoon-meat. Yonder's a cast of coach-mares of the gentlewoman's, the strangest cattle——

Wel. Why?

Serv. Why, they are transparent, sir; you may see through them: And such a house!

Wel. Come, sir, the truth of your discovery?

Serv. Sir, they are in tribes, like Jews. The

kitchen and the dairy make one tribe, and have their faction and their fornication within themselves; the buttery and the laundry are another, and there's no love lost; the chambers are entire, and what's done there is somewhat higher than my knowledge: But this I am sure, between these copulations, a stranger is kept virtuous, that is, fasting. But of all this, the drink, sir——

Wel. What of that, sir?

Serv. 'Faith, sir, I will handle it as the time and your patience will give me leave. This drink, or this cooling julap, of which three spoonfuls kill the calenture, a pint breeds the cold palsy——

Wel. Sir, you belie the house.

Serv. I would I did, sir. But as I am a true man, if 't were but one degree colder, nothing but an ass's hoof would hold it.

Wel. I am glad on't, sir; for if it had proved stronger, you had been tongue-tied of these commendations. Light me the candle, sir: I'll hear no more. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*A Room in the House of* ELDER LOVELESS.

Enter YOUNG LOVELESS *and his* Comrades, *with* Wenches, *and two* Fiddlers.

Yo. Lo. Come, my brave man of war, trace out thy darling;
And you, my learned council, set and turn, boys;
Kiss till the cow come home; kiss close, kiss close, knaves.
My modern poet, thou shalt kiss in couplets.

Enter Servant, *with wine.*

Strike up, you merry varlets, and leave your peeping;
This is no pay for fiddlers.

Capt. Oh, my dear boy, thy Hercules, thy captain,
Makes thee his Hylas, his delight, his solace.
Love thy brave man of war, and let thy bounty
Clap him in shamois! Let there be deducted,
Out of our main potation, five marks,
In hatchments, to adorn this thigh,
Cramp'd with this rest of peace, and I will fight
Thy battles.

Yo. Lo. Thou shalt have't, boy, and fly in feather.
Lead on a march, you michers.

Enter SAVIL.

Sav. Oh, my head, oh, my heart; what a noise and change is here! 'Would I had been cold i' th' mouth before this day, and ne'er have lived to see this dissolution. He that lives within a mile of this place, had as good sleep in the perpetual noise of an iron mill. There's a dead sea of drink i' th' cellar, in which goodly vessels lie wreck'd; and in the middle of this deluge appear the tops of flaggons and black-jacks, like churches drown'd i' th' marshes.

Yo. Lo. What, art thou come, my sweet Sir Amias?
Welcome to Troy! Come, thou shalt kiss my Helen,
And court her in a dance.

Sav. Good sir, consider.

Yo. Lo. Shall we consider, gentlemen? how say you?

Capt. Consider! That were a simple toy, i'faith.
Consider! Whose moral's that? The man that cries "Consider," is our foe: Let my steel know him.

Yo. Lo. Stay thy dead-doing hand; he must not die yet.
Pr'ythee, be calm, my Hector.

Capt. Peasant slave!
Thou groom, composed of grudgings, live, and thank
This gentleman; thou hadst seen Pluto else!
The next "consider" kills thee.

Trav. Let him drink down his word again, in a gallon of sack.

Poet. 'Tis but a snuff: make it two gallons, and let him do it kneeling in repentance.

Sav. Nay, rather kill me: there's but a layman lost. Good captain, do your office.

Yo. Lo. Thou shalt drink, steward; drink and dance, my steward.
Strike him a hornpipe, squeakers! Take thy stiver,
And pace her till she stew.

Sav. Sure, sir, I cannot dance with your gentlewomen: they are too light for me. Pray break my head, and let me go.

Capt. He shall dance, he shall dance.

Yo. Lo. He shall dance and drink, and be drunk and dance, and be drunk again, and shall see no meat in a year.

Poet. And three quarters.

Yo. Lo. And three quarters be it.

Capt. Who knocks there? Let him in.

Enter ELDER LOVELESS, *disguised.*

Sav. Some to deliver me, I hope.

El. Lo. Gentlemen, God save you all! My business is to one Master Loveless.

Capt. This is the gentleman you mean; view him, and take his inventory; he's a right one.

El. Lo. He promises no less, sir.

Yo. Lo. Sir, your business?

El. Lo. Sir, I should let you know,—yet I am loth,
Yet I am sworn to't! 'Would some other tongue
Would speak it for me!

Yo. Lo. Out with it, i' God's name.

El. Lo. All I desire, sir, is the patience
And suff'rance of a man; and, good sir, be not moved more——

Yo. Lo. Than a pottle of sack will do. Here is my hand. Pr'ythee, thy business?

El. Lo. Good sir, excuse me; and whatsoever
You hear, think must have been known unto you;
And be yourself discreet, and bear it nobly.

Yo. Lo. Pr'ythee, dispatch me.

El. Lo. Your brother's dead, sir.

Yo. Lo. Thou dost not mean—dead drunk?

El. Lo. No, no; dead, and drown'd at sea, sir.

Yo. Lo. Art sure he's dead?

El. Lo. Too sure, sir.

Yo. Lo. Ay, but art thou very certainly sure of it?

El. Lo. As sure, sir, as I tell it.

Yo. Lo. But art thou sure he came not up again?

El. Lo. He may come up, but ne'er to call you brother.

Yo. Lo. But art sure he had water enough to drown him?

El. Lo. Sure, sir, he wanted none.

Yo. Lo. I would not have him want: I loved him better.
Here I forgive thee; and, i'faith, be plain:
How do I bear it?

El. Lo. Very wisely, sir.

Yo. Lo. Fill him some wine.—Thou dost not see me moved;

These transitory toys ne'er trouble me;
He's in a better place, my friend; I know't.
Some fellows would have cried now, and have cursed thee,
And fall'n out with their meat, and kept a pother;
But all this helps not: He was too good for us,
And let God keep him!
There's the right use on't, friend. Off with thy drink:
Thou hast a spice of sorrow makes thee dry:
Fill him another.—Savil, your master's dead;
And who am I now, Savil? Nay, let's all bear't well.
Wipe, Savil, wipe; tears are but thrown away.
We shall have wenches now; shall we not, Savil?

Sav. Yes, sir.

Yo. Lo. And drink innumerable?

Sav. Yes, forsooth.

Yo. Lo. And you'll strain court'sy, and be drunk a little?

Sav. I would be glad, sir, to do my weak endeavour.

Yo. Lo. You may be brought in time to love a wench too.

Sav. In time the sturdy oak, sir——

Yo. Lo. Some more wine
For my friend there.

El. Lo. I shall be drunk anon
For my good news: but I've a loving brother,
That is my comfort. [*Aside.*

Yo. Lo. Here's to you, sir;
This is the worst I wish you for your news:
And if I had another elder brother,
And say it were his chance to feed more fishes,
I should be still the same you see me now,
A poor contented gentleman.—More wine
For my friend there; he's dry again.

El. Lo. I shall be, if I follow this beginning.
Well, my dear brother, if I 'scape this drowning,
'Tis your turn next to sink; you shall duck twice
Before I help you. [*Aside.*]—Sir, I cannot drink
Pray let me have your pardon. [more;

Yo. Lo. Oh, Lord, sir, 'tis your modesty!—More wine:
Give him a bigger glass.—Hug him, my captain!
Thou shalt be my chief mourner.

Capt. And this my pennon.—Sir, a full carouse
To you, and to my lord of land here.

El. Lo. I feel a buzzing in my brains; pray God
They bear this out, and I'll ne'er trouble them
So far again. Here's to you, sir.

Yo. Lo. To my dear steward.
Down o' your knees, you infidel, you pagan!
Be drunk, and penitent.

Sav. Forgive me, sir,
And I'll be any thing.

Yo. Lo. Then be a bawd;
I'll have thee a brave bawd.

El. Lo. Sir, I must take
My leave of you, my business is so urgent.

Yo. Lo. Let's have a bridling cast before you go.
Fill's a new stoop.

El. Lo. I dare not, sir, by no means.

Yo. Lo. Have you any mind to a wench? I would fain gratify you for the pains you took, sir.

El. Lo. As little as to the other.

Yo. Lo. If you find any stirring, do but say so.

El. Lo. Sir, you're too bounteous: When I feel that itching,
You shall assuage it, sir, before another.
This only, and farewell, sir:
Your brother, when the storm was most extreme,
Told all about him, he left a will, which lies close
Behind a chimney in the matted chamber.
And so, as well, sir, as you have made me able,
I take my leave.

Yo. Lo. Let us embrace him all!
If you grow dry before you end your business,
Pray take a bait here; I have a fresh hogshead for you.

Sav. [*Drunk.*] You shall neither will nor choose, sir. My master is a wonderful fine gentleman: has a fine state, a very fine state, sir: I am his steward, sir, and his man.

El. Lo. 'Would you were your own, sir, as I left you.
Well, I must cast about, or all sinks.

Sav. Farewell, gentleman, gentleman, gentleman!

El. Lo. What would you with me, sir?

Sav. Farewell, gentleman!

El. Lo. Oh, sleep, sir, sleep. [*Exit* EL. LOVELESS.

Yo. Lo. Well, boys, you see what's fall'n; let's in and drink,
And give thanks for it.

Sav. Let's give thanks for it.

Yo. Lo. Drunk, as I live.

Sav. Drunk, as I live, boys.

Yo. Lo. Why, now thou art able to discharge thine office,
And cast up a reckoning of some weight.
I will be knighted, for my state will bear it:
'Tis sixteen hundred, boys! Off with your husks;
I'll skin you all in sattin.

Capt. Oh, sweet Loveless!

Sav. All in sattin! Oh, sweet Loveless!

Yo. Lo. March in, my noble compeers! And this, my countess, shall be led by two: And so proceed we to the will. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*A Room in* MORECRAFT'S *House.*

Enter MORECRAFT *and* WIDOW.

Mor. And, widow, as I say, be your own friend. Your husband left you wealthy, ay, and wise; continue so, sweet duck, continue so. Take heed of young smooth varlets, younger brothers; they are worms that will eat through your bags; they are very lightning, that, with a flash or two, will melt your money, and never singe your purse-strings: they are colts, wench, colts, heady and dangerous, 'till we take 'em up, and make 'em fit for bonds. Look upon me; I have had, and have yet, matter of moment, girl; matter of moment: You may meet with a worse back; I'll not commend it.

Wid. Nor I neither, sir.

Mor. Yet thus far, by your favour, widow, 'tis tough.

Wid. And therefore not for my diet; for I love a tender one.

Mor. Sweet widow, leave your frumps, and be edified. You know my state; I sell no perspectives, scarfs, gloves, nor hangers, nor put my trust in shoe-ties; and where your husband in an age was rising by burnt figs, dredged with meal and powdered sugar, saunders and grains, worm-seed and rotten raisins, and such vile tobacco that made the footmen mangy: I, in a year, have put up hundreds; inclosed, my widow, those pleasant meadows, by a forfeit mortgage; for which the

poor knight takes a lone chamber, owes for his ale, and dare not beat his hostess. Nay, more——

Wid. Good sir, no more. Whate'er my husband was, I know what I am; and, if you marry me, you must bear it bravely off, sir.

Mor. Not with the head, sweet widow.

Wid. No, sweet sir, but with your shoulders. I must have you dubb'd; for under that I will not stoop a feather. My husband was a fellow loved to toil, fed ill, made gain his exercise, and so grew costive, which, for that I was his wife, I gave way to, and spun mine own smocks coarse, and, sir, so little——But let that pass: Time, that wears all things out, wore out this husband; who, in penitence of such fruitless five years marriage, left me great with his wealth; which, if you'll be a worthy gossip to, be knighted, sir.

Enter SAVIL.

Mor. Now, sir, from whom come you? Whose man are you, sir?

Sav. Sir, I come from young Master Loveless.

Mor. Be silent, sir; I have no money, not a penny for you: He's sunk; your master's sunk; a perish'd man, sir.

Sav. Indeed, his brother's sunk, sir; God be with him! A perish'd man, indeed, and drown'd at sea.

Mor. How saidst thou, good my friend? His brother drown'd?

Sav. Untimely, sir, at sea.

Mor. And thy young master left sole heir?

Sav. Yes, sir.

Mor. And he wants money?

Sav. Yes; and sent me to you, for he is now to be knighted.

Mor. Widow, be wise; there's more land coming, widow; be very wise, and give thanks for me, widow.

Wid. Be you very wise, and be knighted, and then give thanks for me, sir.

Sav. What says your worship to this money?

Mor. I say, he may have money, if he please.

Sav. A thousand, sir?

Mor. A thousand, sir, provided any wise, sir, his land lie for the payment; otherwise——

Enter YOUNG LOVELESS *and Comrades.*

Sav. He's here himself, sir, and can better tell you.

Mor. My notable dear friend, and worthy Master Loveless, and now right worshipful, all joy and welcome!

Yo. Lo. Thanks to my dear incloser, Master Morecraft. Pr'ythee, old angel-gold, salute my family; I'll do as much for yours.—This, and your own desires, fair gentlewoman.

Wid. And yours, sir, if you mean well.—'Tis a handsome gentleman.

Yo. Lo. Sirrah, my brother's dead.

Mor. Dead?

Yo. Lo. Dead; and by this time soused for Ember-week.

Mor. Dead?

Yo. Lo. Drown'd, drown'd at sea, man. By the next fresh conger that comes, we shall hear more.

Mor. Now, by the faith of my body, it moves me much.

Yo. Lo. What, wilt thou be an ass, and weep for the dead? Why, I thought nothing but a general inundation would have moved thee. Pr'ythee be quiet; he hath left his land behind him.

Mor. Oh, has he so?

Yo. Lo. Yes, 'faith, I thank him for't: I've all, boy. Hast any ready money?

Mor. Will you sell, sir?

Yo. Lo. No; not outright, good Gripe. Marry a mortgage, or such a slight security.

Mor. I have no money, sir, for mortgage: If you'll sell, and all or none, I'll work a new mine for you.

Sav. Good sir, look afore you; he'll work you out of all else. If you sell all your land, you have sold your country; and then you must to sea, to seek your brother, and there lie pickled in a powdering tub, and break your teeth with biscuits and hard beef, that must have watering, sir: And where's your three hundred pounds a-year in drink then? If you'll turn up the Straits, you may; for you have no calling for drink there, but with a cannon, nor no scoring but on your ship's sides; and then, if you 'scape with life, and take a faggot-boat and a bottle of usquebaugh, come home, poor man, like a type of Thames Street, stinking of pitch and poor-john. I cannot tell, sir; I would be loth to see it.

Capt. Steward, you are an ass, a meazel'd mungrel; and, were it not against the peace of my sovereign friend here, I would break your forecasting coxcomb, dog, I would, even with thy staff of office there, thy pen and inkhorn.—Noble boy, the god of gold here has fed thee well; take money for thy dirt. Hark, and believe; thou art cold of constitution, thy seat unhealthful; sell and be wise: We are three that will adorn thee, and live according to thine own heart, child; mirth shall be only ours, and only ours shall be the black-ey'd beauties of the time. Money makes men eternal.

Poet. Do what you will, it is the noblest course;
Then you may live without the charge of people;
Only we four will make a family;
Ay, and an age that will beget new annals.
In which I'll write thy life, my son of pleasure,
Equal with Nero and Caligula.

Yo. Lo. What men were they, captain?

Capt. Two roaring boys of Rome, that made all split.

Yo. Lo. Come, sir, what dare you give?

Sav. You will not sell, sir?

Yo. Lo. Who told you so, sir?

Sav. Good sir, have a care.

Yo. Lo. Peace, or I'll tack your tongue up to your roof.—What money? speak.

Mor. Six thousand pounds, sir.

Capt. Take it; he has overbidden, by the sun! bind him to his bargain quickly.

Yo. Lo. Come, strike me luck with earnest, and draw the writings.

Mor. There's a god's penny for thee.

Sav. Sir, for my old master's sake, let my farm be excepted: If I become his tenant, I am undone, my children beggars, and my wife God knows what. Consider me, dear sir.

Mor. I'll have all or none.

Yo. Lo. All in, all in. Dispatch the writings.

[*Exit with Comrades.*

Wid. Go, thou art a pretty fore-handed fellow! 'Would thou wert wiser.

Sav. Now do I sensibly begin to feel myself a rascal! 'Would I could teach a school, or beg, or

lie well: I am utterly undone. Now, he that taught thee to deceive and cozen, take thee to his mercy! So be it. [*Exit.*

Mor. Come, widow, come, never stand upon a knighthood; it is a mere paper honour, and not proof enough for a serjeant. Come, come, I'll make thee——

Wid. To answer in short, 'tis this, sir. No knight, no widow: If you make me anything, it must be a lady; and so I take my leave.

Mor. Farewell, sweet widow, and think of it.

Wid. Sir, I do more than think of it; it makes me dream, sir. [*Exit* Widow.

Mor. She's rich and sober, if this itch were from her: And say I be at the charge to pay the footmen, and the trumpets, ay, and the horsemen too, and be a knight, and she refuse me then: Then am I hoist into the subsidy, and so, by consequence, should prove a coxcomb: I'll have a care of that. Six thousand pound, and then the land is mine: There's some refreshing yet. [*Exit.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*An Apartment in the* Lady's *House.*

Enter Abigail, *and drops her Glove.*

Abig. If he but follow me, as all my hopes tell me he's man enough, up goes my rest, and, I know, I shall draw him.

Enter Welford.

Wel. This is the strangest pamper'd piece of flesh towards fifty, that ever frailty coped withal. What a trim *l'envoy* here she has put upon me! These women are a proud kind of cattle, and love this whoreson-doing so directly, that they will not stick to make their very skins bawds to their flesh: Here's dog-skin and storax sufficient to kill a hawk: What to do with it, beside nailing it up amongst Irish heads of *teer*, to show the mightiness of her palm, I know not. There she is: I must enter into dialogue. Lady, you have lost your glove.

Abig. Not, sir, if you have found it.

Wel. It was my meaning, lady, to restore it.

Abig. 'Twill be uncivil in me to take back a favour fortune hath so well bestow'd, sir. Pray, wear it for me.

Wel. [*Aside.*] I had rather wear a bell. But, hark you, mistress,
What hidden virtue is there in this glove,
That you would have me wear it? Is it good
Against sore eyes, or will it charm the tooth-ache?
Or these red tops, being steep'd in white wine, soluble,
Will't kill the itch? or has it so conceal'd
A providence to keep my hand from bonds?
If it have none of these, and prove no more
But a bare glove of half-a-crown a pair,
'Twill be but half a courtesy; I wear two always.
Faith, let's draw cuts; one will do me no pleasure.

Abig. [*Aside.*] The tenderness of his years keeps him as yet in ignorance: He's a well-moulded fellow, and I wonder his blood should stir no higher; but 'tis his want of company; I must grow nearer to him.

Enter Elder Loveless, *disguised.*

El. Lo. God save you both!

Abig. And pardon you, sir! This is somewhat rude: How came you hither?

El. Lo. Why, through the doors; they are open.

Well. What are you? and what business have you here?

El. Lo. More, I believe, than you have.

Abig. Who would this fellow speak with? Art thou sober?

El. Lo. Yes; I come not here to sleep.

Wel. Pr'ythee, what art thou?

El. Lo. As much, gay man, as thou art; I am a gentleman.

Wel. Art thou no more?

El. Lo. Yes, more than thou dar'st be; a soldier.

Abig. Thou dost not come to quarrel?

El. Lo. No, not with women. I come here to speak with a gentlewoman.

Abig. Why, I am one.

El. Lo. But not with one so gentle.

Wel. This is a fine fellow.

El. Lo. Sir, I'm not fine yet. I am but new come over;
Direct me with your ticket to your tailor,
And then I shall be fine, sir.—Lady, if there be
A better of your sex within this house,
Say I would see her.

Abig. Why, am not I good enough for you, sir?

El. Lo. Your way, you'll be too good. Pray, end my business.—
This is another suitor: Oh, frail woman! [*Aside.*

Wel. This fellow, with his bluntness, hopes to do
More than the long suits of a thousand could;
Though he be sour, he's quick; I must not trust him.—
Sir, this lady is not to speak with you; she is more serious. You smell as if you were new calk'd; go, and be handsome, and then you may sit with the serving-men.

El. Lo. What are you, sir?

Wel. Guess by my outside.

El. Lo. Then I take you, sir, for some new silken thing, weaned from the country, that shall (when you come to keep good company) be beaten into better manners.—Pray, good proud gentlewoman, help me to your mistress.

Abig. How many lives hast thou, that thou talk'st thus rudely?

El. Lo. But one, one; I am neither cat nor woman.

Wel. And will that one life, sir, maintain you ever in such bold sauciness?

El. Lo. Yes, 'mongst a nation of such men as you are,
And be no worse for wearing. Shall I speak
With this lady?

Abig. No, by my troth, shall you not.

El. Lo. I must stay here then.

Wel. That you shall not, neither.

El. Lo. Good fine thing, tell me why?

Wel. Good angry thing, I'll tell you:
This is no place for such companions;
Such lousy gentlemen shall find their business
Better i' th' suburbs; there your strong pitch-perfume,

Mingled with lees of ale, shall reek in fashion:
This is no Thames Street, sir.
Abig. This gentleman informs you truly.
Pr'ythee be satisfied, and seek the suburbs,
Good captain, or whatever title else
The warlike eel-boats have bestow'd upon thee.
Go and reform thyself; pr'ythee be sweeter;
And know my lady speaks with no such swabbers.
El. Lo. You cannot talk me out with your tradition
Of wit you pick from plays; go to, I have found ye.——
And for you, tender sir, whose gentle blood
Runs in your nose, and makes you snuff at all
But three-piled people, I do let you know,
He that begot your worship's sattin suit,
Can make no men, sir. I will see this lady,
And, with the reverence of your silkenship,
In these old ornaments.
Wel. You will not, sure?
El. Lo. Sure, sir, I shall.
Abig. You would be beaten out?
El. Lo. Indeed I would not; or if I would be beaten,
Pray, who shall beat me? This good gentleman
Looks as he were o' th' peace.
Wel. Sir, you shall see that. Will you get you out?
El. Lo. Yes; that, that shall correct your boy's tongue.
Dare you fight? I will stay here still. [*They draw.*
Abig. Oh, their things are out! Help, help, for God's sake! Madam! Jesus! they foin at one another. Madam! Why, who is within there?

Enter LADY.

Lady. Who breeds this rudeness?
Wel. This uncivil fellow.
He says he comes from sea; where, I believe,
He has purged away his manners.
Lady. Why, what of him?
Wel. Why, he will rudely, without once "God bless you,"
Press to your privacies, and no denial
Must stand betwixt your person and his business.
I let go his ill language.
Lady. Sir, have you
Business with me?
El. Lo. Madam, some I have;
But not so serious to pawn my life for 't.
If you keep this quarter, and maintain about you
Such knights o' th' sun as this is, to defy
Men of employment to you, you may live;
But in what fame?
Lady. Pray stay, sir; who has wrong'd you?
El. Lo. Wrong me he cannot, though uncivilly
He flung his wild words at me: But to you,
I think he did no honour, to deny
The haste I come withal a passage to you,
Though I seem coarse.
Lady. Excuse me, gentle sir; 'twas from my knowledge,
And shall have no protection.—And to you, sir,
You have shew'd more heat than wit, and from yourself
Have borrow'd pow'r I never gave you here,
To do these vile unmanly things. My house
Is no blind street to swagger in; and my favours
Not doting yet on your unknown deserts
So far, that I should make you master of my business.
My credit yet stands fairer with the people
Than to be tried with swords; and they that come
To do me service, must not think to win me
With hazard of a murder. If your love
Consist in fury, carry it to the camp;
And there, in honour of some common mistress,
Shorten your youth. I pray be better temper'd;
And give me leave awhile, sir.
Wel. You must have it. [*Exit* WELFORD.
Lady. Now, sir, your business?
El. Lo. First, I thank you for schooling this young fellow,
Whom his own follies, which he's prone enough
Daily to fall into, if you but frown,
Shall level him a way to his repentance.
Next, I should rail at you; but you're a woman,
And anger's lost upon you.
Lady. Why at me, sir?
I never did you wrong; for, to my knowledge,
This is the first sight of you.
El. Lo. You have done that,
I must confess, I have the least curse in,
Because the least acquaintance: But there be
(If there be honour in the minds of men)
Thousands, when they shall know what I deliver,
(As all good men must share in't) will to shame
Blast your black memory.
Lady. How is this, good sir?
El. Lo. 'Tis that, that if you have a soul, will choke it:
You've kill'd a gentleman.
Lady. I kill'd a gentleman!
El. Lo. You, and your cruelty, have kill'd him,
And such a man (let me be angry in't) woman!
Whose least worth weigh'd above all women's virtues
That are; I spare you all to come too: Guess him now.
Lady. I am so innocent, I cannot, sir.
El. Lo. Repent, you mean. You are a perfect woman,
And, as the first was, made for man's undoing.
Lady. Sir, you have miss'd your way; I am not she.
El. Lo. 'Would he had miss'd his way too, though he had wander'd
Farther than women are ill spoken of,
So he had miss'd this misery. You, lady——
Lady. How do you do, sir?
El. Lo. Well enough, I hope,
While I can keep myself from such temptations.
Lady. Pray, leap into this matter; whither would you?
El. Lo. You had a servant, that your peevishness
Enjoin'd to travel.
Lady. Such a one I have still,
And should be grieved it were otherwise.
El. Lo. Then have your asking, and be griev'd; he's dead!
How you will answer for his worth I know not;
But this I am sure, either he, or you, or both,
Were stark mad; else he might have liv'd to've given
A stronger testimony to the world,
Of what he might have been. He was a man
I knew but in his evening; ten suns after,
Forc'd by a tyrant storm, our beaten bark
Bulg'd under us: in which sad parting blow
He call'd upon his saint, but not for life,
On you, unhappy woman; and, whilst all
Sought to preserve their souls, he desp'rately
Embrac'd a wave, crying to all that saw it,
"If any live, go to my Fate that forc'd me
To this untimely end, and make her happy."

His name was Loveless; and I 'scap'd the storm;
And now you have my business.
Lady. 'Tis too much.
'Would I had been that storm! he had not perish'd.
If you'll rail now, I will forgive you, sir:
Or if you'll call in more, if any more
Come from his ruin, I shall justly suffer
What they can say: I do confess myself
A guilty cause in this. I would say more,
But grief is grown too great to be deliver'd.
El. Lo. I like this well: These women are strange things.—— [*Aside.*
'Tis somewhat of the latest now to weep;
You should have wept when he was going from you,
And chain'd him with those tears at home.
Lady. 'Would you had told me then so; these two arms
Had been his sea.
El. Lo. Trust me, you move me much:
But, say he liv'd; these were forgotten things again.
Lady. [*Aside.*] Ay, say you so?
Sure, I should know that voice: This is knavery.
I'll fit you for it.—Were he living, sir,
I would persuade you to be charitable,
Ay, and confess we are not all so ill
As your opinion holds us. Oh, my friend,
What penance shall I pull upon my fault,
Upon my most unworthy self for this?
El. Lo. Leave to love others; 'twas some jealousy
That turn'd him desperate.
Lady. I'll be with you straight;
Are you wrung there? [*Aside.*
El. Lo. This works amain upon her.
Lady. I do confess there is a gentleman,
Has borne me long good will.
El. Lo. I do not like that. [*Aside.*
Lady. And vow'd a thousand services to me;
To me, regardless of him: But since Fate,
That no power can withstand, has taken from me
My first and best love, and to weep away
My youth is a mere folly, I will shew you
What I determine, sir; you shall know all.——
Call Master Welford, there. [*To a* Serv.]—That gentleman
I mean to make the model of my fortunes,
And, in his chaste embraces, keep alive
The memory of my lost lovely Loveless.
He is somewhat like him too.
El. Lo. Then you can love?
Lady. Yes, certainly, sir:
Though it please you to think me hard and cruel,
I hope I shall persuade you otherwise.
El. Lo. I have made myself a fine fool.

Enter WELFORD.

Wel. Would you have spoken with me, madam?
Lady. Yes, Master Welford; and I ask your pardon,
Before this gentleman, for being froward:
This kiss, and henceforth more affection.
El. Lo. [*Aside.*] So; it is better I were drown'd indeed.
Wel. This is a sudden passion; God hold it!
This fellow, out of his fear, sure, has persuaded her. I'll give him a new suit on't.
Lady. A parting kiss; and, good sir, let me pray you
To wait me in the gallery.
Wel. I'm in another world! Madam, where you please. [*Exit* WELFORD.
El. Lo. [*Aside.*] I will to sea,
And 't shall go hard but I'll be drown'd indeed.
Lady. Now, sir, you see I'm no such hard creature,
But time may win me.
El. Lo. You have forgot your lost love.
Lady. Alas, sir, what would you have me do?
I cannot call him back again with sorrow: I'll love this man as dearly; and, beshrew me, I'll keep him far enough from sea. And 'twas told me, now I remember me, by an old wise woman, that my first love should be drowned; and see, 'tis come about.
El. Lo. [*Aside.*] I would she had told you your second should be hang'd too, and let that come about.—But this is very strange.
Lady. 'Faith, sir, consider all,
And then I know you'll be of my mind:
If weeping would redeem him, I would weep still.
El. Lo. But, say, that I were Loveless,
And 'scap'd the storm; how would you answer this?
Lady. Why, for that gentleman I would leave all the world.
El. Lo. This young thing too?
Lady. This young thing too,
Or any young thing else. Why, I would lose my state.
El. Lo. Why, then, he lives still: I am he, your Loveless! [*Throws off his disguise.*
Lady. Alas! I knew it, sir, and for that purpose
Prepared this pageant. Get you to your task,
And leave these players' tricks, or I shall leave you:
Indeed, I shall. Travel, or know me not.
El. Lo. Will you then marry?
Lady. I will not promise; take your choice.—Farewell.
El. Lo. There is no other purgatory but a woman'
I must do something. [*Exit* LOVELESS.

Enter WELFORD.

Wel. Mistress, I am bold.
Lady. You are, indeed.
Wel. You have so o'erjoy'd me, lady.
Lady. Take heed, you surfeit not; pray, fast and welcome.
Wel. By this light, you love me extremely.
Lady. By this, and to-morrow's light, I care not for you.
Wel. Come, come, you cannot hide it.
Lady. Indeed I can, where you shall never find it.
Wel. I like this mirth well, lady.
Lady. You shall have more on't.
Wel. I must kiss you.
Lady. No, sir.
Wel. Indeed, I must.
Lady. What must be, must be. I will take my leave:
You have your parting blow. I pray commend me
To those few friends you have, that sent you hither,
And tell them, when you travel next, 'twere fit
You brought less brav'ry with you, and more wit;
You'll never get a wife else.
Wel. Are you in earnest?
Lady. Yes, faith. Will you eat, sir? Your horses will be ready straight: you shall have a napkin laid in the buttery for you.
Wel. Do not you love me, then?
Lady. Yes, for that face.
Wel. It is a good one, lady.
Lady. Yes, if 'twere not warpt;
The fire in time may mend it.
Wel. Methinks, yours is none of the best, lady.

Lady. No, by my troth, sir: yet, o' my con-
You would make shift with it. [science,
Wel. Come, pray, no more of this.
Lady. I will not: Fare you well.—Ho! who's within there?
Bring out the gentleman's horses; he's in haste;
And set some cold meat on the table.
Wel. I have too much of that, I thank you, lady:
Take to your chamber when you please, there goes
A black one with you, lady.
Lady. Farewell, young man! [*Exit* LADY.
Wel. You have made me one. Farewell; and may the curse of a great house fall upon thee; I mean, the butler! The devil and all his works are in these women. 'Would all of my sex were of my mind; I would make 'em a new Lent, and a long one, that flesh might be in more rev'rence with them.

Enter ABIGAIL.

Abig. I am sorry, Mr. Welford——
Wel. So am I, that you are here.
Abig. How does my lady use you?
Wel. As I would use you, scurvily.
Abig. I should have been more kind, sir.
Wel. I should have been undone then. Pray leave me,
And look to your sweet-meats. Hark, your lady calls.
Abig. Sir, I shall borrow so much time, without offending.
Wel. You're nothing but offence; for God's love, leave me.
Abig. 'Tis strange, my lady should be such a tyrant.
Wel. To send you to me. 'Pray, go stitch,
You are more trouble to me than a term. [good, do!
Abig. I do not know how my good will, if I said love I lied not, should any ways deserve this.
Wel. A thousand ways, a thousand ways! sweet creature, let me depart in peace.
Abig. What creature, sir? I hope I am a woman.
Wel. A hundred, I think, by your noise.
Abig. Since you are angry, sir, I am bold to tell you that I am a woman, and a rib.
Wel. Of a roasted horse.
Abig. Construe me that.
Wel. A dog can do it better. Farewell, Countess; and commend me to your lady! tell her she's proud, and scurvy. And so I commit you both to your tempter.
Abig. Sweet master Welford!
Wel. Avoid, old Satanas! Go daub your ruins, your face looks fouler than a storm: The footman stays you in the lobby, lady.
Abig. If you were a gentleman, I should know it by your gentle conditions. Are these fit words to give a gentlewoman?
Wel. As fit as they were made for you.—Sirrah, my horses!—Farewell, old adage! Keep your nose warm; the rheum will make it horn else.
[*Exit* WEL.
Abig. The blessings of a prodigal young heir be thy companions, Welford! Marry, come up, my gentleman, are your gums grown so tender they cann't bite? A skittish filly will be your fortune, Welford, and fair enough for such a pack-saddle. And I doubt not (if my aim hold) to see her made to amble to your hand. [*Exit* ABIG.

SCENE II.—*A Room in the House of the* ELDER LOVELESS.

Enter YOUNG LOVELESS, *and* Comrades, MORECRAFT, WIDOW, SAVIL, *and the rest.*

Capt. Save thy brave shoulder, my young puissant knight!
And may thy back-sword bite them to the bone
That love thee not: Thou art an errant man;
Go on: The circumcis'd shall fall by thee.
Let land and labour fill the man that tills;
Thy sword must be thy plough; and Jove it speed!
Mecca shall sweat, and Mahomet shall fall,
And thy dear name fill up his monument.
Yo. Lo. It shall, captain; I mean to be a worthy.
Capt. One worthy is too little; thou shalt be all.
Mor. Captain, I shall deserve some of your love, too.
Capt. Thou shalt have heart and hand too,
If thou wilt lend me money. [noble Morecraft.
I am a man of garrison; be rul'd,
And open to me those infernal gates,
Whence none of thy evil angels pass again,
And I will style thee noble, nay, Don Diego;
I'll woo thy infanta for thee, and my knight
Shall feast her with high meats, and make her apt.
Mor. Pardon me, captain, you're beside my meaning.
Yo. Lo. No, Master Morecraft, 'tis the Cap-
I should prepare her for ye. [tain's meaning,
Capt. Or provoke her.
Speak, my modern man; I say "provoke her."
Poet. Captain, I say so too; or stir her to it:
So say the critics.
Yo. Lo. But howsoever you expound it, sir,
She's very welcome; and this shall serve for witness.—
And, widow, since you're come so happily,
You shall deliver up the keys, and free
Possession of this house, while I stand by
To ratify. [me;
Wid. I had rather give it back again, believe
It is a misery to say, you had it. Take heed.
Yo. Lo. 'Tis past that, widow. Come, sit down. Some wine there!
There is a scurvy banquet, if we had it.
Master Morecraft, all this fair house is yours, sir.—
Sav. Yes, sir. [Savil!
Yo. Lo. Are your keys ready? I must ease your burden.
Sav. I'm ready, sir, to be undone, when you
Shall call me to't.
Yo. Lo. Come, come, thou shalt live better.
Sav. I shall have less to do, that's all:
There's half-a-dozen of my friends i' th' fields,
Sunning against a bank, with half a breech
Among 'em; I shall be with them shortly.
The care and continual vexation
Of being rich, eat up this rascal!
What shall become of my poor family?
They are no sheep, yet they must keep themselves.
Yo. Lo. Drink, Master Morecraft! Pray be merry all.
Nay, an you will not drink, there's no society.
Captain, speak loud, and drink!—Widow, a word.
[*They speak aside.*
Capt. Expound her thoroughly, knight.—
Here, god o' gold, here's to thy fair possessions!
Be a baron, and a bold one.

Leave off your tickling of young heirs like trouts,
And let thy chimneys smoke. Feed men of war,
Live, and be honest, and be saved yet.
Mor. I thank you, worthy captain, for your counsel.
You keep your chimneys smoking there, your nostrils:
And, when you can, you feed a man of war:
This makes you not a baron, but a bare one;
And how or when you shall be saved, let
The clerk o' th' company, you have commanded,
Have a just care of.
Poet. The man is much mov'd. Be not angry, sir.
But, as the poet sings, let your displeasure
Be a short fury, and go out. You have spoke home,
And bitterly to him, sir.—Captain, take truce;
The miser is a tart and a witty whoreson!
Capt. Poet, you feign, perdie! the wit of this man
Lies in his fingers' ends; he must tell all.
His tongue fills his mouth like a neat's tongue,
And only serves to lick his hungry chaps
After a purchase: His brains and brimstone are
The devil's diet to a fat usurer's head.——
To her, knight, to her! clap her aboard, and stow her.
Where's the brave steward?
Sav. Here's your poor friend and Savil, sir.
Capt. Away, thou'rt rich in ornaments of nature;
First, in thy face, thou hast a serious face,
A betting, bargaining, and saving face,
A rich face; pawn it to the usurer;
A face to kindle the compassion
Of the most ignorant and frozen justice.
Sav. 'Tis such, I dare not shew it shortly, sir.
Capt. Be blithe and bonny, steward.—Master Morecraft,
Drink to this man of reckoning.
Mor. [*Drinks.*] Here's e'en to him.
Sav. The devil guide it downward! 'Would there were in't
An acre of the great broom-field he bought,
To sweep your dirty conscience, or to choke you!
'Tis all one to me, usurer.
Yo. Lo. (*To the* WIDOW.) Consider what I told you; you are young,
Unapt for worldly business: Is it fit
One of such tenderness, so delicate,
So contrary to things of care, should stir
And break her better meditations,
In the bare brokage of a brace of angels?
Or a new kirtle, though it be of sattin?
Eat by the hope of forfeits, and lie down
Only in expectation of a morrow,
That may undo some easy-hearted fool,
Or reach a widow's curses? let out money,
Whose use returns the principal? and get,
Out of these troubles, a consuming heir;
For such a one must follow necessarily?
You shall die hated, if not old and miserable;
And that possess'd wealth, that you got with pining,
Live to see tumbled to another's hands,
That is no more a-kin to you than you
To his coz'nage!
Wid. Sir, you speak well: 'Would God,
That charity had first begun here.
Yo. Lo. 'Tis yet time.—Be merry!
Methinks, you want wine there; there's more i' th' house.
Captain, where rests the health?
Capt. It shall go round, boy!
Yo. Lo. (*To the* WIDOW.) Say, can you suffer this, because the end
Points at much profit? Can you so far bow
Below your blood, below your too-much beauty,
To be a partner of this fellow's bed,
And lie with his diseases? If you can,
I will not press you further. Yet look upon him:
There's nothing in that hide-bound usurer,
That man of mat, that all-decay'd, but aches,
For you to love, unless his perish'd lungs,
His dry cough, or his scurvy. This is truth,
And so far I dare speak it. He has yet,
Past cure of physic, Spa, or any diet,
A primitive pox in his bones; and o' my knowledge,
He has been ten times rowell'd: You may love him.
He had a bastard, his own toward issue,
Whipp'd, and then cropp'd,
For washing out the roses in three farthings,
To make 'em pence.
Wid. I do not like these morals.
Yo. Lo. You must not like him then.

Enter ELDER LOVELESS.

El. Lo. By your leave, gentlemen.
Yo. Lo. By my troth, sir, you're welcome: welcome, faith. Lord, what a stranger you are grown! Pray, know this gentlewoman; and, if you please, these friends here. We are merry; you see the worst on's; your house has been kept warm, sir.
El. Lo. I am glad
To hear it, brother; pray God, you are wise too!
Yo. Lo. Pray, Master Morecraft, know my elder brother;
And, Captain, do your compliment. Savil,
I dare swear, is glad at heart to see you.
Lord, we heard, sir, you were drown'd at sea,
And see how luckily things come about!
Mor. This money must be paid back again, sir.
Yo. Lo. No, sir;
Pray keep the sale; 'twill make good tailors' measures.
I am well, I thank you.
Wid. By my troth, the gentleman
Has stew'd him in his own sauce; I shall love him for't.
Sav. I know not where I am, I am so glad.
Your worship is the welcom'st man alive:
Upon my knees I bid you welcome home.
Here has been such a hurry, such a din,
Such dismal drinking, swearing, and whoring,
'T has almost made me mad:
We've liv'd in a continual Turnbal Street.
Sir, blest be Heav'n, that sent you safe again!
Now shall I eat, and go to bed again.
El. Lo. Brother, dismiss these people.
Yo. Lo. Captain, begone a while; meet me at my old rendezvous in the evening; take your small poet with you. [*Exeunt* CAPTAIN, POET, *&c.*] Master Morecraft, you were best go prattle with your learned counsel; I shall preserve your money: I was cozen'd when time was; we are quit, sir.
Wid. Better and better still.
El. Lo. What is this fellow, brother?
Yo. Lo. The thirsty usurer that supp'd my land off.
El. Lo. What does he tarry for?
Yo. Lo. To be landlord of your house and state: I was bold to make a little sale, sir.
Mor. Am I o'er-reach'd? If there be law, I'll hamper ye.
El. Lo. Pr'ythee, be gone, and rave at home; thou art

So base a fool, I cannot laugh at thee.
Sirrah, this comes of cox'ning! home, and spare;
Eat raddish 'till you raise your sums again.
If you stir far in this, I'll have you whipp'd,
Your ears nail'd for intelligencing, o' th' pillory,
And your goods forfeit! You are a stale cozener?
Leave my house. No more!

Mor. A pox upon your house!—Come, widow, I shall yet hamper this young gamester.

Wid. Good twelve i' th' hundred, keep your way; I am not for your diet: Marry in your own tribe, Jew, and get a broker.

Yo. Lo. 'Tis well said, widow.—Will you jog on, sir?

Mor. Yes, I will go; but 'tis no matter whither:
But when I trust a wild fool and a woman,
May I lend gratis, and build hospitals! [*Exit.*

Yo. Lo. Nay, good sir, make all even: Here's a widow wants your good word for me; she's rich, and may renew me and my fortunes.

El. Lo. I'm glad you look before you.—Gentlewoman,
Here is a poor distressed younger brother.

Wid. You do him wrong, sir; he's a knight.

El. Lo. I ask you mercy: Yet, 'tis no matter;
His knighthood's no inheritance, I take it.
Whatsoever he is, he is your servant,
Or would be, lady.
'Faith, be not merciless, but make a man;
He's young and handsome, though he be my bro-
And his observance may deserve your love: [ther,
He shall not fail for means.

Wid. Sir, you speak like a worthy brother:
And so much do I credit your fair language.
That I shall love your brother; and so love him—
But I shall blush to say more.

El. Lo. Stop her mouth—
I hope you shall not live to know that hour,
When this shall be repented.—Now, brother, I should chide;
But I'll give no distaste to your fair mistress.
I will instruct her in't, and she shall do't:
You have been wild and ignorant; pray mend it.

Yo. Lo. Sir, every day, now spring comes on.

El. Lo. To you, good Master Savil, and your office,
Thus much I have to say: You're, from my steward,
Become, first, your own drunkard, then, his bawd:
They say, you're excellent grown in both, and per-
Give me your keys, Sir Savil. [fect.

Sav. Good sir, consider whom you left me to.

El. Lo. I left you as a curb for, not to provoke,
My brother's follies. Where's the best drink, now?
Come, tell me, Savil; where's the soundest whores?
You old he-goat, you dried ape, you lame stallion!
Must you be leading in my house your whores,
Like fairies, dance their night-rounds, without fear
Either of king or constable, within my walls?
Are all my hangings safe? my sheep unsold yet?
I hope my plate is current; I have too much on't.
What say you to three hundred pounds in drink now?

Sav. Good sir, forgive me, and but hear me speak.

El. Lo. Methinks thou shouldst be drunk still,
'Tis the more pardonable. [and not speak;

Sav. I will, sir, if you will have it so.

El. Lo. I thank you. Yes, e'en pursue it, sir.
Do you hear?
Get you a whore soon for your recreation;
Go look out Captain Broken-breech, your fellow,
And quarrel, if you dare. I shall deliver
These keys to one shall have more honesty,
Though not so much fine wit, sir. You may walk
And gather cresses, sir, to cool your liver;
There's something for you to begin a diet,
[*Gives him money.*
You'll have the pox else. Speed you well, Sir Savil!
You may eat at my house to preserve life;
But keep no fornication in the stables.

[*Exeunt* EL. *and* YO. LOVELESS *and the* WIDOW.

Sav. Now must I hang myself; my friends will look for't.
Eating and sleeping, I do despise you both now:
I will run mad first, and, if that get not pity,
I'll drown myself to a most dismal ditty.
[*Exit* SAVIL.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*A Room in the* LADY'S *House.*

Enter ABIGAIL.

Abig. Alas, poor gentlewoman, to what a misery hath age brought thee, to what a scurvy fortune! Thou, that hast been companion for noblemen, and, at the worst of those times, for gentlemen; now, like a broken serving-man, must beg for favour to those, that would have crawl'd like pilgrims to my chamber, but for an apparition of me! You that be coming on, make much of fifteen, and so till five-and-twenty: Use your time with reverence, that your profits may arise: It will not tarry with you; *ecce signum.* Here was a face: But Time, that, like a surfeit, eats our youth (plague of his iron teeth, and draw 'em for't!) has been a little bolder here than welcome; and now, to say the truth, I am fit for no man. Old men i' th' house, of fifty, call me grannam; and when they are drunk, e'en then, when Joan and my lady are all one, not one will do me reason. My little Levite hath forsaken me; his silver sound of cithern quite abolish'd; his doleful hymns under my chamber window, digested into tedious learning. Well, fool, you leapt a haddock when you left him: He's a clean man, and a good edifier, and twenty nobles is his state *de claro*, besides his pigs *in posse.* To this good homilist I have been ever stubborn, which God forgive me for, and mend my manners: And, Love, if ever thou hadst care of forty, of such a piece of laye ground, hear my pray'r, and fire his zeal so far forth, that my faults, in this renew'd impression of my love, may shew corrected to our gentle reader.

Enter ROGER.

See how negligently he passes by me! With what an equipage canonical, as though he had broken the heart of Bellarmine, or added something to the singing brethren. 'Tis scorn, I know it, and deserve it.—Master Roger!

Rog. Fair gentlewoman, my name is Roger.

Abig. Then, gentle Roger——

Rog. Ungentle Abigail!

Abig. Why, Master Roger, will you set your wit to a weak woman's?

Rog. You are weak, indeed: For so the poet sings.

Abig. I do confess my weakness, sweet Sir Roger.

Rog. Good my lady's gentlewoman, or my good lady's gentlewoman, (this trope is lost to you now) leave your prating. You have a season of your first mother in you: And, surely, had the devil been in love, he had been abused too. Go, Dalilah; you make men fools, and wear fig-breeches.

Abig. Well, well, hard-hearted man, dilate upon the weak infirmities of women: These are fit texts: But once there was a time———'Would I had never seen those eyes, those eyes, those orient eyes!

Rog. Ay, they were pearls once with you.

Abig. Saving your reverence, sir, so they are still.

Rog. Nay, nay, I do beseech you, leave your cogging! What they are, they are: They serve me without spectacles, I thank 'em.

Abig. Oh, will you kill me?

Rog. I do not think I can; you're like a copyhold, with nine lives in't.

Abig. You were wont to bear a Christian fear about you: For your own worship's sake——

Rog. I was a Christian fool then! Do you remember what a dance you led me? How I grew qualm'd in love, and was a dunce? Could expound but once a quarter, and then was out too: And then, at prayers once, out of the stinking stir you put me in, I pray'd for my own royal issue. You do remember all this?

Abig. Oh, be as then you were!

Rog. I thank you for it: Surely, I will be wiser, Abigail; and, as the Ethnick poet sings, I will not lose my oil and labour too. You're for the worshipful, I take it, Abigail?

Abig. Oh, take it so, and then I am for thee!

Rog. I like these tears well, and this humbling also; they are symptoms of contrition, as a father saith. If I should fall into my fit again, would you not shake me into a quotidian, coxcomb? Would you not use me scurvily again, and give me possets with purging comfits in 'em? I tell thee, gentlewoman, thou hast been harder to me than a long chapter with a pedigree.

Abig. Oh, curate, cure me! I will love thee better, dearer, longer: I will do any thing; betray the secrets of the main household to thy reformation. My lady shall look lovingly on thy learning; and when due time shall 'point thee for a parson, I will convert thy eggs to penny custards, and thy tithe goose shall graze and multiply.

Rog. I am mollified, as well shall testify this faithful kiss. And have a great care, Mistress Abigail, how you depress the spirit any more with your rebukes and mocks; for certainly, the edge of such a folly cuts itself.

Abig. Oh, sir, you have pierced me thorough. Here I vow a recantation to those malicious faults I ever did against you. Never more will I despise your learning; never more pin cards and conytails upon your cassock; never again reproach your reverend night-cap, and call it by the mangy name of murrain; never, your reverend person, more, and say, you look like one of Baal's priests in a hanging; never again, when you say grace, laugh at you, nor put you out at prayers; ne'er cramp you more with the great Book of Martyrs; nor, when you ride, get soap and thistles for you. No, my Roger, these faults shall be corrected and amended, as by the tenor of my tears appears.

Rog. Now cannot I hold, if I should be hanged! I must cry too.—Come to thine own beloved, and do e'en what thou wilt with me, sweet, sweet Abigail! I am thine own for ever: Here's my hand. When Roger proves a recrêant, hang him i' th' bell-ropes!

Enter LADY, *and* MARTHA.

Lady. Why, how now, Master Roger; no prayers down with you to-night? Did you hear the bell ring? You are courting; your flock shall fat well for it.

Rog. I humbly ask your pardon.—I'll clap up prayers, (but stay a little,) and be with you again. [*Exit.*

Enter ELDER LOVELESS.

Lady. How dare you, being so unworthy a fellow,
Presume to come to move me any more?

El. Lo. Ha, ha, ha!

Lady. What ails the fellow?

El. Lo. The fellow comes to laugh at you.
I tell you, lady, I would not, for your land,
Be such a coxcomb, such a whining ass,
As you decreed me for when I was last here.

Lady. I joy to hear you are wise; 'tis a rare jewel
In an elder brother: Pray, be wiser yet.

El. Lo. Methinks I'm very wise: I do not come a-wooing.
Indeed, I'll move no more love to your ladyship.

Lady. What makes you here, then?

El. Lo. Only to see you, and be merry, lady:
That's all my business. 'Faith, let's be very merry.
Where's little Roger? He is a good fellow.
An hour or two, well spent in wholesome mirth,
Is worth a thousand of these puling passions.
'Tis an ill world for lovers.

Lady. They were never fewer.

El. Lo. I thank God, there is one less for me.

Lady. You were never any, sir.

El. Lo. Till now, and now
I am the prettiest fellow!

Lady. You talk like a tailor, sir.

El. Lo. Methinks, your faces are no such fine things now.

Lady. Why did you tell me you were wise?
Lord, what a lying age is this! Where will
You mend these faces?

El. Lo. A hog's face, sous'd, is worth a hundred of 'em.

Lady. Sure, you had some sow to your mother.

El. Lo. She brought such fine white pigs as you, fit for none but parsons, lady.

Lady. 'Tis well you will allow us our clergy yet.

El. Lo. That will not save you. Oh, that I were in love again with a wish!

Lady. By this light, you are a scurvy fellow! Pray, be gone.

El. Lo. You know, I am a clean-skinn'd man.

Lady. Do I know it?

El. Lo. Come, come, you would know it; that's as good: But not a snap, never long for't, not a snap, dear lady.

Lady. Hark ye, sir, hark ye, get you to the suburbs;

There's horse-flesh for such hounds. Will you go, sir?
El. Lo. Lord, how I loved this woman! how I worshipp'd
This pretty calf with the white face here! As I [live,
You were the prettiest fool to play withal,
The wittiest little varlet! It would talk;
Lord, how it talk'd! And when I anger'd it,
It would cry out, and scratch, and eat no meat,
And it would say, "Go hang!"
Lady. It will say so still, if you anger it.
El. Lo. And when I ask'd it, if it would be mar-
It sent me of an errand into France, [ried,
And would abuse me, and be glad it did so.
Lady. Sir, this is most unmanly; pray, be gone.
El. Lo. And swear (even when it twitter'd to be
I was unhandsome. [at me)
Lady. Have you no manners in you?
El. Lo. And say my back was melted, when the gods know,
I keep it at a charge!—four Flanders mares
Would have been easier to me, and a fencer.
Lady. You think all this is true now? [for you.
El. Lo. 'Faith, whether it be or no, 'tis too good
But, so much for our mirth: Now have at you in earnest.
Lady. There is enough, sir; I desire no more.
El. Lo. Yes, faith, we'll have a cast at your best parts now; and then the devil take the worst!
Lady. Pray, sir, no more; I am not much affected with your commendations. 'Tis almost dinner; I know they stay you at the ordinary.
El. Lo. E'en a short grace, and then I am gone: You are
A woman! and the proudest that ever loved a coach:
The scornfullest, scurviest, and most senseless woman!
The greediest to be praised, and never moved,
Though it be gross and open; the most envious,
That, at the poor fame of another's face,
Would eat your own, and more than is your own,
The paint belonging to it: Of such a self-opinion,
That you think no one can deserve your glove:
And, for your malice, you're so excellent,
You might have been your tempter's tutor. Nay,
Never cry.
Lady. Your own heart knows you wrong me:
I cry for you!
El. Lo. You shall, before I leave you.
Lady. Is all this spoke in earnest?
El. Lo. Yes, and more,
As soon as I can get it out.
Lady. Well, out with't.
El. Lo. You are——let me see——
Lady. One that has used you with too much respect.
El. Lo. One that hath used me, since you will have it so,
The basest, the most foot-boy like, without respect
Of what I was, or what you might be by me.
You have used me as I would use a jade, [mons;
Ride him off's legs, then turn him into the com-
You have used me with discretion, and I thank you;
If you have many more such pretty servants,
Pray build an hospital, and, when they are old,
Pray keep 'em, for shame.
Lady. I cannot think yet this is serious.
El. Lo. Will you have more on't?
Lady. No, faith, there's enough,
If it be true: Too much, by all my part.
You are no lover, then?
El. Lo. No, I had rather be a carrier.
Lady. Why, the gods amend all!
El. Lo. Neither do I think
There can be such a fellow found i' the world,
To be in love with such a froward woman:
If there be such, they're mad: Jove comfort 'em!
Now have you all, and I as new a man,
As light, and spirited, that I feel myself
Clean through another creature. Oh, 'tis brave
To be one's own man! I can see you now
As I would see a picture; sit all day
By you, and never kiss your hand; hear you sing,
And never fall backward; but, with as set a temper
As I would hear a fiddler, rise and thank you.
I can now keep my money in my purse,
That still was gadding out for scarfs and waistcoats;
And keep my hand from mercers' sheep-skins
I can eat mutton now, and feast myself [finely.
With my two shillings, and can see a play
For eighteen-pence again; I can, my lady.
Lady. The carriage of this fellow vexes me.—
Pray let me speak a little private with you. [Sir,
I must not suffer this.
El. Lo. Ha, ha, ha! What would you with me?
You will not ravish me? Now, your set speech.
Lady. Thou perjured man!
El. Lo. Ha, ha, ha! this is a fine *exordium*.
And why, I pray you, perjured?
Lady. Did you not swear,
A thousand thousand times, you loved me best
Of all things?
El. Lo. I do confess it: Make your best of that.
Lady. Why do you say you do not, then?
El. Lo. Nay; I'll swear it,
And give sufficient reason; your own usage.
Lady. Do you not love me now, then?
El. Lo. No, faith.
Lady. Did you ever think I loved you dearly?
El. Lo. Yes; but I see but rotten fruits on't.
Lady. Do not deny your hand, for I must kiss it,
And take my last farewell:—Now let me die,
So you be happy!
El. Lo. I am too foolish:—Lady! speak, dear lady!

Enter MARTHA.

Lady. No, let me die. [*She swoons.*
Mar. Oh, my sister!
Abig. Oh, my lady! Help, help!
Mar. Run for some *rosa solis!*
El. Lo. I have play'd the fine ass! Bend her body.—Lady!
Best, dearest, worthiest lady, hear your servant.
I am not as I shew'd!—Oh, wretched fool,
To fling away the jewel of thy life thus!—
Give her more air. See, she begins to stir:—
Sweet mistress, hear me!
Lady. Is my servant well?
El. Lo. In being yours, I am so.
Lady. Then I care not.
El. Lo. How do you?—Reach a chair there.—I confess
My fault not pardonable, in pursuing thus,
Upon such tenderness, my wilful error:
But had I known it would have wrought thus with you,
Thus strangely, not the world had won me to it.
And let not, my best lady, any word,
Spoke to my end, disturb your quiet peace;
For sooner shall you know a general ruin,
Than my faith broken. Do not doubt this, mistress;

For, by my life, I cannot live without you.
Come, come, you shall not grieve; rather be angry,
And heap infliction on me; I will suffer.
Oh, I could curse myself! Pray, smile upon me.
Upon my faith, 'twas but a trick to try you,
Knowing you lov'd me dearly, and yet strangely,
That you would never shew it, though my means
Was all humility.

All. Ha, ha, ha!

El. Lo. How now?

Lady. I thank you, fine fool, for your most fine
This was a subtle one, a stiff device [plot!
To have caught dottrels with. Good senseless sir,
Could you imagine I should swoon for you,
And know yourself to be an arrant ass;
Ay, a discover'd one? 'Tis quit; I thank you, sir.
Ha, ha, ha!

Mar. Take heed, sir; she may chance to swoon

All. Ha, ha, ha! [again.

Abig. Step to her, sir; see how she changes colour.

El. Lo. I'll go to hell first, and be better wel-
I am fool'd, I do confess it; finely fool'd, [come.
Lady; fool'd, madam; and I thank you for it!

Lady. Faith, 'tis not so much worth, sir:
But if I knew when you come next a-birding,
I'll have a stronger noose to hold the woodcock.

All. Ha, ha, ha!

El. Lo. I am glad to see you merry: Pray laugh on.

Mar. He had a hard heart, that could not laugh at you, sir.

Ha, ha, ha!

Lady. Pray, sister, do not laugh: you'll anger
And then he'll rail like a rude costermonger, [him,
That school-boys had cozen'd of his apples,
As loud and senseless.

El. Lo. I will not rail.

Mar. Faith, then let's hear him, sister.

El. Lo. Yes, you shall hear me.

Lady. Shall we be the better for it, then?

El. Lo. No; he that makes a woman better by his words, I'll have him sainted: Blows will not do it.

Lady. By this light he'll beat us.

El. Lo. You do deserve it richly, and may live
To have a beadle do it.

Lady. Now he rails.

El. Lo. Come, scornful Folly.
If this be railing, you shall hear me rail.

Lady. Pray put it in good words, then.

El. Lo. The worst are good enough for such a
Such a proud piece of cobweb-lawn. [trifle,

Lady. You bite, sir.

El. Lo. I would till the bones crack'd, an I had my will.

Mar. We had best muzzle him; he grows mad.

El. Lo. I would 'twere lawful, in the next great sickness,
To have the dogs spared, those harmless creatures,
And knock i' th' head those hot continual plagues,
Women, that are more infectious.
I hope the state will think on't.

Lady. Are you well, sir?

Mar. He looks
As though he had a grievous fit o' th' cholic.

El. Lo. Green ginger will cure me.

Abig. I'll heat a trencher for him.

El. Lo. Dirty December, do;
Thou, with a face as old as Erra Pater;
Such a prognosticating nose: Thou thing,
That ten years since has left to be a woman,
Out-worn the expectation of a bawd;
And thy dry bones can reach at nothing now,
But gords or nine-pins, pray go fetch a trencher.

Lady. Let him alone; he's crack'd. [go.

Abig. I'll see him hang'd first; he's a beastly
To use a woman of my breeding thus; [fellow,
Ay, marry is he. Would I were a man,
I'd make him eat his knave's words!

El. Lo. Tie your she-otter up, good Lady Folly,
She stinks worse than a bear-baiting.

Lady. Why will you be angry now?

El. Lo. Go paint, and purge;
Call in your kennel with you. You a lady?

Abig. Sirrah, look to't against the quarter-ses-
If there be good behaviour in the world, [sions:
I'll have thee bound to it.

El. Lo. You must not seek it in your lady's house, then.

Pray send this ferret home; and spin, good Abi-
And, madam, that your ladyship may know [gail.—
In what base manner you have used my service,
I do from this hour hate you heartily;
And, though your folly should whip you to repent-
And waken you at length to see my wrongs, [ance,
'Tis not the endeavour of your life shall win me;
Not all the friends you have in intercession,
Nor your submissive letters, though they spoke
As many tears as words: not your knees grown
To th' ground in penitence, nor all your state,
To kiss you; nor my pardon, nor will
To give you Christian burial, if you die thus;
So, farewell.——
When I am married and made sure, I'll come
And visit you again, and vex you, lady.
By all my hopes, I'll be a torment to you,
Worse than a tedious winter. I know you will
Recant and sue to me; but save that labour:
I'll rather love a fever and continual thirst,
Rather contract my youth to drink, and safer
Dote upon quarrels,
Or take a drawn whore from an hospital,
That time, diseases, and mercury had eaten,
Than to be drawn to love you.

Lady. Ha, ha, ha! Pray do; but take heed though.

El. Lo. From thee, false dice, jades, cowards, and plaguy summers,
Good Lord deliver me! [*Exit.*

Lady. But hark you, servant, hark ye!—Is he
Call him again. [gone?

Abig. Hang him, paddock!

Lady. Art thou here still? Fly, fly,
And call my servant; fly, or never see me more.

Abig. I had rather knit again, than see that rascal,
But I must do it. [*Exit* Abigail.

Lady. I would be loth to anger him too much.
What fine foolery is this in a woman,
To use those men most frowardly they love most?
If I should lose him thus, I were rightly served.
I hope he's not so much himself, to take it
To th' heart.—How now! Will he come back?

Enter Abigail.

Abig. Never, he swears, while he can hear men say there's any woman living: He swore he would have me first.

Lady. Didst thou entreat him, wench?

Abig. As well as I could, madam. But this is still your way, to love being absent, and when he's with you, laugh at him and abuse him. There is another way, if you could hit on't.

Lady. Thou say'st true; get me paper, pen, and ink; I'll write to him: I'd be loth he should sleep in's anger. Women are most fools when they think they're wisest. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*The Street.*

Music.—Enter YOUNG LOVELESS *and* WIDOW, *with his* Comrades.

Wid. Pray, sir, cast off these fellows, as unfitting
For your bare knowledge, and far more your com-
Is't fit such ragamuffins as these are, [pany.
Should bear the name of friends, and furnish out
A civil house? You're to be married now;
And men, that love you, must expect a course
Far from your old career. If you will keep 'em,
Turn 'em to the stable, and there make 'em grooms:
And yet, now I consider it, such beggars
Once set o'horseback, you have heard, will ride—
How far, you had best to look to.

Capt. Hear you,
You that must be lady; pray content yourself,
And think upon your carriage soon at night,
What dressing will best take your knight, what waistcoat,
What cordial will do well i' th' morning for him.
What triers have you?

Wid. What do you mean, sir? [start well,

Capt. Those that must switch him up: If he
Fear not, but cry, "Saint George," and bear him hard.
When you perceive his wind grows hot and wanting,
Let him a little down; he's fleet, ne'er doubt him,
And stands sound.

Wid. Sir, you hear these fellows? [panions.

Yo. Lo. Merry companions, wench, merry com-

Wid. To one another let 'em be companions,
But, good sir, not to you: You shall be civil,
And slip off these base trappings.

Capt. He shall not need, my most sweet Lady
If he be civil, not your powder'd sugar, [Grocer!
Nor your raisins, shall persuade the captain
To live a coxcomb with him. Let him be civil,
And eat i' th' Arches, and see what will come on't.

Poet. Let him be civil, do: Undo him; ay, that's the next way!
I will not take, if he be civil once,
Two hundred pounds a-year to live with him.
Be civil! There's a trim persuasion.

Capt. If thou be'st civil, knight, (as Jove defend it!)
Get thee another nose; that will be pull'd
Off by the angry boys for thy conversion.
The children thou shalt get on this civilian
Cannot inherit by the law; they're Ethnicks,
And all thy sport mere mortal lechery.
When they are grown, having but little in 'em,
They may prove haberdashers, or gross grocers,
Like their dear dam there! Pr'ythee be civil, knight;
In time thou may'st read to thy household,
And be drunk once a-year: This would shew finely.

Yo. Lo. I wonder, sweetheart, you will offer this;
You do not understand these gentlemen.
I will be short and pithy; I had rather
Cast you off, by the way of charge. These are creatures,
That nothing goes to the maintenance of
But corn and water. I will keep these fellows
Just in the competency of two hens.

Wid. If you can cast it so, sir, you've my liking:
If they eat less, I should not be offended.
But how these, sir, can live upon so little
As corn and water, I am unbelieving.

Yo. Lo. Why, pr'ythee, sweetheart, what's your ale? Is not
That corn and water, my sweet widow?

Wid. Ay;
But, my sweet knight, where is the meat to this,
And cloaths, that they must look for?

Yo. Lo. In this short sentence "ale," is all included;
Meat, drink, and cloth. These are no rav'ning footmen,
No fellows, that at ordinaries dare eat
Their eighteen-pence thrice out before they rise,
And yet go hungry to a play, and crack
More nuts than would suffice a dozen squirrels;
Besides the din, which is most damnable:
I had rather rail, and be confined to a boat-maker,
Than live among such rascals. These are people
Of such a clean discretion in their diet,
Of such a moderate sustenance, that they sweat
If they but smell hot meat. Porridge is poison;
They hate a kitchen as they hate a counter,
And shew them but a feather-bed, they swoon.
Ale is their eating and their drinking solely;
Which keeps their bodies clear and soluble.
Bread is a binder, and for that abolish'd,
Even in their ale, whose lost room fills an apple,
Which is more airy, and of subtler nature.
The rest they take is little, and that little
As little easy; for, like strict men of order,
They do correct their bodies with a bench,
Or a poor stubborn table; if a chimney
Offer itself, with some few broken rushes,
They are in down. When they are sick, that's drunk,
They may have fresh straw; else, they do despise
These worldly pamperings. For their poor apparel,
'Tis worn out to the diet; new they seek none;
And if a man should offer, they are angry,
Scarce to be reconciled again with him:
You shall not hear 'em ask one a cast doublet
Once in a year, which is a modesty
Befitting my poor friends: You see their wardrobe,
Though slender, competent. For shirts, I take it,
They are things worn out of their remembrance.
Lousy they will be when they list, and mangy,
Which shews a fine variety; and then, to cure 'em,
A tanner's lime-pit, which is little charge:
Two dogs, and these too, may be cured for three-pence.

Wid. You have half persuaded me; pray, use your pleasure:—
And, my good friends, since I do know your diet,
I'll take an order meat shall not offend you;
You shall have ale.

Capt. We ask no more; let it be mighty, lady,
And, if we perish, then our own sins on us.

Yo. Lo. Come, forward, gentlemen; to church, my boys!
When we have done, I'll give you cheer in bowls.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*Room in the House of the* ELDER LOVELESS.

Enter ELDER LOVELESS.

El. Lo. This senseless woman vexes me to the heart;
She will not from my memory! 'Would she were
A man for one two hours, that I might beat her.
If I had been unhandsome, old, or jealous,
'T had been an even lay she might have scorn'd me;
But to be young, and, by this light I think,
As proper as the proudest; made as clean,
As straight, and strong-back'd; means and manners equal
With the best cloth-of-silver sir i' th' kingdom—
But these are things, at some time of the moon,
Below the cut of canvas. Sure, she has
Some meeching rascal in her house, some hind,
That she hath seen bear, like another Milo,
Quarters of malt upon his back, and sing with 't;
Thresh all day, and i' th' evening, in his stockings,
Strike up a hornpipe, and there stink two hours,
And ne'er a whit the worse man. These are they,
These steel-chin'd rascals, that undo us all.
'Would I had been a carter, or a coachman;
I had done the deed ere this time.

Enter Servant.

Serv. Sir, there's a gentleman without would speak with you,
El. Lo. Bid him come in.

Enter WELFORD.

Wel. By your leave, sir,
El. Lo. You are welcome. What's your will, [sir?
Wel. Have you forgotten me?
El. Lo. I do not much remember you.
Wel. You must, sir.
I am that gentleman you pleased to wrong
In your disguise; I have enquired you out.
El. Lo. I was disguised indeed, sir, if I wrong'd [you.
Pray where and when?
Wel. In such a lady's house,
I need not name her.
El. Lo. I do remember you:
You seem'd to be a suitor to that lady.
Wel. If you remember this, do not forget
How scurvily you used me: That was
No place to quarrel in; pray you, think of it:
If you be honest, you dare fight with me,
Without more urging; else I must provoke you.
El. Lo. Sir, I dare fight, but never for a woman;
I will not have her in my cause; she's mortal,
And so is not my anger. If you have brought
A nobler subject for our swords, I am for you;
In this I would be loth to prick my finger.
And where you say I wrong'd you, 'tis so far
From my profession, that, amongst my fears,
To do wrong is the greatest. Credit me,
We have been both abused, not by ourselves
(For that I hold a spleen, no sin of malice,
And may, with man enough, be left forgotten)
But by that wilful, scornful piece of hatred,
That much-forgetful lady: For whose sake,
If we should leave our reason, and run on
Upon our sense, like rams, the little world
Of good men would laugh at us, and despise us,
Fixing upon our desperate memories
The never worn-out names of fools and fencers.
Sir, 'tis not fear, but reason, makes me tell you,
In this I had rather help you, sir, than hurt you.
And you shall find it, though you throw yourself
Into as many dangers as she offers,
Though you redeem her lost name every day,
And find her out new honours with your sword,
You shall but be her mirth, as I have been.
Wel. I ask you mercy, sir; you have ta'en my edge off;
Yet I would fain be even with this lady.
El. Lo. In which I'll be your helper. We are [two,
And they are two; two sisters, rich alike,
Only the elder has the prouder dowry.
In troth, I pity this disgrace in you,
Yet of mine own I am senseless: Do but
Follow my counsel, and I'll pawn my spirit,
We'll over-reach 'em yet. The means is this—

Enter Servant.

Serv. Sir, there's a gentlewoman will needs speak with you:
I cannot keep her out; she's enter'd, sir.
El. Lo. It is the waiting-woman: Pray, be not seen.—
Sirrah, hold her in discourse awhile.—Hark in your ear. [*Whispers.*]
Go and dispatch it quickly. When I come in,
I'll tell you all the project.
Wel. I care not which I have.
El. Lo. Away; 'tis done; she must not see you. [*Exit* Wel.

Enter ABIGAIL.

Now, Lady Guinever, what news with you?
Abig. Pray, leave these frumps, sir, and receive [this letter.
El. Lo. From whom, good Vanity?
Abig. 'Tis from my lady, sir: Alas, good soul.
She cries and takes on!
El. Lo. Does she so, good soul?
Would she not have a caudle? Does she send you
With your fine oratory, goody Tully,
To tie me to belief again? Bring out the cat-hounds
I'll make you take a tree, whore; then with my tiller
Bring down your gibship; and then have you cased.
And hung up in the warren.
Abig. I am no beast, sir; 'would you knew it.
El. Lo. 'Would I did, for I am yet very doubtful. What will you say now?
Abig. Nothing, not I.
El. Lo. Art thou a woman, and say nothing?
Abig. Unless you'll hear me with more moderation. I can speak wise enough.
El. Lo. And loud enough? Will your lady love me?
Abig. It seems so by her letter, and her lamentations; but you are such another man!
El. Lo. Not such another as I was, mumps; nor will not be. I'll read her fine epistle. [*Reads.*
Ha, ha, ha! Is not thy mistress mad?
Abig. For you she will be; 'tis a shame you should use a poor gentlewoman so untowardly: She loves the ground you tread on; and you, hard heart, because she jested with you, mean to kill her. 'Tis a fine conquest, as they say. [*Weeps.*
El. Lo. Hast thou so much moisture in thy whit-leather hide yet, that thou canst cry? I would

have sworn thou hadst been touchwood five years since. Nay, let it rain; thy face chops for a shower, like a dry dunghill.

Abig. I'll not endure this ribaldry. Farewell, i' th' devil's name! If my lady die, I'll be sworn before a jury, thou art the cause on't.

El. Lo. Do, maukin, do. Deliver to your lady from me this: I mean to see her, if I have no other business; which before I will want, to come to her, I mean to go seek bird's nests. Yet I may come, too:
But if I come,
From this door till I see her, will I think
How to rail vilely at her; how to vex her,
And make her cry so much, that the physician,
If she fall sick upon it, shall want urine
To find the cause by, and she remediless
Die in her heresy. Farewell, old adage!
I hope to see the boys make potguns of thee.

Abig. Thou'rt a vile man. God bless my issue from thee!

El. Lo. Thou hast but one, and that's in thy left crupper,
That makes thee hobble so. You must be ground
I' th' breech like a top; you'll ne'er spin well else.
Farewell, fytchock! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*A Room in the* LADY'S *House.*

Enter LADY, *alone.*

Lady. Is it not strange that every woman's will
Should track out new ways to disturb herself?
If I should call my reason to account,
It cannot answer why I keep myself
From mine own wish, and stop the man I love
From his; and every hour repent again,
Yet still go on. I know 'tis like a man
That wants his natural sleep, and, growing dull,
Would gladly give the remnant of his life
For two hours rest; yet, through his frowardness,
Will rather chuse to watch another man,
Drowsy as he, than take his own repose.
All this I know; yet a strange peevishness
And anger, not to have the power to do
Things unexpected, carries me away
To mine own ruin! I had rather die,
Sometimes, than not disgrace, in public, him
Whom people think I love, and do't with oaths,
And am in earnest then. Oh, what are we?
Men, you must answer this, that dare obey
Such things as we command.—How now? what news?

Enter ABIGAIL.

Abig. 'Faith, madam, none worth hearing.

Lady. Is he not come?

Abig. No, truly.

Lady. Nor has he writ?

Abig. Neither. I pray God you have not undone yourself.

Lady. Why, but what says he?

Abig. 'Faith, he talks strangely.

Lady. How strangely?

Abig. First, at your letter he laugh'd extremely.

Lady. What, in contempt?

Abig. He laugh'd monstrous loud, as he would die; and when you wrote it, I think, you were in no such merry mood, to provoke him that way: And having done, he cried, "Alas for her!" and violently laugh'd again.

Lady. Did he?

Abig. Yes; till I was angry.

Lady. Angry, why?
Why wert thou angry? He did do but well;
I did deserve it; he had been a fool,
An unfit man for any one to love,
Had he not laugh'd thus at me. You were angry!
That shew'd your folly; I shall love him more
For that, than all that e'er he did before.
But said he nothing else?

Abig. Many uncertain things. He said, though you had mock'd him, because you were a woman, he could wish to do you so much favour as to see you: Yet, he said, he knew you rash, and was loth to offend you with the sight of one whom now he was bound not to leave.

Lady. What one was that?

Abig. I know not, but truly I do fear there is a making up there; for I heard the servants, as I past by some, whisper such a thing: And as I came back through the hall, there were two or three clerks writing great conveyances in haste, which, they said, were for their mistress's jointure.

Lady. 'Tis very like, and fit it should be so;
For he does think, and reasonably think,
That I should keep him, with my idle tricks,
For ever ere he be married.

Abig. At last, he said it should go hard but he would see you, for your satisfaction.

Lady. All we, that are call'd women, know as well
As men, it were a far more noble thing
To grace where we are graced, and give respect
There, where we are respected: yet we practise
A wilder course, and never bend our eyes
On men with pleasure, till they find the way
To give us a neglect; then we, too late,
Perceive the loss of what we might have had,
And dote to death.

Enter MARTHA.

Mar. Sister, yonder's your servant, with a gentlewoman with him.

Lady. Where?

Mar. Close at the door.

Lady. Alas, I am undone! I fear he is betroth'd.
What kind of woman is she?

Mar. A most ill-favoured one, with her mask on;
And how her face should mend the rest, I know not.

Lady. But yet her mind was of a milder stuff
Than mine was.

Enter ELDER LOVELESS, *and* WELFORD *in Woman's apparel.*

———Now I see him, if my heart
Swell not again—(away, thou woman's pride!)—
So that I cannot speak a gentle word to him,
Let me not live.

El. Lo. By your leave here.

Lady. How now! what new trick invites you hither
Have you a fine device again?

El. Lo. 'Faith, this is the finest device I have now.—How dost thou, sweetheart?

Wel. Why, very well, so long as I may please you, my dear lover. I nor can, nor will be ill when you are well, well when you are ill.

El. Lo. Oh, thy sweet temper! What would have given,
That lady had been like thee! See'st thou her?
That face, my love, join'd with thy humble mind,
Had made a wench indeed!

Wel. Alas, my love,
What God hath done I dare not think to mend!
I use no paint, nor any drugs of art;
My hands and face will shew it.

Lady. Why, what thing have you brought to
Do you take money for it? [shew us there;

El. Lo. A godlike thing,
Not to be bought for money; 'tis my mistress,
In whom there is no passion, nor no scorn;
What I will is for law. Pray you, salute her.

Lady. Salute her? by this good light, I would
For half my wealth. [not kiss her

El. Lo. Why, why, pray you?
You shall see me do't afore you: Look you.
[*Kisses* WELFORD.

Lady. Now fie upon thee! a beast would not have don't.—
I would not kiss thee of a month, to gain
A kingdom.

El. Lo. Marry, you shall not be troubled.

Lady. Why, was there ever such a Meg as this?
Sure thou art mad.

El. Lo. I was mad once, when I loved pictures;
For what are shape and colours else but pictures?
In that tawny hide there lies an endless mass
Of virtues, when all your red and white ones want it.

Lady. And this is she you are to marry, is't not?

El. Lo. Yes, indeed, is't.

Lady. God give you joy!

El. Lo. Amen.

Wel. I thank you, as unknown, for your good
The like to you, whenever you shall wed. [wish.

El. Lo. Oh, gentle spirit!

Lady. You thank me? I pray,
Keep your breath nearer you; I do not like it.

Wel. I would not willingly offend at all;
Much less a lady of your worthy parts.

El. Lo. Sweet, sweet!

Lady. I do not think this woman can by nature
Be thus, thus ugly: Sure, she's some common
Deform'd with exercise of sin. [strumpet,

Wel. [*Kneeling.*] Oh, sir,
Believe not this; for Heaven so comfort me,
As I am free from foul pollution
With any man; my honour ta'en away,
I am no woman.

El. Lo. Arise, my dearest soul;
I do not credit it. Alas, I fear
Her tender heart will break with this reproach!—
Fie, that you know no more civility
To a weak virgin!—'Tis no matter, sweet;
Let her say what she will, thou art not worse
To me, and therefore not at all; be careless.

Wel. For all things else I would; but for mine
Methinks—— [honour,

El. Lo. Alas, thine honour is not stain'd.—
Is this the business that you sent for me
About?

Mar. 'Faith, sister, you are much to blame,
To use a woman, whatsoe'er she be,
Thus. I'll salute her:—You are welcome hither.

Wel. I humbly thank you.

El. Lo. Mild still as the dove,
For all these injuries. Come, shall we go?
I love thee not so ill to keep thee here,
A jesting-stock.—Adieu, to the world's end!

Lady. Why, whither now?

El. Lo. Nay, you shall never know,
Because you shall not find me.

Lady. I pray, let me speak with you.

El. Lo. 'Tis very well.—Come.

Lady. I pray you, let me speak with you.

El. Lo. Yes, for another mock.

Lady. By Heav'n I have no mocks. Good sir, a word.

El. Lo. Though you deserve not so much at my hands, yet, if you be in such earnest, I'll speak a word with you: but, I beseech you, be brief; for, in good faith, there's a parson and a licence stay for as i' th' church all this while; and, you know, 'tis night.

Lady. Sir, give me hearing patiently, and whatsoe'er
I've heretofore spoke jestingly, forget:
For, as I hope for mercy any where,
What I shall utter now is from my heart,
And as I mean.

El. Lo. Well, well, what do you mean?

Lady. Was not I once your mistress, and you my servant?

El. Lo. Oh, 'tis about the old matter. [*Going.*

Lady. Nay, good sir, stay me out: I would but hear you excuse yourself, why you should take this woman, and leave me.

El. Lo. Pr'ythee, why not? deserves she not as much as you?

Lady. I think not, if you will look with an indifferency upon us both.

El. Lo. Upon your faces, 'tis true: But if judicially we shall cast our eyes upon your minds, you are a thousand women off her in worth. She cannot swoon in jest, nor set her lover tasks, to shew her peevishness and his affection; nor cross what he says, though it be canonical. She's a good plain wench, that will do as I will have her, and bring me lusty boys, to throw the sledge, and lift at pigs of lead. And, for a wife, she's far beyond you: What can you do in a household to provide for your issue, but lie in bed and get 'em? Your business is to dress you, and at idle hours to eat, when she can do a thousand profitable things: She can do pretty well in the pastry, and knows how pullen should be cramm'd; she cuts cambric at a thread, weaves bone-lace, and quilts balls. And what are you good for?

Lady. Admit it true, that she were far beyond me in all respects, does that give you a licence to forswear yourself?

El. Lo. Forswear myself! how?

Lady. Perhaps you have forgot the innumerable oaths you have utter'd, in disclaiming all for wives but me? I'll not remember you. God give you joy!

El. Lo. Nay, but conceive me; the intent of oaths is ever understood. Admit I should protest to such a friend, to see him at his lodgings to-morrow, divines would never hold me perjur'd if I were struck blind, or he hid him where my diligent search could not find him; so there were no cross act of mine own in't. Can it be imagin'd I mean to force you to marriage, and to have you whether you will or no?

Lady. Alas, you need not: I make already tender of myself, and then you are forsworn.

El. Lo. Some sin, I see, indeed, must necessarily fall upon me; as whosoever deals with women shall never utterly avoid it. Yet I would choose the least ill, which is to forsake you, that have done me all the abuses of a malignant woman,

contemn'd my service, and would have held me prating about marriage, till I'd been past getting of children, rather than her, that hath forsook her family, and put her tender body in my hand, upon my word.

Lady. Which of us swore you first to?

El. Lo. Why, to you.

Lady. Which oath is to be kept then?

El. Lo. I pr'ythee do not urge my sins unto me,
Without I could amend 'em.

Lady. Why, you may,
By wedding me.

El. Lo. How will that satisfy
My word to her?

Lady. It is not to be kept,
And needs no satisfaction: 'tis an error,
Fit for repentance only.

El. Lo. Shall I live
To wrong that tender-hearted virgin so?
It may not be.

Lady. Why may it not be?

El. Lo. I swear I had rather marry thee than her;
But yet mine honesty ——

Lady. What honesty?
'Tis more preserved this way. Come, by this light,
Servant, thou shalt! I'll kiss thee on't.

El. Lo. This kiss,
Indeed, is sweet: Pray God, no sin lie under it!

Lady. There is no sin at all; try but another.

Wel. Oh, my heart!

Mar. Help, sister; this lady swoons!

El. Lo. How do you?

Wel. Why, very well, if you be so.

El. Lo. Since a quiet mind lives not in any woman, I shall do a most ungodly thing. Hear me one word more, which, by all my hopes, I will not alter. I did make an oath, when you delay'd me so, that this very night I would be married: Now if you will go without delay, suddenly, as late as it is, with your own minister, to your own chapel, I'll wed you, and to bed.

Lady. A match, dear servant.

El. Lo. For if you should forsake me now, I care not:
She would not though, for all her injuries;
Such is her spirit. If I be not ashamed
To kiss her now I part, may I not live!

Wel. I see you go, as slily as you think
To steal away; yet I will pray for you:
All blessings of the world light on you two,
That you may live to be an aged pair!
All curses on me, if I do not speak
What I do wish, indeed!

El. Lo. If I can speak
To purpose to her, I'm a villain.

Lady. Servant, away!

Mar. Sister, will you marry that inconstant man?
Think you he will not cast you off to-morrow?
To wrong a lady thus! Look'd she like dirt,
'Twas basely done. May you ne'er prosper with him!

Wel. Now God forbid!
Alas! I was unworthy; so I told him.

Mar. That was your modesty: Too good for him!—
I would not see your wedding for a world.

Lady. Choose, choose!—Come, Younglove.

[*Exeunt* LADY, EL. LOVE. *and* ARIG.

Mar. Dry up your tears, forsooth; you shall not think
We are all uncivil, all such beasts as these.
'Would I knew how to give you a revenge!

Wel. So would not I: No, let me suffer truly:
That I desire.

Mar. Pray walk in with me;
'Tis very late, and you shall stay all night:
Your bed shall be no worse than mine. I wish
I could but do you right.

Wel. My humble thanks:
God grant I may but live to quit your love!

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*The House of the* ELDER LOVELESS.

Enter YOUNG LOVELESS *and* SAVIL.

Yo. Lo. Did your master send for me, Savil?

Sav. Yes, he did send for your worship, sir.

Yo. Lo. Do you know the business?

Sav. Alas, sir, I know nothing;
Nor am employ'd beyond my hours of eating.
My dancing days are done, sir.

Yo. Lo. What art thou now, then!

Sav. If you consider me in little, I am, with your worship's reverence, sir, a rascal: One that, upon the next anger of your brother, must raise a sconce by the highway, and sell switches. My wife is learning now, sir, to weave inkle.

Yo. Lo. What dost thou mean to do with thy children, Savil?

Sav. My eldest boy is half a rogue already:
He was born bursten; and, your worship knows,
That is a pretty step to men's compassions.
My youngest boy I purpose, sir, to bind
For ten years to a gaoler, to draw under him,
That he may shew us mercy in his function.

Yo. Lo. Your family is quarter'd with discretion.
You are resolved to cant, then? Where, Savil,
Shall your scene lie?

Sav. Beggars must be no choosers:
In every place, I take it, but the stocks.

Yo. Lo. This is your drinking and your whoring, Savil:
I told you of it; but your heart was harden'd.

Sav. 'Tis true, you were the first that told me of it:
I do remember yet in tears, you told me,
You would have whores; and in that passion, sir,
You broke out thus: "Thou miserable man,
Repent, and brew three strikes more in a hogshead:
'Tis noon ere we be drunk now, and the time
Can tarry for no man."

Yo. Lo. You're grown a bitter gentleman. I see,
Misery can clear your head better than mustard.
I'll be a suitor for your keys again, sir.

Sav. Will you but be so gracious to me, sir?
I shall be bound——

Yo. Lo. You shall, sir,
To your bunch again; or I'll miss foully.

Enter MORECRAFT.

Mor. Save you, gentleman, save you!

Yo. Lo. Now, polecat, what young rabbit's nest have you to draw?

Mor. Come, pr'ythee, be familiar, knight.

Yo. Lo. Away, fox! I'll send for terriers for you.

Mor. Thou art wide yet: I'll keep thee company.

Yo. Lo. I am about some business, Indentures!
If you follow me, I'll beat you; take heed! As I live, I'll cancel your coxcomb.

Mor. Thou art cozen'd now; I am no usurer.
What poor fellow's this?

Sav. I am poor indeed, sir.

Mor. Give him money, knight.

Yo. Lo. Do you begin the offering.

Mor. There, poor fellow; here's an angel for thee.

Yo. Lo. Art thou in earnest, Morecraft?

Mor. Yes, faith, knight. I'll follow thy example: Thou hadst land and thousands, thou spent'st, and flungst away, and yet it flows in double. I purchased, wrung, and wire-draw'd for my wealth, lost, and was cozen'd: For which I make a vow, to try all ways above ground, but I'll find a constant means to riches without curses.

Yo. Lo. I am glad of your conversion, Master Morecraft: You're in a fair course; pray pursue it still.

Mor. Come, we are all gallants now; I'll keep thee company.—Here, honest fellow, for this gentleman's sake, there's two angels more for thee.

Sav. God quit you, sir, and keep you long in this mind!

Yo. Lo. Wilt thou persevere?

Mor. 'Till I have a penny. I have brave clothes a-making, and two horses: Canst thou not help me to a match, knight? I'll lay a thousand pound upon my Crop-ear.

Yo. Lo. 'Foot, this is stranger than an Afric monster! There will be no more talk of the Cleve wars while this lasts. Come, I'll put thee into blood.

Sav. 'Would all his damn'd tribe were as tender-hearted! I beseech you let this gentleman join with you in the recovery of my keys; I like his good beginning, sir; the whilst, I'll pray for both your worships.

Yo. Lo. He shall, sir.

Mor. Shall we go, noble knight? I would fain be acquainted.

Yo. Lo. I'll be your servant, sir. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*A Room in the House of the* LADY.

Enter ELDER LOVELESS *and* LADY.

El. Lo. 'Faith, my sweet lady, I have caught you now,
Maugre your subtilties, and fine devices.
Be coy again now.

Lady. Pr'ythee, sweetheart, tell true.

El. Lo. By this light,
By all the pleasures I have had this night,
By your lost maiden-head, you are cozen'd merely;
I have cast beyond your wit: That gentlewoman
Is your retainer, Welford.

Lady. It cannot be so.

El. Lo. Your sister has found it so, or I mistake.
Mark how she blushes when you see her next.
Ha, ha, ha! I shall not travel now. Ha, ha, ha!

Lady. Pr'ythee, sweetheart,
Be quiet; thou hast angered me at heart.

El. Lo. I'll please you soon again.

Lady. Welford?

El. Lo. Ay, Welford. He's a young handsome fellow; well-bred, and landed: Your sister can instruct you in his good parts better than I, by this time.

Lady. Ud's foot, am I fetch'd over thus?

El. Lo. Yes, i'faith; and over shall be fetch'd again, never fear it.

Lady. I must be patient, though it torture me!
You have got the sun, sir.

El. Lo. And the moon too; in which I'll be the man.

Lady. But had I known this, had I but surmised it, you should have hunted three trains more, before you had come to the course; you should have hank'd o' the bridle, sir, i'faith.

El. Lo. I knew it, and mined with you, and so blew you up.—Now you may see the gentlewoman: Stand close. [*They retire.*

Enter WELFORD *in his own Apparel, and* MARTHA.

Mar. For God's sake, sir, be private in this business;
You have undone me else. Oh, God, what have I done?

Wel. No harm, I warrant thee.

Mar. How shall I look upon my friends again? With what face?

Wel. Why, e'en with that; 'tis a good one, thou canst not find a better. Look upon all the faces thou shalt see there, and you shall find 'em smooth still, fair still, sweet still, and, to your thinking, honest; those have done as much as you have yet, or dare do, mistress; and yet they keep no stir.

Mar. Good sir, go in, and put your woman's clothes on:
If you be seen thus, I am lost for ever.

Wel. I'll watch you for that, mistress: I am no fool. Here will I tarry till the house be up, and witness with me.

Mar. Good dear friend, go in!

Wel. To bed again, if you please, else I am fix'd here till there be notice taken what I am, and what I have done. If you could juggle me into my womanhood again, and so cog me out of your company, all this would be forsworn, and I again an asinego, as your sister left me. No; I'll have it known and publish'd: Then, if you'll be a whore, forsake me, and be shamed: and, when you can hold out no longer, marry some cast Cleve captain, and sell bottle-ale.

Mar. I dare not stay, sir; use me modestly:
I am your wife.

Wel. Go in; I'll make up all.

El. Lo. I'll be a witness of your naked-truth, sir. This is the gentlewoman; pr'ythee, look upon him: This is he that made me break my faith, sweet; but thank your sister, she hath solder'd it.

Lady. What a dull ass was I, I could not see this wencher from a wench! Twenty to one, if I had been but tender, like my sister, he had served me such a slippery trick too.

Wel. Twenty to one I had.

El. Lo. I would have watch'd you, sir, by your good patience, for ferreting in my ground.

Lady. You have been with my sister?

Wel. Yes; to bring——

El. Lo. An heir into the world, he means.

Lady. There is no chafing now.

Wel. I have had my part on't: I have been chaft this three hours, that's the least; I am reasonable cool now.

Lady. Cannot you fare well, but you must cry roast meat?

Wel. He that fares well, and will not bless the founders, is either surfeited, or ill taught, lady. For mine own part, I have found so sweet a diet, I can commend it, though I cannot spare it.

El. Lo. How like you this dish, Welford? I

made a supper on't, and fed so heartily, I could not sleep.

Lady. By this light, had I but scented out your train, you had slept with a bare pillow in your arms, and kiss'd that, or else the bed-post, for any wife you had got this twelvemonth yet. I would have vex'd you more than a tired post-horse, and been longer bearing than ever after-game at Irish was. Lord, that I were unmarried again!

El. Lo. Lady, I would not undertake you, were you again a haggard, for the best cast of ladies i' th' kingdom: You were ever tickle-footed, and would not truss round.

Wel. Is she fast?

El. Lo. She was all night lock'd here, boy.

Wel. Then you may lure her, without fear of losing: Take off her creyance.—You have a delicate gentlewoman to your sister: Lord, what a pretty fury she was in, when she perceived I was a man! But, I thank God, I satisfied her scruple, without the parson o' th' town.

El. Lo. What did ye?

Wel. Madam, can you tell what we did?

El. Lo. She has a shrewd guess at it; I see it by her——

Lady. Well, you may mock us: But, my large gentlewoman, my Mary Ambrée, had I but seen into you, you should have had another bed-fellow, fitter a great deal for your itch.

Wel. I thank you, lady; methought it was well. You are so curious.

Enter YOUNG LOVELESS, *his* Lady, MORECRAFT, SAVIL, *and* Serving-men.

El. Lo. Get on your doublet; here comes my brother.

Yo. Lo. Good-morrow, brother; and all good to your lady!

Mor. God save you, and good morrow to you all.

El. Lo. Good morrow.—Here's a poor brother of yours.

Lady. Fie, how this shames me!

Mor. Pr'ythee, good fellow, help me to a cup of beer.

Serv. I will, sir. [*Exit.*

Yo. Lo. Brother, what make you here? Will this lady do? Will she? Is she not nettled still?

El. Lo. No, I have cured her.—Master Welford, pray know this gentleman; he's my brother.

Wel. Sir, I shall long to love him.

Yo. Lo. I shall not be your debtor, sir.—But how is't with you?

El. Lo. As well as may be, man: I am married. Your new acquaintance hath her sister; and all's well.

Yo. Lo. I am glad on't.—Now, my pretty lady sister, how do you find my brother?

Lady. Almost as wild as you are.

Yo. Lo. He'll make the better husband: You have tried him?

Lady. Against my will, sir.

Yo. Lo. He'll make your will amends soon, do not doubt it. But, sir, I must entreat you to be better known to this converted Jew here.

Re-enter Servant.

Serv. Here's beer for you, sir.

Mor. And here's for you an angel. Pray buy no land; 'twill never prosper, sir.

El. Lo. How's this?

Yo. Lo. Bless you, and then I'll tell. He's turn'd gallant.

El. Lo. Gallant?

Yo. Lo. Ay, gallant, and is now call'd Cutting Morecraft. The reason I'll inform you at more leisure.

Wel. Oh, good sir, let me know him presently.

Yo. Lo. You shall hug one another.

Mor. Sir, I must keep you company.

El. Lo. And reason.

Yo. Lo. Cutting Morecraft, faces about; I must present another.

Mor. As many as you will, sir; I am for 'em.

Wel. Sir, I shall do you service.

Mor. I shall look for't, in good faith, sir.

El. Lo. Pr'ythee, good sweetheart, kiss him.

Lady. Who? that fellow?

Sav. Sir, will it please you to remember me? My keys, good sir!

Yo. Lo. I'll do it presently.

El. Lo. Come, thou shalt kiss him for our sport sake.

Lady. Let him come on then; and, do you hear, do not instruct me in these tricks, for you may repent it.

El. Lo. That at my peril.—Lusty master Morecraft, here is a lady would salute you.

Mor. She shall not lose her longing, sir. What is she?

El. Lo. My wife, sir.

Mor. She must be, then, my mistress. [*Kisses her.*

Lady. Must I, sir?

El. Lo. Oh, yes, you must.

Mor. And you must take this ring, a poor pawn of some fifty pound.

El. Lo. Take it, by any means; 'tis lawful prize.

Lady. Sir, I shall call you servant.

Mor. I shall be proud on't.—What fellow's that?

Yo. Lo. My lady's coachman.

Mor. There's something, my friend, for you to buy whips; and for you, sir; and you, sir. [*Gives money to the* Servants.

El. Lo. Under a miracle, this is the strangest I ever heard of.

Mor. What, shall we play, or drink? What shall we do? Who will hunt with me for a hundred pounds?

Wel. Stranger and stranger! Sir, you shall find sport after a day or two.

Yo. Lo. Sir, I have a suit unto you, concerning your old servant Savil.

El. Lo. Oh, for his keys; I know it.

Sav. Now, sir, strike in.

Mor. Sir, I must have you grant me.

El. Lo. 'Tis done, sir.—Take your keys again: But hark you, Savil; leave off the motions of the flesh, and be honest, or else you shall graze again: I'll try you once more.

Sav. If ever I be taken drunk or whoring, take off the biggest key i' th' bunch, and open my head with it, sir.—I humbly thank your worships.

El. Lo. Nay, then, I see we must keep holiday.

Enter ROGER *and* ABIGAIL.

Here's the last couple in hell.

Rog. Joy be amongst you all!

Lady. Why, how now, sir, what's the meaning of this emblem?

Rog. Marriage, an't like your worship.

Lady. Are you married?

Rog. As well as the next priest could do it, madam.

El. Lo. I think the sign's in Gemini, here's such coupling.

Wel. Sir Roger, what will you take to lie from your sweetheart to-night?

Rog. Not the best benefice in your worship's gift, sir!

Wel. A whoreson, how he swells!

Yo. Lo. How many times to-night, Sir Roger?

Rog. Sir, you grow scurrilous. What I shall do, I shall do: I shall not need your help.

Yo. Lo. For horse-flesh, Roger.

El. Lo. Come, pr'ythee, be not angry; 'tis a day given wholly to our mirth.

Lady. It shall be so, sir. Sir Roger and his bride, we shall intreat to be at our charge.

El. Lo. Welford, get you to the church: By this light, you shall not lie with her again, till you are married.

Wel. I am gone.

Mor. To every bride I dedicate, this day, six healths a-piece; and, it shall go hard, but every one a jewel. Come, be mad, boys!

El. Lo. Thou'rt in a good beginning. Come, who leads?
Sir Roger, you shall have the van, and lead the way.
'Would every dogged wench had such a day!

[*Exeunt omnes.*

THE CUSTOM OF THE COUNTRY.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

COUNT CLODIO, *Governor, and a dishonourable pursuer of* ZENOCIA.
MANUEL DU SOSA, *Governor of Lisbon, and Brother to* GUIOMAR.
ARNOLDO, *a Gentleman contracted to* ZENOCIA.
RUTILIO, *a merry Gentleman, Brother to* ARNOLDO.
CARINO, *Father to Zenocia.*
DUARTE, *Son to* GUIOMAR, *a Gentleman well qualified, but vain-glorious.*
ALONZO, *a young Portugueze Gentleman, enemy to* DUARTE.
LEOPOLD, *a Sea Captain, enamoured of* HIPPOLYTA.
ZABULON, *a Jew, Servant to* HIPPOLYTA.
JAQUES, *Servant to* SULPITIA.

ZENOCIA, *Mistress to* ARNOLDO, *and a chaste Wife.*
GUIOMAR, *a virtuous Lady, Mother to* DUARTE.
HIPPOLYTA, *a rich Lady, wantonly in love with* ARNOLDO.
SULPITIA, *a Bawd, Mistress of the Male-Stews.*

Doctor, Chirurgeon, Officers, Guard, Page, Bravo, Knaves *of the Male-Stews*, Servants.

SCENE,—DURING THE FIRST ACT, A TOWN IN ITALY; FOR THE REMAINDER, LISBON.

PROLOGUE.

So free this work is, gentlemen, from offence
That, we are confident, it needs no defence
From us, or from the poets. We dare look
On any man, that brings his table-book
To write down what again he may repeat
At some great table, to deserve his meat.
Let such come swell'd with malice, to apply
What is mirth here, there for an injury.
Nor lord, nor lady, we have tax'd; nor state,
Nor any private person; their poor hate
Will be starved here; for Envy shall not find
One touch that may be wrested to her mind.
And yet despair not, gentlemen; the play
Is quick and witty; so the poets say,
And we believe them; the plot neat and new;
Fashion'd like those that are approved by you:
Only, 'twill crave attention in the most,
Because, one point unmark'd, the whole is lost.
Hear first then, and judge after, and be free;
And, as our cause is, let our censure be.

ANOTHER PROLOGUE,

AT A REVIVAL.

WE wish, if it were possible, you knew
What we would give for this night's luck, if new;
It being our ambition to delight
Our kind spectators with what's good and right.
Yet so far know, and credit me, 'twas made
By such as were held workmen in their trade;
At a time too, when they, as I divine,
Were truly merry, and drank lusty wine,
The nectar of the muses. Some are here,
I dare presume, to whom it did appear
A well-drawn piece, which gave a lawful birth
To passionate scenes, mixed with no vulgar mirth.
But unto such to whom 'tis known by fame
From others, perhaps, only by the name,
I am a suitor, that they would prepare
Sound palates, and then judge their bill of fare.
It were injustice to decry this now,
For being liked before: You may allow
(Your candour safe) what's taught in the old schools,
"All such as lived before you were not fools."

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*A Town in Italy. The Street.*

Enter RUTILIO *and* ARNOLDO.

Rut. Why do you grieve thus still?
Arn. 'Twould melt a marble,
And tame a savage man, to feel my fortune.
Rut. What fortune? I have lived this thirty years,
And run through all these follies you call fortunes,
Yet never fixed on any good and constant,
But what I made myself: Why should I grieve,
At that I may mould any way? [then,
Arn. You are wide still.
Rut. You love a gentlewoman, a young handsome woman;
I have loved a thousand, not so few.
Arn. You are disposed.
Rut. You hope to marry her; 'tis a lawful calling,

And prettily esteem'd of; but take heed then,
Take heed, dear brother, of a stranger fortune
Than e'er you felt yet: *Fortune my foe's* a friend to it.
Arn. 'Tis true, I love, dearly and truly love,
A noble, virtuous, and most beauteous maid;
And am beloved again.
Rut. That's too much, o' conscience!
To love all these, would run me out o' my wits.
Arn. Pr'ythee, give ear. I am to marry her,
Rut. Dispatch it, then, and I'll go call the piper.
Arn. But, oh, the wicked Custom of this Country!
The barbarous, most inhuman, damned Custom!
Rut. 'Tis true, to marry is [the most inhuman,
Damn'd] custom in the world; for, look you, brother,
Would any man stand plucking for the ace of hearts,
With one pack of cards, all days on's life?
Arn. You do not,
Or else you purpose not to, understand me.
Rut. Proceed; I will give ear.
Arn. They have a Custom
In this most beastly country—out upon't!
Rut. Let's hear it first.
Arn. That when a maid's contracted,
And ready for the tie o' the church, the governor,
He that commands in chief, must have her maiden-
Or ransom it for money, at his pleasure. [head,
Rut. How might a man achieve that place?—A rare custom!
An admirable rare custom!—And none excepted?
Arn. None, none.
Rut. The rarer still! How could I lay about me,
In this rare office!—Are they born to it, or chosen?
Arn. Both equal damnable.
Rut. Methinks both excellent:
'Would I were the next heir!
Arn. To this mad fortune
Am I now come; my marriage is proclaim'd,
And nothing can redeem me from this mischief.
Rut. She's very young?
Arn. Yes.
Rut. And fair, I dare proclaim her,
Else mine eyes fail.
Arn. Fair as the bud unblasted.
Rut. I cannot blame him then: If 'twere mine own case,
I would not go an ace less.
Arn. Fie, Rutilio,
Why do you make your brother's misery
Your sport and game?
Rut. There is no pastime like it.
Arn. I look'd for your advice, your timely counsel,
How to avoid this blow; not to be mock'd at,
And my afflictions jeer'd.
Rut. I tell thee, Arnoldo,
An thou wert my father, as thou art but my bro-
My younger brother too, I must be merry. [ther,
And when there is a wench i' th' case, a young wench,
A handsome wench, and so near a good turn too,
An I were to be hang'd, thus must I handle it.
But you shall see, sir, I can change this habit
To do you any service; advise what you please,
And see with what devotion I'll attend it.
But yet, methinks, I am taken with this Custom,
And could pretend to th' place.

Enter Charino *and* Zenocia.

Arn. Draw off a little;
Here come my mistress and her father.
[They retir
Rut. A dainty wench!
'Would I might farm this Custom!
Char. My dear daughter,
Now to bethink yourself of new advice,
Will be too late; later, this timeless sorrow;
No price, nor prayers, can infringe the fate
Your beauty hath cast on you. My best Zeno
Be ruled by me; a father's care directs you:
Look on the count, look cheerfully and sweetly.
What though he have the power to possess you
To pluck your maiden honour, and then slight y
By Custom unresistable to enjoy you;
Yet, my sweet child, so much your youth
goodness,
The beauty of your soul, and saint-like modest
Have won upon his wild mind, so much char
him,
That, all power laid aside, what law allows him
Or sudden fires, kindled from those bright eye
He sues to be your servant, fairly, nobly;
For ever to be tied your faithful husband.
Consider, my best child.
Zen. I have consider'd.
Char. The blessedness that this breeds
consider:
Besides your father's honour, your own peace,
The banishment for ever of this Custom,
This base and barbarous use: For, after once
He has found the happiness of holy marriage,
And what it is to grow up with one beauty,
How he will scorn and kick at such an heritag
Left him by lust, and lewd progenitors!
All virgins too shall bless your name, shall sain
And, like so many pilgrims, go to your shrine,
When time has turn'd your beauty into ashes,
Fill'd with your pious memory.
Zen. Good father,
Hide not that bitter pill I loath to swallow,
In such sweet words.
Char. The count's a handsome gentleman;
And, having him, you're certain of a fortune,
A high and noble fortune to attend you:
Where, if you fling your love upon this strang
This young Arnoldo, not knowing from what p
Or honourable strain of blood he's sprung,
venture
All your own sweets, and my long cares to noth
Nor are you certain of his faith: Why may not
Wander, as he does, every where?
Zen. No more, sir;
I must not hear, I dare not hear him wronged t
Virtue is never wounded, but I suffer.
'Tis an ill office in your age, a poor one,
To judge thus weakly, and believe yourself to
A weaker, to betray your innocent daughter
To his intemp'rate, rude, and wild embraces,
She hates as Heav'n hates falsehood.
Rut. A good wench!
She sticks close to you, sir. [*Aside to* Arn
Zen. His faith uncertain?
The nobleness his virtue springs from doubte
D'ye doubt 'tis day now? or, when your b
perfect,
Your stomach's well disposed, your pulses te
rate,
D'ye doubt you are in health? I tell you, fat

One hour of this man's goodness, this man's nobleness,
Put in the scale against the count's whole being,
(Forgive his lusts too, which are half his life)
He could no more endure to hold weight with him.
Arnoldo's very looks are fair examples;
His common and indifferent actions,
Rules and strong ties of virtue. He has my first
To him in sacred vow I have given this body; [love;
In him my mind inhabits.

Rut. Good wench still!

Zen. And, 'till he fling me off, as undeserving,
Which I confess I am of such a blessing,
But would be loth to find it so——

Arn. Oh, never, [*Coming forward.*
Never, my happy mistress, never, never!
When your poor servant lives but in your favour,
One foot i' th' grave, the other shall not linger.
What sacrifice of thanks, what age of service,
What danger of more dreadful look than death,
What willing martyrdom to crown me constant,
May merit such a goodness, such a sweetness?
A love so nobly great no power can ruin!
Most blessed maid, go on: The gods that gave this,
This pure unspotted love, the child of Heaven,
In their own goodness must preserve and save it,
And raise you a reward beyond our recompence.

Zen. I ask but, you a pure maid to possess,
And then they have crown'd my wishes: If I fall then,
Go seek some better love; mine will debase you.

Rut. A pretty innocent fool! Well, governor,
Though I think well of your Custom, and could wish myself
For this night in your place, heartily wish it;
Yet if you play not fair play, and above-board too,
I have a foolish gin here—[*Laying his hand upon his sword.*]——I say no more:
I'll tell you what, and if your honour's guts are not enchanted——

Arn. I should now chide you, sir, for so declining
The goodness and the grace you have ever shew'd
And your own virtue too, in seeking rashly [me,
To violate that love Heaven has appointed,
To wrest your daughter's thoughts, part that affection
That both our hearts have tied, and seek to give it——

Rut. To a wild fellow that would worry her;
A cannibal, that feeds on the heads of maids,
Then flings their bones and bodies to the devil.
Would any man of discretion venture such a gristle
To the rude claws of such a cat o' mountain?
You'd better tear her between two oaks! A town-bull
Is a meer stoick to this fellow, a grave philosopher;
And a Spanish jennet a most virtuous gentleman.

Arn. Does this seem handsome, sir?

Rut. Though I confess [means,
Any man would desire to have her, and by any
At any rate too, yet that this common hangman,
That hath whipt off the heads of a thousand maids already,
That he should glean the harvest, sticks in my stomach!
This rogue, that breaks young wenches to the sad-
And teaches them to stumble ever after. [dle,
That he should have her! For my brother now,
That is a [illegible] young fellow, and well thought
And will [illegible] ready in the business; [on,
Or for myself, that have a reputation,
And have studied the conclusions of these causes,
And know the perfect manage—I'll tell you, old sir,
(If I should call you "wise sir," I should belie you)
This thing you study to betray your child to,
This maiden-monger, when you have done your best,
And think you have fix'd her in the point of honour,
Who do you think you have tied her to? A surgeon!
I must confess, an excellent dissecter;
One that has cut up more young tender lamb-pies—

Char. What I spake, gentlemen, was mere compulsion,
No father's free-will; nor did I touch your person
With any edge of spite, or strain your loves
With any base or hired persuasions.
Witness these tears, how well I wish'd your fortunes! [*Exit.*

Rut. There's some grace in thee yet.—You are
To marry this count, lady? [determined

Zen. Marry him, Rutilio?

Rut. Marry him, and lie with him, I mean.

Zen. You cannot mean that;
If you be a true gentleman, you dare not;
The brother to this man, and one that loves him.
I'll marry the devil first.

Rut. A better choice;
And, lay his horns by, a handsomer bed-fellow;
A cooler, o' my conscience.

Arn. Pray let me ask you;
And my dear mistress, be not angry with me
For what I shall propound. I am confident
No promise, nor no power, can force your love,
I mean in way of marriage, never stir you;
Nor, to forget my faith, no state can win you:
But, for this Custom, which this wretched country
Hath wrought into a law, and must be satisfied;
Where all the pleas of honour are but laugh'd at,
And modesty regarded as a May-game;
What shall be here considered? Power we have none
To make resistance, nor policy to cross it:
'Tis held religion too, to pay this duty.

Zen. I'll die an atheist then.

Arn. My noblest mistress,
(Not that I wish it so, but say it were so,)
Say you did render up part of your honour,
(For, whilst your will is clear, all cannot perish)
Say, for one night you entertain'd this monster;
Should I esteem you worse, forced to this render?
Your mind I know is pure, and full as beauteous:
After this short eclipse, you would rise again,
And, shaking off that cloud, spread all your lustre.

Zen. Who made you witty, to undo yourself, sir?
Or, are you loaden with the love I bring you,
And fain would fling that burden on another?
Am I grown common in your eyes, Arnoldo?
Old, or unworthy of your fellowship?
D'ye think, because a woman, I must err;
And therefore, rather wish that fall before-hand,
Coloured with Custom not to be resisted?
D'ye love as painters do, only some pieces,
Some certain handsome touches of your mistress,
And let the mind pass by you, unexamined?
Be not abused. With what the maiden vessel
Is season'd first——You understand the proverb.

Rut. I am afraid this thing will make me virtuous.

Zen. Should you lay by the least part of that love
You've sworn is mine, your youth and faith have given me,
To entertain another, nay, a fairer,

And,—make the case thus desp'rate,—she must die else;
D'ye think I would give way, or count this honest?
Be not deceived; these eyes should never see you more,
This tongue forget to name you, and this heart
Hate you, as if you were born my full antipathy.
Empire, and more imperious love, alone
Rule, and admit no rivals. The purest springs,
When they are courted by lascivious land-floods,
Their maiden pureness and their coolness perish;
And though they purge again to their first beauty,
The sweetness of their taste is clean departed:
I must have all or none; and am not worthy
Longer the noble name of wife, Arnoldo,
Than I can bring a whole heart, pure and handsome.

Arn. I never shall deserve you; not to thank you!
You are so heav'nly good, no man can reach you.
I am sorry I spake so rashly; 'twas but to try you.

Rut. You might have tried a thousand women so,
And nine hundred fourscore and nineteen should
Have followed your counsel.
Take heed o'clapping spurs to such free cattle.

Arn. We must bethink us suddenly and constantly,
And wisely too; we expect no common danger.

Zen. Be most assured I'll die first.

Rut. An't come to that once,
The devil pick his bones that dies a coward!

Enter CLODIO *and* Guard.

I'll jog along with you.—Here comes the stallion:
How smug he looks upon the imagination
Of what he hopes to act! Pox on your kidneys!
How they begin to melt! How big he bears!
Sure, he will leap before us all. What a sweet company
Of rogues and panders wait upon his lewdness!—
Plague of your chaps! you ha' more handsome bits
Than a hundred honester men, and more deserving.
How the dog leers!

Clod. [*To* ARNOLDO.] You need not now be jealous;
I speak at distance to your wife; but, when the priest has done,
We shall grow nearer then, and more familiar.

Rut. [*Aside.*] I'll watch you for that trick, baboon; I'll smoke you.
The rogue sweats, as if he had eaten grains; he broils!
If I do come to the basting of you——

Arn. Your lordship
May happily speak this to fright a stranger;
But 'tis not in your honour to perform it.
The Custom of this place, if such there be,
At best most damnable, may urge you to it;
But, if you be an honest man, you hate it.
However, I will presently prepare
To make her mine; and most undoubtedly
Believe you are abused; this Custom feign'd too;
And what you now pretend, most fair and virtuous.

Clod. Go, and believe; a good belief does well, sir.—
And you sir, clear the place; but leave her here.

Arn. Your lordship's pleasure?

Clod. That anon, Arnoldo;
This is but talk.

Rut. Shall we go off?

Arn. By any means:
I know she has pious thoughts enough to guard her;
Besides, here's nothing due to him 'till the tie be done,
Nor dare he offer.

Rut. Now do I long to worry him!—
Pray have a care to the main chance.

[*To* ZENOCIA.

Zen. Pray, sir, fear not.

[*Exeunt* ARN. *and* RUT.

Clod. Now, what say you to me?

Zen. Sir, it becomes
The modesty that maids are ever born with,
To use few words.

Clod. Do you see nothing in me?
Nothing to catch your eyes, nothing of wonder,
The common mould of men come short, and want in?
Do you read no future fortune for yourself here?
And what a happiness it may be to you,
To have him honour you, all women aim at?
To have him love you, lady, that man love you,
The best, and the most beauteous, have run mad for?
Look, and be wise; you have a favour offer'd you
I do not every day propound to women.
You are a pretty one; and, though each hour
I am glutted with the sacrifice of beauty,
I may be brought, as you may handle it,
To cast so good a grace and liking on you——
You understand. Come, kiss me, and be joyful:
I give you leave.

Zen. 'Faith, sir, 'twill not shew handsome;
Our sex is blushing, full of fear, unskill'd too
In these alarums.

Clod. Learn then, and be perfect.

Zen. I do beseech your honour pardon me,
And take some skilful one can hold you play;
I am a fool.

Clod. I tell thee, maid, I love thee;
Let that word make thee happy; so far love thee,
That though I may enjoy thee without ceremony,
I will descend so low to marry thee.
Methinks, I see the race that shall spring from us!
Some, princes; some, great soldiers.

Zen. I am afraid
Your honour's cozen'd in this calculation;
For, certain, I shall ne'er have child by you.

Clod. Why?

Zen. Because I must not think to marry you.
I dare not, sir: The step betwixt your honour
And my poor humble state——

Clod. I will descend to thee,
And buoy thee up.

Zen. I'll sink to th' centre first.
Why would your lordship marry, and confine that pleasure
You ever have had freely cast upon you?
Take heed, my lord; this marrying is a mad matter:
Lighter a pair of shackles will hang on you,
And quieter a quartane fever find you.
If you wed me, I must enjoy you only:
Your eyes must be call'd home; your thoughts in cages,
To sing to no ears then but mine; your heart bound;
The Custom, that your youth was ever nursed in,
Must be forgot; I shall forget my duty else,
And how that will appear——

Clod. We'll talk of that more.

Zen. Besides, I tell ye, I am naturally,

As all young women are, that shew like handsome,
Exceeding proud; being commended, monstrous;
Of an unquiet temper, seldom pleased,
Unless it be with infinite observance;
Which you were never bred to. Once well angered,
As every cross in us provokes that passion,
And, like a sea, I roll, toss, and chafe a week after:
And then, all mischief I can think upon;
Abusing of your bed the least and poorest—
(I tell you what you'll find:) And in these fits,
This little beauty you are pleas'd to honour,
Will be so chang'd, so alter'd to an ugliness,
To such a vizard——Ten to one I die too;
Take't then upon my death, you murder'd me.

Clod. Away, away, fool! why dost thou proclaim these,
To prevent that in me thou hast chosen in another?

Zen. Him I have chosen I can rule and master,
Temper to what I please; you are a great one,
Of too strong will to bend; I dare not venture.
Be wise, my lord, and say you were well counsell'd;
Take money for my ransom, and forget me;
'Twill be both safe and noble for your honour:
And wheresoe'er my fortunes shall conduct me,
So worthy mentions I shall render of you,
So virtuous and so fair——

Clod. You will not marry me?

Zen. I do beseech your honour be not angry
At what I say,—I cannot love ye, dare not;
But set a ransom for the flower you covet.
[*Kneels.*

Clod. No money, nor no prayers, shall redeem
Not all the art you have. [that,

Zen. Set your own price, sir.

Clod. Go to your wedding; never kneel to me!
When that's done, you are mine; I will enjoy you.
Your tears do nothing; I will not lose my Custom,
To cast upon myself an empire's fortune.

Zen. My mind shall not pay this Custom, cruel man!

Clod. Your body will content me: I'll look for you. [*Exeunt severally.*

SCENE II.—*The same. A Bed-room in* CHARINO'S *House, covered with black.*

Enter CHARINO, *a* Boy, *and* Servants, *in black.*

Char. Strew all your wither'd flowers, your autumn sweets,
By the hot sun ravished of bud and beauty,
Thus round about her bride-bed! hang those blacks there,
The emblems of her honour lost! All joy,
That leads a virgin to receive her lover,
Keep from this place: All fellow-maids that bless her,
And blushing do unloose her zone, keep from her:
No merry noise, nor lusty songs, be heard here,
Nor full cups crown'd with wine make the rooms giddy:
This is no mask of mirth, but murder'd honour!—
Sing mournfully that sad epithalamion
I gave thee now; and pr'ythee, let thy lute weep.

Song by the Boy, *and Dance. Enter* RUTILIO.

Rut. How now? what livery's this? do you call this a wedding?
This is more like a funeral.

Char. It is one,
And my poor daughter going to her grave;
To his most loath'd embraces, that gapes for her.—
Make the earl's bed ready.—Is the marriage done, sir?

Rut. Yes, they are knit. But must this slub-
Have her maidenhead now? [berdegullion

Char. There's no avoiding it.

Rut. And there's the scaffold where she must

Char. The bed, sir. [lose it?

Rut. No way to wipe his mouldy chaps?

Char. That we know.

Rut. To any honest well-deserving fellow,
An 'twere but to a merry cobbler, I could sit still now.
I love the game so well; but that this puckfist,
This universal rutter——Fare ye well, sir;
And if you have any good pray'rs, put 'em forward,
There may be yet a remedy.

Char. I wish it;
And all my best devotions offer to it. [*Exit* RUT.

Enter CLODIO *and Guard.*

Clod. Now, is this tie dispatch'd?

Char. I think it be, sir.

Clod. And my bed ready?

Char. There you may quickly find, sir,
Such a loath'd preparation.

Clod. Never grumble,
Nor fling a discontent upon my pleasure:
It must and shall be done.—Give me some wine,
And fill it till it leap upon my lips!—
[*A* Servant *brings a cup of wine.*
Here's to the foolish maidenhead you wot of,
The toy I must take pains for! [*Drinks.*

Char. I beseech your lordship,
Load not a father's love.

Clod. Pledge it, Charino;
Or, by my life, I'll make thee pledge thy last:
And be sure she be a maid, a perfect virgin,
(I will not have my expectation dull'd)
Or your old pate goes off. I am hot and fiery,
And my blood beats alarums through my body,
And fancy high.—You of my guard retire,
And let me hear no noise about the lodging,
But music and sweet airs.—Now fetch your daughter;
And bid the coy wench put on all her beauties,
All her enticements; out-blush damask roses,
And dim the breaking East with her bright crys-
I'm all on fire; away! [tals.

Char. And I am frozen. [*Exit with the* Guard.

Enter ZENOCIA, *with bow and quiver, an arrow bent;* ARNOLDO *and* RUTILIO *after her, armed.*

Zen. Come fearless on.

Rut. Nay, an I budge from thee,
Beat me with dirty sticks.

Clod. What masque is this?
What pretty fancy to provoke me high?
The beauteous huntress, fairer far and sweeter!
Diana, shews an Ethiop to this beauty,
Protected by two virgin knights.

Rut. That's a lie,
A loud one, if you knew as much as I do.—
The guard's dispersed.

Arn. Fortune, I hope, invites us.

Clod. I can no longer hold; she pulls my heart from me.

Zen. Stand, and stand fix'd; move not a foot, nor speak not;

For, if thou dost, upon this point thy death sits.
Thou miserable, base, and sordid lecher!
Thou scum of noble blood! repent, and speedily;
Repent thy thousand thefts from helpless virgins.
Their innocence betray'd to thy embraces!
Arn. The base dishonour that thou dost to strangers,
In glorying to abuse the laws of marriage;
The infamy thou hast flung upon thy country,
In nourishing this black and barbarous Custom.
Clod. My guard!
Arn. One word more, and thou diest.
Rut. One syllable
That tends to any thing, but "I beseech you,"
And, "as you're gentlemen, tender my case,"
And I will thrust my javelin down thy throat.
Thou dog-whelp! thou——
Pox upon thee, what should I call thee?—pompion!
Thou kiss my lady? thou scour her chamber-pot.
Thou have a maidenhead? a motley coat,
You great blind fool. Farewell, and be hang'd to you.—
Lose no time, lady.
Arn. Pray take your pleasure, sir;
And so we'll take our leaves.
Zen. We are determined,
Die, before yield.
Arn. Honour and a fair grave——
Zen. Before a lustful bed! So for our fortunes.
Rut. *Du cat a whee*, good count! Cry, pr'ythee, cry.
Oh, what a wench hast thou lost! Cry, you great booby. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Charino.

Clod. And is she gone then? Am I dishonour'd thus,
Cozen'd and baffled?—My guard there!—No man answer?
My guard, I say!—Sirrah, you knew of this plot.—
Where are my guard?—I'll have your life, you villain,
You politic old thief!
Char. Heaven send her far enough,
And let me pay the ransom!

Enter Guard.

Guard. Did your honour call us?
Clod. Post every way, and presently recover
The two strange gentlemen, and the fair lady.
Guard. This day was married, sir?
Clod. The same.
Guard. We saw 'em.
Making with all main speed to the port.
Clod. Away, villains!
Recover her, or I shall die.—[*Exit* Guard.] Deal truly;
Didst not thou know?
Char. By all that's good, I did not.
If your honour mean their flight, to say I grieve for that,
Will be to lie: You may handle me as you please.
Clod. Be sure, with all the cruelty, with all the rigor;
For thou hast robb'd me, villain, of a treasure—

Enter Guard.

How now?
Guard. They're all aboard; a bark rode ready for 'em.
And now are under sail, and past recovery.
Clod. Rig me a ship with all the speed that may be;
I will not lose her!—Thou her most false father,
Shalt go along; and if I miss her, hear me,
A whole day will I study to destroy thee.
Char. I shall be joyful of it; and so you'll find me. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*Lisbon.—A Room in the House of* Donna Guiomar.

Enter Manuel du Sosa *and* Guiomar.

Man. I hear and see too much of him, and that
Compels me, madam, though unwillingly,
To wish I had no uncle's part in him;
And, much I fear, the comfort of a son
You will not long enjoy.
Gui. 'Tis not my fault,
And therefore from his guilt my innocence
Cannot be tainted. Since his father's death,
(Peace to his soul!) a mother's pray'rs and care
Were never wanting in his education.
His childhood I pass o'er, as being brought up
Under my wing; and, growing ripe for study,
I overcame the tenderness and joy
I had to look upon him, and provided
The choicest masters, and of greatest name,
Of Salamanca, in all liberal arts.
Man. To train his youth up:—I must witness that.
Gui. How there he prosper'd, to the admiration
Of all that knew him, for a general scholar,
Being one of note before he was a man,
Is still remembered in that acadèmy.
From thence I sent him to the emperor's court,
Attended like his father's son; and there
Maintain'd him in such bravery and height,
As did become a courtier.
Man. 'Twas that spoil'd him;
My nephew had been happy, [but for that.]
The court's a school, indeed, in which some few
Learn virtuous principles; but most forget
Whatever they brought thither good and honest.
Trifling is there in practice; serious actions
Are obsolete and out of use. My nephew
Had been a happy man, had he ne'er known
What's there in grace and fashion.
Gui. I have heard, yet
That, while he liv'd in court, the emperor
Took notice of his carriage and good parts;
The grandees did not scorn his company;
And of the greatest ladies he was held
A complete gentleman.
Man. He indeed, danc'd well;
A turn o' th' toe, with a lofty trick or two,
To argue nimbleness and a strong back,
Will go far with a madam. 'Tis most true,
That he's an excellent scholar, and he knows it;
An exact courtier, and he knows that too;
He has fought thrice, and come off still with honour,
Which he forgets not.
Gui. Nor have I much reason
To grieve his fortune that way.
Man. You are mistaken.

Prosperity does not search a gentleman's temper,
More than his adverse fortune. I have known
Many, and of rare parts, from their success
In private duels, rais'd up to such a pride,
And so transform'd from what they were, that all
That lov'd them truly wish'd they had fallen in them.
I need not write examples; in your son
'Tis too apparent; for ere Don Duarte
Made trial of his valour, he, indeed, was
Admir'd for civil courtesy; but now
He's swoln so high, out of his own assurance
Of what he dares do, that he seeks occasions,
Unjust occasions, grounded on blind passion,
Ever to be in quarrels; and this makes him
Shunn'd of all fair societies.

Gui. 'Would it were
In my weak power to help it! I will use,
With my entreaties, th' authority of a mother,
As you may of an uncle, and enlarge it
With your command, as being a governor
To the great king in Lisbon.

Enter DUARTE *and his* Page.

Man. Here he comes:
We are unseen; observe him. [*They retire.*

Dua. Boy.

Page. My lord.

Dua. What saith the Spanish captain that I
To my bold challenge? [struck,

Page. He refus'd to read it.

Dua. Why didst not leave it there?

Page. I did, my lord;
But to no purpose; for he seems more willing
To sit down with the wrongs, than to repair
His honour by the sword. He knows too well,
That from your lordship nothing can be got
But more blows and disgraces.

Dua. He's a wretch,
A miserable wretch, and all my fury
Is lost upon him. Holds the masque, appointed
I' th' honour of Hippolyta?

Page. 'Tis broke off.

Dua. The reason?

Page. This was one; they heard your lordship
Was, by the ladies' choice, to lead the dance;
And therefore they, too well assur'd how far
You would out-shine 'em, gave it o'er, and said
They would not serve for foils to set you off.

Dua. They at their best are such, and ever shall
Where I appear. [be,

Man. Do you note his modesty?
[*Apart to* GUIOMAR.

Dua. But was there nothing else pretended?

Page. Yes;
Young Don Alonzo, the great captain's nephew,
Stood on comparisons.

Dua. With whom?

Page. With you;
And openly profess'd that all precedence,
His birth and state consider'd, was due to him;
Nor were your lordship to contend with one
So far above you.

Dua. I look down upon him
With such contempt and scorn, as on my slave;
He's a name only, and all good in him
He must derive from his great grandsires' ashes:
For had not their victorious acts bequeath'd
His titles to him, and wrote on his forehead,
"This is a lord," he had liv'd unobserv'd
By any man of mark, and died as one
Amongst the common rout. Compare with me?
'Tis giant-like ambition; I know him,
And know myself: that man is truly noble,
And he may justly call that worth his own,
Which his deserts have purchas'd. I could wish
My birth were more obscure, my friends and kins-
Of lesser power, or that my provident father [men
Had been like to that riotous emperor
That chose his belly for his only heir;
For, being of no family then, and poor,
My virtues, wheresoe'er I liv'd, should make
That kingdom my inheritance.

Gui. Strange self-love! [*Apart.*

Dua. For if I studied the country's laws,
I should so easily sound all their depth.
And rise up such a wonder, that the pleaders,
That now are in most practice and esteem,
Should starve for want of clients. If I travell'd,
Like wise Ulysses, to see men and manners,
I would return in act more knowing, than
Homer could fancy him: if a physician,
So oft I would restore death-wounded men,
That, where I liv'd, Galen should not be nam'd;
And he, that join'd again the scatter'd limbs
Of torn Hippolytus, should be forgotten.
I could teach Ovid courtship, how to win
A Julia, and enjoy her, though her dower
Were all the sun gives light to: And for arms,
Were the Persian host, that drank up rivers, added
To the Turk's present powers, I could direct,
Command, and marshal them.

Man. And yet you know not [*Coming forward.*
To rule yourself; you would not to a boy else,
Like Plautus' braggart, boast thus.

Dua. All I speak,
In act I can make good.

Gui. Why then, being master
Of such and so good parts, do you destroy them
With self-opinion; or, like a rich miser,
Hoard up the treasures you possess, imparting
Nor to yourself, nor others, the use of them?
They are to you but like enchanted viands,
On which you seem to feed, yet pine with hunger;
And those so rare perfections in my son,
Which would make others happy, render me
A wretched mother.

Man. You are too insolent;
And those too many excellencies, that feed
Your pride, turn to a plurisy, and kill
That which should nourish virtue. Dare you think,
All blessings are conferred on you alone?
You're grossly cozen'd; there's no good in you
Which others have not. Are you a scholar? so
Are many, and as knowing. Are you valiant?
Waste not that courage then in brawls, but spend it
I' th' wars, in service of your king and country.

Dua. Yes, so I might be general: No man lives
That's worthy to command me.

Man. Sir, in Lisbon,
I am; and you shall know it. Every hour
I am troubled with complaints of your behaviour
From men of all conditions, and all sexes.
And my authority, which you presume
Will bear you out, in that you are my nephew,
No longer shall protect you; for I vow,
Though all that's past I pardon, I will punish
The next fault with as much severity
As if you were a stranger; rest assur'd on't.

Gui. And by that love you should bear, or that
duty

You owe a mother, once more I command you
To cast this haughtiness off; which if you do,
All that is mine is yours: If not, expect
My pray'rs and vows for your conversion only,
But never means nor favour.
[*Exeunt* MAN. *and* GUI.

Dua. I am tutor'd
As if I were a child still! The base peasants
That fear and envy my great worth, have done
But I will find them out: I will abroad.— [this:
Get my disguise.—I have too long been idle;
Nor will I curb my spirit: I was born free,
And will pursue the course best liketh me.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*The Same.—The Harbour.*

Enter LEOPOLD, *Sailors, and* ZENOCIA.

Leop. Divide the spoil amongst you; this fair
I only challenge for myself. [captive
Sail. You have won her,
And well deserve her. Twenty years I have liv'd
A burgess of the sea, and have been present
At many a desperate fight, but never saw
So small a bark with such incredible valour
So long defended, and against such odds;
And by two men scarce arm'd too.
Leop. 'Twas a wonder.
And yet the courage they express'd, being taken,
And their contempt of death, won more upon me
Than all they did when they were free. Methinks
I see them yet, when they were brought aboard us,
Disarm'd and ready to be put in fetters;
How on the sudden, as if they had sworn
Never to taste the bread of servitude,
Both snatching up their swords, and from this
Taking a farewell only with their eyes, [virgin
They leap'd into the sea.
Sail. Indeed, 'twas rare.
Leop. It wrought so much on me, that, but I fear'd
The great ship that pursued us, our own safety
Hind'ring my charitable purpose to 'em,
I would have took 'em up, and with their lives
They should have had their liberties.
Zen. Oh, too late;
For they are lost, for ever lost!
Leop. Take comfort;
'Tis not impossible but that they live yet;
For, when they left the ships, they were within
A league o' th' shore, and with such strength and cunning
They, swimming, did delude the rising billows,
With one hand making way, and with the other
Their bloody swords advanc'd, threat'ning the sea-gods
With war, unless they brought them safely off,
That I am almost confident they live,
And you again may see them.
Zen. In that hope
I brook a wretched being, till I am
Made certain of their fortunes; but, they dead,
Death hath so many doors to let out life,
I will not long survive them.
Leop. Hope the best;
And let the courteous usage you have found,
Not usual in men of war, persuade you
To tell me your condition.
Zen. You know it;
A captive my fate and your power have made me:
Such I am now; but what I was, it skills not;
For, they being dead, in whom I only live,
I dare not challenge family, or country;
And therefore, sir, inquire not: Let it suffice,
I am your servant, and a thankful servant,—
If you will call that so, which is but duty,—
I ever will be; and, my honour safe,
(Which nobly hitherto you have preserv'd)
No slavery can appear in such a form,
Which, with a masculine constancy, I will not
Boldly look on and suffer.
Leop. You mistake me:
That you are made my prisoner, may prove
The birth of your good fortune. I do find
A winning language in your tongue and looks,
Nor can a suit by you mov'd be denied;
And, therefore, of a prisoner you must be
The victor's advocate.
Zen. To whom?
Leop. A lady;
In whom all graces, that can perfect beauty,
Are friendly met. I grant that you are fair:
And, had I not seen her before, perhaps
I might have sought to you.
Zen. This I hear gladly.
Leop. To this incomparable lady I will give you;
(Yet being mine, you are already hers;)
And to serve her is more than to be free,
At least, I think so. And when you live with her,
If you will please to think on him that brought you
To such a happiness, (for so her bounty
Will make you think her service,) you shall ever
Make me at your devotion.
Zen. All I can do,
Rest you assur'd of.
Leop. At night I'll present you;
Till when, I am your guard.
Zen. Ever your servant! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*The Street.*

Enter ARNOLDO *and* RUTILIO.

Arn. To what are we reserv'd?
Rut. 'Troth, 'tis uncertain.
Drowning we have 'scap'd miraculously, and
Stand fair, for ought I know, for hanging: Money
We've none, nor e'er are like to have, 'tis to be doubted.
Besides we're strangers, wond'rous hungry strangers;
And charity growing cold, and miracles ceasing,
Without a conjuror's help, I cannot find
When we shall eat again.
Arn. These are no wants,
If put in balance with Zenocia's loss:
In that alone all miseries are spoken!
Oh, my Rutilio, when I think on her,
And that which she may suffer, being a captive,
Then I could curse myself; almost those powers
That send me from the fury of the ocean.
Rut. You've lost a wife, indeed, a fair and chaste one;
Two blessings not found often in one woman.
But she may be recover'd: Questionless,
The ship that took us was of Portugal;
And here in Lisbon, by some means or other,
We may hear of her.
Arn. In that hope I live.
Rut. And so do I: But hope is a poor sallad

To dine and sup with, after a two-days' fast too.
Have you no money left?
Arn. Not a denier.
Rut. Not anything to pawn? 'tis now in fashion.
Having a mistress, sure you should not be
Without a neat historical shirt.
Arn. For shame,
Talk not so poorly.
Rut. I must talk of that,
Necessity prompts us to; for beg I cannot;
Nor am I made to creep in at a window,
To filch to feed me. Something must be done,
And suddenly; resolve on't.

Enter ZABULON *and a* Servant.

Arn. What are these?
Rut. One, by his habit, is a Jew.
Zab. No more:
Thou'rt sure that's he?
Serv. Most certain.
Zab. How long is it
Since first she saw him?
Serv. Some two hours.
Zab. Be gone; [*Exit* Servant.
Let me alone to work him.
Rut. How he eyes you!
Now he moves towards us: In the devil's name,
What would he with us?
Arn. Innocence is bold;
Nor can I fear.
Zab. That you are poor, and strangers,
I easily perceive.
Rut. But that you'll help us,
Or any of your tribe, we dare not hope, sir.
Zab. Why think you so?
Rut. Because you are a Jew, sir;
And courtesies come sooner from the devil
Than any of your nation.
Zab. We are men,
And have, like you, compassion, when we find
Fit subjects for our bounty: and, for proof
That we dare give, and freely—(not to you, sir;
[*To* RUTILIO.
Pray spare your pains)—there's gold: Stand not
'Tis current, I assure you. [amazed;
Rut. Take it, man!
Sure thy good angel is a Jew, and comes
In his own shape to help thee. I could wish now,
Mine would appear too, like a Turk.
Arn. I thank you;
But yet must tell you, if this be the prologue
To any bad act you would have me practise,
I must not take it.
Zab. This is but the earnest
Of that which is to follow; and the bond,
Which you must seal to for't, is your advancement.
Fortune, with all that's in her power to give,
Offers herself up to you: Entertain her:
And that which princes have kneel'd for in vain,
Presents itself to you.
Arn. 'Tis above wonder.
Zab. But far beneath the truth, in my relation
Of what you shall possess, if you embrace it.
There is an hour in each man's life appointed
To make his happiness, if then he seize it;
And this (in which, beyond all expectation,
You are invited to your good) is yours.
If you dare follow me, so; if not, hereafter
Expect not the like offer. [*Exit.*
Arn. 'Tis no vision.
Rut. 'Tis gold, I'm sure.
Arn. We must, like brothers, share;
There's for you.
Rut. By this light, I'm glad I have it:
There are few gallants (for men may be such,
And yet want gold; yea, and sometimes silver)
But would receive such favours from the devil,
Though he appeared like a broker, and demanded
Sixty i' th' hundred.
Arn. Wherefore should I fear
Some plot upon my life? 'tis now to me
Not worth the keeping. I will follow him.
Farewell! Wish me good fortune; we shall meet
Again, I doubt not.
Rut. Or I'll ne'er trust Jew more,
Nor Christian, for his sake.—Plague o' my stars!
[*Exit* ARNOLDO.
How long might I have walk'd without a cloak,
Before I should have met with such a fortune!
We elder brothers, though we are proper men,
Ha' not the luck; ha' too much beard; that spoils
us; [now?
The smooth chin carries all.—What's here to do

Enter DUARTE, ALONZO, *and a* Page.

Dua. I'll take you as I find you.
Alon. That were base;
You see I am unarm'd.
Dua. Out with your bodkin;
Your pocket-dagger, your stiletto; out with it,
Or, by this hand, I'll kill you. Such as you are
Have studied the undoing of poor cutlers,
And made all manly weapons out of fashion:
You carry poniards to murder men,
Yet dare not wear a sword to guard your honour.
Rut. That's true, indeed. Upon my life this
Is bribed to repeal banish'd swords. [gallant
Dua. I'll shew you
The difference now between a Spanish rapier
And your pure Pisa.
Alon. Let me fetch a sword;
Upon mine honour I'll return.
Dua. Not so, sir.
Alon. Or lend me yours, I pray you, and take this.
[*To* RUTILIO.
Rut. To be disgraced as you are? no, I thank
'Spite of the fashion, while I live, I am [you:
Instructed to go arm'd. What folly 'tis
For you, that are a man, to put yourself
Into your enemy's mercy!
Dua. Yield it quickly,
Or I'll cut off your hand, and now disgrace you!
Thus kick and baffle you: As you like this,
[*Kicks him.*
You may again prefer complaints against me
To my uncle and my mother, and then think
To make it good with a poniard.
Alon. I am paid
For being of the fashion.
Dua. Get a sword;
Then, if you dare redeem your reputation,
You know I am easily found. I'll add this to it,
To put you in mind. [*Kicks him.*
Rut. You are too insolent,
And do insult too much on the advantage
Of that which your unequal weapon gave you,
More than your valour.
Dua. This to me, you peasant?
Thou art not worthy of my foot, poor fellow;
'Tis scorn, not pity, makes me give thee life:
Kneel down and thank me for't. How! do you
stare?

Rut. I have a sword, sir, you shall find; a good
This is no stabbing guard. [one;
Dua. Wert thou thrice arm'd,
Thus yet I durst attempt thee. [*Strikes him.*
Rut. Then have at you; [*They fight.*
I scorn to take blows.
Dua. Oh! I'm slain. [*Falls.*
Page. Help! murder! murder!
Alon. Shift for yourself; you are dead else;
You've kill'd the governor's nephew.
Page. Raise the streets there.
Alon. If once you are beset, you cannot 'scape.
Will you betray yourself?
Rut. Undone for ever!
[*Exeunt* RUTILIO *and* ALONZO.

Enter Officers.

1*st Offi.* Who makes this outcry?
Page. Oh, my lord is murder'd!
This way he took; make after him. Help, help
there! [*Exit* Page.
2*d Offi.* 'Tis Don Duarte.
1*st Offi.* Pride has got a fall!
He was still in quarrels, scorn'd us peace-makers,
And all our bill-authority; now he has paid for't;
You ha' met with your match, sir, now. Bring off
his body,
And bear it to the governor. Some pursue
The murderer; yet if he 'scape, it skills not;
Were I a prince, I would reward him for't:
He has rid the city of a turbulent beast;
There's few will pity him: But for his mother
I truly grieve, indeed; she's a good lady.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*A Bed-Chamber in* DONNA GUIOMAR'S *House.*

Enter GUIOMAR *and* Servants.

Gui. He's not i' th' house?
Serv. No, madam.
Gui. Haste and seek him;
Go all, and every where; I'll not to bed,
'Till you return him. Take away the lights too;
The moon lends me too much, to find my fears;
And those devotions I am to pay,
Are written in my heart, not in this book;
And I shall read them there, without a taper.
[*She kneels. Exeunt* Servants.

Enter RUTILIO.

Rut. I am pursued; all the ports are stopt too;
Not any hope to escape: behind, before me,
On either side, I am beset. Cursed fortune!
My enemy on the sea, and on the land too;
Redeem'd from one affliction to another!
'Would I had made the greedy waves my tomb,
And died obscure and innocent; not as Nero,
Smear'd o'er with blood. Whither have my fears
brought me?
I am got into a house; the doors all open;
This, by the largeness of the room, the hangings,
And other rich adornments, glist'ring through
The sable mask of night, says it belongs
To one of means and rank. No servant stirring?
Murmur, nor whisper?
Gui. Who's that?
Rut. By the voice,
This is a woman.
Gui. Stephano, Jasper, Julia!
Who waits there?
Rut. 'Tis the lady of the house;
I'll fly to her protection.
Gui. Speak, what are you?
Rut. Of all that ever breath'd, a man most
wretched.
Gui. I'm sure you are a man of most ill manners;
You could not with so little reverence else
Press to my private chamber. Whither would you?
Or what do you seek for?
Rut. Gracious woman, hear me!
I am a stranger, and in that I answer
All your demands; a most unfortunate stranger,
That, call'd unto it by my enemy's pride,
Have left him dead i' th' streets. Justice pursues
And, for that life I took unwillingly, [me,
And in a fair defence, I must lose mine,
Unless you, in your charity, protect me.
Your house is now my sanctuary; and the altar
I gladly would take hold of, your sweet mercy.
By all that's dear unto you, by your virtues,
And by your innocence, that needs no forgiveness,
Take pity on me!
Gui. Are you a Castilian?
Rut. No, madam; Italy claims my birth.
Gui. I ask not
With purpose to betray you; if you were
Ten thousand times a Spaniard, the nation
We Portugals most hate, I yet would save you,
If it lay in my power. Lift up these hangings;
Behind my bed's-head there's a hollow place,
Into which enter. [RUTILIO *retires behind the bed.*
——So; but from this stir not,
If th' officers come, as you expect they will do:
I know they owe such reverence to my lodgings,
That they will easily give credit to me,
And search no further.
Rut. The blessed saints pay for me
The infinite debt I owe you!
Gui. How he quakes!
Thus far I feel his heart beat.—Be of comfort;
Once more I give my promise for your safety.
All men are subject to such accidents,
Especially the valiant;—and who knows not,
But that the charity I afford this stranger,
My only son elsewhere may stand in need of?

Enter Page, Officers, *and* Servants, *with* DUARTE *on a Bier.*

1 *Serv.* Now, madam, if your wisdom ever could
Raise up defences against floods of sorrow,
That haste to overwhelm you, make true use of
Your great discretion.
2 *Serv.* Your only son,
My lord Duarte's slain.
1 *Offi.* His murderer,
Pursued by us, was by a boy discovered
Ent'ring your house, and that induced us
To press into it for his apprehension.
Gui. Oh!
1 *Serv.* Sure her heart is broke.
Offi. Madam!
Gui. Stand off!
My sorrow is so dear and precious to me,
That you must not partake it; suffer it,
Like wounds that do bleed inward, to dispatch me!
Oh, my Duarte, such an end as this
Thy pride long since did prophecy; thou art dead,
And, to increase my misery, thy sad mother
Must make a wilful shipwreck of her vow,
Or thou fall unrevenged. My soul's divided;
And piety to a son, and true performance

Of hospitable duties to my guest,
That are to others angels, are my furies.
Vengeance knocks at my heart, but my word given
Denies the entrance: Is no medium left,
But that I must protect the murderer,
Or suffer in that faith he made his altar?
Motherly love, give place; the fault made this way,
To keep a vow, to which high Heaven is witness,
Heav'n may be pleased to pardon!

Enter MANUEL, Doctors *and* Surgeons.

Man. 'Tis too late;
He's gone, past all recovery: Now reproof
Were but unseasonable, when I should give comfort!
And yet remember, sister——

Gui. Oh, forbear!
Search for the murderer, and remove the body,
And, as you think fit, give it burial.
Wretch that I am, uncapable of all comfort!
And therefore I entreat my friends and kinsfolk,
And you, my lord, for some space to forbear
Your courteous visitations.

Man. We obey you.
[*Exeunt, all but* GUIOMAR, *with the body.*

Rut. My spirits come back, and now Despair resigns
Her place again to Hope. [*Comes forth.*

Gui. Whate'er thou art,
To whom I have given means of life, to witness
With what religion I have kept my promise,
Come fearless forth! but let thy face be cover'd,
That I hereafter be not forc'd to know thee;
For motherly affection may return,
My vow once paid to Heav'n. Thou hast ta'en from me
The respiration of my heart, the light
Of my swoln eyes, in his life that sustain'd me.
Yet, my word giv'n to save you, I make good,
Because what you did was not done with malice.
You are not known; there is no mark about you
That can discover you; let not fear betray you.
With all convenient speed you can, fly from me,
That I may never see you; and that want
Of means may be no let unto your journey,
There are a hundred crowns. You're at the door now,
And so farewell for ever.

Rut. Let me first fall [*Kneels.*
Before your feet, and on them pay the duty
I owe your goodness: Next, all blessings on you,
And Heav'n restore the joys I have bereft you,
With full increase hereafter! Living, be
The goddess styled of hospitality. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*A Hall in the House of* HIPPOLYTA.

Enter LEOPOLD *and* ZENOCIA.

Leop. Fling off these sullen clouds; you are
Into a house of joy and happiness; [enter'd now
I have prepar'd a blessing for you.

Zen. Thank you:
My state would rather ask a curse!

Leop. You're peevish,
And know not when you are friended. I've used those means,
The lady of this house, the noble lady,
Will take you as her own, and use you graciously,
Make much of what you're mistress of, that beauty;
And expose it not to such betraying sorrows:
When you are old, and all those sweets hang [wither'd,
Then sit and sigh.

Zen. My autumn's not far off.

Enter Servant.

Leop. Have you told your lady?

Serv. Yes, sir; I have told her
Both of your noble service, and your present,
Which she accepts.

Leop. I should be blest to see her.

Serv. That now you cannot do: She keeps her chamber,
Not well dispos'd, and has denied all visits.
The maid I have in charge to receive from you,
So please you render her.

Leop. With all my service.
But fain I would have seen——

Serv. 'Tis but your patience;
No doubt she cannot but remember nobly.

Leop. These three years I have lov'd this scornful lady,
And follow'd her with all the truth of service;
In all which time, but twice she has honour'd me
With sight of her blest beauty.—When you please, sir,
You may receive your charge; and tell your lady,
A gentleman, whose life is only dedicated
To her commands, kisses her beauteous hands.—
And, fair one, now your help: You may remember
The honest courtesies, since you were mine,
I ever did your modesty. You shall be near her;
And if sometimes you name my service to her,
And tell her with what nobleness I love her,
'Twill be a gratitude I shall remember.

Zen. What in my power lies, so it be honest—

Leop. I ask no more.

Serv. You must along with me, fair.

Leop. And so I leave you two; but to a fortune
Too happy for my fate: You shall enjoy her.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*A Room in the same, splendidly furnished.*

Enter ZABULON *and* Servants.

Zab. Be quick, be quick; out with the banquet there!
These scents are dull; cast richer on, and fuller;
Scent every place. Where have you plac'd the [music?

Serv. Here they stand ready, sir.

Zab. 'Tis well. Be sure
The wines be lusty, high, and full of spirit,
And amber'd all.

Serv. They are.

Zab. Give fair attendance.
In the best trim and state make ready all.
I shall come presently again. [*A banquet set forth.*

2 *Serv.* We shall, sir.— [*Exit* ZAB.

What preparation's this? Some new device
My lady has in hand.

1 *Serv.* Oh, prosper it,
As long as it carries good wine in the mouth,
And good meat with it! Where are all the rest?

2 *Serv.* They are ready to attend. [*Music.*

1 *Serv.* Sure, some great person;
They would not make this hurry else.
2 *Serv.* Hark, the music.

Enter ZABULON *and* ARNOLDO.

It will appear now, certain; here it comes.
Now to our places.
Arn. Whither will he lead me?
What invitation's this? to what new end
Are these fair preparations? a rich banquet,
Music, and every place stuck with adornment,
Fit for a prince's welcome! What new game
Has Fortune now prepar'd, to shew me happy,
And then again to sink me? 'Tis no illusion;
Mine eyes are not deceiv'd, all these are real.
What wealth and state!
Zab. Will you sit down and eat, sir?
These carry little wonder, they are usual;
But you shall see, if you be wise to observe it,
That, that will strike indeed, strike with amazement:
Then if you be a man!—This fair health to you.
[*Drinks.*
Arn. What shall I see? I pledge you, sir. I was never
So buried in amazement! [*Drinks.*
Zab. You are so still:
Drink freely.
Arn. The very wines are admirable!
Good sir, give me but leave to ask this question,
For what great worthy man are these prepar'd?
And why do you bring me hither?
Zab. They are for you, sir;
And undervalue not the worth you carry,
You are that worthy man: Think well of these,
They shall be more, and greater.
Arn. Well, blind Fortune,
Thou hast the prettiest changes, when thou'rt pleas'd
To play thy game out wantonly——
Zab. Come, be lusty,
And awake your spirits.
Arn. Good sir, do not wake me,
For willingly I would die in this dream. Pray
Are all these that attend here? [whose servants
Zab. They are yours;
They wait on you.
Arn. I never yet remember
I kept such faces, nor that I was ever able
To maintain so many.
Zab. Now you are, and shall be.
Arn. You'll say this house is mine too?
Zab. Say it? swear it.
Arn. And all this wealth?
Zab. This is the least you see, sir.
Arn. Why, where has this been hid these thirty
For, certainly, I never found I was wealthy [years?
Till this hour; never dream'd of house and servants:
I had thought I had been a younger brother, a poor
I may eat boldly then? [gentleman.
Zab. 'Tis prepar'd for you.
[ARNOLDO *sits down and eats.*
Arn. The taste is perfect, and most delicate:
But why for me? Give me some wine:—I do drink,
I feel it sensibly, and I am here,
Here in this glorious place: I am bravely us'd too.—
Good gentle sir, give me leave to think a little;
For either I am much abus'd——
Zab. Strike, music;
And sing that lusty song. [*Music, and a song.*
Arn. Bewitching harmony!
Sure, I am turn'd into another creature,

Enter HIPPOLYTA.

Happy and blest; Arnoldo *was* unfortunate.—
Ha, bless mine eyes! what precious piece of nature
To poze the world?
Zab. I told you, you would see that,
Would darken these poor preparations.
What think you now? Nay, rise not; 'tis no vision.
Arn. 'Tis more; 'tis miracle.
Hip. You are welcome, sir.
Arn. It speaks, and entertains me; still more glorious!
She is warm, and this is flesh here: How she stirs
Bless me, what stars are there! [me.
Hip. May I sit near you?
Arn. No, you're too pure an object to behold,
Too excellent to look upon and live;
I must remove.
Zab. She is a woman, sir.
Fie, what faint heart is this!
Arn. The house of wonder! [happy?
Zab. Do not you think yourself now truly
You have the abstract of all sweetness by you,
The precious wealth youth labours to arrive at.
Nor is she less in honour, than in beauty;
Ferrara's royal duke is proud to call her
His best, his noblest, and most happy sister;
Fortune has made her mistress of herself,
Wealthy and wise, without a power to sway her;
Wonder of Italy, of all hearts mistress.
Arn. And all this is——
Zab. Hippolyta, the beauteous.
Hip. You are a poor relater of my fortunes,
Too weak a chronicle to speak my blessings,
And leave out that essential part of story
I am most high and happy in, most fortunate,—
The acquaintance, and the noble fellowship
Of this fair gentleman.—Pray ye, do not wonder,
Nor hold it strange to hear a handsome lady
Speak freely to you. With your fair leave and
I will sit by you. [courtesy,
Arn. I know not what to answer,
Nor where I am; nor to what end consider
Why you do use me thus.
Hip. Are you angry, sir,
Because you're entertain'd with all humanity?
Freely and nobly used?
Arn. No, gentle lady,
That were uncivil; but it much amazes me,
A stranger, and a man of no desert,
Should find such floods of courtesy.
Hip. I love you,
I honour you, the first and best of all men;
And, where that fair opinion leads, 'tis usual
These trifles, that but serve to set off, follow.
I would not have you proud now, nor disdainful,
Because I say I love you, though I swear it;
Nor think it a stale favour I fling on you.
Though you be handsome, and the only man,
I must confess, I ever fix'd mine eye on,
And bring along all promises that please us,
Yet I should hate you then, despise you, scorn you;
And with as much contempt pursue your person.
As now I do with love. But you are wiser,
At least, I think, more master of your fortune;
And so I drink your health.
Arn. Hold fast, good honesty;
I am a lost man else!
Hip. Now you may kiss me;
'Tis the first kiss I ever ask'd, I swear to you.

Arn. That I dare do, sweet lady. [*Kisses her.*
Hip. You do it well too;
You are a master, sir; that makes you coy.
Arn. 'Would you would send your people off.
Hip. Well thought on.—
Wait all without.
Zab. I hope she is pleased thoroughly.
[*Exeunt* ZAB. *and* Servants.
Hip. Why stand you still? here's no man to detect you;
My people are gone off. Come, come, leave conjuring;
The spirit you would raise is here already;
Look boldly on me.
Arn. What would you have me do?
Hip. Oh, most unmanly question! have you do?
Is't possible your years should want a tutor?
I'll teach you: Come, embrace me.
Arn. Fie, stand off;
And give me leave, more now than e'er to wonder,
A building of so goodly a proportion,
Outwardly all exact, the frame of heaven,
Should hide within so base inhabitants.
You are as fair as if the morning bare you;
Imagination never made a sweeter;
Can it be possible, this frame should suffer,
And, built on slight affections, fright the viewer?
Be excellent in all, as you are outward,
The worthy mistress of those many blessings
Heav'n has bestow'd; make 'em appear still nobler,
Because they're trusted to a weaker keeper.
Would you have me love you?
Hip. Yes.
Arn. Not for your beauty;
Though, I confess, it blows the first fire in us;
Time, as he passes by, puts out that sparkle.
Nor for your wealth; although the world kneel to it,
And make it all addition to a woman;
Fortune, that ruins all, makes that his conquest.
Be honest, and be virtuous, I'll admire you;
At least, be wise; and where you lay these nets,
Strow over 'em a little modesty;
'Twill well become your cause, and catch more fools.
Hip. Could any one that lov'd this wholesome counsel,
But love the giver more? You make me fonder.
You have a virtuous mind; I want that ornament.
Is it a sin I covet to enjoy you?
If you imagine I'm too free a lover,
And act that part belongs to you, I am silent:
Mine eyes shall speak my blushes, parley with you;
I will not touch your hand but with a tremble
Fitting a vestal nun; not long to kiss you,
But gently as the air, and undiscern'd too,
I'll steal it thus: I'll walk your shadow by you,
So still and silent, that it shall be equal
To put me off as that; and when I covet
To give such toys as these—— [*Giving jewels.*
Arn. A new temptation!
Hip. Thus, like the lazy minutes, will I drop
Which past once are forgotten. ['em,
Arn. Excellent vice!
Hip. Will you be won? Look steadfastly upon me,
Look manly, take a man's affections to you;
Young women, in the old world, were not wont, sir,
To hang out gaudy bushes for their beauties,
To talk themselves into young men's affections.
How cold and dull you are!
Arn. How I stagger!
She's wise, as fair; but 'tis a wicked wisdom;
I'll choke before I yield.
Hip. Who waits within there?
Make ready the green chamber.
Zab. (*Within.*) It shall be, madam.
Arn. I am afraid she will enjoy me indeed.
Hip. What music do you love?
Arn. A modest tongue.
Hip. We'll have enough of that. Fie, fie, how
In a young lady's arms thus dull? [lumpish!
Arn. For Heav'ns sake,
Profess a little goodness.
Hip. Of what country?
Arn. I am of Rome.
Hip. Nay, then, I know you mock me;
The Italians are not frighted with such bugbears.
Pr'ythee, go in.
Arn. I am not well.
Hip. I'll make thee;
I'll kiss thee well.
Arn. I am not sick of that sore.
Hip. Upon my conscience, I must ravish thee;
I shall be famous for the first example:
With this I'll tie you first, then try your strength, sir.
Arn. My strength? Away, base woman, I abhor thee!
I am not caught with stales. Disease dwell with thee! [*Exit.*
Hip. Are you so quick? and have I lost my
Ho, Zabulon! my servants! [wishes?

Enter ZABULON *and* Servants.

Zab. Called you, madam?
Hip. Is all that beauty scorn'd, so many sued
So many princes? By a stranger too? [for?
Must I endure this?
Zab. Where's the gentleman?
Hip. Go presently, pursue the stranger, Zabulon;
He has broke from me. Jewels I have given him:
Charge him with theft. He has stol'n my love, my freedom:
Draw him before the governor, imprison him!
Why dost thou stay?
Zab. I'll teach him a new dance,
For playing fast and loose with such a lady.—
Come, fellows, come!—I'll execute your anger,
And to the full.
Hip. His scorn shall feel my vengeance!
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*A Street.*

Enter SULPITIA *and* JAQUES.

Sul. Shall I never see a lusty man again?
Ja. 'Faith, mistress,
You do so over-labour 'em when you have 'em,
And so dry-founder 'em, they cannot last.
Sul. Where's the Frenchman?
Ja. Alas! he's all to fitters;
And lies, taking the height of his fortune with a syringe.
He's chin'd, he's chin'd, good man; he is a mourner.
Sul. What is become o' th' Dane?
Ja. Who, goldy-locks?

He's foul i' th' touch-hole, and recoils again;
The main-spring's weaken'd that holds up his cock;
He lies at the sign o' th' Sun, to be new-breech'd.
Sul. The rutter, too, is gone.
Ja. Oh, that was a brave rascal;
He would labour like a thresher. But alas!
What thing can ever last? He has been ill mew'd,
And drawn too soon; I have seen him in the [hospital.
Sul. There was an Englishman.
Ja. Ay, there was an Englishman;
You'll scant find any now, to make that name good.
There were those English, that were men indeed,
And would perform like men; but now they are vanish'd:
They are so taken up in their own country,
And so beaten off their speed by their own women,
When they come here, they draw their legs like hackneys.
Drink, and their own devices have undone 'em.
Sul. I must have one that's strong,—no life in Lisbon else,—
Perfect and young: My custom with young ladies,
And high-fed city-dames, will fall and break else.
I want myself too, in mine age to nourish me.
They are all sunk I maintain'd.—Now, what's this [business?
What goodly fellow's that?

Enter RUTILIO *and* Officers.

Rut. Why do you drag me?
Pox o' your justice! let me loose.
1 *Offi.* Not so, sir.
Rut. Cannot a man fall into one of your drunken cellars,
And venture the breaking on's neck, your trap-[doors open,
But he must be us'd thus rascally?
1 *Offi.* What made you wand'ring
So late i' th' night? You know, that is imprison-[ment.
Rut. May be, I walk in my sleep.
1 *Offi.* May be, we'll wake you.
What made you wand'ring, sir, into that vault,
Where all the city store, and the munition lay?
Rut. I fell into't by chance; I broke my shins for't:
Your worships feel not that. I knock'd my head
Against a hundred posts; 'would you had had it!
Cannot I break my neck in my own defence?
2 *Offi.* This will not serve you; you cannot put it off so:
Your coming thither was to play the villain,
To fire the powder, to blow up that part o' th' city.
Rut. Yes, with my nose. Why were the trap-doors open?
Might you not fall, or you, had you gone that way?
I thought your city had sunk.
1 *Offi.* You did your best, sir,
We must presume, to help it into the air,
If you call that sinking. We have told you what's the law;
He that is taken there, unless a magistrate,
And have command in that place, presently,
If there be nothing found apparent near him
Worthy his torture, or his present death,
Must either pay his fine for his presumption,
(Which is six hundred ducats) or for six years
Tug at an oar i' th' galleys. Will you walk, sir?
For, we presume, you cannot pay the penalty.
Rut. Row in the galleys, after all this mischief?
2 *Offi.* May be, you were drunk: they'll keep you sober there.
Rut. Tug at an oar? You are not arrant rascals,
To catch me in a pit-fall, and betray me?
Sul. A lusty-minded man.
Ja. A wondrous able.
Sul. Pray, gentlemen, allow me but that liberty
To speak a few words with your prisoner,
And I shall thank you.
1 *Offi.* Take your pleasure, lady.
Sul. What would you give that woman, should [redeem you,
Redeem you from this slavery?
Rut. Besides my service,
I'd give her my whole self; I'd be her vassal.
Sul. She has reason to expect as much, considering
The great sum she pays for it; yet take comfort:
What you shall do to merit this is easy,
And I will be the woman shall befriend you;
'Tis but to entertain some handsome ladies,
And young fair gentlewomen: You guess the way:
But giving of your mind———
Rut. I am excellent at it;
You cannot pick out such another living.
I understand you: Is't not thus? [*Whispers.*
Sul. You have it.
Rut. Bring me a hundred of 'em; I'll dispatch ['em.
I will be none but yours: Should another offer
Another way to redeem me, I should scorn it.
What women you shall please: I am monstrous lusty;
Not to be taken down: Would you have children?
I'll get you those as fast and thick as fly-blows.
Sul. I admire him, wonder at him!
Rut. Hark you, lady;
You may require sometimes—
Sul. Ay, by my faith.
Rut. And you shall have it, by my faith, and handsomely.—
This old cat will suck shrewdly!—You have no daughters?
I fly at all.—Now am I in my kingdom!
Tug at an oar? No; tug in a feather-bed,
With good warm caudles; hang your bread and water!—
I'll make you young again, believe that, lady;
I will so furbish you!
Sul. Come, follow, officers;
This gentleman is free: I'll pay the ducats.
Rut. And when you catch me in your city
Again, boil me with cabbage. [powdering-tub
1 *Offi.* You are both warn'd and arm'd, sir.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*A Room in* HIPPOLYTA'S *House.*

Enter HIPPOLYTA *and* ZENOCIA, LEOPOLD *behind.*

Zen. Will your ladyship wear this dressing?
Hip. Leave thy prating;
I care not what I wear.
Zen. Yet 'tis my duty
To know your pleasure, and my worst affection
To see you discontented.
Hip. Weeping too?
Pr'ythee, forgive me; I am much distemper'd,
And speak I know not what. To make thee amends,
The gown that I wore yesterday is thine;
Let it alone a while.
Leop. Now you perceive,
And taste her bounty.
Zen. Much above my merit.

Leop. But have you not yet found a happy time
To move for me?
Zen. I have watch'd all occasions;
But hitherto without success: Yet, doubt not
But I'll embrace the first means.
Leop. Do and prosper.———
Excellent creature, whose perfections make
[*Coming forward.*
Even sorrow lovely, if your frowns thus take me,
What would your smiles do?
Hip. Pox o' this stale courtship!
If I have any power——
Leop. I am commanded;
Obedience is the lover's sacrifice,
Which I pay gladly. [*He retires.*
Hip. To be forc'd to woo,
Being a woman, could not but torment me:
But bringing, for my advocates, youth and beauty,
Set off with wealth, and then to be denied too,
Does comprehend all tortures. They flatter'd me
That said my looks were charms, my touches fetters,
My locks soft chains to bind the arms of princes,
And make them, in that wish'd-for bondage happy.
I am, like others of a coarser feature,
As weak t' allure, but in my dotage stronger.
I am no Circe; he, more than Ulysses,
Scorns all my offer'd bounties, slights my favours;
And, as I were some new Egyptian, flies me,
Leaving no pawn, but my own shame behind him.
But he shall find, that, in my fell revenge,
I am a woman; one, that never pardons
The rude contemner of her proffer'd sweetness.

Enter ZABULON.

Zab. Madam, 'tis done.
Hip. What's done?
Zab. Th' uncivil stranger
Is at your suit arrested——
Hip. 'Tis well handled.
Zab. And under guard sent to the governor;
With whom my testimony, and the favour
He bears your ladyship, have so prevail'd,
That he is sentenc'd——
Hip. How?
Zab. To lose his head. [heat
Hip. Is that the means to quench the scorching
Of my enrag'd desires? Must innocence suffer,
'Cause I am faulty? Or is my love so fatal,
That of necessity it must destroy
The object it most longs for? Dull Hippolyta,
To think that injuries could make way for love,
When courtesies were despised! that by his death
Thou shouldst gain that, which only thou canst hope for
While he is living! My honour's at the stake now,
And cannot be preserved, unless he perish.
The enjoying of the thing I love, I ever
Have prized above my fame: Why doubt I now
One only way is left me to redeem all.— [then?
Make ready my caroch!
Leop. What will you, madam?
Hip. And yet I am impatient of such stay.—
Bind up my hair!—Fie, fie, while that is doing,
The law may cease his life! Thus as I am then,
Not like Hippolyta, but a bacchanal.
My frantic love transports me. [*Exit.*
Leop. Sure she's distracted.
Zab. Pray you follow her; I will along with you:
I more than guess the cause. Women, that love,
Are most uncertain; and one minute crave,
What in another they refuse to have. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—*The Street.*

Enter CLODIO *and* CHARINO, *disguised.*

Clod. Assure thyself, Charino, I am alter'd
From what I was: The tempests we have met with
In our uncertain voyage were smooth gales,
Compared to those the memory of my lusts
Raised in my conscience: And if e'er again
I live to see Zenocia, I will sue
And seek to her as a lover, and a servant;
And not command affection, like a tyrant.
Char. In hearing this, you make me young again;
And Heaven, it seems, favouring this good change
In setting of a period to our dangers, [in you,
Gives us fair hopes to find that here in Lisbon,
Which hitherto in vain we long have sought for.
I have received assured intelligence,
Such strangers have been seen here; and though yet
I cannot learn their fortunes, nor the place
Of their abode, I have a soul presages
A fortunate event here.
Clod. There have pass'd
A mutual interchange of courtesies
Between me and the governor; therefore, boldly
We may presume of him, and of his power,
If we find cause to use them; otherwise,
I would not be known here; and these disguises
Will keep us from discovery.

Enter MANUEL, DOCTOR, ARNOLDO, *and* Guard.

Char. What are these?
Clod. The governor; with him my rival, bound.
Char. For certain, 'tis Arnoldo.
Clod. Let's attend
What the success will be.
Man. Is't possible
There should be hope of his recovery,
His wounds so many and so deadly?
Doct. So they appear'd at first; but, the blood stopp'd,
His trance forsook him, and, on better search,
We found they were not mortal.
Man. Use all care
To perfect this unhoped-for cure; that done,
Propose your own rewards; and, till you shall
Hear further from me, for some ends I have,
Conceal it from his mother.
Doct. We'll not fail, sir. [*Exit.*
Man. You still stand confident on your innocence?
Arn. It is my best and last guard, which I will
Leave, to rely on your uncertain mercy. [not

Enter HIPPOLYTA, ZABULON, LEOPOLD, ZENOCIA, *and two* Servants.

Hip. Who bade you follow me? Go home!—
As you respect me, go with her! [and you, sir,
Arn. Zenocia!
And in her house a servant!
Char. 'Tis my daughter.
[ZEN. *passes over the stage and exit.*
Clod. My love!—[*To* CHARINO.] Contain your joy; observe the sequel.
Man. Fie, madam, how indecent 'tis for you,
So far unlike yourself, to be seen thus
In th' open streets! Why do you kneel? pray you,
I am acquainted with the wrong and loss [rise.
You have sustain'd, and the delinquent now
Stands ready for his punishment.
Hip. Let it fall, sir,
On the offender: He is innocent,

And most unworthy of these bonds he wears;
But I made up of guilt.
Man. What strange turn's this?
Leop. This was my prisoner once.
Hip. If chastity
In a young man, and tempted to the height too,
Did e'er deserve reward, or admiration,
He justly may claim both. Love to his person
(Or, if you please, give it a fouler name)
Compell'd me first to train him to my house;
All engines I raised there to shake his virtue,
Which in th' assault were useless; he, unmoved
As if he had no part of human frailty, [still,
Against the nature of my sex, almost
I play'd the ravisher. You might have seen,
In our contention, young Apollo fly,
And love-sick Daphne follow: All arts failing,
By flight he won the victory, breaking from
My scorn'd embraces. The repulse (in women
Unsufferable) invited me to practise
A means to be revenged; and from this grew
His accusation, and the abuse
Of your still-equal justice. My rage over,
(Thank Heaven) though wanton, I found not my-
So far engaged to hell, to prosecute [self
To the death what I had plotted; for that love,
That made me first desire him, then accuse him,
Commands me, with the hazard of myself,
First to entreat his pardon, then acquit him.
Man. [*To* Arnoldo.] Whate'er you are, so much I love your virtue,
That I desire your friendship.—Do you unloose him
From those bonds you are worthy of. Your repent-
Makes part of satisfaction; yet I must [ance
Severely reprehend you.
Leop. [*Aside.*] I am made
A stale on all parts! But this fellow shall
Pay dearly for her favour.
Arn. [*Aside.*] My life's so full
Of various changes, that I now despair
Of any certain port; one trouble ending,
A new, and worse, succeeds it: What should Zeno-
Do in this woman's house? Can chastity [cia
And hot lust dwell together, without infection?
I would not be, or jealous, or secure;
Yet something must be done, to sound the depth on't.
That she lives is my bliss; but living there,
A hell of torments! There's no way to her
In whom I live, but by this door, through which
To me 'tis death to enter; yet I must
And will make trial.
Man. Let me hear no more
Of these devices, lady: This I pardon,
And, at your intercession, I forgive
Your instrument the Jew too. Get you home.
The hundred thousand crowns you lent the city,
Towards the setting forth of the last navy
Bound for the Islands, was a good then, which
I balance with your ill now.
Char. Now, sir, to him;
You know my daughter needs it.
Hip. Let me take
A farewell with mine eye, sir, though my lip
Be barr'd the ceremony, courtesy,
And custom too, allows of.
Arn. Gentle madam,
I neither am so cold, nor so ill-bred,
But that I dare receive it. You are unguarded;
And let me tell you, that I am ashamed
Of my late rudeness, and would gladly therefore,
If you please to accept my ready service,
Wait on you to your house.
Hip. Above my hope!—
Sir, if an angel were to be my convoy,
He should not be more welcome.
[*Exeunt* Arn. *and* Hip.
Clod. Now you know me.
Man. Yes, sir, and honour you; ever remember-
Your many bounties, being ambitious only [ing
To give you cause to say, by some one service,
That I am not ungrateful.
Clod. 'Tis now offer'd:
I have a suit to you, and an easy one,
Which ere long you shall know.
Man. When you think fit, sir;
And then as a command I will receive it;
Till when, most welcome.—[*To* Charino.] You are welcome too, sir;
'Tis spoken from the heart, and therefore needs not
Much protestation.—At your better leisure,
I will inquire the cause that brought you hither;
I' th' mean time serve you.
Clod. You out-do me, sir. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*A Room in the* Doctor's *House.*

Enter Duarte *and* Doctor.

Dua. You have bestow'd on me a second life,
For which I live your creature; and have better'd
What Nature framed unperfect: My first being,
Insolent pride made monstrous; but this latter,
In learning me to know myself, hath taught me
Not to wrong others.
Doct. Then we live indeed,
When we can go to rest without alarm
Given every minute to a guilt-sick conscience,
To keep us waking, and rise in the morning
Secure in being innocent: But when,
In the remembrance of our worser actions,
We ever bear about us whips and furies,
To make the day a night of sorrow to us,
Even life's a burden.
Dua. I have found and felt it;
But will endeavour, having first made peace
With those intestine enemies, my rude passions,
To be so with mankind. But, worthy doctor,
Pray, if you can, resolve me,—was the gentleman,
That left me dead, e'er brought unto his trial?
Doct. Nor known, nor apprehended.
Dua. That's my grief.
Doct. Why, do you wish he had been punish'd?
Dua. No;
The stream of my swol'n sorrow runs not that
For could I find him, as I vow to Heav'n [way:
It shall be my first care to seek him out,
I would with thanks acknowledge that his sword,
In opening my veins, which proud blood poison'd,
Gave the first symptoms of true health.
Doct. 'Tis in you
A Christian resolution. That you live

Is by the governor's, your uncle's, charge
As yet conceal'd; and though a son's loss never
Was solemnized with more tears of true sorrow,
Than have been paid by your unequall'd mother
For your supposed death, she's not acquainted
With your recovery.
Dua. For some few days,
Pray, let her so continue. Thus disguised,
I may abroad unknown.
Doct. Without suspicion
Of being discover'd.
Dua. I am confident,
No moisture sooner dies than women's tears;
And therefore, though I know my mother virtuous,
Yet being one of that frail sex, I purpose
Her further trial.
Doct. That as you think fit;
I'll not betray you.
Dua. To find out this stranger,
This true physician of my mind and manners,
Were such a blessing—He seem'd poor, and may,
Perhaps, be now in want: 'Would I could find him!
The inns I'll search first, then the public stews:
He was of Italy, and that country breeds not
Precisians that way, but hot libertines;
And such the most are. 'Tis but a little travail.
I am unfurnish'd too: Pray, master Doctor,
Can you supply me?
Doct. With what sum you please.
Dua. I will not be long absent.
Doct. That I wish too;
For, till you have more strength, I would not have
To be too bold. [you
Dua. Fear not; I will be careful. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*The Street.*

Enter LEOPOLD, ZABULON, *and a* BRAVO.

Zab. I have brought him, sir; a fellow that will do it,
Though hell stood in his way; ever provided,
You pay him for't.
Leop. He has a strange aspect,
And looks much like the figure of a hangman
In a table of the Passion.
Zab. He transcends
All precedents, believe it; a flesh'd ruffian,
That hath so often taken the strappado,
That 'tis to him but as a lofty trick
Is to a tumbler. He hath perused too
All dungeons in Portugal; thrice seven years
Row'd in the galleys, for three several murders;
Though I presume that he has done a hundred,
And 'scaped unpunish'd.
Leop. He is much in debt to you,
You set him off so well.—What will you take, sir,
To beat a fellow for me, that thus wrong'd me?
Bra. To beat him, say you?
Leop. Yes, beat him to lameness;
To cut his lips or nose off; any thing,
That may disfigure him.
Bra. Let me consider:
Five hundred pistolets for such a service,
I think, were no dear pennyworth.
Zab. Five hundred!
Why, there are of your brotherhood in the city,
I'll undertake, shall kill a man for twenty.
Bra. Kill him? I think so; I'll kill any man
For half the money.
Leop. And will you ask more
For a sound beating than a murder?
Bra. Ay, sir,
And with good reason; for a dog that's dead,
The Spanish proverb says, will never bite:
But should I beat or hurt him only, he may
Recover, and kill me.
Leop. A good conclusion.
The obduracy of this rascal makes me tender:
I'll run some other course. There's your reward,
Without the employment.
Bra. For that, as you please, sir.
When you have need to kill a man, pray use me;
But I am out at beating. [*Exit.*
Zab. What's to be done then?
Leop. I'll tell thee, Zabulon, and make thee privy
To my most near designs. This stranger, which
Hippolyta so dotes on, was my prisoner
When the last virgin I bestowed upon her
Was made my prize; how he escaped, hereafter
I'll let thee know; and it may be, the love
He bears the servant makes him scorn the mistress.
Zab. 'Tis not unlike; for, the first time he saw her,
His looks expressed so much; and, for more proof,
Since he came to my lady's house, though yet
He never knew her, he hath practised with me
To help him to a conference, without
The knowledge of Hippolyta; which I promised.
Leop. And by all means perform it, for their meeting;
But work it so, that my disdainful mistress
(Whom, notwithstanding all her injuries,
'Tis my hard fate to love) may see and hear them.
Zab. To what end, sir?
Leop. This, Zabulon: When she sees
Who is her rival, and her lover's baseness
To leave a princess for her bond-woman,
The sight will make her scorn what now she dotes on.
I'll double thy reward.
Zab. You are like to speed then:
For, I confess, what you will soon believe,
We serve them best that are most apt to give.
For you, I'll place you where you shall see all,
And yet be unobserved.
Leop. That I desire too. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*A Room in* HIPPOLYTA'S *House, with a Gallery.*

Enter ARNOLDO.

Arn. I cannot see her yet. How it afflicts me,
The poison of this place should mix itself
With her pure thoughts! 'Twas she that was commanded,
Or my eyes failed me grossly; that youth, that face,
And all that noble sweetness. May she not live here,
And yet be honest still?

Enter ZENOCIA, *apart.*

Zen. It is Arnoldo,
From all his dangers free. Fortune, I bless thee!
My noble husband! how my joy swells in me!
But why in this place? what business hath he here?
He cannot hear of me; I am not known here.
I left him virtuous; how I shake to think now,
And how that joy I had cools and forsakes me!

Enter, above, HIPPOLYTA *and* ZABULON; *and below,* LEOPOLD, *concealing himself.*

This lady is but fair; I have been thought so,
Without compare admired. She has bewitch'd him,
And he forgot——
Arn. 'Tis she again; the same,
The same Zenocia.
Zab. There are they together;
Now you may mark.
Hip. Peace; let 'em parley.
Arn. That you are well, Zenocia, and once more
Bless my despairing eyes with your wish'd presence,
I thank the gods! But that I meet you here——
Hip. They are acquainted.
Zab. I found that secret, madam,
When you commanded her to go home. Pray hear 'em.
Zen. That you meet me here! ne'er blush at that, Arnoldo.
Your cunning comes too late: I am a woman;
And one woman with another may be trusted.
Do you fear the house?
Arn. More than a fear, I know it;
Know it not good, not honest.
Zen. What do you here then?
I' th' name of virtue, why do you approach it?
Will you confess the doubt, and yet pursue it?
Where have your eyes been wand'ring, my Arnoldo?
What constancy, what faith, do you call this? Fie,
Aim at one wanton mark, and wound another?
I do confess the lady fair, most beauteous,
And able to betray a strong man's liberty;
But you, that have a love, a wife——You do well
To deal thus wisely with me. Yet, Arnoldo,
Since you are pleased to study a new beauty,
And think this old and ill, beaten with misery,
Study a nobler way, for shame, to love her:
Wrong not her honesty——
Arn. You have confirm'd me.
Zen. Who, though she be your wife, will never hinder you;
So much I rest a servant to your wishes,
And love your loves, though they be my destructions.
No man shall know me, nor the share I have in [thee;
No eye suspect I am able to prevent you:
For since I am a slave to this great lady,
Whom I perceive you follow——
Arn. Be not blinded.
Zen. Fortune shall make me useful to your ser- [vice:
I will speak for you.
Arn. Speak for me? You wrong me.
Zen. I will endeavour, all the ways I am able,
To make her think well of you;—will that please?—
To make her dote upon you, dote to madness.
So far, against myself, I will obey you:
But when that's done, and I have shew'd this duty,
This great obedience (few will buy it at my price)
Thus will I shake hands with you, wish you well,
But never see you more, nor receive comfort
From any thing, Arnoldo.
Arn. You are too tender;
I neither doubt you, nor desire longer
To be a man, and live, than I am honest,
And only yours; Our infinite affections
Abused us both.—
Zab. Where are your favours now?
The courtesies you shew'd this stranger, madam?
Hip. Have I now found the cause?
Zab. Attend it further.—
Zen. Did she invite you, do you say?
Arn. Most cunningly;
And with a preparation of that state,
I was brought in and welcomed——
Zen. Seem'd to love you?
Arn. Most infinitely, at first sight, most dotingly.
Zen. She is a goodly lady.
Arn. Wond'rous handsome.
At first view, being taken unprepared,
Your memory not present then to assist me,
She seemed so glorious, sweet, and so far stirred [me—
Nay, be not jealous, there's no harm done.
Zen. Pr'ythee,
Didst thou not kiss, Arnoldo?
Arn. Yes, 'faith, did I.
Zen. And then——
Arn. I durst not, did not.
Zen. I forgive you:
Come, tell the truth.
Arn. May be, I lay with her.
Hip. He mocks me too, most basely.
Zen. Did you, 'faith?
Did you forget so far? [*Weeps.*
Arn. Come, come, no weeping;
I would have lyen first in my grave; believe that.
Why will you ask those things you would not hear?
She's too intemperate to betray my virtues,
Too openly lascivious. Had she dealt
But with that seeming modesty she might,
And flung a little art upon her ardour——
But 'twas forgot, and I forgot to like her,
And glad I was deceived. No, my Zenocia,
My first love, here begun, rests here unreap'd yet,
And here for ever.
Zen. You have made me happy;
Even in the midst of bondage blest.—
Zab. You see now,
What rubs are in your way.
Hip. And quickly, Zabulon,
I'll root 'em out.—[*Whispers.*] Be sure you do this presently.
Zab. Do not you alter then.
Hip. I'm resolute. [*Exit* ZABULON.
Arn. To see you only I came hither last,
Drawn by no love of hers, nor base allurements;
For, by this holy light, I hate her heartily.
Leop. I am glad of that; you have saved me so much vengeance,
And so much fear. From this hour, fair befal you. [*Apart.*
Arn. Some means I shall make shortly to redeem you;
'Till when, observe her well, and fit her temper,
Only her lust contemn.
Zen. When shall I see you?
Arn. I will live hereabouts, and bear her fair [still
'Till I can find a fit hour to redeem you.
Hip. [*Aloud.*] Shut all the doors.
Arn. Who's that?
Zen. We are betray'd;
The lady of the house has heard our parley,
Seen us, and seen our loves.
Hip. You courteous gallant,
You, that scorn all I can bestow, that laugh at
Th' afflictions and the groans I suffer for you,
That slight and jeer my love, contemn the fortune
My favours can fling on you, have I caught you?
Have I now found the cause you fool my wishes?
Is mine own slave my bane? I nourish that,
That sucks up my content. I'll pray no more,
Nor woo no more; thou shalt see, foolish man,

And, to thy bitter pain and anguish, look on
The vengeance I shall take, provok'd and slighted;
Redeem her then, and steal her hence.—Ho, Za-
Now to your work. [bulon!

Enter ZABULON *and* Servants, *some seize* ARNOLDO, *others* ZENOCIA, *offering to strangle her with a cord.*

Arn. Lady! But, hear me speak first,
As you have pity.
Hip. I have none. You taught me:
When I have hung about your neck, you scorn'd [me.
Zab. Shall we pluck yet?
Hip. No, hold a little, Zabulon;
I'll pluck his heart-strings first.—Now am I wor-
A little of your love? [thy
Arn. I'll be your servant;
Command me through what danger you shall aim at,
Let it be death!
Hip. Be sure, sir, I shall fit you.
Arn. But spare this virgin!
Hip. I would spare that villain first,
Had cut my father's throat.
Arn. Bounteous lady, [*Kneels.*
If in your sex there be that noble softness,
That tenderness of heart women are crown'd for—
Zen. Kneel not, Arnoldo; do her not that
She is not worthy such submission: [honour;
I scorn a life depends upon her pity.—
Proud woman, do thy worst, and arm thy anger
With thoughts as black as hell, as hot and bloody!
I bring a patience here, shall make 'em blush,
An innocence, shall outlook thee, and death too.
Arn. Make me your slave; I give my freedom
For ever to be fetter'd to your service! [to you,
'Twas I offended; be not so unjust then,
To strike the innocent. This gentle maid
Never intended fear and doubt against you:
She is your servant: pay not her observance
With cruel looks, her duteous faith with death.
Hip. Am I fair now? now am I worth your liking?
Zen. Not fair, not to be liked, thou glorious devil!
Thou varnish'd piece of lust, thou painted fury!
Arn. Speak gently, sweet! speak gently.
Zen. I'll speak nobly;
'Tis not the saving of a life I aim at.—
Mark me, lascivious woman, mark me truly,
And then consider, how I weigh thy angers!
Life is no longer mine, nor dear unto me,
Than useful to his honour I preserve it.
If thou hadst studied all the courtesies
Humanity and noble blood are link'd to,
Thou couldst not have propounded such a benefit,
Nor heap'd upon me such unlook'd-for honour,
As dying for his sake, to be his martyr.
'Tis such a grace——
Hip. You shall not want that favour:
Let your bones work miracles!
Arn. Dear lady,
By those fair eyes——
Hip. There is but this way left you
To save her life——
Arn. Speak it, and I embrace it.
Hip. Come to my private chamber presently,
And there, what love and I command——
Arn. I'll do it.—
Be comforted, Zenocia.
Zen. Do not do this!
To save me, do not lose yourself, I charge you!
I charge you by your love, that love you bear me,
That love, that constant love you have twin'd to me,
By all your promises (take heed you keep 'em)—
Now is your constant trial! If thou dost this,
Or mov'st one foot to guide thee to her lust,
My curses and eternal hate pursue thee!
Redeem me at the base price of disloyalty?
Must my undoubted honesty be thy bawd too?
Go, and intwine thyself about that body!
Tell her, for my life thou hast lost thine honour,
Pull'd all thy vows from Heav'n; basely, most basely,
Stoop'd to the servile flames of that foul woman,
To add an hour to me that hate thee for it,
Know thee again, nor name thee for a husband!
Arn. What shall I do to save her?
Hip. How now? what haste there?

Enter a Servant.

Serv. The governor, attended with some gentlemen,
Are newly enter'd, to speak with your ladyship.
Hip. Pox o' their business! Reprieve her for
I shall have other time. [this hour;
Arn. Now, Fortune, help us!
Hip. I'll meet 'em presently. Retire a while all.
[*Exeunt* HIP. *and* Servant.
Zab. You rise to-day upon your right side, lady.—
You know the danger too, and may prevent it;
And if you suffer her to perish thus,
(As she must do, and suddenly, believe it,
Unless you stand her friend,—you know the way on't,—)
I guess you poorly love her, less your fortune.
Let her know nothing, and perform this matter;
There are hours ordain'd for several businesses.
You understand——
Arn. I understand you bawd, sir.
And such a counsellor I never cared for.

Enter DON MANUEL *the Governor*, CLODIO, LEOPOLD, CHARINO *and* Attendants, *at one door*, HIPPOLYTA *at the other.*

Hip. Your lordship does me honour.
Man. Fair Hippolyta,
I'm come to ease you of a charge.
Hip. I keep none
I count a burden, sir.—And yet I lie too. [*Aside.*
Man. Which is the maid? Is she here?
Clod. Yes, sir; this is she, this is Zenocia;
The very same I sued to your lordship for.
Zen. Clodio again? More misery? more ruin?
Under what angry star is my life govern'd!
Man. Come hither, maid: You are once more
Here I discharge your bonds. [a free woman;
Arn. Another smile,
Another trick of Fortune to betray us!
Hip. Why does your lordship use me so unnobly;
Against my will, to take away my bond-woman?
Man. She was no lawful prize, therefore no bond-woman:
She's of that country we hold friendship with,
And ever did; and, therefore, to be used
With entertainment fair and courteous.
The breach of league in us gives foul example;
Therefore, you must be pleased to think this honest.—
Did you know what she was? [*To* LEOPOLD.
Leop. Not 'till this instant;
For, had I known her, she had been no prisoner.

Man. There, take the maid; she's at her own dispose now:
And if there be aught else to do your honour
Any poor service in——
Clod. I am vow'd your servant.
Arn. Your father's here too, that's our only comfort;
And in a country now we stand, free people,
Where Clodio has no power. Be comforted.
Zen. I fear some trick yet.
Arn. Be not so dejected.
Man. [*To* Hip.] You must not be displeased; so, farewell, lady.—
Come, gentlemen. Captain, you must with me
I have a little business. [too:
Leop. I attend your lordship.—
Now my way's free, and my hopes lords again.
[*Exeunt all but* Hip. *and* Zab.
Hip. D'ye jeer me now ye are going?
I may live yet——to make you howl both. [then;
Zab. You might have done; you had power
But now the chains are off, the command lost;
And such a story they will make of this,
To laugh out lazy time——
Hip. No means yet left me?
For now I burst with anger! None to satisfy me?
No comfort? no revenge?
Zab. You speak too late;
You might have had all these your useful servants,
Had you been wise and sudden. What power or
Over her beauty have you now, by violence [will,
To constrain his love? She is as free as you are,
And no law can impeach her liberty;
And, while she's so, Arnoldo will despise you.
Hip. Either my love or anger must be satisfied,
Or I must die!
Zab. I have a way would do it,
Would do it yet; protect me from the law.
Hip. From anything! Thou know'st what power
What money, and what friends. [I have,
Zab. It is a devilish one:
But such must now be used. Walk in, I'll tell you;
And if you like it, if the devil can do anything—
Hip. Devil, or what thou wilt, so I be satisfied.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*A Room in the House of* Sulpitia, *the Bawd.*

Enter Sulpitia *and* Jaques.

Sul. This is the rarest and the lustiest fellow,
And so bestirs himself——
Ja. Give him breath, mistress;
You'll melt him else.
Sul. He does perform such wonders——
The women are mad on him.
Ja. Give him breath, I say;
The man is but a man; he must have breath.
Sul. How many had he yesterday?
Ja. About fourteen; and they paid bravely too.
But still I cry, give breath; spare him, and have him.
Sul. Five dames to-day: This was a small stage:
He may endure five more.
Ja. Breath, breath, I cry still;
Body o' me, give breath; the man's a lost man else.
Feed him, and give him breath.

Enter two Gentlewomen.

Sul. Welcome, gentlewomen;
You're very welcome.
1*st Gent.* We hear you have a lusty and well-complexion'd fellow,
That does rare tricks. My sister and myself here
Would trifle out an hour or two, so please you.
Sul. Jaques, conduct 'em in.
Both. There's for your courtesy. [*Give money.*
[*Exeunt* Ja. *and* Gent.
Sul. Good pay still, good round pay. This happy fellow
Will set me up again; he brings in gold
Faster than I have leisure to receive it.
Oh, that his body were not flesh, and fading!
But I'll so pap him up——Nothing too dear for him.
What a sweet scent he has! [*Re-enter* Jaques.] Now, what news, Jaques?
Ja. He cannot last; I pity the poor man,
I suffer for him. Two coaches of young city-dames,
And they drive as the devil were in the wheels,
Are ready now to enter: And behind these,
An old dead-palsied lady in a litter;
And she makes all the haste she can. The man's lost!
You may gather up his dry bones to make nine-
But, for his flesh—— [pins;
Sul. These are but easy labours;
Yet, for I know he must have rest——
Ja. He must;
You'll beat him off his legs else presently.
Sul. Go in, and bid him please himself; I'm pleased too,
To-morrow's a new day. But, if he can,
I would have him take pity o' th' old lady:
Alas, 'tis charity!
Ja. I'll tell him all this;
And, if he be not too fool-hardy—— [*Exit.*

Enter Zabulon.

Sul. How now?
What news with you?
Zab. You must presently
Show all the art you have, and for my lady.
Sul. She may command.
Zab. You must not dream, nor trifle.
Sul. Which way?
Zab. A spell you must prepare, a powerful one;
Peruse but these directions, you shall find all;
There is the picture too: Be quick and faithful,
And do it with that strength——When 'tis perform'd,
Pitch your reward at what you please, you have it.
Sul. I'll do my best, and suddenly. But, hark
Will you never lie at home again? [ye,
Zab. Excuse me;
I have too much business yet.
Sul. I am right glad on't.
Zab. Think on your business; so, farewell.
Sul. I'll do it.
Zab. Within this hour I'll visit you again,
And give you greater lights.
Sul. I shall observe you.
This brings a brave reward; bravely I'll do it,
And all the hidden art I have, express in't.
[*Exeunt severally.*

Enter Rutilio, *with a Night-cap.*

Rut. Now do I look as if I were crow-trodden!
Fie, how my hams shrink under me! Oh me,
I am broken-winded too! Is this a life?
Is this the recreation I have aim'd at?

I had a body once, a handsome body,
And wholesome too: Now, I appear like a rascal,
That had been hung a year or two in gibbets.
Fie, how I faint!—Women! keep me from women!
Place me before a cannon, 'tis a pleasure;
Stretch me upon a rack, a recreation;
But women! women! oh, the devil! women!
Curtius' gulf was never half so dangerous.
Is there no way to find the trap-door again,
And fall into the cellar, and be taken?
No lucky fortune to direct me that way?
No galleys to be got, nor yet no gallows?
For I fear nothing now, no earthly thing,
But these unsatisfied men-leeches, women!
How devilishly my bones ache! Oh, the old lady!
I have a kind of waiting-woman lies cross my back too;
Oh, how she stings! No treason to deliver me?—
Now, what are you? do you mock me?

Enter three Men, *with Night-caps, very faintly.*

1st Man. No, sir, no;
We were your predecessors in this place.
2d Man. And come to see how you bear up.
Rut. Good gentlemen!
You seem to have a snuffing in your head, sir,
A parlous snuffing; but this same dampish air—
2d Man. A dampish air, indeed.
Rut. Blow your face tenderly,
Your nose will ne'er endure it.—Mercy o' me,
What are men changed to here! Is my nose fast yet?
Methinks it shakes i' th' hilts.—Pray tell me, gentlemen,
How long is't since you flourish'd here?
3d Man. Not long since.
Rut. Move yourself easily; I see you are tender.—
Nor long endured?
2d Man. The labour was so much, sir,
And so few to perform it——
Rut. Must I come to this,
And draw my legs after me, like a lame dog?
I cannot run away, I am too feeble.—
Will you sue for this place again, gentlemen?
1st Man. No truly, sir,
The place has been too warm for our complexions.
2d Man. We have enough on't: Rest you merry,
We came but to congratulate your fortune; sir!
You have abundance.
3d Man. Bear your fortune soberly;
And so we leave you to the next fair lady.
[*Exeunt.*
Rut. Stay but a little, and I'll meet you, gentlemen,
At the next hospital.—There's no living thus,
Nor am I able to endure it longer:
With all the help and heats that can be given me,
I am at my trot already. They are fair and young,
Most of the women that repair unto me;
But they stick on like burs, shake me like feathers.—

Enter Sulpitia.

More women yet? 'Would I were honestly married
To any thing that had but half a face,
And not a groat to keep her, nor a smock,
That I might be civilly merry when I pleased,
Rather than labouring in these fulling-mills!
Sul. By this, the spell begins to work.—You are lusty,
I see; you bear up bravely yet.
Rut. Do you hear, lady?
Do not make a game-bear of me, to play me hourly,
And fling on all your whelps; it will not hold:
Play me with some discretion; to-day, one course,
And, two days hence, another.
Sul. If you be so angry,
Pay back the money I redeemed you at,
And take your course; I can have men enough.
You have cost me a hundred crowns since you came hither,
In broths and strength'ning caudles; till you do pay me,
If you will eat and live, you shall endeavour;
I'll chain you to't else.
Rut. Make me a dog-kennel,
I'll keep your house, and bark, and feed on bare bones,
And be whipp'd out o' doors! Do you mark me, lady? whipp'd!
I'll eat old shoes.

Enter Duarte.

Dua. In this house, I am told,
There is a stranger, of a goodly person;
And such a one there was——If I could see him,
I yet remember him.
Sul. Your business, sir?
If it be for a woman, you are cozen'd;
I keep none here. [*Exit.*
Dua. Certain, this is the gentleman;
The very same.
Rut. 'Death! if I had but money,
Or any friend to bring me from this bondage,
I'd thresh, set up a cobbler's shop, keep hogs,
And feed with 'em, sell tinder-boxes
And knights of ginger-bread;
Thatch for three half-pence a-day, and think it lordly,
From this base stallion-trade.—Why does he eye me,
Eye me so narrowly?
Dua. It seems, you are troubled, sir;
I heard you speak of want.
Rut. 'Tis better hearing
Far, than relieving, sir.
Dua. I do not think so;
You know me not.
Rut. Not yet, that I remember.
Dua. You shall, and for your friend; I am beholden to you,
Greatly beholden, sir. If you remember,
You fought with such a man, they call'd Duarte,
A proud distemper'd man: He was my enemy,
My mortal foe; you slew him fairly, nobly.
Rut. Speak softly, sir; you do not mean to betray me?—
I wish'd the gallows; now they're coming fairly.
Dua. Be confident; for, as I live, I love you;
And now you shall perceive it: For that service,
Me and my purse command; there, take it to you;
'Tis gold, and no small sum; a thousand ducats:
Supply your want.
Rut. But do you do this faithfully?
Dua. If I mean ill, spit in my face, and kick me.
In what else may I serve you, sir?
Rut. I thank you!
This is as strange to me as knights' adventures.
I have a project, 'tis an honest one,
And now I'll tempt my fortune.
Dua. Trust me with it.
Rut. You are so good and honest, I must trust you.
'Tis but to carry a letter to a lady,
That saved my life once.

Dua. That will be most thankful;
I will do't with all care.
Rut. Where are you, White-broth?

Enter SULPITIA.

Now, lusty blood, come in, and tell your money;
'Tis ready here:—No threats, nor no orations,
Nor prayers now!
Sul. You do not mean to leave me?
Rut. I'll live in hell sooner than here, and cooler.
Come quickly, come, dispatch! this air's unwholesome.
Quickly, good lady, quickly to't!
Sul. Well, since it must be,
The next I'll fetter faster sure, and closer.
Rut. And pick his bones, as you've done mine; pox take you!
Dua. At my lodging, for a while, you shall be quarter'd,
And there take physic for your health.
Rut. I thank you.—
I have found my angel now too, if I can keep him!

[*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*The Street.*

Enter RUTILIO *and* DUARTE.

Rut. You like the letter?
Dua. Yes; but I must tell you,
You tempt a desperate hazard, to solicit
The mother (and the grieved one too, 'tis rumour'd)
Of him you slew so lately.
Rut. I have told you
Some proofs of her affection; and I know not
A nearer way to make her satisfaction
For a lost son, than speedily to help her
To a good husband; one that will beget
Both sons and daughters, if she be not barren.
I have had a breathing now, and have recovered
What I lost in my late service: 'twas a hot one;
It fired and fired me; but, all thanks to you, sir,
You have both freed and cool'd me.
Dua. What is done, sir,
I thought well done, and was in that rewarded;
And therefore spare your thanks.
Rut. I'll no more whoring;
This fencing 'twixt a pair of sheets more wears one
Than all the exercise in the world besides.
To be drunk with good canary, a mere julep,
Or like gourd-water to it; twenty surfeits
Come short of one night's work there. If I get this lady,
(As ten to one I shall; I was ne'er denied yet)
I will live wondrous honestly; walk before her
Gravely and demurely,
And then instruct my family.—You are sad;
What do you muse on, sir?
Dua. 'Truth, I was thinking
What course to take for the delivery of your letter;
And now I have it. But, 'faith, did this lady
(For do not gull yourself) for certain know
You kill'd her son?
Rut. Give me a book, I'll swear 't:
Denied me to the officers that pursued me,
Brought me herself to th' door, then gave me gold
To bear my charges; and shall I make doubt then
But that she loved me? I am confident,
Time having ta'en her grief off, that I shall be
Most welcome to her: For then to have woo'd her,
Had been unseasonable.
Dua. Well, sir, there's more money,
To make you handsome. I'll about your business.
You know where you must stay?
Rut. There you shall find me.—
'Would I could meet my brother now, to know
Whether the Jew, his genius, or my Christian,
Has proved the better friend. [*Exit.*
Dua. Oh, who would trust
Deceiving woman? or believe that one
The best, and most canonized, ever was
More than a seeming goodness? I could rail now
Against the sex, and curse it; but the theme
And way's too common. Yet that Guiomar,
My mother, (nor let that forbid her to be
The wonder of our nation,) she that was
Mark'd out the great example for all matrons,
Both wife and widow; she that in my breeding
Express'd the utmost of a mother's care,
And tenderness to a son: she that yet feigns
Such sorrow for me; good God, that this mother,
After all this, should give up to a stranger
The wreak she owed her son! I fear her honour.
That he was saved, much joys me; I grieve only,
That she was his preserver. I'll try further,
And, by this engine, find whether the tears,
Of which she is so prodigal, are for me,
Or used to cloke her base hypocrisy. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.—*Another Street.*

Enter HIPPOLYTA *and* SULPITIA, *in the dress of a Magician.*

Hip. Are you assured the charm prevails?
Sul. Do I live?
Or you speak to me? Now, this very instant,
Health takes its last leave of her; meagre paleness,
Like winter, nips the roses and the lilies,
The spring that youth and love adorn'd her face
To force affection is beyond our art; [with.
For I have proved all means that hell has taught
Or the malice of a woman, which exceeds it, [me,
To change Arnoldo's love; but to no purpose.
But, for your bond-woman——
Hip. Let her pine and die!
She removed, which, like a brighter sun,
Obscures my beams, I may shine out again.
And, as I have been, be admired and sought to.
How long has she to live?
Sul. Lady, before
The sun twice rise and set, be confident
She is but dead; I know my charm hath found her,
Nor can the governor's guard, her lover's tears,
Her father's sorrow, or his power that freed her,
Defend her from it.

Enter ZABULON.

Zab. All things have succeeded
As you could wish; I saw her brought sick home,
The image of pale death stamp'd on her forehead.
Let me adore this second Hecatè,
This great commandress of the fatal sisters,
That, as she pleases, can cut short, or lengthen
The thread of life!

Hip. Where was she when th' enchantment
First seized upon her?
Zab. Taking the fresh air,
I' th' company of the governor and Count Clodio;
Arnoldo too was present, with her father;
When, in a moment (so the servants told me)
As she was giving thanks to the governor
And Clodio, for her unexpected freedom,
As if she had been blasted, she sunk down,
To their amazement.
Hip. 'Tis thy master-piece,
Which I will so reward, that thou shalt fix here;
And, with the hazard of thy life, no more
Make trial of thy powerful art; which, known,
Our laws call death. Off with this magical robe,
And be thyself. [*They retire.*

Enter Don Manuel *the Governor*, Clodio, *and* Charino.

Sul. Stand close; you shall hear more.
Man. You must have patience; all rage is vain now,
And piety forbids that we should question
What is decreed above, or ask a reason,
Why Heav'n determines this or that way of us.
Clod. Heav'n has no hand in't; 'tis a work of hell!
Her life hath been so innocent, all her actions
So free from the suspicion of crime,
As rather she deserves a saint's place here,
Than to endure what now her sweetness suffers.
Char. Not for her fault, but mine, sir, Zenocia suffers.
The sin I made, when I sought to raze down
Arnoldo's love, built on a rock of truth,
Now to the height is punish'd. I profess,
Had he no birth nor parts, the present sorrow
He now expresses for her, does deserve her
Above all kings, though such had been his rivals.
Clod. All ancient stories, of the love of husbands
To virtuous wives, be now no more remember'd!
Char. The tales of turtles ever be forgotten,
Or, for his sake, believed!
Man. I have heard there has been
Between some married pairs such sympathy,
That the husband has felt really the throes
His wife, then teeming, suffers: This true grief
Confirms, 'tis not impossible.
Clod. We shall find
Fit time for this hereafter; let's use now
All possible means to help her.
Man. Care, nor cost,
Nor what physicians can do, shall be wanting.
Make use of any means or men.
Char. You are noble.
[*Exeunt* Man. Clod. *and* Char.
Sul. Ten colleges of doctors shall not save her.
Her fate is in your hand.
Hip. Can I restore her?
Sul. If you command my art.
Hip. I'll die myself first!
And yet I will go visit her, and see
This miracle of sorrow, in Arnoldo:
An 'twere for me, I should change places with her,
And die most happy! Such a lover's tears
Were a rich monument; but too good for her
Whose misery I glory in. Come, Sulpitia,
You shall along with me. Good Zabulon,
Be not far off.
Zab. I will attend you, madam. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*A Room in* Guiomar's *House.*

Enter Duarte *and a* Servant.

Guiomar *seated in the back ground.*

Serv. I have served you from my youth, and ever you
Have found me faithful. That you live is a trea-
I'll lock up here; nor shall it be let forth [sure
But when you give me warrant.
Dua. I rely
Upon thy faith.—Nay, no more protestations;
Too many of them will call that in question,
Which now I doubt not. She is there?
Serv. Alone too;
But take it on my life, your entertainment,
Appearing as you are, will be but coarse.
For the displeasure I shall undergo,
I am prepared.
Dua. Leave me; I'll stand the hazard.—
[*Exit* Servant.
The silence that's observed, her close retirements,
No visitants admitted, not the day,
These sable colours, all signs of true sorrow,
Or hers is deeply counterfeit. I'll look nearer;
Manners, give leave!—She sits upon the ground;
By Heaven, she weeps; my picture in her hand
She kisses it, and weeps again. [too;

Guiomar *comes forward.*

Gui. Who's there?
Dua. There is no starting back now.—[*Aside.*]—
Gui. Ha! [Madam.
Another murderer! I'll not protect thee,
Though I have no more sons.
Dua. Your pardon, lady;
There's no such foul fact taints me.
Gui. What mak'st thou here then?
Where are my servants? Do none but my sorrows
Attend upon me? Speak, what brought thee
Dua. A will to give you comfort. [hither?
Gui. Thou'rt but a man,
And 'tis beyond a human reach to do it.
If thou couldst raise the dead out of their graves,
Bid time run back, make me now what I was,
A happy mother, gladly I would hear thee!
But that's impossible.
Dua. Please you but to read this;
You shall know better there why I am sent,
Than if I should deliver it.
Gui. From whom comes it?
Dua. That will instruct you.—I suspect this stranger; [*Aside.*
Yet she spake something that holds such alliance
With his reports, I know not what to think on't.—
What a frown was there! She looks me through and through,
Now reads again, now pauses, and now smiles;
And yet there's more of anger in't than mirth.
These are strange changes!—Oh, I understand it!
She's full of serious thoughts.
Gui. You are just, you Heav'ns, [*Aside.*
And never do forget to hear their pray'rs,
That truly pay their vows! The deferr'd vengeance,
For you and my word's sake so long deferr'd,
Under which, as a mountain, my heart groans yet
When 'twas despair'd of, now is offer'd to me;
And, if I lose it, I am both ways guilty.
The woman's mask, dissimulation, help me!——

Come hither, friend; I am sure you know the
That sent these charms. [gentleman
Dua. Charms, lady?
Gui. These charms;
I well may call them so; they've won upon me
More than e'er letter did. Thou art his friend,
(The confidence he has in thee confirms it)
And, therefore, I'll be open-breasted to thee:
To hear of him, though yet I never saw him,
Was most desired of all men! Let me blush,
And then I'll say I love him.
Dua. All men see,
In this, a woman's virtue! [*Aside.*
Gui. I expected,
For the courtesy I did, long since to have seen him;
And though I then forbad it, you men know,
Between our hearts and tongues there's a large [distance.
But I'll excuse him; may be, hitherto
He has forborne it, in respect my son
Fell by his hand.
Dua. And reason, lady.
Gui. No;
He did me a pleasure in't; a riotous fellow,
And, with that, insolent, not worth the owning!
I have indeed kept a long solemn sorrow,
For my friends' sake partly; but especially
For his long absence.
Dua. Oh, the devil! [*Aside.*
Gui. Therefore,
Bid him be speedy; a priest shall be ready
To tie the holy knot. This kiss I send him;
Deliver that, and bring him.
Dua. I am dumb: [*Aside.*
A good cause I have now, and a good sword,
And something I shall do!—I wait upon you.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*A Room in the Palace of* MANUEL DE SOUSA, *the Governor.*

Enter MANUEL, CLODIO, CHARINO, ARNOLDO, ZENOCIA, *brought in in a chair, two* Doctors.

Doct. Give her more air; she dies else.
Arn. Oh, thou dread Power,
That mad'st this all, and of thy workmanship
This virgin wife, the master-piece, look down on her!
Let her mind's virtues, cloth'd in this fair garment,
That worthily deserves a better name
Than flesh and blood, now sue, and prevail for her!
Or, if those are deny'd, let innocence,
To which all passages in Heav'n stand open,
Appear in her white robe, before thy throne,
And mediate for her! Or, if this age of sin
Be worthy of a miracle, the sun
In his diurnal progress never saw
So sweet a subject to employ it on!
Man. Wonders are ceas'd, sir; we must work by means.
Arn. 'Tis true, and such reverend physicians are:
To you thus low I fall then! So may you ever
[*Kneels before the* Doctors.
Be styl'd the hands of Heav'n, Nature's restorers;
Get wealth and honours; and by your success,
In all your undertakings, propagate
Your great opinion in the world, as now
You use your saving art! For know, good gentle-
Besides the fame, and all that I possess, [men,
For a reward, posterity shall stand
Indebted to you; for (as Heav'n forbid it)
Should my Zenocia die, robbing this age
Of all that's good or graceful, times succeeding,
The story of her pure life not yet perfect,
Will suffer in the want of her example.
1 *Doct.* Were all the world to perish with her, we
Can do no more than what art and experience
Give us assurance of. We have used all means
To find the cause of her disease, yet cannot:
How should we, then, promise the cure?
Arn. Away! [*Rises.*
I did belie you, when I charg'd you with
The power of doing: Ye are mere names only,
And even your best perfection accidental.—
Whatever malady thou art, or spirit,
(As some hold all diseases that afflict us)
As love already makes me sensible
Of half her sufferings, ease her of her part,
And let me stand the butt of thy fell malice,
And I will swear thou'rt merciful!
2 *Doct.* Your hand, lady.—
What a strange heat is here!—Bring some warm water.
Arn. She shall use nothing that is yours; my
Provides her of a better bath; my tears [sorrow
Shall do that office.
Zen. Oh, my best Arnoldo!
The truest of all lovers! I would live,
Were Heav'n so pleas'd, but to reward your sorrow
With my true service; but since that's denied me,
May you live long and happy! Do not suffer—
By your affection to me, I conjure you!—
My sickness to infect you; though much love
Makes you too subject to it.
Arn. In this only
Zenocia wrongs her servant: Can the body
Subsist, the soul departed? 'Tis as easy
As I to live without you! I am your husband,
And long have been so, though our adverse fortune,
Bandying us from one hazard to another,
Would never grant me so much happiness
As to pay a husband's debt. Despite of fortune,
In death I'll follow you, and guard mine own;
And there enjoy what here my fate forbids me!
Clod. So true a sorrow, and so feelingly
Express'd, I never read of.
Man. I am struck
With wonder to behold it, as with pity.
Char. If you, that are a stranger, suffer for them,
Being tied no further than humanity
Leads you to soft compassion; think, great sir,
What of necessity I must endure,
That am a father!

Enter HIPPOLYTA, *speaking to* ZABULON *and* SULPITIA *at the door.*

Hip. Wait me there; I hold it
Unfit to have you seen. As I find cause,
You shall proceed.
Man. You're welcome, lady.
Hip. Sir,
I come to do a charitable office.
How does the patient?
Clod. You may inquire
Of more than one; for two are sick and deadly:
He languishes in her; her health's despaired of,
And in hers, his.
Hip. 'Tis a strange spectacle:
With what a patience they sit unmov'd!
Are they not dead already?

Doct. By her pulse,
She cannot last a day.
Arn. Oh, by that summons,
I know my time too!
Hip. Look to the man!
Clod. Apply
Your art to save the lady; preserve her,
A town is your reward!
Hip. I'll treble it
In ready gold, if you restore Arnoldo;
For in his death I die too.
Clod. Without her
I am no more.
Arn. Are you there, madam? Now
You may feast on my miseries. My coldness
In answering your affections, or hardness,
(Give it what name you please,) you are revenged
For now you may perceive our thread of life [of;
Was spun together, and the poor Arnoldo
Made only to enjoy the best Zenocia,
And not to serve the use of any other;
And, in that, she may equal; my lord Clodio
Had long since else enjoy'd her: Nor could I
Have been so blind as not to see your great
And many excellencies, far, far beyond
Or my deservings, or my hopes. We are now
Going our latest journey, and together:
Our only comfort we desire—pray give it!—
Your charity to our ashes—such we must be—
And not to curse our memories.
Hip. I'm much mov'd.
Clod. I'm wholly overcome. All love to women
Farewell for ever! Ere you die, your pardon;
And yours, sir! Had she many years to live,
Perhaps I might look on her as a brother,
But as a lover never. And since all
Your sad misfortunes had original
From the barbarous Custom practis'd in my country,
Heav'n witness, for your sake, I here release it!
So, to your memory, chaste wives and virgins
Shall ever pay their vows. I give her to you:
And wish she were so now, as when my lust
Forc'd you to quit the country.
Hip. It is in vain
To strive with destiny; here my dotage ends!
Look up, Zenocia! Health in me speaks to you;
She gives him to you, that, by divers ways,
So long has kept him from you! And repent not
That you were once my servant; for which, health,
[And] in recompence of what I made you suffer,
The hundred thousand crowns the city owes me,
Shall be your dower.
Man. 'Tis a magnificent gift,
Had it been timely given.
Hip. It is, believe it.—
Sulpitia!

Enter SULPITIA *and a* Servant, *who whispers* MANUEL.

Sul. Madam.
Hip. Quick, undo the charm!
Ask not a reason why; let it suffice
It is my will.
Sul. Which I obey, and gladly. [*Exit.*
Man. Is to be married, say'st thou?
Serv. So she says, sir,
And does desire your presence.
Man. Tell her I'll come.
Hip. Pray carry them to their rest; for tho' already
They do appear as dead, let my life pay for't,
If they recover not.

[ZENOCIA *and* ARNOLDO *are borne off in chairs.*

Man. What you have warranted,
Assure yourself, will be expected from you;
Look to them carefully; and till the trial——
Hip. Which shall not be above four hours.
Man. Let me
Entreat your companies: There now is something
Of weight invites me hence.
All. We'll wait upon you. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—*A Room in the House of* GUIOMAR.

Enter GUIOMAR *and* Servants.

Gui. You understand what my directions are,
And what they guide you to; the faithful promise
You've made me all.
All. We do, and will perform it.
Gui. The governor will not fail to be here presently.
Retire a while, till you shall find occasion;
And bring me word when they arrive.
All. We shall, madam.
Gui. Only stay you to entertain.
1 *Serv.* I am ready. [*Exeunt* Servants.
Gui. I wonder at the bold and practis'd malice
Men ever have o' foot against our honours;
That nothing we can do, never so virtuous,
No shape put on so pious (no, not think
What a good is, be that good ne'er so noble,
Never so laden with admir'd example)
But still we end in lust; our aims, our actions,
Nay, even our charities, with lust are branded!
Why should this stranger else, this wretched stranger,
Whose life I sav'd—at what dear price sticks here yet—
Why should he hope? He was not here an hour;
And certainly in that time, I may swear it,
I gave him no loose look; I had no reason!
Unless my tears were flames, my curses courtships,
The killing of my son a kindness to me,—
Why should he send to me, or with what safety,
(Examining the ruin he had wrought me)
Though at that time my pious pity fenc'd him,
And my word fix'd? I am troubled, strongly troubled.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. The gentlemen are come.
Gui. Then bid 'em welcome. I must retire. [*Exit.*

Enter RUTILIO, *and* DUARTE *disguised.*

Serv. You are welcome, gentlemen.
Rut. I thank you, friend; I would speak with your lady.
Serv. I'll let her understand. [*Exit* Servant.
Rut. It shall befit you.—
How do I look, sir, in this handsome trim?
Methinks I am wondrous brave.
Dua. You're very decent.
Rut. These by themselves, without more helps of nature,
Would set a woman hard: I know 'em all,
And where their first aims light. I'll lay my head on't,
I'll take her eye, as soon as she looks on me;
And if I come to speak once, woe be to her!
I have her in a nooze, she cannot 'scape me;
I have their several lasts.

Dua. You are thoroughly studied.
But tell me, sir, being unacquainted with her,
As you confess you are——
Rut. That's not an hour's work;
I'll make a nun forget her beads in two hours.
Dua. She being set in years, next; none of those lustres
Appearing in her eye that warm the fancy;
Nor nothing in her face but handsome ruins——
Rut. I love old stories: Those live believ'd, authentic,
When twenty of your modern faces are called in,
For new opinion, paintings, and corruptions;
Give me an old confirm'd face. Besides, she saved me,
She sav'd my life; have I not cause to love her?
She's rich, and of a constant state, a fair one;
Have I not cause to woo her? I have tried sufficient,
All your young fillies: I think, this back has try'd 'em,
And smarted for it too. They run away with me,
Take bit between the teeth, and play the devils;
A stay'd pace now becomes my years, a sure one,
Where I may sit and crack no girths.
Dua. How miserable, [*Aside.*
If my mother should confirm what I suspect now,
Beyond all human cure, were my condition!
Then I shall wish this body had been so too.—
Here comes the lady, sir.

Enter GUIOMAR.

Rut. Excellent lady,
To shew I am a creature bound to your service,
And only yours——
Gui. Keep at that distance, sir;
For if you stir——
Rut. I am obedient.—
She has found already I am for her turn:
With what a greedy hawk's eye she beholds me!
Mark, how she musters all my parts.
[*Aside to* DUARTE.
Gui. A goodly gentleman,
Of a more manly set I never look'd on. [*Aside.*
Rut. Mark, mark her eyes still; mark but the carriage of 'em!
Gui. [*Aside.*] How happy am I now, since my
He fell not by a base unnoble hand! [son fell,
As that still troubled me. How far more happy
Shall my revenge be, since the sacrifice
I offer to his grave, shall be both worthy
A son's untimely loss, and a mother's sorrow!
Rut. Sir, I am made, believe it; she is mine own:
I told you what a spell I carried with me.
All this time does she spend in contemplation
Of that unmatch'd delight—I shall be thankful to you;
And if you please to know my house, to use it,
To take it for your own——
Gui. Who waits without there?

Enter Guard *and* Servants; *they seise upon* RUTILIO, *and bind him.*

Rut. How now? what means this, lady?
Gui. Bind him fast.
Rut. Are these the bride-laces you prepare for
The colours that you give? [me?
Dua. Fie, gentle lady;
This is not noble dealing.
Gui. Be you satisfied;
It seems you are a stranger to this meaning;
You shall not be so long.
Rut. Do you call this wooing?—
Is there no end of women's persecutions?
Must I needs fool into mine own destruction?
Have I not had fair warnings, and enough too?
Still pick the devil's teeth?—You are not mad,
Do I come fairly, and like a gentleman, [lady?
To offer you that honour——
Gui. You are deceiv'd, sir;
You come, besotted, to your own destruction;
I sent not for you. What honour can you add to me,
That brake that staff of honour my age lean'd on?
That robb'd me of that right made me a mother?
Hear me, thou wretched man, hear me with terror,
And let thine own bold folly shake thy soul!
Hear me pronounce thy death, that now hangs o'er thee,
Thou desperate fool! Who bade thee seek this ruin?
What mad unmanly fate made thee discover
Thy cursed face to me again? Was't not enough
To have the fair protection of my house,
When misery and justice close pursued thee?
When thine own bloody sword cried out against thee,
Hatch'd in the life of him? Yet I forgave thee;
My hospitable word, even when I saw
The goodliest branch of all my blood lopp'd from
Did I not seal still to thee? [me,
Rut. I am gone.
Gui. And when thou went'st, to imp thy misery,
Did I not give thee means? But hark, ungrateful!
Was it not thus, to hide thy face and fly me?
To keep thy name for ever from my memory,
Thy cursed blood and kindred? Did I not swear then,
If ever, in this wretched life thou hast left me,
Short and unfortunate, I saw thee again,
Or came but to the knowledge where thou wandredst
To call my vow back, and pursue with vengeance,
With all the miseries a mother suffers?
Rut. I was born to be hang'd; there's no avoiding it.
Gui. And dar'st thou with this impudence appear here,
Walk like the winding-sheet my son was put in,
Stained with those wounds?
Dua. I am happy now again. [*Apart.*
Happy the hour I fell, to find a mother
So pious, good, and excellent in sorrows!

Enter a Servant.

Serv. The governor's come in.
Gui. Oh, let him enter.
Rut. I have fool'd myself a fair thread! Of all my fortunes,
This strikes me most; not that I fear to perish,
But that this unmannerly boldness has brought me to it.

Enter MANUEL, CLODIO, *and* CHARINO.

Man. Are these fit preparations for a wedding,
I came prepar'd a guest. [lady?
Gui. Oh, give me justice!
As ever you will leave a virtuous name,
Do justice, justice, sir!
Man. You need not ask it;
I am bound to it.
Gui. Justice upon this man,
That kill'd my son!
Man. Do you confess the act?
Rut. Yes, sir.

Clod. Rutilio?
Cha. 'Tis the same.
Clod. How fell he thus?
Here will be sorrow for the good Arnoldo!
Man. Take heed, sir, what you say.
Rut. I have weigh'd it well;
I am the man! Nor is it life I start at;
Only I am unhappy I am poor,
Poor in expence of lives; there I am wretched,
That I've not two lives lent me for this sacrifice;
One for her son, another for her sorrow!—
Excellent lady, now rejoice again;
For though I cannot think you're pleas'd in blood,
Nor with that greedy thirst pursue your vengeance;
(The tenderness, even in those tears, denies that)
Yet let the world believe you lov'd Duarte!
The unmatch'd courtesies you have done my miseries,
Without this forfeit to the law, would charge me
To tender you this life, and proud 'twould please you.
Gui. Shall I have justice?
Man. Yes.
Rut. I'll ask it for you;
I'll follow it myself, against myself.—
Sir, 'tis most fit I die; dispatch it quickly:
The monstrous burden of that grief she labours with,
Will kill her else; then blood on blood lies on me!
Had I a thousand lives, I'd give 'em all,
Before I'd draw one tear more from that virtue.
Gui. Be not too cruel, sir—and yet his bold sword—
But his life cannot restore that—he's a man too
Of a fair promise—but, alas! my son's dead!—
If I have justice, must it kill him?
Man. Yes.
Gui. If I have not, it kills me.—Strong and goodly:
Why should he perish too?
Man. It lies in your power;
You only may accuse him, or may quit him.
Clod. Be there no other witnesses?
Gui. Not any.
And, if I save him, will not the world proclaim,
I have forgot a son, to save a murderer?
And yet he looks not like one; he looks manly.
Clod. Pity, so brave a gentleman should perish!
She cannot be so hard, so cruel-hearted.
Gui. Will you pronounce?—Yet, stay a little,
Rut. Rid yourself, lady, of this misery, [sir.
And let me go: I do but breed more tempests,
With which you are already too much shaken.
Gui. Do, now pronounce! I will not hear.
Dua. You shall not! [*Discovering himself.*
Yet turn and see, good madam.
Man. Do not wonder:
'Tis he restor'd again, thank the good doctor.
Pray, do not stand amaz'd; it is Duarte,
He's well, is safe again.
Gui. Oh, my sweet son!
I will not press my wonder now with questions.—
Sir, I am sorry for that cruelty
I urg'd against you.
Rut. Madam, it was but justice.
Dua. 'Tis true, the doctor heal'd this body again;
But this man heal'd my soul, made my mind perfect:
The good sharp lessons his sword read to me,
Sav'd me: for which, if you lov'd me, dear mother,
Honour and love this man.

Gui. You sent this letter?
Rut. My boldness makes me blush now.
Gui. I'll wipe off that;
And, with this kiss, I take you for my husband.
Your wooing's done, sir; I believe you love me,
And that's the wealth I look for now.
Rut. You have it.
Dua. You have ended my desire to all my wishes.
Man. Now 'tis a wedding again. And if Hippolyta
Make good, what with the hazard of her life
She undertook, the evening will set clear,
After a stormy day.

Enter HIPPOLYTA *and* LEOPOLD, *leading* ARNOLDO, *and* ZENOCIA, *with* ZABULON *and* SULPITIA.

Char. Here comes the lady.
Clod. With fair Zenocia, health with life again
Restored unto her.
Zen. The gift of her goodness.
Rut. Let us embrace; I am of your order too,
And though I once despair'd of women, now
I find they relish much of scorpions;
For both have stings, and both can hurt and cure
But what have been your fortunes? [too.
Arn. We'll defer
Our story, and, at time more fit, relate it.
Now all that reverence virtue, and in that
Zenocia's constancy and perfect love,
Or for her sake Arnoldo's, join with us
In th' honour of this lady.
Char. She deserves it.
Hip. Hippolyta's life shall make that good hereafter:
Nor will I alone better myself, but others;
For these, whose wants, perhaps, have made their actions
Not altogether innocent, shall from me
Be so supplied, that need shall not compel them
To any course of life but what the law
Shall give allowance to.
Zab. and *Sul.* Your ladyship's creatures.
Rut. Be so, and no more, you man-huckster—
Hip. And, worthy Leopold, you that with such fervour
So long have sought me, and in that deserved me,
Shall now find full reward for all your travels,
Which you have made more dear by patient sufferance.
And though my violent dotage did transport me
Beyond those bounds my modesty should have kept in,
Though my desires were loose, from unchaste art,
Heav'n knows, I am free.
Leop. The thought of that's dead to me;
I gladly take your offer.
Rut. Do so, sir;
A piece of crack'd gold ever will weigh down
Silver that's whole.
Man. You shall be all my guests;
I must not be deny'd.
Arn. Come, my Zenocia,
Our bark at length has found a quiet harbour;
And the unspotted progress of our loves
Ends not alone in safety, but reward;
To instruct others, by our fair example,
That, though good purposes are long withstood,
The hand of Heav'n still guides such as are good.
[*Exeunt omnes.*

THE EPILOGUE.

WHY there should be an epilogue to a play,
I know no cause. The old and usual way,
For which they were made, was t'entreat the grace
Of such as were spectators: In this place,
And time, 'tis to no purpose; for, I know,
What you resolve already to bestow
Will not be alter'd, whatsoe'er I say
In the behalf of us, and of the play;
Only to quit our doubts, if you think fit,
You may or cry it up or silence it.

ANOTHER EPILOGUE,

AT A REVIVAL.

I SPAKE much in the prologue for the play,
To its desert, I hope; yet you might say,
Should I change now from that, which then was meant,
Or in a syllable grow less confident,
I were weak-hearted: I am still the same
In my opinion, and forbear to frame
Qualification, or excuse. If you
Concur with me, and hold my judgment true,
Shew it with any sign, and from this place,
Or send me off exploded, or with grace.

THE ELDER BROTHER.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

LEWIS, *a Lord.*
MIRAMONT, *a Gentleman.*
BRISAC, *a Justice, Brother to* MIRAMONT.
CHARLES, *a Scholar,* } *Sons to* BRISAC.
EUSTACE, *a Courtier,* }
EGREMONT, } *Two Courtiers, Friends to* EUSTACE.
COWSY, }
ANDREW, *Servant to* CHARLES.
GILBERT, *the Cook,* } *Servants to* BRISAC.
RALPH, *the Butler,* }

Priest.
Notary.
Servants.
Officers.

ANGELLINA, *Daughter to* LEWIS.
SYLVIA, *her Woman.*
LILLY, *Wife to* ANDREW.
Ladies.

SCENE,—FRANCE.

LECTORI.

WOULDST thou all wit, all comic art survey,
Read here and wonder; Fletcher writ the play.

PROLOGUE.

BUT that it would take from our modesty,
To praise the writer, or the comedy,
Till your fair suffrage crown it, I should say,
You're all most welcome to no vulgar play;
And so far we are confident. And if he
That made it still lives in your memory,
You will expect what we present to-night
Should be judged worthy of your ears and sight:
You shall hear Fletcher in it; his true strain,
And neat expressions. Living, he did gain
Your good opinions; but, now dead, commends
This orphan to the care of noble friends:
And may it raise in you content and mirth,
And be received for a legitimate birth!
Your grace erects new trophies to his fame,
And shall to after-times preserve his name.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*The Country.—A Grove near the House of* LEWIS.

Enter LEWIS, ANGELLINA, *and* SYLVIA.

Lew. Nay, I must walk you further.
Ang. I am tired, sir,
And ne'er shall foot it home.
Lew. 'Tis for your health;
The want of exercise takes from your beauties,
And sloth dries up your sweetness. That you are
My only daughter, and my heir, is granted;
And you in thankfulness must needs acknowledge
You ever find me an indulgent father,
And open-handed.
Ang. Nor can you tax me, sir,
I hope, for want of duty to deserve
These favours from you.
Lew. No, my Angellina,
I love and cherish thy obedience to me,
Which my care to advance thee shall confirm.
All that I aim at is, to win thee from
The practice of an idle foolish state,
Used by great women, who think any labour
(Though in the service of themselves) a blemish
To their fair fortunes.
Ang. Make me understand, sir,
What 'tis you point at.
Lew. At the custom, how
Virgins of wealthy families waste their youth:
After a long sleep, when you wake, your woman
Presents your breakfast, then you sleep again,
Then rise, and being trimm'd up by others' hands,
You are led to dinner, and that ended, either
To cards or to your couch (as if you were
Born without motion,) after this to supper,
And then to bed: And so your life runs round
Without variety, or action, daughter.
Syl. Here's a learn'd lecture!
Lew. From this idleness,
Diseases, both in body and in mind,
Grow strong upon you; where a stirring nature,
With wholesome exercise, guards both from danger.
I'd have thee rise with the sun, walk, dance, or hunt,

Visit the groves and springs, and learn the virtues
Of plants and simples: Do this moderately,
And thou shalt not, with eating chalk, or coals,
Leather and oatmeal, and such other trash,
Fall into the green-sickness.

Syl. With your pardon,
(Were you but pleased to minister it) I could
Prescribe a remedy for my lady's health,
And her delight too, far transcending those
Your lordship but now mention'd.

Lew. What is't, Sylvia?

Syl. What is't? a noble husband: In that word,
"A noble husband," all content of women
Is wholly comprehended. He will rouse her,
As you say, with the sun; and so pipe to her
As she will dance, ne'er doubt it; and hunt with
Upon occasion, until both be weary; [her,
And then the knowledge of your plants and sim-
As I take it, were superfluous. A loving, [ples
And but add to it, a gamesome bedfellow,
Being the sure physician!

Lew. Well said, wench.

Ang. And who gave you commission to deliver
Your verdict, minion?

Syl. I deserve a fee,
And not a frown, dear madam.—I but speak
Her thoughts, my lord, and what her modesty
Refuses to give voice to. Shew no mercy
To a maidenhead of fourteen, but off with't.
Let her lose no time, sir: Fathers that deny [them,
Their daughters lawful pleasures, when ripe for
In some kind's edge their appetites to taste of
The fruit that is forbidden.

Lew. 'Tis well urged,
And I approve it.—No more blushing, girl;
Thy woman hath spoke truth, and so prevented
What I meant to move to thee. There dwells near
A gentleman of blood, Monsieur Brisac, [us
Of a fair state, six thousand crowns *per annum*,
The happy father of two hopeful sons,
Of different breeding; the elder, a mere scholar,
The younger, a quaint courtier.

Ang. Sir, I know them
By public fame, though yet I never saw them;
And that opposed antipathy between
Their various dispositions, renders them
The general discourse and argument;
One part inclining to the scholar Charles,
The other side preferring Eustace, as
A man complete in courtship.

Lew. And which way
(If of these two you were to chuse a husband)
Doth your affection sway you?

Ang. To be plain, sir,
(Since you will teach me boldness) as they are,
Simply themselves, to neither. Let a courtier
Be never so exact, let him be bless'd with
All parts that yield him to a virgin gracious,
If he depend on others, and stand not
On his own bottoms, though he have the means
To bring his mistress to a masque, or, by
Conveyance from some great one's lips, to taste
Such favour from the king's; or, grant he purchase
Precedency in the country, to be sworn
A servant-extraordinary to the queen;
Nay, though he live in expectation of
Some huge preferment in reversion; if
He want a present fortune, at the best
Those are but glorious dreams, and only yield him
A happiness in *posse*, not in *esse*,
Nor can they fetch him silks from th' mercer; nor
Discharge a tailor's bill, nor in full plenty,
Which still preserves a quiet bed at home,
Maintain a family.

Lew. Aptly consider'd,
And to my wish. But what's thy censure of
The scholar?

Ang. 'Troth, if he be nothing else,
As of the courtier: All his songs and sonnets,
His anagrams, acrosticks, epigrams,
His deep and philosophical discourse
Of nature's hidden secrets, make not up
A perfect husband. He can hardly borrow
The stars of the celestial crown to make me
A tire for my head; nor Charles' wane for a coach,
Nor Ganymede for a page, nor a rich gown
From Juno's wardrobe; nor would I lye-in,
For I despair not once to be a mother,
Under Heaven's spangled canopy, or banquet
My guests and gossips with imagined nectar;
Pure Orleans would do better. No, no, father,
Though I could be well pleased to have my husband
A courtier, and a scholar, young, and valiant,
These are but gaudy nothings, if there be not
Something to make a substance.

Lew. And what is that?

Ang. A full estate; and, that said, I've said all:
And get me such a one, with these additions,
Farewell, virginity! and welcome, wedlock!

Lew. But where is such one to be met with, daughter?
A black swan is more common; you may wear
Grey tresses ere we find him.

Ang. I am not
So punctual in all ceremonies: I will bate
Two or three of these good parts, before I'll dwell
Too long upon the choice.

Syl. Only, my lord, remember
That he be rich and active; for, without these,
The others yield no relish: But, these, perfect,
You must bear with small faults, madam.

Lew. Merry wench;
And it becomes you well! I'll to Brisac,
And try what may be done. I' the mean time, home,
And feast thy thoughts with the pleasures of a bride.

Syl. Thoughts are but airy food, sir; let her taste them. [*Exeunt severally.*

SCENE II.—*A Room in the House of* BRISAC.

Enter ANDREW, Cook, *and* Butler, *with books.*

And. Unload part of the library, and make room
For th' other dozen of carts; I'll strait be with you.

Cook. Why, hath he more books?

And. More than ten marts send over.

But. And can he tell their names?

And. Their names! he has 'em
As perfect as his *Pater Noster;* but that's nothing;
He has read them over, leaf by leaf, three thousand times.
But here's the wonder; though their weight would
A Spanish carrack, without other ballast, [sink
He carrieth them all in his head, and yet
He walks upright.

But. Surely he has a strong brain.

And. If all thy pipes of wine were fill'd with books,
Made of the barks of trees, or mysteries writ
In old moth-eaten vellum, he would sip thy cellar
Quite dry, and still be thirsty. Then, for's diet,

He eats and digests more volumes at a meal,
Than there would be larks (though the sky should
Devour'd in a month in Paris: Yet fear not, [fall)
Sons o' th' buttery and kitchen! though his learned stomach
Cannot be appeased, he'll seldom trouble you;
His knowing stomach contemns your black-jacks, butler,
And your flagons; and, cook, thy boil'd, thy roast,
Cook. How liveth he? [thy baked!
And. Not as other men do;
Few princes fare like him: He breaks his fast
With Aristotle, dines with Tully, takes
His watering with the muses, sups with Livy,
Then walks a turn or two in *Viâ Lacteâ*,
And, after six hours' conference with the stars,
Sleeps with old *Erra Pater*.
But. This is admirable.
And. I'll tell you more hereafter. Here's my old master,
And another old ignorant elder; I'll upon 'em.

Enter Brisac *and* Lewis.

Bri. What, Andrew, welcome! where's my Charles? speak, Andrew;
Where didst thou leave thy master?
And. Contemplating
The number of the sands in the highway;
And, from that, purposes to make a judgment
Of the remainder in the sea. He is, sir,
In serious study, and will lose no minute,
Nor out of's pace to knowledge.
Lew. This is strange.
And. Yet he hath sent his duty, sir, before him
In this fair manuscript.
Bri. What have we here?
Pot-hooks and andirons!
And. I much pity you!
It is the Syrian character, or the Arabic.
Would you have it said, so great and deep a scholar
As master Charles is, should ask blessing
In any Christian language? Were it Greek,
I could interpret for you; but, indeed,
I am gone no further.
Bri. And in Greek you can
Lie with your smug wife Lilly?
And. If I keep her
From your French dialect (as I hope I shall, sir,
Howe'er she is your laundress) she shall put you
To the charge of no more soap than usual
For the washing of your sheets.
Bri. Take in the knave,
And let him eat.
And. And drink too, sir?
Bri. And drink too, sir:
And see your master's chamber ready for him.
But. Come, doctor Andrew, without disputation,
Thou shalt commence i' th' cellar.
And. I had rather
Commence on cold baked meat.
Cook. Thou shalt ha't, boy. [*Exeunt.*
Bri. Good monsieur Lewis, I esteem myself
Much honour'd in your clear intent to join
Our ancient families, and make them one;
And 'twill take from my age and cares, to live
And see what you have purposed put in act,
Of which your visit at this present is
A hopeful omen; I each minute expecting
The arrival of my sons. I have not wrong'd
Their birth for want of means and education,
To shape them to that course each was addicted;
And therefore, that we may proceed discreetly,
Since what's concluded rashly seldom prospers,
You first shall take a strict perusal of them,
And then, from your allowance, your fair daughter
May fashion her affection.
Lew. Monsieur Brisac,
You offer fair and nobly, and I'll meet you
In the same line of honour; and, I hope,
Being bless'd with but one daughter, I shall not
Appear impertinently curious,
Though, with my utmost vigilance and study,
I labour to bestow her to her worth.
Let others speak her form, and future fortune
From me descending to her; I in that
Sit down with silence.
Bri. You may, my lord, securely;
Since fame aloud proclaimeth her perfections,
Commanding all men's tongues to sing her praises.
Should I say more, you well might censure me
(What yet I never was) a flatterer.—
What trampling's that without of horses?

Enter Butler.

But. Sir, my young masters are newly alighted.
Bri. Sir, now observe their several dispositions.

Enter Charles.

Char. Bid my subsiser carry my hackney to
The buttery, and give him his bever; it is a civil
And sober beast, and will drink moderately;
And, that done, turn him into the quadrangle.
Bri. He cannot out of his university tone.

Enter Eustace, Egremont, *and* Cowsy.

Eust. Lackey, take care our coursers be well rubb'd
And cloath'd; they have outstripp'd the wind in speed.
Lew. Ay, marry, sir, there's metal in this young fellow!
What a sheep's look his elder brother has!
Char. Your blessing, sir! [*Kneels.*
Bri. Rise, Charles; thou hast it.
Eust. Sir, though it be unusual in the court,
(Since 'tis the country's garb) I bend my knee,
And do expect what follows. [*Kneels.*
Bri. Courtly begg'd.
My blessing! take it.
Eust. [*To* Lew.] Your lordship's vow'd adorer.
What a thing this brother is! Yet I'll vouchsafe him
The new Italian shrug. [*Bows.*] How clownishly
The book-worm does return it!
Char. I am glad you're well.
[*Takes up a book and reads.*
Eust. Pray you be happy in the knowledge of
This pair of accomplish'd monsieurs:
They are gallants that have seen both tropics.
Bri. I embrace their love.
Egre. Which we'll repay with servulating.
Cow. And will report your bounty in the court.
Bri. I pray you, make deserving use on't first.—
Eustace, give entertainment to your friends;
What's in my house is theirs.
Eust. Which we'll make use of:
Let's warm our brains with half-a-dozen healths,
And then, hang cold discourse; for we'll speak fireworks. [*Exeunt.*
Lew. What, at his book already?
Bri. Fy, fy, Charles,
No hour of interruption?
Char. Plato differs
From Socrates in this.

Bri. Come, lay them by;
Let them agree at leisure.
Char. Man's life, sir, being
So short, and then the way that leads unto
The knowledge of ourselves, so long and tedious,
Each minute should be precious.
Bri. In our care
To manage worldly business, you must part with
This bookish contemplation, and prepare
Yourself for action; to thrive in this age,
Is held the palm of learning. You must study
To know what part of my land's good for the plough,
And what for pasture; how to buy and sell
To the best advantage; how to cure my oxen
When they're o'erdone with labour.
Char. I may do this
From what I've read, sir. For what concerns tillage
Who better can deliver it than Virgil
In his Georgicks? and to cure your herds,
His Bucolicks is a master-piece. But when
He does describe the commonwealth of bees,
Their industry, and knowledge of the herbs
From which they gather honey, with their care
To place it with decorum in the hive,
Their government among themselves, their order
In going forth and coming loaden home,
Their obedience to their king, and his rewards
To such as labour, with his punishments
Only inflicted on the slothful drone;
I'm ravish'd with it, and there reap my harvest,
And there receive the gain my cattle bring me,
And there find wax and honey.
Bri. And grow rich
In your imagination. Heyday, heyday!
Georgicks, and Bucolicks, and bees! Art mad?
Char. No, sir, the knowledge of these guards me from it.
Bri. But can you find among your bundle of books,
And put in all your dictionaries that speak all tongues,
What pleasure they enjoy that do embrace
A well-shaped wealthy bride? Answer me that.
Char. 'Tis frequent, sir, in story: There I read of
All kind of virtuous and vicious women,
The antient Spartan dames and Roman ladies,
Their beauties and deformities. And when
I light upon a Portia or Cornelia,
Crown'd with still-flourishing leaves of truth and goodness,
With such a feeling I peruse their fortunes,
As if I then had lived, and freely tasted
Their ravishing sweetness; at the present, loving
The whole sex for their goodness and example.
But, on the contrary, when I look on
A Clytemnestra or a Tullia,
The first bath'd in her husband's blood; the latter,
Without a touch of piety, driving on
Her chariot o'er her father's breathless trunk,
Horror invades my faculties; and, comparing
The multitudes o' th' guilty, with the few
That did die innocents, I detest and loath 'em,
As ignorance or atheism.
Bri. You resolve then,
Ne'er to make payment of the debt you owe me?
Char. What debt, good sir?
Bri. A debt I paid my father
When I begat thee, and made him a grandsire;
Which I expect from you.
Char. The children, sir,
Which I will leave to all posterity,
Begot and brought up by my painful studies,
Shall be my living issue.
Bri. Very well;
And I shall have a general collection
Of all the quiddits from Adam to this time
To be my grandchild.
Char. And such a one, I hope, sir,
As shall not shame the family.
Bri. Nor will you
Take care of my estate?
Char. But in my wishes;
For know, sir, that the wings on which my soul
Is mounted, have long since borne her too high
To stoop to any prey that soars not upwards.
Sordid and dunghill minds, composed of earth,
In that gross element fix all their happiness;
But purer spirits, purged and refined, shake off
That clog of human frailty. Give me leave
To enjoy myself; that place that does contain
My books, the best companions, is to me
A glorious court, where hourly I converse
With the old sages and philosophers;
And sometimes, for variety, I confer
With kings and emperors, and weigh their counsels;
Calling their victories, if unjustly got,
Unto a strict account, and, in my fancy,
Deface their ill-placed statues. Can I then
Part with such constant pleasures, to embrace
Uncertain vanities? No, be it your care
To augment your heap of wealth; it shall be mine
To increase in knowledge.—Lights there, for my study! [*Exit.*
Bri. Was ever man, that had reason, thus transported
From all sense and feeling of his proper good?
It vexes me; and if I found not comfort
In my young Eustace, I might well conclude
My name were at a period!
Lew. He's indeed, sir,
The surer base to build on.
Bri. Eustace!

Enter EUSTACE, EGREMONT, COWSY, *and* ANDREW.

Eust. Sir.
Bri. Your ear in private.
And. I suspect my master [*Apart.*
Has found harsh welcome; he's gone supperless
Into his study. Could I find out the cause,
It may be borrowing of his books, or so,
I shall be satisfied.—
Eust. My duty shall, sir,
Take any form you please; and, in your motion
To have me married, you cut off all dangers
The violent heats of youth might bear me to.
Lew. It is well answer'd.
Eust. Nor shall you, my lord,
Nor your fair daughter, ever find just cause
To mourn your choice of me. The name of husband,
Nor the authority it carries in it,
Shall ever teach me to forget to be,
As I am now, her servant, and your lordship's:
And, but that modesty forbids that I
Should sound the trumpet of my own deserts,
I could say, my choice manners have been such,
As render me loved and remarkable
To the princes of the blood.
Cow. Nay, to the king.
Egre. Nay, to the king and council.
And. These are court-admirers,

And ever echo him that bears the bag:
Though I be dull-eyed, I see through this juggling.
Eust. Then for my hopes——
Cow. Nay, certainties.
Eust. They stand
As fair as any man's. What can there fall
In compass of her wishes, which she shall not
Be suddenly possess'd of? Loves she titles?
By the grace and favour of my princely friends,
I am what she would have me.
Bri. He speaks well,
And I believe him.
Lew. I could wish I did so.
Pray you a word, sir. He's a proper gentleman,
And promises nothing but what is possible;
So far I would go with you: Nay, I add,
He hath won much upon me; and, were he
But one thing that his brother is, the bargain
Were soon struck up.
Bri. What's that, my lord?
Lew. The heir.
And. Which he is not, and, I trust, never shall be.
Bri. Come, that shall breed no difference. You see,
Charles has given o'er the world; I'll undertake,
And with much ease, to buy his birthright of him
For a dry-fat of new books; nor shall my state
Alone make way for him, but my elder brother's;
Who, being issueless, to advance our name,
I doubt not, will add his. Your resolution?
Lew. I'll first acquaint my daughter with the proceedings:
On these terms, I am yours, as she shall be,
Make you no scruple; get the writings ready,
She shall be tractable. To-morrow we will hold
A second conference. Farewell, noble Eustace,
And you, brave gallants.
Eust. Full encrease of honour
Wait ever on your lordship!
And. The gout, rather,
And a perpetual megrim!
Bri. You see, Eustace,
How I travail to possess you of a fortune
You were not born to. Be you worthy of it:
I'll furnish you for a suitor; visit her,
And prosper in't.
Eust. She's mine, sir, fear it not:
In all my travels, I ne'er met a virgin
That could resist my courtship.—If it take now,
We are made for ever, and will revel it!
[*Exeunt all but* ANDREW.
And. In tough Welch parsly, which, in our vulgar tongue, is
Strong hempen halters. My poor master cozen'd,
And I a looker-on! If we have studied
Our majors, and our minors, antecedents,
And consequents, to be concluded coxcombs,
We have made a fair hand on't! I'm glad I have found
Out all their plots, and their conspiracies.
This shall to old Monsieur Miramont; one that,
He cannot read a proclamation, [though
Yet dotes on learning, and loves my master Charles
For being a scholar. I hear he's coming hither;
I shall meet him; and if he be that old
Rough testy blade he always used to be,
He'll ring 'em such a peal as shall go near
To shake their bell-room; peradventure, beat 'em,
For he is fire and flax; and so have at him. [*Exit.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*Another Room in the same.*

Enter MIRAMONT *and* BRISAC.

Mir. Nay, brother, brother!
Bri. Pray, sir, be not moved;
I meddle with no business but mine own;
And, in mine own, 'tis reason I should govern.
Mir. But know to govern then, and understand, sir,
And be as wise as you're hasty. Though you be
My brother, and from one blood sprung, I must
Heartily and home too—— [tell you,
Bri. What, sir?
Mir. What I grieve to find;
You are a fool, and an old fool, and that's two.
Bri. We'll part 'em, if you please.
Mir. No, they're entail'd to you.
Seek to deprive an honest noble spirit,
Your eldest son, sir, and your very image,
(But he's so like you, that he fares the worse for't,)
Because he loves his book, and dotes on that,
And only studies how to know things excellent,
Above the reach of such coarse brains as yours,
Such muddy fancies, that never will know farther
Than when to cut your vines, and cozen merchants,
And choke your hide-bound tenants with musty
Bri. You go too fast. [harvests!
Mir. I'm not come to my pace yet.
Because he has made his study all his pleasure,
And is retired into his contemplation,
Not meddling with the dirt and chaff of nature,
That makes the spirit of the mind mud too,
Therefore must he be flung from his inheritance?
Must he be dispossessed, and Monsieur Gingleboy,
His younger brother——
Bri. You forget yourself.
Mir. Because he has been at court, and learn'd new tongues,
And how to speak a tedious piece of nothing,
To vary his face as seamen do their compass,
To worship images of gold and silver,
And fall before the she-calves of the season,
Therefore must he jump into his brother's land?
Bri. Have you done yet, and have you spake enough
In praise of learning, sir?
Mir. Never enough.
Bri. But, brother, do you know what learning is?
Mir. 'Tis not to be a justice of peace, as you are,
And palter out your time i' th' penal statutes;
To hear the curious tenets controverted
Between a protestant constable and jesuit cobler;
To pick natural philosophy out of bawdry,
When your worship's pleased to correctify a lady;
Nor 'tis not the main moral of blind justice,
(Which is deep learning) when your worship's tenants
Bring a light cause and heavy hens before you,
Both fat and feasible, a goose or pig;
And then you sit, like Equity, with both hands

Weighing indifferently the state o' th' question.
These are your quodlibets, but no learning, brother.
Bri. You are so parlously in love with learning,
That I'd be glad to know what you understand,
I'm sure you have read all Aristotle. [brother:
Mir. 'Faith, no:
But I believe; I have a learned faith, sir,
And that's it makes a gentleman of my sort.
Though I can speak no Greek, I love the sound on't;
It goes so thundering as it conjured devils:
Charles speaks it loftily, and, if thou wert a man,
Or hadst but ever heard of Homer's Iliads,
Hesiod, and the Greek poets, thou wouldst run mad,
And hang thyself for joy thou hadst such a gentleman
To be thy son. Oh, he has read such things
To me!
Bri. And you do understand 'em, brother?
Mir. I tell thee, no; that's not material; the
Sufficient to confirm an honest man. [sound's
Good brother Brisac, does your young courtier,
That wears the fine clothes, and is the excellent gentleman,
The traveller, the soldier, as you think too,
Understand any other power than his tailor?
Or know what motion is, more than an horse-race?
What the moon means, but to light him home from taverns?
Or the comfort of the sun is, but to wear slash'd clothes in?
And must this piece of ignorance be popp'd up,
Because 't can kiss the hand, and cry, "Sweet lady"?
Say, it had been at Rome, and seen the relics,
Drunk your Verdea wine, and rid at Naples,
Brought home a box of Venice treacle with it,
To cure young wenches that have eaten ashes:
Must this thing therefore——
Bri. Yes, sir, this thing must!
I will not trust my land to one so sotted,
So grown like a disease unto his study.
He that will fling off all occasions
And cares, to make him understand what state is,
And how to govern it, must, by that reason,
Be flung himself aside from managing:
My younger boy is a fine gentleman.
Mir. He is an ass, a piece of gingerbread,
Gilt over to please foolish girls [and] puppets.
Bri. You are my elder brother.
Mir. So I had need,
And have an elder wit; thou'dst shame us all else,
Go to! I say Charles shall inherit.
Bri. I say no;
Unless Charles had a soul to understand it.
Can he manage six thousand crowns a-year
Out of the metaphysics? or can all
His learn'd astronomy look to my vineyards?
Can the drunken old poets make up my vines?
(I know, they can drink 'em) or your excellent humanists
Sell 'em the merchants for my best advantage?
Can history cut my hay, or get my corn in?
And can geometry vent it in the market?
Shall I have my sheep kept with a Jacob's staff,
I wonder you will magnify this madman; [now?
You that are old and should understand.
Mir. Should, say'st thou,
Thou monstrous piece of ignorance in office!
Thou that hast no more knowledge than thy clerk infuses,
Thy dapper clerk, larded with ends of Latin,
And he no more than custom of his office;
Thou unreprievable dunce! (that thy formal band strings,
Thy ring, nor pomander, cannot expiate for)
Dost thou tell me I should? I'll poze thy worship
In thine own library, an almanack;
Which thou art daily poring on, to pick out
Days of iniquity to cozen fools in,
And full moons to cut cattle! Dost thou taint me,
That have run over story, poetry,
Humanity?
Bri. As a cold nipping shadow
Does over ears of corn, and leave 'em blasted.
Put up your anger; what I'll do, I'll do.
Mir. Thou shalt not do.
Bri. I will.
Mir. Thou art an ass then,
A dull old tedious ass; thou art ten times worse,
And of less credit, than dunce Hollingshead,
The Englishman, that writes of shows and sheriffs.

Enter LEWIS.

Bri. Well, take your pleasure; he's one that I must talk with.
Lew. Good day, sir.
Bri. Fair to you, sir.
Lew. May I speak wi' you?
Bri. With all my heart. I was waiting on your goodness.
Lew. Good-morrow, Monsieur Miramont.
Mir. Oh, sweet sir,
Keep your good morrow to cool your worship's pottage.
A couple of the world's fools met together
To raise up dirt and dunghills!
Lew. Are they drawn?
Bri. They shall be ready, sir, within these two
And Charles set his hand. [hours,
Lew. 'Tis necessary;
For he being a joint purchaser, though your state
Was got by your own industry, unless
He seal to the conveyance, it can be
Of no validity.
Bri. He shall be ready,
And do it willingly.
Mir. He shall be hang'd first.
Bri. I hope your daughter likes.
Lew. She loves him well, sir:
Young Eustace is a bait to catch a woman;
A budding sprightly fellow. You're resolved then,
That all shall pass from Charles?
Bri. All, all; he's nothing;
A bunch of books shall be his patrimony,
And more than he can manage too.
Lew. Will your brother
Pass over his land too, to your son Eustace?
You know he has no heir.
Mir. He will be flead first,
And horse-collars made of 's skin!
Bri. Let him alone;
A wilful man; my state shall serve the turn, sir.
And how does your daughter?
Lew. Ready for the hour;
And, like a blushing rose, that stays the pulling.
Bri. To-morrow then's the day.
Lew. Why then to-morrow,
I'll bring the girl; get you the writings ready.

Mir. But hark you, monsieur, have you the virtuous conscience
To help to rob an heir, an Elder Brother,
Of that which nature and the law flings on him?
You were your father's eldest son, I take it,
And had his land; 'would you had had his wit too,
Or his discretion, to consider nobly
What 'tis to deal unworthily in these things!
You'll say, he's none of yours, he is his son;
And he will say, he is no son to inherit
Above a shelf of books. Why did he get him?
Why was he brought up to write and read, and know things?
Why was he not, like his father, a dumb justice?
A flat dull piece of phlegm, shaped like a man?
A reverend idol in a piece of arras!
Can you lay disobedience, want of manners,
Or any capital crime to his charge?
Lew. I do not,
Nor do not weigh your words; they bite not me,
This man must answer. [sir;
Bri. I have done't already,
And given sufficient reason to secure me.
And so, good-morrow, brother, to your patience.
Lew. Good-morrow, monsieur Miramont.
[*Exeunt* Brisac *and* Lewis.
Mir. Good night-caps
Keep [your] brains warm, or maggots will breed in 'em!—
Well, Charles, thou shalt not want to buy thee
The fairest in thy study are my gift, [books yet;
And the University Lovaine for thy sake
Hath tasted of my bounty; and to vex
Th' old doting fool thy father, and thy brother,
They shall not share a solz of mine between them;
Nay more, I'll give thee eight thousand crowns a year,
In some high strain to write my epitaph. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.—*Before the same House.*

Enter Eustace, Egremont, *and* Cowsy.

Eust. How do I look now to my Elder Brother?
Nay, 'tis a handsome suit.
Cow. All courtly, courtly.
Eust. I'll assure ye, gentlemen, my tailor has travell'd;
And speaks as lofty language in his bills too.
The cover of an old book would not shew thus.
Fy, fy, what things these academicks are,
These book-worms, how they look!
Egre. They are mere images,
No gentle motion nor behaviour in 'em;
They'll prattle ye of *primum mobile*,
And tell a story of the state of heaven,
What lords and ladies govern in such houses,
And what wonders they do when they meet together,
And how they spit snow, fire, and hail, like a juggler,
And make a noise, when they're drunk, which we call thunder.
Cow. They are the sneaking'st things, and the contemptiblest;
Such small-beer brains! But ask 'em any thing
Out of the element of their understanding,
And they stand gaping like a roasted pig.
Do they know what a court is, or a council,
Or how the affairs of Christendom are managed?
Do they know anything but a tired hackney?
And then they cry "Absurd," as the horse understood 'em.
They have made a fair youth of your Elder Brother;
A pretty piece of flesh!
Eust. I thank 'em for it;
Long may he study, to give me his state!
Saw you my mistress?
Egre. Yes, she's a sweet young woman;
But, be sure, you keep her from learning.
Eust. Songs she
May have, and read a little unbaked poetry,
Such as the dabblers of our time contrive,
That has no weight nor wheel to move the mind,
Nor, indeed, nothing but an empty sound;
She shall have clothes, but not made by geometry;
Horses and coach, but of no immortal race.
I will not have a scholar in mine house,
Above a gentle reader: they corrupt
The foolish women with their subtle problems:
I'll have my house call'd Ignorance, to fright
Prating philosophers from entertainment.
Cow. It will do well: Love those that love good fashions,
Good clothes and rich, they invite men to admire 'em;
That speak the lisp of court: oh! 'tis great learning
To ride well, dance well, sing well, or whistle courtly,
They are rare endowments; they that have seen far countries,
And can speak strange things, though they speak no truths,
For then they make things common. When are you married?
Eust. To-morrow, I think; we must have a [masque, boys,
And of our own making.
Egre. 'Tis not half an hour's work;
A Cupid and a fiddle, and the thing's done.
But let's be handsome; shall's be gods or nymphs?
Eust. What, nymphs with beards?
Cow. That's true; we will be knights then,
Some wand'ring knights, that light here on a sudden.
Eust. Let's go, let's go; I must go visit, gentlemen,
And mark what sweet lips I must kiss to-morrow.
[*Exeunt*

SCENE III.—*The Servants' Hall in* Brisac's *House.*

Enter Cook, Andrew, *and* Butler.

Cook. And how does my master?
And. Is at's book. Peace, coxcomb!
That such an unlearn'd tongue as thine should ask for [him
Cook. Does he not study conjuring too?
And. Have you
Lost any plate, butler?
But. No, but I know
I shall to-morrow at dinner.
And. Then to-morrow
You shall be turn'd out of your place for't; we meddle
With no spirits o' th' buttery; they taste too small
Keep me a pye in folio, I beseech thee, [for us.
And thou shalt see how learnedly I'll translate him
Shall's have good cheer to-morrow?
Cook. Excellent good cheer, Andrew.
And. The spite on't is, that much about that [time,
I shall be arguing, or deciding rather,

Which are the males and females of red herrings,
And whether they be taken in the Red Sea only;
A question found out by Copernicus,
The learned motion-maker.
Cook. Ay, marry, butler,
Here are rare things! A man that look'd upon him,
Would swear he understood no more than we do.
But. Certain, a learned Andrew.
And. I've so much on't,
And am so loaden with strong understanding,
I fear they'll run me mad. Here's a new instrument,
A mathematical glister, to purge the moon with,
When she is laden with cold phlegmatic humours;
And here's another to remove the stars,
When they grow too thick in the firmament.
Cook. Oh, Heavens! Why do I labour out my life
In a beef-pot? and only search the secrets
Of a sallad, and know no farther?
And. They are not
Reveal'd to all heads; these are far above
Your element of fire, cook! I could tell you
Of Archimedes' glass, to fire your coals with;
And of the philosophers' turf, that ne'er goes out.
And Gilbert Butler, I could ravish thee,
With two rare inventions.
But. What are they, Andrew?
And. The one to blanch your bread from chippings base,
And in a moment, as thou wouldst an almond;
The sect of the Epicureans invented that:
The other, for thy trenchers, that's a strong one,
To cleanse you twenty dozen in a minute,
And no noise heard; which is the wonder, Gilbert!
And this was out of Plato's New Ideas.
But. Why, what a learned master dost thou serve, Andrew!
And. These are but the scrapings of his understanding, Gilbert.
With gods and goddesses, and such strange people,
He deals, and treats within so plain a fashion,
As thou dost with thy boy that draws thy drink,
Or Ralph there, with his kitchen-boys and scalders.
Cook. But why should he not be familiar, and talk sometimes,
As other Christians do, of hearty matters?
And come into th' kitchen, and there cut his breakfast?
But. And then retire to the buttery, and there eat it,
And drink a lusty bowl? My younger master,
That must be now the heir, will do all these,
Ay, and be drunk too; these are mortal things.
And. My master studies immortality.
Cook. Now thou talk'st of immortality,
How does thy wife, Andrew? My old master
Did you no small pleasure when he procured her,
And stock'd you in a farm. If he should love her now,
As he hath a colt's tooth yet, what says your learning
And your strange instruments to that, my Andrew?
Can any of your learned clerks avoid it?
Can you put by his mathematical engine?
And. Yes, or I'll break it. Thou awaken'st me;
And I'll peep i' th' moon this month, but I'll watch for him! [*A bell.*
My master rings; I must go make him a fire,
And conjure o'er his books.
Cook. Adieu, good Andrew;
And send thee manly patience with thy learning!
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—CHARLES'S *Study in the same.*

Enter CHARLES.

Char. I have forgot to eat and sleep with reading,
And all my faculties turn into study:
'Tis meat and sleep! What need I outward garments,
When I can clothe myself with understanding?
The stars and glorious planets have no tailors,
Yet ever new they are, and shine like courtiers:
The seasons of the year find no fond parents,
Yet some are arm'd in silver ice that glisters,
And some in gaudy green come in like masquers,
And silk-worm spins her own suit and her lodging,
And has no aid nor partner in her labours!
Why should we care for anything but knowledge?
Or look upon the world, but to contemn it?

Enter ANDREW.

And. Would you have anything?
Char. Andrew, I find
There is a stie grown o'er the eye o' th' Bull,
Which will go near to blind the constellation.
And. Put a gold ring in's nose, and that will cure him.
Char. Ariadne's crown's awry too; two main stars,
That held it fast, are slipped out.
And. Send it presently
To Gallilæo, the Italian star-wright;
He'll set it right again, with little labour.
Char. Thou art a pretty scholar.
And. I hope I shall be:
Have I swept your books so often to know nothing?
Char. I hear thou art married.
And. It hath pleased your father
To match me to a maid of his own choosing:
(I doubt her constellation's loose too, and wants nailing)
And a sweet farm he has given us, a mile off, sir.
Char. Marry thyself to understanding, Andrew:
These women are *errata* in all authors!
They're fair to see to, and bound up in vellum,
Smooth, white, and clear; but their contents are monstrous;
They treat of nothing but dull age and diseases.
Thou hast not so much wit in thy head, as there is
On those shelves, Andrew.
And. I think I have not, sir.
Char. No, if thou hadst,
Thou'dst ne'er have warm'd a woman in thy bosom:
They're cataplasms, made o' the deadly sins.
I ne'er saw any yet but mine own mother,
Or, if I did, I did regard them but
As shadows that pass by of under creatures.
And. Shall I bring you one? I'll trust you with my own wife.
I would not have your brother go beyond you.
They are the prettiest natural philosophers to play with!
Char. No, no; they are optics to delude men's eyes with.
Does my younger brother speak any Greek yet, Andrew?
And. No, but he speaks High Dutch; and that goes as daintily.

Char. Reach me the books down I read yester-
And make a little fire, and get a manchet; [day,
Make clean those instruments of brass I shew'd you,
And set the great sphere by; then take the fox-tail,
And purge the books from dust; last, take your Lilly,
And get your part ready.
And. Shall I go home, sir?
My wife's name is Lilly; there my best part lies, sir.
Char. I mean your grammar. Oh, thou dunder-head!
Wouldst thou be ever in thy wife's Syntaxis?
Let me have no noise, nor nothing to disturb me;
I am to find a secret.
And. So am I too;
Which, if I do find, I shall make some smart for't.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*A Room in the House of* Lewis.

Enter Lewis, Angellina, Sylvia, *and* Notary.

Lew. This is the day, my daughter Angellina,
The happy day, that must make you a fortune,
A large and full one; my great care has wrought it,
And yours must be as great to entertain it.
Young Eustace is a gentleman at all points,
And his behaviour affable and courtly,
His person excellent; I know you find that,
I read it in your eyes, you like his youth.
Young handsome people should be match'd together,
Then follow handsome children, handsome fortunes.
The most part of his father's state, my wench,
Is tied in jointure; that makes up the harmony;
And, when ye are married, he's of that soft temper,
And so far will be chain'd to your observance,
That you may rule and turn him as you please.—
What, are the writings drawn on our side, sir?
Not. They are; and here I have so fetter'd him,
That, if the Elder Brother set his hand to,
Not all the power of law shall e'er release him.
Lew. These notaries are notable confident knaves,
And able to do more mischief than an army.—
Are all your clauses sure?
Not. Sure as proportion;
They may turn rivers sooner than these writings.
Why did you not put all the lands in, sir?
Lew. 'Twas not condition'd.
Not. If it had been found,
It had been but a fault made in the writing;
If not found, all the land.
Lew. These are small devils,
That care not who has mischief, so they make it;
They live upon the mere scent of dissention.—
'Tis well, 'tis well.—Are you contented, girl?
For your will must be known.
Ang. A husband's welcome,
And, as an humble wife, I'll entertain him:
No sovereignty I aim at; 'tis the man's, sir;
For she that seeks it kills her husband's honour.
The gentleman I have seen, and well observed him,
Yet find not that graced excellence you promise;
A pretty gentleman, and he may please too;
And some few flashes I have heard come from him,
But not to admiration, as to others;
He's young and may be good, yet he must make it;
And I may help, and, help'd too, thank him also.
It is your pleasure I should make him mine,
And 't has been still my duty to observe you.
Lew. Why then let's go, and I shall love your modesty.—
To horse, and bring the coach out.—Angellina,
To-morrow you will look more womanly.
Ang. So I look honestly, I fear no eyes, sir.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*A Room in* Brisac's *House.*

Enter Brisac, Andrew, Cook, Butler, Lilly, *and* Servants.

Bri. Wait on your master; he shall have that befits him.
And. No inheritance, sir?
Bri. You speak like a fool, a coxcomb!
He shall have annual means to buy him books,
And find him clothes and meat; what would he more?
Trouble him with land! 'tis flat against his nature.
I love him too, and honour those gifts in him.
And. Shall master Eustace have all?
Bri. All, all; he knows how
To use it; he's a man bred in the world,
T' other i' th' heavens.—My masters, pray be wary
And serviceable; and, cook, see all your sauces
Be sharp and poignant in the palate, that they may commend you;
Look to your roast and baked meats handsomely,
And what new kickshaws and delicate made things—
Is the music come?
But. Yes, sir, they are here at breakfast.
Bri. There will be a masque too. You must see this room clean,
And, butler, your door open to all good fellows:
But have an eye to your plate, for there be furies—
My Lilly, welcome! you are for the linen;
Sort it, and set it ready for the table;
And see the bride-bed made, and look the cords be
Not cut asunder by the gallants too;
There be such knacks abroad.—Hark hither, Lilly!
To-morrow night, at twelve o'clock, I'll sup wi' ye:
Your husband shall be safe; I'll send you meat too.
Before, I cannot well slip from my company.
And. Will you so, will you so, sir? I'll make one to eat it; [*Apart.*
I may chance make you stagger too.
Bri. No answer, Lilly?
Lil. One word about the linen.—I'll be ready,
And rest your worship's still.
And. And I'll rest wi' ye; [*Aside.*
You shall see what rest 'twill be. Are you so nimble?
A man had need have ten pair of ears to watch you.
Bri. Wait on your master, for I know he wants you;
And keep him in his study, that the noise

Do not molest him.—I will not fail, my Lilly!—
Come in, sweet-hearts, all to their several duties.
[*Exeunt all but* ANDREW.

And. Are you kissing-ripe, sir? Double but my farm,
And kiss her till thy heart ache. These smock-vermin!
How eagerly they leap at old men's kisses!
They lick their lips at profit, not at pleasure.
And if 'twere not for the scurvy name of cuckold,
He should lie with her. I know, she'll labour at length
With a good lordship. If he had a wife now!
But that's all one, I'll fit him. I must up
Unto my master: he'll be mad with study. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.—*Another in the same.*

Enter CHARLES.

Char. What a noise is in this house? My head is broken!
In every corner, as if the earth were shaken
With some strange cholic, there are stirs and motions.
What planet rules this house? Who's there?

Enter ANDREW.

And. 'Tis I, sir, faithful Andrew.
Char. Come near,
And lay thine ear down; hear'st no noise?
And. The cooks
Are chopping herbs and mince-meat to make pies,
And breaking marrow-bones.
Char. Can they set them again?
And. Yes, yes, in broths and puddings; and they grow stronger,
For the use of any man.
Char. What squeaking's that?
Sure there is a massacre.
And. Of pigs and geese, sir,
And turkeys, for the spit. The cooks are angry, sir,
And that makes up the medley.
Char. Do they thus
At every dinner? I ne'er mark'd them yet,
Nor know who is a cook.
And. They are sometimes sober,
And then they beat as gently as a tabor.
Char. What loads are these?
And. Meat, meat, sir, for the kitchen;
And stinking fowls the tenants have sent in:
They'll ne'er be found out at a general eating.
And there's fat venison, sir.
Char. What's that?
And. Why, deer;
Those that men fatten for their private pleasures,
And let their tenants starve upon the commons.
Char. I've read of deer, but yet I ne'er eat any.
And. There's a fishmonger's boy with caviare,
Anchovies, and potargo, to make you drink. [sir,
Char. Sure, these are modern, very modern
For I understand 'em not. [meats,
And. No more does any man
From *caca merda*, or a substance worse,
Till they be greased with oil, and rubb'd with onions,
And then flung out of doors, they are rare sallads.
Char. And why is all this? pr'ythee, tell me,
Are there any princes to dine here to-day? [Andrew?
By this abundance, sure, there should be princes.
I've read of entertainment for the gods,
At half this charge. Will not six dishes serve 'em?
I never had but one, and that a small one.
And. Your brother's married this day; he is
Your younger brother, Eustace! [married;
Char. What of that?
And. And all the friends about are bidden hither;
There's not a dog that knows the house but comes
Char. Married? to whom? [too.
And. Why, to a dainty gentlewoman,
Young, sweet, and modest.
Char. Are there modest women?
How do they look?
And. Oh, you'd bless yourself to see them.—
He parts with's book! He ne'er did so before yet!
[*Aside.*
Char. What does my father for 'em?
And. Gives all his land,
And makes your brother heir.
Char. Must I have nothing?
And. Yes, you must study still, and he'll maintain you.
Char. I am his Elder Brother.
And. True, you were so;
But he has leap'd o'er your shoulders, sir.
Char. 'Tis well;
He'll not inherit my understanding too?
And. I think not; he'll scarce find tenants to let it out to.
Char. Hark, hark!
And. The coach that brings the fair lady.

Enter LEWIS, ANGELLINA, Ladies, Notary, &c.

Now you may see her.
Char. Sure, this should be modest;
But I do not truly know what women make of it,
Andrew! She has a face looks like a story;
The story of the heavens looks very like her.
And. She has a wide face then.
Char. She has a cherubin's,
Cover'd and veil'd with modest blushes:—
Eustace, be happy, whilst poor Charles is patient!—
Get me my book again, and come in with me.
[*Exeunt.*

Enter BRIBAC, EUSTACE, EGREMONT, COWSY, MIRAMONT, *and* Notary.

Bri. Welcome, sweet daughter; welcome, noble brother;
And you are welcome, sir, with all your writings!
Ladies, most welcome! What, my angry brother;
You must be welcome too; the feast is flat else.
Mir. I am not for your welcome, I expect none;
I bring no joys to bless the bed withal;
Nor songs, nor masques, to glorify the nuptials.
I bring an angry mind, to see your folly,
A sharp one too, to reprehend you for it.
Bri. You'll stay and dine though?
Mir. All your meat smells musty;
Your table will shew nothing to content me.
Bri. I'll assure, here's good meat.
Mir. But your sauce is scurvy;
It is not season'd with the sharpness of discretion.
Eust. It seems your anger is at me, dear uncle.
Mir. Thou art not worth my anger: thou'rt a boy;
A lump o' thy father's likeness, made of nothing
But antic clothes and cringes! Look in thy head,
And 'twill appear a foot-ball full of fumes
And rotten smoke!—Lady, I pity you;
You are a handsome and a sweet young lady,
And ought to have a handsome man yoked to ye,

An understanding too; this is a gincrack,
That can get nothing but new fashions on you;
For say, he have a thing shaped like a child,
'Twill either prove a tumbler or a tailor.
Eust. These are but harsh words, uncle.
Mir. So I mean 'em.
Sir, you play harsher play wi' your elder brother.
Eust. I would be loth to give you——
Mir. Do not venture;
I'll make your wedding clothes sit closer to you
I but disturb you; I'll go see my nephew. [then.
Lew. Pray take a piece of rosemary.
Mir. I'll wear it;
But for the lady's sake, and none of yours!
May be, I'll see your table too.
Bri. Pray do, sir. [*Exit* MIRAMONT.
Ang. A mad old gentleman.
Bri. Yes, 'faith, sweet daughter,
He has been thus his whole age, to my knowledge.
He has made Charles his heir, I know that certainly;
Then why should he grudge Eustace any thing?
Ang. I would not have a light head, nor one laden [*Apart.*
With too much learning, as, they say, this Charles is,
That makes his book his mistress. Sure there's something
Hid in this old man's anger, that declares him
Not a mere sot.
Bri. Come, shall we go and seal, brother?
All things are ready, and the priest is here.
When Charles has set his hand unto the writings,
As he shall instantly, then to the wedding,
And so to dinner.
Lew. Come, let's seal the book first,
For my daughter's jointure.
Bri. Let's be private in't, sir. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—CHARLES'S *Study in the same.*

Enter CHARLES, MIRAMONT, *and* ANDREW.

Mir. Nay, you're undone!
Char. Hum!
Mir. Ha' ye no greater feeling?
And. You were sensible of the great book, sir,
When it fell on your head; and, now the house
Is ready to fall, do you fear nothing?
Char. Will
He have my books too?
Mir. No; he has a book,
A fair one too, to read on, and read wonders.
I would thou hadst her in thy study, nephew,
An 'twere but to new-string her.
Char. Yes, I saw her;
And, methought, 'twas a curious piece of learning;
Handsomely bound, and of a dainty letter.
And. He flung away his book.
Mir. I like that in him:
'Would he had flung away his dulness too,
And spake to her.
Char. And must my brother have all?
Mir. All that your father has.
Char. And that fair woman too?
Mir. That woman also.
Char. He has enough then.
May I not see her sometimes, and call her sister?
I will do him no wrong.
Mir. This makes me mad;
I could now cry for anger! These old fools
Are the most stubborn and the wilfull'st coxcombs!—
Farewell, and fall to your book; forget your brother;
You are my heir, and I'll provide you a wife.
I'll look upon this marriage, though I hate it. [*Exit.*

Enter BRISAC.

Bri. Where is my son?
And. There, sir; casting a figure
What chopping children his brother shall have.
Bri. He does well.—How do'st Charles? still at thy book?
And. He's studying now, sir, who shall be his father.
Bri. Peace, you rude knave!—Come hither, Charles; be merry.
Char. I thank you; I am busy at my book, sir.
Bri. You must put your hand, my Charles, as I would have you,
Unto a little piece of parchment here;
Only your name. You write a reasonable hand.
Char. But I may do unreasonably to write it.
What is it, sir?
Bri. To pass the land I have, sir,
Unto your younger brother.
Char. Is't no more?
Bri. No, no, 'tis nothing: You shall be provided for;
And new books you shall have still, and new studies;
And have your means brought in without thy care,
And one still to attend you. [boy;
Char. This shews your love, father.
Bri. I'm tender to you.
And. Like a stone, I take it.
Char. Why, father, I'll go down, an't please you let me,
Because I'd see the thing they call *the gentlewoman.*
I see no women, but through contemplation,
And there I'll do't before the company,
And wish my brother fortune.
Bri. Do, I pr'ythee.
Char. I must not stay; for I have things above
Require my study.
Bri. No, thou shalt not stay;
Thou shalt have a brave dinner too.
And. Now has he
O'erthrown himself for ever. I will down
Into the cellar, and be stark drunk for anger! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—*A Room in the same.*

Enter LEWIS, ANGELLINA, EUSTACE, Priest, Ladies, COWBY, Notary, *and* MIRAMONT.

Not. Come, let him bring his son's hand, and
Is yours ready?— [all's done.
Priest. Yes, I'll dispatch ye presently,
Immediately; for, in truth, I am a-hungry.
Eust. Do, speak apace, for we believe exactly.—
Do not we stay long, mistress?
Ang. I find no fault;
Better things well done, than want time to do
Uncle, why are you sad? [them.—
Mir. Sweet-smelling blossom!
'Would I were thine uncle to thine own content;
I'd make thy husband's state a thousand better,
A yearly thousand. Thou hast miss'd a man

(But that he is addicted to his study,
And knows no other mistress than his mind)
Would weigh down bundles of these empty kexes.
Ang. Can he speak, sir?
Mir. 'Faith, yes; but not to women:
His language is to Heaven and heavenly wonder,
To nature, and her dark and secret causes.
Ang. And does he speak well there?
Mir. Oh, admirably!
But he's too bashful to behold a woman;
There's none that sees him, nor he troubles none.
Ang. He is a man.
Mir. 'Faith, yes, and a clear sweet spirit.
Ang. Then conversation, methinks——
Mir. So think I;
But 'tis his rugged fate, and so I leave you.
Ang. I like thy nobleness.
Eust. See, my mad uncle
Is courting my fair mistress.
Lew. Let him alone;
There's nothing that allays an angry mind
So soon as a sweet beauty. He'll come to us.

Enter BRISAC *and* CHARLES.

Eust. My father's here, my brother too! that's a wonder;
Broke like a spirit from his cell.
Bri. Come hither,
Come nearer, Charles; 'twas your desire to see
My noble daughter, and the company,
And give your brother joy, and then to seal, boy.
You do like a good brother.
Lew. Marry, does he,
And he shall have my love for ever for't.
Put to your hand now.
Not. Here's the deed, sir, ready.
Char. No, you must pardon me awhile: I tell you,
I am in contemplation; do not trouble me.
Bri. Come, leave thy study, Charles.
Char. I'll leave my life first:
I study now to be a man; I've found it.
Before, what man was, was but my argument.
Mir. I like this best of all; he has taken fire;
His dull mist flies away.
Eust. Will you write, brother?
Char. No, brother, no; I have no time for poor things;
I'm taking the height of that bright constellation.
Bri. I say you trifle time, son.
Char. I will not seal, sir:
I am your eldest, and I'll keep my birth-right;
For, Heaven forbid I should become example.
Had you only shew'd me land, I had deliver'd it,
And been a proud man to have parted with it;
'Tis dirt, and labour.—Do I speak right, uncle?
Mir. Bravely, my boy; and bless thy tongue!
Char. I'll forward.
But you have open'd to me such a treasure,—
(I find my mind free; Heaven direct my fortune!)
Mir. Can he speak now? Is this a son to sacrifice?
Char. Such an inimitable piece of beauty,
That I have studied long, and now found only,
That I'll part sooner with my soul of reason,
And be a plant, a beast, a fish, a fly,
And only make the number of things up,
Than yield one foot of land, if she be tied to't!
Lew. He speaks unhappily.
Ang. And, methinks, bravely.
This the mere scholar?
Eust. You but vex yourself, brother,
And vex your study too.
Char. Go you and study;
For 'tis time, young Eustace. You want man and manners;
I have studied both, although I made no show on't.
Go, turn the volumes over I have read,
Eat and digest them, that they may grow in thee:
Wear out the tedious night with thy dim lamp,
And sooner loose the day than leave a doubt:
Distil the sweetness from the poet's spring,
And learn to love; thou know'st not what fair is:
Traverse the stories of the great heroes,
The wise and civil lives of good men walk through:
Thou hast seen nothing but the face of countries,
And brought home nothing but their empty words!
Why shouldst thou wear a jewel of this worth,
That hast no worth within thee to preserve her?

Beauty clear and fair,
Where the air
Rather like a perfume dwells;
Where the violet and the rose
Their blue veins in blush disclose,
And come to honour nothing else.

Where to live near,
And planted there,
Is to live, and still live new;
Where to gain a favour is
More than light, perpetual bliss,
Make me live by serving you.

Dear, again back recall
To this light,
A stranger to himself and all;
Both the wonder and the story
Shall be yours, and eke the glory:
I am your servant, and your thrall.

Mir. Speak such another ode, and take all yet!
What say you to the scholar now?
Ang. I wonder!—
Is he your brother, sir?
Eust. Yes.—'Would he were buried!
I fear he'll make an ass of me; a younker.
Ang. Speak not so softly, sir; 'tis very likely.
Bri. Come, leave your finical talk, and let's dispatch, Charles.
Char. Dispatch, what?
Bri. Why, the land.
Char. You are deceived, sir:
Now I perceive what 'tis that wooes a woman,
And what maintains her when she's woo'd, I'll stop here.
A wilful poverty ne'er made a beauty,
Nor want of means maintain'd it virtuously.
Though land and monies be no happiness,
Yet they are counted good additions.
That use I'll make; he that neglects a blessing,
Though he want present knowledge how to use it,
Neglects himself.—May be, I have done you wrong, lady,
Whose love and hope went hand in hand together;
May be, my brother, that has long expected
The happy hour, and bless'd my ignorance—
Pray, give me leave, sir, I shall clear all doubts—
Why did they shew me you? Pray tell me that.
Mir. He'll talk thee into a pension for thy knavery.
Char. You, happy you! why did you break unto me?
The rosy-finger'd morn ne'er broke so sweetly.
I am a man, and have desires within me,
Affections too, though they were drown'd awhile,

And lay dead, till the spring of beauty raised them:
Till I saw those eyes, I was but a lump,
A chaos of confusedness dwelt in me;
Then from those eyes shot Love, and he distin-
And into form he drew my faculties; [guished
And now I know my land, and now I love too.
Bri. We had best remove the maid.
Char. It is too late, sir;
I have her figure here. Nay, frown not, Eustace,
There are less worthy souls for younger brothers:
This is no form of silk, but sanctity,
Which wild lascivious hearts can never dignify.
Remove her where you will, I walk along still,
For, like the light, we make no separation.
You may sooner part the billows of the sea,
And put a bar betwixt their fellowships,
Than blot out my remembrance; sooner shut
Old time into a den, and stay his motion;
Wash off the swift hours from his downy wings,
Or steal eternity to stop his glass,
Than shut the sweet idea I have in me.
Room for an Elder Brother! Pray give place, sir!
Mir. He has studied duel too: take heed, he'll beat thee!
He has frighted the old justice into a fever!
I hope, he'll disinherit him too for an ass;
For, though he be grave with years, he's a great
Char. Do not you think me mad? [baby.
Ang. No, certain, sir:
I have heard nothing from you but things excellent.
Char. You look upon my clothes, and laugh at
My scurvy clothes! [me;
Ang. They have rich linings, sir.
I would your brother——
Char. His are gold, and gaudy.
Ang. But touch 'em inwardly, they smell of copper.
Char. Can you love me? I am an heir, sweet
However I appear a poor dependant. [lady,
Love you with honour? I shall love so ever.
Is your eye ambitious? I may be a great man.
Is't wealth or lands you covet? my father must die.
Mir. That was well put in; I hope he'll take it deeply.
Char. Old men are not immortal, as I take it.
Is it you look for youth and handsomeness?
I do confess my brother's a handsome gentleman;
But he shall give me leave to lead the way, lady.
Can you love for love, and make that the reward?
The old man shall not love his heaps of gold
With a more doting superstition,
Than I'll love you; the young man, his delights;
The merchant, when he ploughs the angry sea up,
And sees the mountain-billows falling on him,
As if all elements, and all their angers,
Were turn'd into one vow'd destruction,
Shall not with greater joy embrace his safety.
We'll live together like two wanton vines,
Circling our souls and loves in one another;
We'll spring together, and we'll bear one fruit;
One joy shall make us smile, and one grief mourn,
One age go with us, and one hour of death
Shall close our eyes, and one grave make us happy.
Ang. And one hand seal the match: I am yours
Lew. Nay, stay, stay, stay! [for ever!
Ang. Nay, certainly, 'tis done, sir.
Bri. There was a contract.
Ang. Only conditional,
That if he had the land, he had my love too:
This gentleman's the heir, and he'll maintain it.—
Pray be not angry, sir, at what I say; [*To* Eust.
Or, if you be, 'tis at your own adventure.
You have the outside of a pretty gentleman,
But, by my troth, your inside is but barren.
'Tis not a face I only am in love with;
Nor will I say, your face is excellent;
A reasonable hunting-face, to court the wind with;
Nor they're not words, unless they be well-placed too,
Nor your sweet *damn-me's*, nor your hired verses,
Nor telling me of clothes, nor coach and horses,
No, nor your visits each day in new suits,
Nor your black patches you wear variously,
Some cut like stars, some in half-moons, some lozenges;
All which but show you still a younger brother!
Mir. Gra'mercy, wench, thou hast a noble soul too.
Ang. Nor your long travels, nor your little knowledge,
Can make me dote upon you. 'Faith, go study,
And glean some goodness, that you may show manly;
(Your brother at my suit, I'm sure, will teach you.)
Or only study how to get a wife, sir.
You're cast far behind; 'tis good you should be melancholy,
It shows like a gamester that had lost his money;
And 'tis the fashion to wear your arm in a scarf, sir,
For you have had a shrewd cut o'er the fingers.
Lew. But are you in earnest?
Ang. Yes, believe me, father;
You shall ne'er chuse for me; you're old and dim, sir,
And the shadow of the earth eclipsed your judgment.
You have had your time without controul, dear father,
And you must give me leave to take mine now, sir.
Bri. This is the last time of asking; will you set your hand to?
Char. This is the last time of answering; I will never!
Bri. Out of my doors!
Char. Most willingly.
Mir. He shall, Jew;
Thou of the tribe of *many-asses!* coxcomb!
And never trouble thee more till thy chops be cold, fool.
Ang. Must I be gone too?
Lew. I will never know thee.
Ang. Then this man will: What fortune he shall run, father,
Be't good or bad, I must partake it with him.

Enter Egremont.

Egre. When shall the masque begin?
Eust. 'Tis done already:
All, all, is broken off; I am undone, friend!
My brother's wise again, and has spoiled all,
Will not release the land; has won the wench too.
Egre. Could he not stay till the masque was past? We are ready.
What a scurvy trick is this?
Mir. Oh, you may vanish!
Perform it at some hall, where the citizens' wives
May see't for sixpence a-piece, and a cold supper.
—Come, let's go, Charles!—And now, my noble daughter,

I'll sell the tiles of my house ere thou shalt want, wench.—
Rate up your dinner, sir, and sell it cheap.
Some younger brother will take't up in commodities.—
Send you joy, nephew Eustace, if you study the law!
Keep your great pippin-pyes; they'll go far with you.
Char. I'd have your blessing.
Bri. No, no; meet me no more!
Farewell! thou wilt blast mine eyes else.
Char. I will not.
Lew. Nor send not you for gowns!
Ang. I'll wear coarse flannel first.
Bri. Come, let's go take some counsel.
Lew. 'Tis too late.
Bri. Then stay and dine; it may be, we shall vex 'em. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*An Apartment in the same House.*

Enter Brisac, Eustace, Egremont, *and* Cowsy.

Bri. Ne'er talk to me! You are no men, but masquers;
Shapes, shadows, and the signs of men; court-bubbles,
That every breath or breaks or blows away!
You have no souls, no mettle in your bloods,
No heat to stir ye when ye have occasion!
Frozen dull things that must be turn'd with leavers!
Are you the courtiers, and the travell'd gallants?
The sprightly fellows, that the people talk of?
You have no more spirit than three sleepy sots!
Eust. What would you have me do, sir!
Bri. Follow your brother,
And get you out of doors, and seek your fortune!
Stand still becalm'd, and let an aged dotard,
A hair-brain'd puppy, and a bookish boy,
That never knew a blade above a penknife,
And how to cut his meat in characters,
Cross my design, and take thy own wench from thee!
In mine own house too? Thou despised, poor fellow!
Eust. The reverence that I ever bare to you, sir.
Then to my uncle, with whom't had been but sauciness
To have been so rough——
Egre. And we not seeing him
Strive in his own cause that was principal,
And should have led us on, thought it ill manners
To begin a quarrel here.
Bri. You dare do nothing.
Do ye make your care the excuse of your cowardliness?
Three boys on hobby horses, with three penny halberts,
Would beat you all.
Cow. You must not say so.
Bri. Yes,
And sing it too.
Cow. You are a man of peace,
Therefore we must give way.
Bri. I'll make my way;
And therefore quickly leave me, or I'll force you;
And, having first torn off your flaunting feathers,
I'll trample on 'em; and if that cannot teach you
To quit my house, I'll kick you out of my gates,
You gaudy glow-worms, carrying seeming fire,
Yet have no heat within you!
Cow. Oh, blessed travel!
How much we owe thee for our power to suffer!
Egre. Some splenitive youths now, that had never seen
More than their country smoke, would grow in choler:
It would show fine in us!
Eust. Yes, marry, would it,
That are prime courtiers, and must know no angers;
But give thanks for our injuries, if we purpose
To hold our places.
Bri. Will you find the door,
And find it suddenly? You shall lead the way, sir,
With your perfumed retinue, and recover
The now-lost Angellina; or, build on it,
I will adopt some beggar's doubtful issue,
Before thou shalt inherit.
Eust. We'll to counsel;
And what may be done by man's wit or valour
We'll put in execution.
Bri. Do, or never
Hope I shall know thee. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Lewis.

Lew. Oh, sir, have I found you?
Bri. I never hid myself. Whence flows this fury,
With which, as it appears, you come to fright me?
Lew. I smell a plot, a mere conspiracy,
Among ye all, to defeat me of my daughter;
And if she be not suddenly deliver'd,
Untainted in her reputation too,
The best of France shall know how I am juggled with.
She is my heir, and if she may be ravish'd
Thus from my care, farewell, nobility!
Honour and blood are mere neglected nothings.
Bri. Nay, then, my lord, you go too far, and tax him
Whose innocency understands not what fear is.
If your inconstant daughter will not dwell
On certainties, must you henceforth conclude
That I am fickle? What have I omitted,
To make good my integrity and truth?
Nor can her lightness, nor your supposition,
Cast an aspersion on me.
Lew. I am wounded
In fact, nor can words cure it. Do not trifle;
But speedily, once more I do repeat it,
Restore my daughter as I brought her hither,
Or you shall hear from me in such a kind
As you will blush to answer! [*Exit* Lewis.
Bri. All the world,
I think, conspires to vex me; yet I will not
Torment myself; some sprightful mirth must banish
The rage and melancholy which hath almost choak'd me:
To a knowing man 'tis physic, and 'tis thought one.
One merry hour I'll have, in spite of fortune,
To cheer my heart, and this is that appointed:
This night I'll hug my Lilly in mine arms;
Provocatives are sent before to cheer me;
We old men need 'em; and though we pay dear
For our stolen pleasures, so it be done securely,

The charge, much like a sharp sauce, gives 'em
Well, honest Andrew, I gave you a farm, [relish.
And it shall have a beacon, to give warning
To my other tenants when the foe approaches;
And presently, you being bestow'd elsewhere,
I'll graft it with dexterity on your forehead;
Indeed, I will. Lilly, I come! poor Andrew! [*Exit.*

SCENE II.—*A Grove.*

Enter MIRAMONT *and* ANDREW.

Mir. Do they chafe roundly?
And. As they were rubb'd with soap, sir.
And now they swear aloud, now calm again,
Like a ring of bells, whose sound the wind still
And then they sit in council what to do, [alters;
And then they jar again, what shall be done.
They talk of warrants from the parliament,
Complaints to the king, and forces from the province;
They have a thousand heads in a thousand minutes,
Yet ne'er a one head worth a head of garlick.
Mir. Long may they chafe, and long may we laugh at 'em,
A couple of pure puppies yoked together!
But what says the young courtier, master Eustace,
And his two warlike friends?
And. They say but little;
How much they think, I know not. They look ruefully,
As if they had newly come from a vaulting-house,
And had been quite shot through 'tween wind and water
By a she-Dunkirk, and had sprung a leak, sir.
Certain, my master was to blame.
Mir. Why, Andrew?
And. To take away the wench o' th' sudden from him,
And give him no lawful warning; he is tender,
And of a young girl's constitution, sir,
Ready to get the green-sickness with conceit.
Had he but ta'en his leave in travelling language,
Or bought an elegy of his condolement,
That the world might have ta'en notice he had been
An ass, 't had been some savour.
Mir. Thou say'st true,
Wise Andrew; but these scholars are such things
When they can prattle!
And. Very parlous things, sir.
Mir. And when they gain the liberty to distin-
The difference 'twixt a father and a fool, [guish
To look below and spy a younger brother,
Pruning and dressing up his expectations
In a rare glass of beauty, too good for him!
Those dreaming scholars then turn tyrants, Andrew,
And shew no mercy.
And. The more's the pity, sir.
Mir. Thou told'st me of a trick to catch my
And anger him a little further, Andrew. [brother,
It shall be only anger, I assure thee,
And a little shame.
And. And I can fit you, sir.
Hark in your your ear. [*Whispers.*
Mir. Thy wife?
And. So, I assure you:
This night at twelve o'clock.
Mir. 'Tis neat and handsome;
There are twenty crowns due to thy project, Andrew.
I have time to visit Charles, and see what lecture
He reads to his mistress. That done, I'll not fail
To be with you.
And. Nor I to watch my master. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*A Chamber in the House of* MIRAMONT.

Enter ANGELLINA, *and* SYLVIA *with a Taper.*

Ang. I am worse than e'er I was, for now I fear
That that I love, that that I only dote on.
He follows me through every room I pass,
And with a strong set eye he gazes on me,
As if a spark of innocence were blown
Into a flame of lust. Virtue defend me!
His uncle too is absent, and 'tis night;
And what these opportunities may teach him
What fear and endless care 'tis, to be honest!
To be a maid, what misery, what mischief!
'Would I were rid of it, so it were fairly!
Syl. You need not fear that; will you be a child
He follows you, but still to look upon you. [still?
Or, if he did desire to lie with you,
'Tis but your own desire; you love for that end.
I'll lay my life, if he were now a-bed wi' you,
He is so modest, he would fall asleep straight.
Ang. Dare you venture that?
Syl. Let him consent, and have at you.
I fear him not; he knows not what a woman is,
Nor how to find the mystery men aim at.
Are you afraid of your own shadow, madam?

Enter CHARLES.

Ang. He follows still, yet with a sober face.
'Would I might know the worst, and then I were satisfied!
Syl. You may both, let him but go with you.
Char. Why do you fly me? What have I so ill
About me, or within me, to deserve it?
Ang. I am going to-bed, sir.
Char. And I am come to light you;
I am a maid, and 'tis a maiden's office.
You may have me to-bed without a scruple;
And yet I am chary too who comes about me.
Two innocents should not fear one another.
Syl. The gentleman says true. Pluck up your heart, madam.
Char. The glorious sun, both rising and declining,
We boldly look upon; even then, sweet lady,
When, like a modest bride, he draws night's curtains!
Even then he blushes, that men should behold him.
Ang. I fear he will persuade me to mistake him.
Syl. 'Tis easily done, if you will give your mind
Ang. Pray you, to your bed. [to't.
Char. Why not to yours, dear mistress?
One heart and one bed.
Ang. True, sir, when 'tis lawful:
But yet, you know——
Char. I would not know; forget it.
Those are but sickly loves that hang on ceremony
Nursed up with doubts and fears; ours high and healthful,
Full of belief, and fit to teach the priest.
Love should seal first, then hands confirm the bargain.
Ang. I shall be an heretic, if this continue.
What would you do a-bed? You make me blush, sir
Char. I'd see you sleep, for, sure, your sleep are excellent:

You, that are waking such a noted wonder,
Must in your slumbers prove an admiration.
I would behold your dreams too, if 'twere possible;
Those were rich shows.
Ang. I am becoming traitor.
Char. Then, like blue Neptune, courting of an island,
Where all the perfumes and the precious things
That wait upon great nature are laid up,
I'd clip you in mine arms, and chastely kiss you;
Dwell in your bosom like your dearest thoughts,
And sigh and weep.
Ang. I've too much woman in me.
Char. And those true tears, falling on your pure crystals,
Should turn to armlets for great queens to adore.
Ang. I must be gone.
Char. Do not; I will not hurt you.
This is to let you know, my worthiest lady,
You have clear'd my mind, and I can speak of love too.
Fear not my manners; though I never knew,
Before these few hours, what a beauty was,
And such a one that fires all hearts that feel it,
Yet I have read of virtuous temperance,
And studied it among my other secrets;
And sooner would I force a separation
Betwixt this spirit and the case of flesh,
Than but conceive one rudeness against chastity.
Ang. Then we may walk.
Char. And talk of any thing,
Any thing fit for your ears, and my language.
Though I was bred up dull, I was ever civil.
'Tis true, I have found it hard to look on you,
And not desire; 'twill prove a wise man's task;
Yet those desires I have so mingled still,
And temper'd with the quality of honour,
That, if you should yield, I should hate you for't.
I am no courtier, of a light condition,
Apt to take fire at every beauteous face,
That only serves his will and wantonness;
And lets the serious part of life run by,
As thin neglected sand. Whiteness of name,
You must be mine! why should I rob myself
Of that, that lawfully must make me happy?
Why should I seek to cuckold my delights,
And widow all those sweets I aim at in you?
We'll lose ourselves in Venus' groves of myrtle,
Where every little bird shall be a Cupid,
And sing of love and youth; each wind that blows,
And curls the velvet leaves, shall breed delights;
The wanton spring shall call us to their banks,
And on the perfumed flow'rs we'll feast our senses;
Yet we'll walk by, untainted of their pleasures,
And, as they were pure temples, we'll talk in them.
Ang. To bed, and pray then, we may have a fair end
Of our fair loves. 'Would I were worthy of you,
Or of such parents that might give you thanks!
But I am poor in all but your affections.
Once more, good night!
Char. A good night to you, and may
The dew of sleep fall gently on you, sweet one,
And lock up those fair lights in pleasing slumbers!
No dreams but chaste and clear attempt your fancy!
And break betimes, sweet morn! I have lost my light else.
Ang. Let it be ever night, when I lose you.
Syl. This scholar never went to a free-school, he's so simple.

Enter a Servant.

Ser. Your brother, with two gallants, is at door, sir;
And they are so violent, they'll take no denial.
Ang. This is no time of night——
Char. Let 'em in, mistress.
Ser. They stay no leave. Shall I raise the house on 'em?
Char. Not a man, nor make no murmur of 't, I charge you.

Enter Eustace, Egremont, *and* Cowsy.

Eust. They are here; my uncle absent; stand close to me.—
How do you, brother, with your curious story?
Have you not read her yet sufficiently?
Char. No, brother, no; I stay yet in the preface;
The style's too hard for you.
Eust. I must entreat her;
She's parcel of my goods. [*Seizes* Angellina.
Char. She's all, when you have her.
Ang. Hold off your hands, unmannerly, rude sir;
Nor I, nor what I have, depend on you.
Char. Do, let her alone; she gives good counsel. Do not
Trouble yourself with ladies; they are too light;
Let out your land, and get a provident steward.
Ang. I cannot love you, let that satisfy you!
Such vanities as you are to be laugh'd at.
Eust. Nay, then, you must go, I must claim mine own.
Both. Away, away with her! [*She strikes off* Eustace's *hat.*
Char. Let her alone,
Pray let her alone, and take your coxcomb up.
Let me talk civilly awhile with you, brother:
It may be, on some terms, I may part with her.
Eust. Oh, is your heart come down? What are your terms, sir?
Put up, put up.
Char. This is the first and chiefest.
Let's walk a turn.—[*Snatches away his sword.*] Now stand off, fools, I advise ye.
Stand as far off as you would hope for mercy.
This is the first sword yet I ever handled,
And a sword's a beauteous thing to look upon,
And, if it hold, I shall so hunt your insolence!
'Tis sharp, I'm sure; and, if I put it home,
'Tis ten to one I shall new-pink your sattins.
I find, I have spirit enough to dispose of it,
And will enough to make ye all examples!
Let me toss it round; I have the full command on't:
Fetch me a native fencer, I defy him!
I feel the fire of ten strong spirits in me.
Do you watch me when my uncle is absent?
This is my grief, I shall be flesh'd on cowards!
Teach me to fight; I willing am to learn.
Are ye all gilded flies? nothing but show in ye?
Why stand ye gaping? Who now touches her?
Who calls her his, or who dares name her to me,
But name her, as his own? who dares look on her?
That shall be mortal too; but think, 'tis dangerous!
Art thou a fit man to inherit land,
And hast no wit, nor spirit, to maintain it?
Stand still, thou sign of man, and pray for thy friends;
Pray heartily; good prayers may restore ye.
Ang. But do not kill 'em, sir.
Char. You speak too late, dear:
It is my first fight, and I must do bravely;
I must not look with partial eyes on any;
I cannot spare a button of these gentlemen:

Did life lie in their heel, Achilles-like,
I'd shoot my anger at those parts, and kill 'em.—
Who waits within?

Enter Servant.

Ser. Sir!
Char. View all these! view 'em well;
Go round about 'em, and still view their faces.
Round about yet; see how death waits upon 'em;
For thou shalt never view 'em more.
Eust. Pray hold, sir.
Char. I cannot hold, you stand so fair before me;
I must not hold, 'twill darken all my glories.—
Go to my uncle, bid him post to the king,
And get my pardon instantly; I have need on't.
Eust. Are you so unnatural?
Char. You shall die last, sir.
I'll talk thee dead, thou art no man to fight with.
Come; will ye come? Methinks I have fought whole battles! [on, sir.
Cow. We have no quarrel to you, that we know
Egre. We'll quit the house, and ask you mercy
Good lady, let no murder be done here; [too.—
We came but to parley.
Char. How my sword
Thirsts after them!—Stand away, sweet.
Eust. Pray, sir,
Take my submission, and I disclaim for ever——
Char. Away, ye poor things, you despicable crea-
Do you come post to fetch a lady from me, [tures!
From a poor school-boy, that ye scorn'd of late,
And grow lame in your hearts, when you should execute?
Pray, take her, take her; I am weary of her;
What did ye bring to carry her?
Egre. A coach and four horses.
Char. But are they good?
Egre. As good as France can shew, sir.
Char. Are you willing to leave those, and take
Speak quickly. [your safeties?
Eust. Yes, with all our hearts.
Char. 'Tis done, then.
Many have got one horse; I've got four by th' bargain.

Enter Miramont.

Mir. How now? who's here?
Ser. Nay, now you are gone without bail.
Mir. What, drawn, my friends? Fetch me my two-hand sword!
I will not leave a head on your shoulders, wretches!
Eust. In truth, sir, I came but to do my duty.
Both. And we to renew our loves.
Mir. Bring me a blanket!—
What came they for?
Ang. To borrow me a while, sir:
But one, that never fought yet, has so curried,
So bastinadoed them with manly carriage,
They stand like things Gorgon had turn'd to stone.
They watch'd your being absent, and then thought
They might do wonders here, and they have done
For, by my troth, I wonder at their coldness; [so:
The nipping north, or frost, never came near them;
Saint George upon a sign would grow more sensible:
If the name of honour were for ever to be lost,
These were the most sufficient men to do it
In all the world, and yet they are but young.
What will they rise to? They're as full of fire
As a frozen glow-worm's tail, and shine as goodly:
Nobility and patience are match'd rarely
In these three gentlemen; they have right use on't;
They'll stand still for an hour, and be beaten.
These are the anagrams of three great worthies.
Mir. They will infect my house with cowardice,
If they breathe longer in it; my roof covers
No baffled monsieurs.—Walk and air yourselves!
As I live, they stay not here, white-liver'd wretches!
Without one word to ask a reason why,
Vanish, 'tis the last warning, and with speed:
For, if I take ye in hand, I shall dissect ye,
And read upon your phlegmatic dull carcasses.—
[*Exeunt* Eustace, Egremont, *and* Cowsy.
My horse again there!—I have other business,
Which you shall hear hereafter, and laugh at it.
Good night, Charles; fair goodness to you, dear [lady.
'Tis late, 'tis late.
Ang. Pray, sir, be careful of us.
Mir. It is enough; my best care shall attend ye.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*A Room in the Farm-House of* Andrew.

Enter Andrew, *peeping into an adjoining Room.*

And. Are you come, old master? Very good, your horse
Is well set up; but ere ye part, I'll ride you,
And spur your reverend justiceship such a question,
As I shall make the sides o' your reputation bleed;
Truly, I will.—Now must I play at bo-peep.
A banquet? Well! Potatoes, and eringoes,
And, as I take it, cantharides. Excellent!
A priapism follows; and, as I'll handle it,
It shall, old lecherous goat in authority.
Now they begin to bill. How he slavers her!
Gra'mercy, Lilly! she spits his kisses out;
And, now he offers to fumble, she falls off
(That's a good wench) and cries, "fair play aboveboard."—
Who are they in the corner? As I live,
A covey of fiddlers; I shall have some music yet
At my making free o' th' company of horners.
[*Music.*
There's the comfort; and a song too! He beckons for one.
Sure 'tis no anthem, nor no borrowed rhymes
Out of the school of virtue. I will listen. [*A Song.*
This was never penn'd at Geneva; the note's too sprightly.
So, so, the music's paid for; and now what follows?
Oh, that Monsieur Miramont would but keep his word,
Here were a feast to make him fat with laughter!
At the most, 'tis not six minutes riding from his
Nor will he break, I hope.— [house;

Enter Miramont.

Oh, are you come, sir?
The prey is in the net; and we'll break in
Upon occasion.
Mir. Thou shalt rule me, Andrew.
Oh, the infinite fright that will assail this gentle-
The quartans, tertians, and quotidians, [man!
That will hang, like serjeants, on his worship's shoulders!
The humiliation of the flesh of this man,
This grave austere man, will be wonder'd at!
How will those solemn looks appear to me,
And that severe face, that spake chains and shackles,
Now I take him in the nick, ere I have done with him?

He'd better have stood between two panes of wainscot,
And made his recantation in the market,
Than hear me conjure him.
And. He must pass this way,
To th' only bed I have. He comes; stand close.

Enter BRISAC *and* LILLY.

Bri. Well done, well done; give me my night-cap. So!
Quick, quick, untruss me; I will truss and trounce thee!
Come, wench, a kiss between each point; kiss close;
It is a sweet parenthesis.
Lil. You are merry, sir.
Bri. Merry I will be anon, and thou shalt feel it,
Thou shalt, my Lilly.
Lil. Shall I air your bed, sir?
Bri. No, no, I'll use no warming-pan but thine,
That's all. Come, kiss me again. girl;
Lil. Ha' you done yet?
Bri. No; but I will do, and do wonders, Lilly.
Show me the way.
Lil. You cannot miss it, sir.
You shall have a caudle in the morning, for
Your worship's breakfast.
Bri. How? i' th' morning, Lilly?
Thou'rt such a witty thing, to draw me on.
Leave fooling, Lilly; I am hungry now,
And thou hast another kickshaw; I must taste it.
Lil. 'Twill make you surfeit, I am tender of you;
You have all you're like to have.—
And. And can this be earnest?
Mir. It seems so, and she honest.—
Bri. Have I not
Thy promise, Lilly?
Lil. Yes; and I have perform'd
Enough to a man of your years: This is truth,
And you shall find, sir. You have kiss'd and toused me, sir?
Handled my leg and foot: What would you more,
As for the rest, it requires youth and strength,
And the labour in an old man would breed agues,
Sciaticas, and cramps; you shall not curse me,
For taking from you what you cannot spare, sir.
Be good unto yourself; you have ta'en already
All you can take with ease; you are past threshing,
It is a work too boisterous for you; leave
Such drudgery to Andrew.
Mir. How she jeers him!
Lil. Let Andrew alone with his own tillage:
He's tough, and can manure it.
Bri. You're a quean,
A scoffing jeering quean!
Lil. It may be so, but,
I'm sure, I'll ne'er be yours.
Bri. Do not provoke me;
If thou dost, I'll have my farm again, and turn
Thee out a-begging.
Lil. Though you have the will,
And want of honesty, to deny your deed, sir,
Yet, I hope, Andrew has got so much learning
From my young master, as to keep his own.
And. I warrant thee, wench.
Lil. At the worst, I'll tell a short tale to the judges,
For what grave ends you sign'd your lease, and on
What terms you would revoke it.
Bri. Whore, thou darest not!
Yield, or I'll have thee whipp'd. How my blood boils,
As if 'twere o'er a furnace!
Mir. I shall cool it.
Bri. Yet, gentle Lilly, pity and forgive me!
I'll be a friend to you, such a loving bountiful friend—
Lil. To avoid suits in law, I would grant a little;
But should fierce Andrew know it, what would become
Of me?
And. A whore, a whore!
Bri. Nothing but well, wench:
I will put such a strong bit in his mouth,
As thou shalt ride him how thou wilt, my Lilly:
Nay, he shall hold the door, as I will work him,
And thank thee for the office.
Mir. Take heed, Andrew;
These are shrewd temptations.
And. Pray you, know
Your cue, and second me, sir.—By your worship's favour! *[Comes forward.*
Bri. Andrew!
And. I come in time to take possession
Of the office you assign me; hold the door!
Alas, 'tis nothing for a simple man
To stay without, when a deep understanding
Holds conference within; say, with his wife:
A trifle, sir. I know I hold my farm
In cuckold's tenure; you are lord o' th' soil, sir:
Lilly is a weft, a stray; she's yours to use, sir,
I claim no interest in her.
Bri. Art thou serious?
Speak, honest Andrew, since thou hast o'erheard us,
And wink at small faults, man; I'm but a pidler,
A little will serve my turn: thou'lt find enough
When I've my belly-full: Wilt thou be private
And silent?
And. By all means; I'll only have
A ballad made of't, sung to some lewd tune,
And the name of it shall be the Justice-Trap:
It will sell rarely with your worship's name,
And Lilly's, on the top.
Bri. Seek not the ruin
O' my reputation, Andrew.
And. 'Tis for your credit;
Monsieur Brisac, printed in capital letters,
Then pasted upon all the posts in Paris.
Bri. No mercy, Andrew?
And. Oh, it will proclaim you
From the city to the court, and prove sport-royal.
Bri. Thou shalt keep thy farm.
Mart. He does afflict him rarely. *[Aside.*
And. You trouble me. Then his intent arriving,
The vizard of his hypocrisy pull'd off
To the judge criminal——
Bri. Oh, I am undone.
And. He's put out of commission with disgrace,
And held uncapable of bearing office
Ever hereafter. This is my revenge,
And this I'll put in practice.
Bri. Do but hear me.
And. To bring me back from my grammar to my horn-book!
It is unpardonable.
Bri. Do not play the tyrant;
Accept of composition.
Lil. Hear him, Andrew.
And. What composition?
Bri. I'll confirm thy farm,
And add unto't an hundred acres more,
Adjoining to it.
And. Hum! this mollifies.
But you're so fickle, and will again deny this,
There being no witness by.

Bri. Call any witness,
I'll presently assure it.
And. Say you so?
'Troth, there's a friend of mine, sir, within hearing,
That is familiar with all that's past;
His testimony will be authentical.
Bri. Will he be secret?
And. You may tie his tongue up,
As you would do your purse-strings.
[MIRAMONT *comes forward.*
Bri. Miramont!
Mir. Ha, ha, ha!
And. This is my witness. Lord, how you are troubled!
Sure you have an ague, you shake so with choler.
He's your loving brother, sir, and will tell nobody,
But all he meets, that you have eat a snake,
And are grown young, gamesome, and rampant.
Bri. Caught thus?
And. If he were one that would make jests of you,
Or plague you with making your religious gravity
Ridiculous to your neighbours, then you had
Some cause to be perplex'd.
Bri. I shall become
Discourse for clowns and tapsters.
And. Quick, Lilly, quick!
He's now past kissing between point and point;
He swoons, fetch him some cordial.—Now put in, sir.
Mir. Who may this be? Sure, this is some mistake.
Let me see his face; wears he not a false beard;
It cannot be Brisac, that worthy gentleman,
The pillar, and the patron, of his country;
He is too prudent, and too cautelous;
Experience hath taught him to avoid these fooleries.
He is the punisher, and not the doer;
Besides he's old and cold, unfit for woman:
This is some counterfeit; he shall be whipp'd for't;
Some base abuser of my worthy brother.
Bri. Open the doors! will ye imprison me? Are ye my judges?
Mir. The man raves! This is not judicious Brisac.
Yet, now I think on't, a' has a kind of dog-look
Like my brother: a guilty hanging face.
Bri. I'll suffer bravely; do your worst, do, do!
Mir. Why, it's manly in you.
Bri. Nor will I rail, nor curse.—
You slave, you whore, I will not meddle with you;
But all the torments that e'er fell on men
That feed on mischief, fall heavily on you all! [*Exit.*
Lil. You have given him a heat, sir.
Mir. He will ride
You the better, Lilly.
And. We'll teach him to meddle with us scholars.
Mir. He shall make good his promise to increase thy farm, Andrew,
Or I'll jeer him to death. Fear nothing, Lilly;
I am thy champion. This jest goes to Charles;
And then I'll hunt him out, and Monsieur Eustace,
The gallant courtier, and laugh heartily
To see 'em mourn together.
And. 'Twill be rare, sir. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*A Grove before* MIRAMONT'S *House.*

Enter EUSTACE, EGREMONT, *and* COWSY.

Eust. Turn'd out of doors, and baffled!
Egre. We share with you
In the affront.
Cow. Yet bear it not like you,
With such dejection.
Eust. My coach and horses made
The ransom of our cowardice!
Cow. Pish, that's nothing;
'Tis *damnum reparabile*, and soon recover'd.
Egre. It is but feeding a suitor with false hopes,
And after squeeze him with a dozen of oaths,
You are new rigg'd, and this no more remember'd.
Eust. And does the court, that should be the example
And oracle of the kingdom, read to us
No other doctrine?
Egre. None that thrives so well
As that, within my knowledge.
Cow. Flattery rubs on;
But since great men learn to admire themselves,
'Tis something crest-fallen.
Egre. To be of no religion
Argues a subtile moral understanding,
And it is often cherish'd.
Eust. Piety then,
And valour, nor to do nor suffer wrong,
Are there no virtues!
Egre. Rather vices, Eustace.
Fighting! what's fighting? It may be in fashion
Among provant swords, and buff-jerkin men:
But with us, that swim in choice of silks and tissues,
Though in defence of that word *reputation*,
Which is, indeed, a kind of glorious nothing,
To lose a drachm of blood must needs appear
As coarse as to be honest.
Eust. And all this
You seriously believe?
Cow. It is a faith
That we will die in; since from the blackguard
To the grim sir in office, there are few
Hold other tenets.
Eust. Now my eyes are open;
And I behold a strong necessity,
That keeps me knave and coward.
Cow. You are the wiser.
Eust. Nor can I change my copy, if I purpose
To be of your society?
Egre. By no means,
Eust. Honour is nothing with you?
Cow. A mere bubble;
For, what's grown common is no more regarded.
Eust. My sword forced from me too, and still detain'd,
You think, 's no blemish?
Egre. Get me a battoon;
'Tis twenty times more court-like, and less trouble.
Eust. And yet you wear a sword.
Cow. Yes, and a good one,
A Milan hilt, and a Damasco blade;
For ornament, not use; the court allows it.
Eust. Will't not fight of itself?
Cow. I ne'er tried this.
Yet I have worn as fair as any man;

I am sure, I have made my cutler rich, and paid
For several weapons, Turkish and Toledos,
Two thousand crowns; and yet could never light
Upon a fighting one.
Eust. I'll borrow this;
I like it well.
Cow. 'Tis at your service, sir;
A lath in a velvet scabbard will serve my turn.
Eust. And, now I have it, leave me! You're infectious,
The plague and leprosy of your baseness spreading
On all that do come near you; such as you
Render the throne of majesty, the court,
Suspected and contemptible! You are scarabes,
That batten in her dung, and have no palates
To taste her curious viands; and, like owls,
Can only see her night-deformities,
But, with the glorious splendour of her beauties
You are struck blind as moles, that undermine
The sumptuous building that allow'd you shelter!
You stick, like running ulcers on her face,
And taint the pureness of her native candour;
And, being bad servants, cause your master's goodness
To be disputed of! You make the court,
That is the abstract of all acadèmies
To teach and practise noble undertakings,
(Where courage sits triumphant, crown'd with laurel,
And wisdom, loaded with the weight of honour)
A school of vices.
Egre. What sudden rapture's this?
Eust. A heavenly one, that, raising me from sloth and ignorance,
(In which your conversation long hath charm'd me)
Carries me up into the air of action,
And knowledge of myself. Even now I feel,
But pleading only in the court's defence,
Though far short of her merits and bright lustre,
A happy alteration, and full strength
To stand her champion against all the world
That throw aspersions on her.
Cow. Sure, he'll beat us;
I see it in his eyes.
Egr. A second Charles!—
Pray look not, sir, so furiously.
Eust. Recant
What you have said, ye mungrels! and lick up
The vomit you have cast upon the court,
Where you, unworthily, have had warmth and breeding,
And swear that you, like spiders, have made poison
Of that which was a saving antidote!
Egre. We will swear any thing.
Cow. We honour the court
As a most sacred place.
Egre. And will make oath,
If you enjoin us to't; nor knave, nor fool,
Nor coward, living in it.
Eust. Except you two,
You rascals!
Cow. Yes; we are all these, and more,
If you will have it so.
Eust. And that, until
You are again reform'd, and grown new men,
You ne'er presume to name the court, or press
Into the porter's lodge, but for a penance,
To be disciplined for your roguery; and, this done,
With true contrition——
Both. Yes, sir.
Eust. You again
May eat scraps, and be thankful.—
Cow. Here's a cold breakfast,
After a sharp night's walking!
Eust. Keep your oaths,
And without grumbling vanish.
Both. We are gone, sir. [*Exeunt.*
Eust. May all the poorness of my spirit go with you!—
The fetters of my thraldom are filed off,
And I at liberty to right myself;
And though my hope in Angellina's little,
My honour, unto which compared she's nothing,
Shall, like the sun, disperse those low'ring clouds,
That yet obscure and dim it. Not the name
Of brother shall divert me; but from him,
That in the world's opinion ruin'd me,
I will seek reparation, and call him
Unto a strict account. Ha! 'tis near day;
And if the muse's friend, rose-cheek'd Aurora,
Invite him to this solitary grove,
As I much hope she will, he seldom missing
To pay his vows here to her, I shall hazard
To hinder his devotions. The door opens.

Enter CHARLES.

'Tis he, most certain; and by his side my sword.
Blest opportunity!
Char. I have o'erslept myself,
And lost part of the morn; but I'll recover it.
Before I went to bed, I wrote some notes
Within my table-book, which I'll now consider.
Ha! what means this? what do I with a sword?
Learn'd Mercury needs not the aid of Mars, and innocence
Is to itself a guard: Yet, since arms ever
Protect arts, I may justly wear and use it;
For, since 'twas made my prize, I know not how,
I am grown in love with't, and cannot eat, nor study,
And much less walk, without it. But I trifle;
Matters of more weight ask my judgment.
Eust. None, sir:
Treat of no other theme; I'll keep you to it;
And see you expound it well.
Char. Eustace!
Eust. The same, sir;
Your younger brother, who, as duty binds him,
Hath all this night (turn'd out of doors) attended,
To bid good-morrow to you.
Char. This, not in scorn,
Commands me to return it. Would you aught else?
Eust. Oh, much, sir; here I end not, but begin.
I must speak to you in another strain
Than yet I ever used; and if the language
Appear in the delivery rough and harsh,
You, being my tutor, must condemn yourself,
From whom I learn'd it.
Char. When I understand,
Be't in what style you please, what's your demand?
I shall endeavour, in the self-same phrase,
To make an answer to the point.
Eust. I come not
To lay claim to your birth-right, 'tis your own,
And 'tis fit you enjoy it; nor ask I from you
Your learning and deep knowledge: Though I am
A scholar, as you are, I know them diamonds, [not
By your sole industry, patience, and labour,
Forced from steep rocks, and with much toil attain'd,
And but to few, that prize their value, granted;
And therefore, without rival, freely wear them.

Char. These not repined at, as you seem to inform me,
The motion must be of a strange condition,
If I refuse to yield to't; therefore, Eustace,
Without this tempest in your looks, propound it,
And fear not a denial.
Eust. I require then,
(As from an enemy, and not a brother)
The reputation of a man, the honour,
Not by a fair war won when I was waking,
But in my sleep of folly ravish'd from me!
With these, the restitution of my sword,
With large acknowledgment of satisfaction,
My coach, my horses; I will part with life,
Ere lose one hair of them; and, what concludes all,
My mistress Angellina, as she was
Before the musical magic of thy tongue
Enchanted and seduced her. These perform'd,
And with submission, and done publicly,
At my father's and my uncle's intercession,
(That I put in too) I, perhaps, may listen
To terms of reconcilement; but if these
In every circumstance are not subscribed to,
To the last gasp I defy thee.
Char. These are strict
Conditions to a brother.
Eust. My rest is up,
Nor will I go less.
Char. I'm no gamester, Eustace;
Yet I can guess, your resolution stands
To win or lose all; I rejoice to find you
Thus tender of your honour, and that at length
You understand what a wretched thing you were,
How deeply wounded by yourself, and made
Almost incurable, in your own hopes;
The dead flesh of pale cowardice growing over
Your fester'd reputation, which no balm
Or gentle unguent ever could make way to.
And I am happy that I was the surgeon,
That did apply those burning corrosives,
That render you already sensible
O' th' danger you were plunged in; in teaching you
And by a fair gradation, how far,
And with what curious respect and care
The peace and credit of a man within
(Which you ne'er thought till now) should be preferr'd
Before a gaudy outside. Pray you, fix here;
For so far I go with you.
Eust. This discourse
Is from the subject.
Char. I'll come to it, brother;
But if you think to build upon my ruins,
You'll find a false foundation: Your high offers,
Taught by the masters of dependencies,
That, by compounding differences 'tween others,
Supply their own necessities, with me
Will never carry it. As you are my brother,
I would dispense a little, but no more
Than honour can give way to; nor must I
Destroy that in myself I love in you:
And therefore let not hopes nor threats persuade you
I will descend to any composition,
For which I may be censured.
Eust. You shall fight then.
Char. With much unwillingness with you; but if
There's no evasion——
Eust. None.
Char. Hear yet a word:
As for the sword, and other fripperies,
In a fair way, send for them, you shall have 'em;
But rather than surrender Angellina,
Or hear it again mentioned, I oppose
My breast unto loud thunder; cast behind me
All ties of nature!
Eust. She detain'd, I'm deaf
To all persuasion.
Char. Guard thyself then, Eustace!
I use no other rhetoric. [*They fight.*

Enter MIRAMONT.

Mir. Clashing of swords
So near my house! Brother opposed to brother!
Here is no fencing at half sword.—Hold, hold!
Charles! Eustace! [*Draws, and parts them.*
Eust. Second him, or call in more help.
Come not between us; I'll not know, nor spare you—
Do ye fight by the book?
Char. 'Tis you that wrong me.—Off, sir!
And suddenly I'll conjure down the spirit
That I have raised in him.
Eust. Never, Charles,
Till thine, and in thy death, be doubled in me.
Mir. I'm out of breath; yet trust not too much to't, boys;
For if you pause not suddenly, and hear reason—
Do, kill your uncle, do! But that I'm patient,
And not a choleric old testy fool,
Like your father, I'd dance a mattachin with you,
Should make you sweat your best blood for't; I would,
And it may be I will. Charles, I command thee;
And, Eustace, I entreat thee! thou'rt a brave spark,
A true tough-metall'd blade, and I begin
To love thee heartily. Give me a fighting courtier,
I'll cherish him for example; in our age
They are not born every day.
Char. You of late, sir,
In me loved learning.
Mir. True; but take me with ye, Charles;
'Twas when young Eustace wore his heart in's breeches,
And fought his battles in compliments and cringes;
When's understanding waved in a flaunting feather,
And his best contemplation look'd no further
Than a new-fashion'd doublet. I confess, then,
The lofty noise your Greek made, only pleased me;
But, now he's turn'd an Oliver and a Rowland——
(Nay, the whole dozen of peers are bound up in him.)
Let me remember! when I was of his years,
I did look very like him; and, did you see
My picture as I was then, you would swear
That gallant Eustace (I mean, now he dares fight)
Was the true substance and the perfect figure.
Nay, nay, no anger; you shall have enough, Charles.
Char. Sure, sir, I shall not need addition from him.
Eust. Nor I from any; this shall decide my interest!
Though I am lost to all deserving men,
To all that men call good, for suffering tamely
Insufferable wrongs, and justly slighted,
By yielding to a minute of delay
In my revenge, and from that made a stranger
Unto my father's house and favour, o'erwhelm'd
With all disgraces; yet I will mount upward,
And force myself a fortune, though my birth
And breeding do deny it!
Char. Seek not, Eustace,
By violence, what will be offer'd to you
On easier composition. Though I was not

Allied unto your weakness, you shall find me
A brother to your bravery of spirit;
And one that, not compell'd to't by your sword,
(Which I must never fear) will share with you
In all but Angellina.
Mir. Nobly said, Charles;
And learn from my experience, you may hear reason,
And never maim your fighting.—For your credit,
Which you think you have lost, spare Charles; and swinge me,
And soundly, three or four walking velvet cloaks,
That wear no swords to guard 'em, yet deserve it,
Thou art made up again.
Eust. All this is lip-salve.
Mir. It shall be heart's-ease, Eustace, ere I have done.
As for thy father's anger, now thou dar'st fight,
Ne'er fear't; for I've the dowcets of his gravity
Fast in a string, and will so pinch and wring him,
That, spite of his authority, thou shalt make
Thine own conditions with him.
Eust. I'll take leave
A little to consider.
Char. Here comes Andrew.

Enter ANDREW, *wounded.*

Mir. But without his comical and learned face.—
What sad disaster, Andrew?
And. You may read, sir,
A tragedy in my face.
Mir. Art thou in earnest?
And. Yes, by my life, sir; and if now you help
And speedily, by force or by persuasion, [not,
My good old master (for now I pity him)
Is ruin'd for ever.
Char. Ha! my father?
He, sir.
Mir. By what means? speak.
And. At the suit of Monsieur Lewis,
His house is seized upon, and he in person
Is under guard (I saw it with these eyes, sir)
To be conveyed to Paris, and there sentenced.
Mir. Nay, then there is no jesting.
Char. Do I live,
And know my father injured?
And. And what's worse, sir,
My Lady Angellina——
Eust. What of her?
And. She's carried away too.
Mir. How?
And. While you were absent,
A crew of Monsieur Lewis' friends and kinsmen
By force brake in at the back part of the house,
And took her away by violence. Faithful Andrew
(As this can witness for him) did his best
In her defence; but 'twould not do.
Mir. Away,
And see our horses saddled! 'tis no time
To talk, but do.—Eustace, you now are offer'd
A spacious field, and in a pious war,
To exercise your valour; here's a cause,
And such a one, in which to fall is honourable,
Your duty and reverence due to a father's name
Commanding it: But these unnatural jars,
Arising between brothers, should you prosper,
Would shame your victory.
Eust. I would do much, sir;
But still, my reputation——
Mir. Charles shall give you
All decent satisfaction; nay, join hands,
And heartily. Why, this is done like brothers;
And old as I am, in this cause that concerns
The honour of our family, Monsieur Lewis,
If reason cannot work, shall find and feel
There's hot blood in this arm; I'll lead you bravely.
Eust. And if I follow not, a coward's name
Be branded on my forehead!
Char. This spirit makes you
A sharer in my fortunes.
Mir. And in mine;
Of which (Brisac once freed, and Angellina
Again in our possession) you shall know
My heart speaks in my tongue.
Eust. I dare not doubt it, sir. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*On the high Road to Paris.*

Enter LEWIS, BRISAC, ANGELLINA, SYLVIA, *and* Officers.

Lew. I am deaf to all persuasion.
Bri. I use none;
Nor doubt I, though a while my innocence suffers,
But, when the king shall understand how falsely
Your malice hath inform'd him, he in justice
Must set me right again.
Ang. Sir, let not passion
So far transport you as to think in reason,
This violent course repairs, but rather ruins,
That honour you would build up; You destroy
What you would seem to nourish. If respect
Of my preferment, or my reputation,
May challenge your paternal love and care,
Why do you, now good fortune has provided
A better husband for me than your hopes
Could ever fancy, strive to rob me of him?
In what is my love Charles defective, sir?
Unless deep learning be a blemish in him,
Or well-proportion'd limbs be mulcts in nature,
Or, what you only aim'd at, large revenues,
Are on the sudden grown distasteful to you,
Of what can you accuse him?
Lew. Of a rape
Done to honour, which thy ravenous lust
Made thee consent to.
Syl. Her lust! You are her father.
Lew. And you her bawd.
Syl. Were you ten lords, 'tis false;
The pureness of her chaste thoughts entertains not
Such spotted instruments.
Ang. As I have a soul, sir——
Lew. I am not to be alter'd! To sit down
With this disgrace would argue me a peasant,
And not born noble: All rigour that the law,
And that increase of power by favour yields,
Shall be with all severity inflicted;
You have the king's hand for't; no bail will serve,
And therefore at your perils, officers, away with 'em.
Bri. This is madness.
Lew. Tell me so in open court,
And there I'll answer you.

Enter MIRAMONT, CHARLES, EUSTACE, *and* ANDREW, *with swords.*

Mir. Well overtaken.
Char. Kill, if they dare resist.
Eust. He that advances
But one step forward, dies.
Lew. Shew the King's writ.
Mir. Shew your discretion; 'twill become you better.

Char. You're once more in my power; and if again [*To* ANGELLINA.
I part with you, let me for ever lose thee!
Eust. Force will not do't, nor threats; accept
From your despair'd-of Eustace. [this service
And. And beware,
Your reverend worship never more attempt
To search my Lily-pot: you see what follows.
Lew. Is the king's power contemn'd?
Mir. No, but the torrent
Of your wilful folly stopp'd.—And for you, good sir,
If you would but be sensible, what can you wish,
But the satisfaction of an obstinate will,
That is not tender'd to you; rather than
Be cross'd in what you purposed, you'll undo
Your daughter's fame, the credit of your judgment,
And your old foolish neighbour! make your states,
And in a suit not worth a cardecue,
A prey to advocates, and their buckram scribes;
And after they have plumed ye, return home,
Like a couple of naked fowls, without a feather.
Char. This is a most strong truth, sir.
Mir. No, no, monsieur,
Let us be right Frenchmen; violent to charge,
But, when our follies are repell'd by reason,
'Tis fit that we retreat, and ne'er come on more.
Observe my learned Charles; he'll get thee a nephew
On Angellina, shall dispute in her belly,
And suck the nurse by logic. And here's Eustace;
He was an ass, but now is grown an Amadis;
Nor shall he want a wife, if all my land
For a jointure can effect it. You're a good lord,
And of a gentle nature; in your looks
I see a kind consent, and it shews lovely.—
And, do you hear, old fool?
Bri. Your brother, sir.
Mir. But I'll not chide:
Hereafter, like me, ever dote on learning;
The mere belief is excellent, 'twill save you.
And next, love valour; though you dare not fight
Yourself, or fright a foolish officer, young Eustace
Can do it to a hair. And to conclude,
Let Andrew's farm be increas'd, that is your penance,
You know for what; and see you rut no more.
You understand me. So embrace on all sides.
I'll pay those billmen, and make large amends;
Provided we preserve you still our friends.
[*Exeunt.*

EPILOGUE.

'Tis not the hands, or smiles, or common way
Of approbation to a well-liked play,
We only hope; but that you freely would,
To the author's memory, so far unfold,
And shew your loves and liking to his wit,
Not in your praise, but often seeing it;
That being the grand assurance, that can give
The poet and the player means to live.

THE SPANISH CURATE.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

DON HENRIQUE, *an uxorious Lord, cruel to his Brother.*
DON JAMIE, *younger Brother to* DON HENRIQUE.
BARTOLUS, *a covetous Lawyer, Husband to* AMARANTA.
LEANDRO, *a* Gentleman *who wantonly loves the Lawyer's Wife.*
ANGELO, MILANES, ARSENIO, } *Three* Gentlemen, *Friends to* LEANDRO.
ASCANIO, *Son to* DON HENRIQUE.
OCTAVIO, *supposed Husband to* JACINTHA.
LOPEZ, *the Spanish Curate.*
DIEGO, *his Sexton.*
Assistant, *which we call a Judge.*
Alguazils, *whom we call Serjeants.*
ANDREA, *a Servant of* DON HENRIQUE'S.

Four Parishioners, Apparitor, Singers, Servants.

VIOLANTE, *supposed Wife to* DON HENRIQUE.
JACINTHA, *formerly contracted to* DON HENRIQUE.
AMARANTA, *wife to* BARTOLUS.
EGLA, *a Female* Moor, *Servant to* AMARANTA.

SCENE,—CORDOVA.

PROLOGUE.

To tell ye, gentlemen, we have a play,
A new one too, and that 'tis launch'd to-day,
The name ye know, that's nothing to my story;
To tell ye, 'tis familiar, void of glory,
Of state, of bitterness—of wit, you'll say,
For that is now held wit that tends that way,
Which we avoid. To tell ye too, 'tis merry,
And meant to make you pleasant, and not weary:
The streams that guide ye, easy to attend:
To tell ye, that 'tis good, is to no end,
If you believe not. Nay, to go thus far,
To swear it, if you swear against, is war.
To assure you any thing, unless you see,
And so conceive, is vanity in me;
Therefore I leave it to itself; and pray,
Like a good bark, it may work out to-day,
And stem all doubts: 'twas built for such a proof,
And we hope highly: If she lie aloof
For her own vantage, to give wind at will,
Why, let her work, only be you but still,
And sweet-opinion'd; and we are bound to say,
You're worthy judges, and you crown the play.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*The Street.*

Enter ANGELO, MILANES, *and* ARSENIO.

Ars. Leandro paid all.
Mil. 'Tis his usual custom,
And requisite he should. He has now put off
The funeral black your rich heir wears with joy,
When he pretends to weep for his dead father.
Your gathering sires so long heap muck together,
That their kind sons, to rid them of their care,
Wish them in heaven; or, if they take a taste
Of purgatory by the way, it matters not,
Provided they remove hence. What is befallen
To his father in the other world, I ask not;
I am sure his prayer is heard. 'Would I could use
For mine, in the same method. [one
Ars. Fie upon thee!
This is profane.
Mil. Good doctor, do not school me
For a fault you are not free from. On my life,
Were all heirs in Corduba put to their oaths,
They would confess, with me, 'tis a sound tenet:
I'm sure Leandro does.
Ars. He is the owner
Of a fair estate.
Mil. And fairly he deserves it;
He's a royal fellow; yet observes a mean
In all his courses, careful too on whom
He showers his bounties. He that's liberal
To all alike, may do a good by chance,
But never out of judgment. This invites
The prime men of the city to frequent
All places he resorts to, and are happy
In his sweet converse.
Ars. Don Jamie, the brother
To the grandee Don Henrique, appears much taken
With his behaviour.
Mil. There is something more in't:
He needs his purse, and knows how to make use
'Tis now in fashion for your Don, that's poor, [on't.
To vow all leagues of friendship with a merchant
That can supply his wants; and howsoe'er
Don Jamie's noble born, his elder brother
Don Henrique rich, and his revenues long since
Encreas'd by marrying with a wealthy heir,
Call'd Madam Violante, he yet holds

A hard hand over Jamie, allowing him
A bare annuity only.
Ars. Yet, 'tis said,
He hath no child; and, by the laws of Spain,
If he die without issue, Don Jamie
Inherits his estate.
Mil. Why, that's the reason
Of their so many jars. Though the young lord
Be sick of th' elder brother, and in reason
Should flatter and observe him, he's of a nature
Too bold and fierce to stoop so, but bears up,
Presuming on his hopes.
Ars. What's the young lad
That all of 'em make so much of?
Mil. 'Tis a sweet one,
And the best condition'd youth I ever saw yet;
So humble, and so affable, that he wins
The love of all that know him; and so modest,
That in despite of poverty, he would starve
Rather than ask a courtesy. He's the son
Of a poor cast captain, one Octavio;
And she, that once was call'd the fair Jacintha,
Is happy in being his mother. For his sake,
Though in their fortunes fallen, they are esteem'd
And cherish'd by the best. [of

Enter JAMIE, LEANDRO, *and* ASCANIO.

Oh, here they come.
I now may spare his character; but observe him,
He'll justify my report.
Jam. My good Ascanio,
Repair more often to me; above women
Thou ever shalt be welcome.
Asc. My lord, your favours
May quickly teach a raw untutor'd youth
To be both rude and saucy.
Lean. You cannot be
Too frequent, where you are so much desired.
And give me leave, dear friend, to be your rival
In part of his affection; I will buy it
At any rate.
Jam. Stood I but now possess'd
Of what my future hope presages to me,
I then would make it clear thou hadst a patron,
That would not say, but do. Yet, as I am,
Be mine: I'll not receive thee as a servant,
But as my son; and though I want myself,
No page attending in the court of Spain
Shall find a kinder master.
Asc. I beseech you,
That my refusal of so great an offer
May make no ill construction; 'tis not pride
(That common vice is far from my condition)
That makes you a denial to receive
A favour I should sue for: nor the fashion
Which the country follows, in which to be a servant
In those that groan beneath the heavy weight
Of poverty, is held an argument
Of a base and abject mind. I wish my years
Were fit to do you service in a nature
That might become a gentleman (give me leave
To think myself one). My father served the king
As a captain in the field; and though his fortune
Return'd him home a poor man, he was rich
In reputation, and wounds fairly taken;
Nor am I by his ill success deterr'd;
I rather feel a strong desire, that sways me
To follow his profession; and if Heaven
Hath mark'd me out to be a man, how proud,
I' th' service of my country, should I be,
To trail a pike under your brave command!
There I would follow you as a guide to honour,
Though all the horrors of the war made up
To stop my passage.
Jam. Thou'rt a hopeful boy,
And it was bravely spoken: For this answer,
I love thee more than ever.
Mil. 'Pity, such seeds
Of promising courage should not grow and prosper!
Ang. Whatever his reputed parents be,
He hath a mind that speaks him right and noble.
Lean. You make him blush.—It needs not, sweet Ascanio;
We may hear praises when they are deserved,
Our modesty unwounded. By my life,
I would add something to the building up
So fair a mind; and if, till you are fit
To bear arms in the field, you'll spend some years
In Salamanca, I'll supply your studies
With all conveniencies.
Asc. Your goodness, signiors,
And charitable favours, overwhelm me.
If I were of your blood, you could not be
More tender of me: What then can I pay,
A poor boy and a stranger, but a heart
Bound to your service? With what willingness
I would receive, good sir, your noble offer,
Heaven can bear witness for me: but, alas,
Should I embrace the means to raise my fortunes,
I must destroy the lives of my poor parents,
To whom I owe my being; they in me
Place all their comforts, and, as if I were
The light of their dim eyes, are so indulgent,
They cannot brook one short day's absence from me;
And, what will hardly win belief, though young,
I am their steward and their nurse: The bounties
Which others bestow on me, serve to sustain 'em;
And to forsake them in their age, in me
Were more than murder.

Enter HENRIQUE.

Ang. This is a kind of begging
Would make a broker charitable.
Mil. Here, sweetheart,
I wish that it were more. [*Gives him money.*
Lean. When this is spent,
Seek for supply from me.
Jam. Thy piety
For ever be remember'd! Nay, take all.
Though 'twere my exhibition to a ryal
For one whole year. [*Gives money.*
Asc. High Heavens reward your goodness!
Hen. So, sir, is this a slip of your own grafting,
You are so prodigal?
Jam. A slip, sir?
Hen. Yes,
A slip; or call it by the proper name,
Your bastard.
Jam. You're foul-mouth'd. Do not provoke me:
I shall forget your birth if you proceed,
And use you, as your manners do deserve,
Uncivilly.
Hen. So brave! Pray you, give me hearing:
Who am I, sir?
Jam. My elder brother: One
That might have been born a fool, and so reputed,
But that you had the luck to creep into
The world a year before me.
Lean. Be more temperate.
Jam. I neither can nor will, unless I learn it

By his example. Let him use his harsh
Unsavoury reprehensions upon those
That are his hinds, and not on me. The land
Our father left to him alone, rewards him
For being twelve months elder: Let that be
Forgotten, and let his parasites remember
One quality of worth or virtue in him,
That may authorise him to be a censurer
Of me, or of my manners, and I will
Acknowledge him for a tutor; till then, never.
Hen. From whom have you your means, sir?
Jam. From the will
Of my dead father; I am sure I spend not,
Nor give't, upon your purse.
Hen. But will it hold out
Without my help?
Jam. I am sure it shall; I'll sink else;
For sooner I will seek aid from a whore,
Than a courtesy from you.
Hen. 'Tis well; you are proud of
Your new exchequer; when you have cheated him,
And worn him to the quick, I may be found
In the list of your acquaintance.
Lean. 'Pray you hold;
And give me leave, my lord, to say thus much,
And in mine own defence; I am no gull
To be wrought on by persuasion; nor no coward
To be beaten out of my means, but know to whom
And why I give or lend, and will do nothing
But what my reason warrants. You may be
As sparing as you please; I must be bold
To make use of my own, without your licence.
Jam. 'Pray thee let him alone; he's not worth
thy anger.
All that he does, Leandro, is for my good:
I think there's not a gentleman of Spain
That has a better steward, than I have of him.
Hen. Your steward, sir?
Jam. Yes, and a provident one.
Why, he knows I'm given to large expence,
And therefore lays up for me: Could you believe else,
That he, that sixteen years hath worn the yoke
Of barren wedlock, without hope of issue,
His coffers full, his lands and vineyards fruitful,
Could be so sold to base and sordid thrift,
As almost to deny himself the means
And necessaries of life? Alas, he knows
The laws of Spain appoint me for his heir
That all must come to me if I outlive him,
Which sure I must do, by the course of nature,
And the assistance of good mirth and sack,
However you prove melancholy.
Hen. If I live,
Thou dearly shalt repent this.
Jam. When thou'rt dead,
I am sure I shall not.
Mil. Now they begin to burn
Like opposed meteors.
Ars. Give them line and way;
My life for Don Jamie.
Jam. Continue still
The excellent husband, and join farm to farm;
Suffer no lordship, that in a clear day
Falls in the prospect of your covetous eye,
To be another's; forget you are a grandee;
Take use upon use, and cut the throats of heirs
With coz'ning mortgages: rack your poor tenants,
Till they look like so many skeletons
For want of food; and when that widows' curses,
The ruins of ancient families, tears of orphans,
Have hurried you to the devil, ever remember
All was raked up for me, your thankful brother,
That will dance merrily upon your grave,
And, perhaps, give a double pistolet
To some poor needy friar, to say a mass
To keep your ghost from walking.
Hen. That the law
Should force me to endure this!
Jam. Verily,
When this shall come to pass, as sure it will,
If you can find a loop-hole, though in hell,
To look on my behaviour, you shall see me
Ransack your iron chests; and, once again,
Pluto's flame-colour'd daughter shall be free
To domineer in taverns, masques, and revels,
As she was used, before she was your captive.
Methinks, the mere conceit of it should make you
Go home sick and distemper'd; if it does,
I'll send you a doctor of mine own, and after
Take order for your funeral.
Hen. You have said, sir:
I will not fight with words, but deeds, to tame you;
Rest confident I will; and thou shalt wish
This day thou hadst been dumb! [*Exit.*
Mil. You have given him a heat,
But with your own distemper.
Jam. Not a whit;
Now he is from mine eye, I can be merry,
Forget the cause and him: All plagues go with him!
Let's talk of something else. What news is stirring?
Nothing to pass the time?
Mil. 'Faith, it is said
That the next summer will determine much
Of that we long have talk'd of touching the wars.
Lean. What have we to do with them? Let us
discourse
Of what concerns ourselves. 'Tis now in fashion
To have your gallants set down, in a tavern,
What the archduke's purpose is the next spring,
and what
Defence my lords the states prepare; what course
The emperor takes against the encroaching Turk;
And whether his moony standards are design'd
For Persia or Polonia: And all this
The wiser sort of state-worms seem to know
Better than their own affairs. This is discourse
Fit for the council it concerns: We are young,
And if that I might give the theme, 'twere better
To talk of handsome women.
Mil. And that's one
Almost as general.
Ars. Yet none agree
Who are the fairest.
Lean. Some prefer the French,
For their conceited dressings; some the plump
Italian *bona-robas;* some the state
That ours observe; and I have heard one swear,
A merry friend of mine, that once in London
He did enjoy the company of a gamester,
A common gamester too, that in one night
Met him in th' Italian, French, and Spanish ways,
And ended in the Dutch; for, to cool herself,
She kiss'd him drunk i' th' morning.
Jam. We may spare
The travel of our tongues in foreign nations,
When in Corduba, if you dare give credit
To my report, (for I have seen her, gallants)
There lives a woman, of a mean birth too,
And meanly match'd, whose all-excelling form
Disdains comparison with any she

That puts in for a fair one; and though you borrow
From every country of the earth the best
Of those perfections which the climate yields,
To help to make her up, if put in balance,
This will weigh down the scale.
Lean. You talk of wonders.
Jam. She is, indeed, a wonder, and so kept;
And the world deserved not to behold
A curious Nature made without a pattern,
Which copy she hath lost too, she's shut up,
Sequester'd from the world.
Lean. Who is the owner
Of such a gem? I am fired.
Jam. One Bartolus,
A wrangling advocate.
Ars. A knave on record.
Mil. I am sure he cheated me of the best part
Of my estate.
Jam. Some business calls me hence,
And of importance, which denies me leisure
To give you his full character: In few words,
Though rich, he's covetous beyond expression;
And, to increase his heap, will dare the devil,
And all the plagues of darkness; and, to these,
So jealous, as, if you would parallel
Old Argus to him, you must multiply
His eyes an hundred times: Of these none sleep:
He, that would charm the heaviest lid, must hire
A better Mercury than Jove made use of.
Bless yourselves from the thought of him and her,
For 'twill be labour lost! So, farewell, signiors.
[*Exit.*
Ars. Leandro! In a dream? Wake, man, for shame.
Mil. Trained into a fool's paradise, with a tale
Of an imagin'd form?
Lean. Jamie is noble,
And with a forged tale would not wrong his friend:
Nor am I so much fired with lust as envy,
That such a churl as Bartolus should reap
So sweet a harvest: Half my state to any
To help me to a share!
Ars. Tush! do not hope for
Impossibilities.
Lean. I must enjoy her;
And my prophetic love tells me I shall;
Lend me but your assistance.
Ars. Give it o'er.
Mil. I would not have thee fool'd.
Lean. I have strange engines
Fashioning here, and Bartolus on the anvil!
Dissuade me not, but help me.
Mil. Take your fortune;
If you come off well, praise your wit; if not,
Expect to be the subject of our laughter.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*A mean Room in the House of* OCTAVIO.

Enter OCTAVIO *and* JACINTHA.

Jac. You met Don Henrique?
Oct. Yes.
Jac. What comfort bring you?
Speak cheerfully: How did my letter work
On his hard temper? I am sure I wrote it
So feelingly, and with the pen of sorrow,
That it must force compunction.
Oct. You are cozen'd:
Can you, with one hand, prop a falling tower,
Or, with the other, stop the raging main,
When it breaks in on the usurped shore,
Or any thing that is impossible?
And then conclude that there is some way left
To move him to compassion.
Jac. Is there a justice
Or thunder, my Octavio, and he
Not sunk unto the centre?
Oct. Good Jacintha,
With your long practised patience, bear afflictions;
And, by provoking it, call not on Heaven's anger.
He did not only scorn to read your letter,
But, most inhuman as he is, he cursed you,
Cursed you most bitterly.
Jac. The bad man's charity!
Oh, that I could forget there were a tie
In me upon him; or the relief I seek,
If given, were bounty in him, and not debt,
Debt of a dear account!
Oct. Touch not that string,
'Twill but increase your sorrow; and tame silence,
The balm of the oppress'd, which hitherto
Hath eased your grieved soul, and preserved your fame,
Must be your surgeon still.
Jac. If the contagion
Of my misfortunes had not spread itself
Upon my son Ascanio, though my wants
Were centuplied upon myself, I could be patient:
But he is so good, I so miserable,
His pious care, his duty, and obedience,
And all that can be wish'd for from a son,
Discharged to me, and I barred of all means
To return any scruple of the debt
I owe him as a mother, is a torment
Too painful to be borne.
Oct. I suffer with you
In that; yet find in this assurance comfort,
High Heaven ordains, whose purposes cannot alter,
Children, that pay obedience to their parents,
Shall never beg their bread.

Enter ASCANIO.

Jac. Here comes our joy.
Where has my dearest been?
Asc. I have made, mother,
A fortunate voyage, and brought home rich prize
In a few hours: The owners too contented,
From whom I took it. See, here's gold; good store too:
Nay, pray you, take it.
Jac. Men's charities are so cold,
That, if I knew not thou wert made of goodness,
'Twould breed a jealousy in me, by what means
Thou camest by such a sum.
Asc. Were it ill got,
I am sure it could not be employed so well
As to relieve your wants. Some noble friends,
Raised by Heaven's mercy to me, not my merits,
Bestow'd it on me.
Oct. It were a sacrilege
To rob thee of their bounty, since they gave it
To thy use only.
Jac. Buy thee brave clothes with it,
And fit thee for a fortune, and leave us
To our necessities. Why dost thou weep?
Asc. Out of my fear I have offended you;
For, had I not, I'm sure you are too kind
Not to accept the offer of my service,
In which I am a gainer. I have heard
My tutor say, of all aërial fowl,
The stork's the emblem of true piety;

Because, when age hath seized upon his dam,
And made unfit for flight, the grateful young one
Takes her upon his back, provides her food,
Repaying so her tender care of him
Ere he was fit to fly, by bearing her.
Shall I then, that have reason and discourse,
That tell me all I can do is too little,
Be more unnatural than a silly bird?
Or feed or clothe myself superfluously,
And know, nay see, you want? Holy saints keep [me!
Jac. Can I be wretched,
And know myself the mother to such goodness?
Oct. Come, let us dry our eyes; we'll have a [feast,
Thanks to our little steward.
Jac. And, in him,
Believe that we are rich.
Asc. I'm sure I am,
While I have power to comfort you, and serve you.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*A Room in the House of* DON HENRIQUE.

Enter HENRIQUE *and* VIOLANTE.

Viol. Is it my fault, Don Henrique, or my fate?
What's my offence? I came young to your bed,
I had a fruitful mother, and you met me
With equal ardour in your May of blood;
And why then am I barren?
Hen. 'Tis not in man
To yield a reason for the will of Heaven,
Which is inscrutable.
Viol. To what use serve
Full fortunes, and the meaner sort of blessings,
When that, which is the crown of all our wishes,
The period of human happiness,
One only child, that may possess what's ours,
Is cruelly denied us?
Hen. 'Tis the curse
Of great estates, to want those pledges which
The poor are happy in: They in a cottage,
With joy, behold the models of their youth;
And as their root decays, those budding branches
Sprout forth and flourish, to renew their age.
But this is the beginning, not the end,
Of misery to me, that, 'gainst my will,
Since heaven denies us issue of our own,
Must leave the fruit of all my care and travel
To an unthankful brother, that insults
On my calamity.
Viol. I will rather choose
A bastard from the hospital, and adopt him,
And nourish him as mine own.
Hen. Such an evasion,
My Violante, is forbid to us.
Happy the Roman state, where it was lawful,
If our own sons were vicious, to choose one
Out of a virtuous stock, though of poor parents,
And make him noble. But the laws of Spain,
Intending to preserve all ancient houses,
Prevent such free elections; with this my brother's
Too well acquainted, and this makes him bold
To reign o'er me as a master.
Viol. I will fire
The portion I brought with me, ere he spend
A ryal of it! No quirk left, no quiddit,
That may defeat him?
Hen. Were I but confirmed
That you would take the means I use with patience,
As I must practise it with my dishonour,
I could lay level with the earth his hopes,
That soar above the clouds with expectation
To see me in my grave.
Viol. Effect but this,
And our revenge shall be to us a son
That shall inherit for us.
Hen. Do not repent
When 'tis too late.
Viol. I fear not what may fall,
He dispossess'd, that does usurp on all. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*The Street before the House of* LOPEZ.

Enter LEANDRO, *disguised*, MILANES, *and* ARSENIO.

Mil. Can any thing but wonder——
Lean. Wonder on;
I am as ye see; and what will follow, gentlemen——
Ars. Why dost thou put on this form? what [can this do?
Thou look'st most sillily.
Mil. Like a young clerk,
A half-pin'd puppy, that would write for a ryal.
Is this a commanding shape to win a beauty?
To what use, what occasion?
Lean. Peace! ye are fools,
More silly than my outside seems; ye are ignorant,
They that pretend to wonders, must weave cunningly.
Ars. What manner of access can this get? or, [if gotten,
What credit in her eyes?
Lean. Will ye but leave me?
Mil. Methinks, a young man, and a handsome gentleman,
(But sure thou art lunatic) methinks, a brave man,
That would catch cunningly the beams of beauty,
And so distribute 'em unto his comfort,
Should like himself appear, young, high, and [buxom,
And in the brightest form.
Lean. Ye are cozen'd, gentlemen;
Neither do I believe this, nor will follow it:
Thus as I am I will begin my voyage.
When you love, launch it out in silks and velvets;
I'll love in serge, and will out-go your sattins.
To get upon my great horse, and appear
The sign of such a man, and trot my measures,
Or fiddle out whole frosty nights, my friends,
Under the window, while my teeth keep tune,
I hold no handsomeness. Let me get in,
There trot and fiddle, where I may have fair play.
Ars. But how get in?
Lean. Leave that to me; your patience;
I have some toys here that I dare well trust to:
I have smelt a vicar out, they call him Lopez.
You are ne'er the nearer now.
Mil. We do confess it.
Lean. Weak simple men! this vicar to this [lawyer
Is the most inward Damon.
Ars. What can this do?

Mil. We know the fellow, and he dwells there.
Lean. So.
Ars. A poor thin thief. He help? he? hang the vicar!
Can reading of an homily prefer thee?
Thou art dead-sick in love, and he'll pray for thee.
Lean. Have patience, gentlemen. I say this vicar,
This thing, I say, is all one with the close Bartolus,
For so they call the lawyer. O'er his nature,
(Which I have studied by relation,
And make no doubt I shall hit handsomely)
Will I work cunningly, and home: Understand me.
Next, I pray, leave me, leave me to my fortune;
Difficilia pulchra, that's my motto, gentlemen:
I'll win this diamond from the rock, and wear her,
Or——

Enter LOPEZ *and* DIEGO.

Mil. Peace! the vicar. 'Send you a full sail, sir.
Ars. There's your confessor; but what shall be your penance?
Lean. A fool's head if I fail; and so forsake me.
You shall hear from me daily.
Mil. We will be ready. [*Exeunt* MIL. ARS.
Lop. Thin world, indeed.
Lean. I'll let him breathe, and mark him.
No man would think, a stranger, as I am,
Should reap any great commodity from his pig belly. [*Retires.*
Lop. Poor stirring for poor vicars.
Die. And poor sextons.
Lop. We pray, and pray, but to no purpose;
Those that enjoy our lands, choke our devotions;
Our poor thin stipends make us arrant dunces.
Die. If you live miserably, how shall we do, master,
That are fed only with the sound of prayers?
We rise and ring the bells to get good stomachs,
And must be fain to eat the ropes with reverence.
Lop. When was there a christ'ning, Diego?
Die. Not this ten weeks:
Alas, they have forgot to get children, master.
The wars, the seas, and usury undo us;
Takes off our minds, our edges, blunts our ploughshares.
They eat nothing here but herbs, and get nothing but green sauce:
There are some poor labourers, that, perhaps,
Once in seven years, with helping one another,
Produce some few pin'd butter-prints, that scarce hold
The christ'ning neither.
Lop. Your gallants, they get honour,
A strange fantastical birth, to defraud the vicar;
And the camp christens their issues, or the courtezans;
'Tis a lewd time.
Die. They are so hard-hearted here too,
They will not die; there's nothing got by burials.
Lop. Diego, the air's too pure, they cannot perish:
To have a thin stipend, and an everlasting parish,
Lord, what a torment 'tis!
Die. Good sensible master,
You are allowed to pray against all weathers,
Both foul and fair, as you shall find occasion;
Why not against all airs?
Lop. That's not i' th' canons:
I would it had; 'tis out of our way forty pence.
Die. 'Tis strange; they are starved too, yet they will not die here;
They will not earth. A good stout plague amongst 'em.
Or half a dozen new fantastical fevers,
That would turn up their heels by wholesale, master,
And take the doctors too, in their grave counsels,
That there might be no natural help for money,
How merrily would my bells go then?
Lop. Peace, Diego;
The doctors are our friends; let's please them well;
For though they kill but slow, they are certain,
We must remove into a muddy air, [Diego.
A most contagious climate.
Die. We must, certain;
An air that is the nursery of agues;
Such agues, master, that will shake men's souls out,
Ne'er stay for possets, nor good old wives' plaisters.
Lop. Gouts and dead palsies.
Die. The dead does well at all times,
Yet gouts will hang an arse a long time, master.
The pox, or English surfeits, if we had 'em;
Those are rich marle, they make a church-yard fat;
And make the Sexton sing; they never miss, sir.
Lop. Then wills and funeral sermons come in season,
And feasts that make us frolic.
Die. 'Would I could see 'em!
Lop. And though I weep i' th' pulpit for my brother,
Yet, Diego, here I laugh.
Die. The cause requires it.
Lop. Since people left to die, I am a dunce, Diego.
Die. 'Tis a strange thing, I have forgot to dig too.
Lean. A precious pair of youths! I must make toward 'em. [*Coming forward.*
Lop. Who's that? Look out; it seems he would speak to us.
I hope a marriage, or some will to make, Diego.
Die. My friend, your business?
Lean. 'Tis to that grave gentleman.—
Bless your good learning, sir!
Lop. And bless you also!
He bears a promising face; there's some hope toward.
Lean. I have a letter to your worship. [*Gives a letter.*
Lop. Well, sir.
From whence, I pray you?
Lean. From Nova Hispania, sir,
And from an ancient friend of yours.
Lop. Tis well, sir;
'Tis very well.—The devil a one I know there.
Die. Take heed of a snap, sir; he has a cozening countenance.
I do not like his way.
Lop. Let him go forward.
Cantabit vacuus; they that have nothing, fear nothing.
All I have to lose, Diego, is my learning;
And, when he has gotten that, he may put it in a nut-shell. [*Reads the letter.*
Signior Lopez, since my arrival from Cordova to these parts, I have written divers letters unto you, but as yet received no answer of any—Good and very good—*And although so great a forgetfulness might cause a want in my due correspondence, yet the desire I have still to serve you, must more prevail with me*—Better and better: The devil a man know I yet—*and therefore, with the present*

occasion offered, I am willing to crave a continuance of the favours which I have heretofore received from you, and do recommend my son, Leandro, the bearer, to you, with request that he may be admitted in that university, till such time as I shall arrive at home; his studies he will make you acquainted withal. This kindness shall supply the want of your slackness: And so, Heaven keep you. Yours, Alonzo Tiveria.

Alonzo Tiveria! Very well.
A very ancient friend of mine, I take it;
For, till this hour, I never heard his name yet.

Lean. You look, sir, as if you had forgot my father.

Lop. No, no, I look as I would remember him;
For that I never remember'd, I cannot forget, sir.
Alonzo Tiveria?

Lean. The same, sir.

Lop. And now i' th' Indies?

Lean. Yes.

Lop. He may be any where,
For aught that I consider.

Lean. Think again, sir;
You were students both at one time in Salamanca,
And as I take it, chamber-fellows.

Lop. Ha?

Lean. Nay, sure, you must remember.

Lop. 'Would I could!

Lean. I have heard him say you were gossips

Lop. Very likely; [too.
You did not hear him say to whom? for we students
May oft-times over-reach our memories.—
Dost thou remember, Diego, this same signior?
Thou hast been mine these twenty years.

Die. Remember?
Why, this fellow would make ye mad. Nova
And Signior Tiveria? What are these? [Hispania?
He may as well name ye friends out of Cataya.
Take heed, I beseech your worship.—Do you hear,
You have no letters for me? [my friend,

Lean. Not any letter;
But I was charged to do my father's love
To the old honest sexton, Diego. Are you he, sir?

Die. Ha! have I friends, and know 'em not?
My name is Diego;
But if either I remember you or your father,
Or Nova Hispania (I was never there, sir,)
Or any kindred that you have—For Heaven sake, master,
Let's cast about a little, and consider;
We may dream out our time.

Lean. It seems I am deceived, sir:
Yet, that you are Don Lopez, all men tell me,
The curate here, and have been some time, sir,
And you the sexton Diego, such I am sent to,
The letter tells as much. May be they are dead,
And you of the like names succeed. I thank ye, gentlemen;
Ye have done honestly in telling truth;
I might have been forward else; for to that Lopez,
That was my father's friend, I had a charge,
A charge of money to deliver, gentlemen;
Five hundred ducats, a poor small gratuity.
But since you are not he——

Lop. Good sir, let me think;
I pray ye be patient; pray ye, stay a little:
Nay, let me remember; I beseech you stay, sir.

Die. An honest noble friend, that sends so lovingly;
An old friend too; I shall remember, sure, sir.

Lop. Thou say'st true, Diego.

Die. 'Pray ye consider quickly;
Do, do, by any means. Methinks, already,
A grave staid gentleman comes to my memory.

Lean. He's old indeed, sir.

Die. With a goodly white beard
(For now he must be so; I know he must be)
Signior Alonzo, master.

Lop. I begin to have him.

Die. He has been from hence about some twenty years, sir.

Lean. Some five-and-twenty, sir.

Die. You say most true, sir;
Just to an hour, 'tis now just five-and-twenty.
A fine straight timber'd man, and a brave soldier.
He married—let me see——

Lean. De Castro's daughter.

Die. The very same.

Lean. [*Aside.*] Thou art a very rascal!
De Castro is the Turk to thee, or anything.
The money rubs 'em into strange remembrances;
For as many ducats more they would remember Adam.

Lop. Give me your hand; you are welcome to your country;
Now I remember plainly, manifestly,
As freshly as if yesterday I had seen him.
Most heartily welcome! Sinful that I am,
Most sinful man! why should I lose this gentleman?
This loving old companion? We had all one soul,
He dwelt here hard by, at a handsome—— [sir.

Lean. Farm, sir:
You say most true.

Lop. Alonzo Tiveria!
Lord, Lord, that time should play the treacherous knave thus!
Why, he was the only friend I had in Spain, sir.
I knew your mother too, a handsome gentlewoman;
She was married very young: I married 'em.
I do remember now the masques and sports then,
The fire-works, and the fine delights. Good faith, sir,
Now I look in your face—whose eyes are those, Diego?
Nay, if he be not just Alonzo's picture——

Lean. Lord, how I blush for these two impudents! [*Aside.*

Die. Well, gentleman, I think your name's

Lean. It is, indeed, sir. [Leandro.
Gra'-mercy, letter; thou hadst never known else. [*Aside.*

Die. I have dandled you, and kiss'd you, and play'd with you,
A hundred and a hundred times, and danced you,
And swung you in my bell-ropes—you loved swinging.

Lop. A sweet boy.

Lean. Sweet lying knaves! What would these do for thousands? [*Aside.*

Lop. A wondrous sweet boy then it was. See now,
Time, that consumes us, shoots him up still sweeter.
How does the noble gentleman? how fares he?
When shall we see him? when will he bless his country?

Lean. Oh, very shortly, sir. Till his return,
He has sent me over to your charge.

Lop. And welcome;

Nay, you shall know you are welcome to your friend, sir.
Lean. And to my study, sir, which must be the law.
To further which, he would entreat your care
To plant me in the favour of some man
That's expert in that knowledge: For his pains
I have three hundred ducats more; for my diet,
Enough, sir, to defray me; which I am charged
To take still, as I use it, from your custody:
I have the money ready, and I am weary.
Lop. Sit down, sit down; and, once more, you're most welcome.
The law you have hit upon most happily;
Here is a master in that art, Bartolus,
A neighbour by; to him I will prefer you;
A learned man, and my most loving neighbour.
I'll do you faithful service, sir.
Die. He's an ass, [*Aside to* LOPEZ.
And so we'll use him; he shall be a lawyer!
Lop. But, if ever he recover this money again—Before, Diego,
And get some pretty pittance; my pupil's hungry.
Lean. 'Pray you, sir, unlade me.
Lop. I'll refresh you, sir:
When you want, you know your exchequer.
Lean. If all this get me but access, I am happy. [*Aside.*
Lop. Come; I am tender of you.
Lean. I'll go with ye.—
To have this fort betray'd, these fools must fleece me. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*A Room in the House of* BARTOLUS.

Enter BARTOLUS *and* AMARANTA.

Bar. My Amaranta, a retired sweet life,
Private, and close, and still, and housewifely,
Becomes a wife, sets off the grace of woman.
At home to be believed both young and handsome,
As lilies that are cased in crystal glasses,
Makes up the wonder; show it abroad, 'tis stale,
And still, the more eyes cheapen it, 'tis more slubber'd.
And what need windows open to inviting,
Or ev'ning terraces, to take opinions,
When the most wholesome air, my wife, blows inward,
When good thoughts are the noblest companions,
And old chaste stories, wife, the best discourses?—
But why do I talk thus, that know thy nature?
Ama. You know your own disease, distrust, and jealousy!
And those two give these lessons, not good meaning.
What trial is there of my honesty,
When I am mew'd at home? To what end, husband,
Serve all the virtuous thoughts, and chaste behaviours,
Without their uses? Then they are known most excellent,
When by their contraries they are set off and burnished.
If you both hold me fair, and chaste, and virtuous,
Let me go fearless out, and win that greatness:
These seeds grow not in shades and conceal'd places:
Set 'em i' th' heat of all, then they rise glorious.
Bar. Peace; you are too loud.
Ama. You are too covetous;
If that be rank'd a virtue, you have a rich one.
Set me, like other lawyers' wives, off handsomely,
Attended as I ought, and, as they have it,
My coach, my people, and my handsome women,
My will in honest things.
Bar. Peace, Amaranta!
Ama. They have content, rich clothes, and that secures 'em;
Binds to their careful husbands their observance;
They are merry, ride abroad, meet, laugh,——
Bar. Thou shalt too.
Ama. And freely may converse with proper gentlemen,
Suffer temptations daily to their honour.

Enter EGLA.

Bar. You are now too far again: Thou shalt have anything,
Let me but lay up for a handsome office;
And then, my Amaranta——
Ama. Here's a thing now,
You place as pleasure to me; all my retinue,
My chambermaid, my kitchenmaid, my friend;
And what she fails in I must do myself.
A foil to set my beauty off; I thank you.
You will place the devil next for a companion.
Bar. No more such words, good wife.—What would you have, maid?
Egla. Master Curate, and the Sexton, and a stranger, sir,
Attend to speak with your worship.
Bar. A stranger?
Ama. You had best to be jealous of the man you know not.
Bar. Pr'ythee, no more of that.
Ama. 'Pray you, go out to 'em;
That will be safest for you, I am well here;
I only love your peace, and serve like a slave for it.
Bar. No, no, thou shalt not; 'tis some honest client,
Rich, and litigious, the curate has brought to me.
Pr'ythee, go in, my duck; I'll but speak to 'em,
And return instantly.
Ama. I am commanded.
One day you will know my sufferance. [*Exit.*
Bar. And reward it. [*Locks the door.*
So, so; fast bind, fast find.—Come in, my neighbours;
My loving neighbours, pray ye come in; ye are welcome.

Enter LOPEZ, LEANDRO, *and* DIEGO.

Lop. Bless your good reverence!
Bar. Good day, good master Curate,
And neighbour Diego, welcome. What's your business?
And, pray ye, be short, good friends; the time is precious.—
Welcome, good sir.
Lop. To be short then with your mastership,
For, I know, your several hours are full of business,
We have brought you this young man, of honest parents,
And of an honest face——
Bar. It seems so, neighbours:
But to what end?
Lop. To be your pupil, sir;
Your servant, if you please.
Lean. I have travell'd far, sir,
To seek a worthy man.
Bar. Alas, good gentleman,
I am a poor man, and a private too,
Unfit to keep a servant of your reckoning;

My house a little cottage, and scarce able
To hold myself, and those poor few live under it.
Besides, you must not blame me, gentleman,
If I were able to receive a servant,
To be a little scrupulous of his dealing;
For in these times——

Lop. 'Pray let me answer that, sir:
Here are five hundred ducats, to secure him;
He cannot want, sir, to make good his credit,
Good gold, and coin.

Bar. And that's an honest pledge;
Yet, sure, that needs not, for his face and carriage
Seem to declare an in-bred honesty.

Lean. And (for I have a ripe mind to the law, sir,
In which, I understand, you live a master)
The least poor corner in your house, poor bed, sir,
(Let me not seem intruding to your worship)
With some books to instruct me, and your counsel,
Shall I rest most content with. Other acquaintance
Than your grave presence, and the grounds of law,
I dare not covet, nor I will not seek, sir;
For, surely, mine own nature desires privacy.
Next, for your monthly pains, to shew my thanks,
I do proportion out some twenty ducats;
As I grow riper, more: Three hundred now, sir,
To shew my love to learning and my master;
My diet I'll defray too, without trouble.

Lop. Note but his mind to learning.

Bar. I do strangely;
Yes, and I like it too—Thanks to his money. [*Aside.*

Die. 'Would he would live with me, and learn

Lop. A wondrous modest man, sir. [to dig too!

Bar. So it seems.
His dear love to his study must be nourish'd,
Neighbour: He's like to prove——

Lop. With your good counsel,
And with your diligence, as you will ply him.
His parents, when they know your care——

Bar. Come hither.

Die. An honester young man your worship ne'er
But he is so bashful—— [kept;

Bar. Oh, I like him better.—
Say, I should undertake you, which, indeed, sir,
Will be no little straitness to my living,
Considering my affairs, and my small house, sir,
(For I see some promises, that pull me to you)
Could you content yourself, at first, thus meanly,
To lie hard, in an out-part of my house, sir?
For I have not many lodgings to allow you,
And study should be still remote from company;
A little fire sometimes too, to refresh you,
A student must be frugal; sometimes lights too,
According to your labour.

Lean. Any thing, sir,
That's dry and wholesome. I am no bred wanton.

Bar. Then I receive you: But I must desire you
To keep within your confines.

Lean. Ever, sir;—
(There is the gold)—and ever be your servant.—
(Take it, and give me books)—May I but prove, sir,
According to my wish, and these shall multiply!

Lop. Do, study hard.—Pray you take him in, and settle him;
He's only fit for you. Shew him his cell, sir.

Die. Take a good heart; and, when you are a cunning lawyer,
I'll sell my bells, and you shall prove it lawful.

Bar. Come, sir, with me.—Neighbours, I thank your diligence.

Lop. I'll come sometimes, and crack a case with you.

Bar. Welcome. [*Exeunt* Bart. *and* Leandro.

Lop. Here's money got with ease! here, spend
And pray for the fool, the founder. [that jovially,

Die. Many more fools,
I heartily pray, may follow his example?
Lawyers, or lubbers, or of what condition,
And many such sweet friends in Nova Hispania!

Lop. It will do well: Let 'em but send their monies,
Come from what quarter of the world, I care not,
I'll know 'em instantly; nay, I'll be akin to 'em;
I cannot miss a man that sends me money.
Let him law there! 'Long as his ducats last, boy,
I'll grace him, and prefer him.

Die. I'll turn trade, master,
And now live by the living; let the dead stink,
'Tis a poor stinking trade.

Lop. If the young fool now
Should chance to chop upon his fair wife, Diego?

Die. And handle her case, master; that's a law-point,
A point would make him start, and put on his spectacles;
A hidden point, were worth the canvassing.

Lop. Now, surely, surely, I should love him, Diego,
And love him heartily: Nay, I should love myself,
Or any thing that had but that good fortune;
For, to say truth, the lawyer is a dog-bolt,
An arrant worm; and, though I call him worship- [ful,
I wish him a canoniz'd cuckold, Diego.
Now, if my youth do dub him——

Die. He is too demure, sir.

Lop. If he do sting her home——

Die. There's no such matter,
The woman was not born to so much blessedness:
He has no heat; study consumes his oil, master.

Lop. Let's leave it to the will of fate, and pre- [sently,
Over a cup of lusty sack, let's prophesy,
I am like a man that dream'd he was an emperor.
Come, Diego, hope! and, whilst he lasts, we'll lay it on. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*The Street.*

Enter Jamie, Milanes, Arsenio, *and* Angelo.

Jam. Angelo, Milanes, did you see this wonder?

Mil. Yes, yes.

Jam. And you, Arsenio?

Ars. Yes; he's gone, sir,
Strangely disguis'd! he's set upon his voyage.

Jam. Love guide his thoughts! He's a brave honest fellow.
Sit close, don lawyer! Oh, that arrant knave now,
How he will stink, will smoke again, will burst!
He's the most arrant beast——

Mil. He may be more beast.

Jam. Let him bear six, and six, that all may blaze him!
The villany he has sowed into my brother,
And, from his state, the revenue he has reach'd at!
Pay him, my good Leandro! Take my prayers!

Ars. And all our wishes! Plough with his fine white heifer!

Jam. Mark him, my dear friend, for a famous cuckold!
Let it out-live his books, his pains, and, hear me,
The more he seeks to smother it with justice.

Enter ANDREA.

Let it blaze out the more!—What news, Andrea?
And. News I am loth to tell you; but I am charged, sir.
Your brother lays a strict command upon you,
No more to know his house, upon your danger.
I am sorry, sir.
Jam. 'Faith, never be: I am glad on't.
He keeps the house of pride and foolery:
I mean to shun it; so return my answer:
'Twill shortly spew him out. Come, let's be merry,
And lay our heads together carefully,
How we may help our friend; and let's lodge near him,
Be still at hand. I would not for my patrimony,
But he should crown his lawyer a learn'd monster!
Come, let's away; I'm stark mad 'till I see him.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*A Room in the House of* BARTOLUS.

Enter BARTOLUS *and* AMARANTA.

Ama. Why will you bring men in, and yet be jealous?
Why will you lodge a young man, a man able,
And yet repine?
Bar. He shall not trouble thee, sweet;
A modest poor slight thing! Did I not tell thee
He was only given to the book, and for that
How royally he pays? finds his own meat too.
Ama. I will not have him here: I know your courses,
And what fits you will fall into of madness.
Bar. I' faith, I will not, wife.
Ama. I will not try you.
Bar. He comes not near thee, shall not dare to tread
Within thy lodgings: In an old out-room,
Where logs and coals were laid——
Ama. Now you lay fire;
Fire to consume your quiet.
Bar. Didst thou know him,
Thou wouldst think as I do. He disquiet thee!
Thou may'st wear him next thy heart, and yet not warm him.
His mind, poor man, is o' th' law; how to live after,
And not on, lewdness. On my conscience,
He knows not how to look upon a woman,
More than by reading, what sex she is.
Ama. I do not like it, sir.
Bar. Dost thou not see, fool,
What presents he sends hourly in his gratefulness?
What delicate meats?
Ama. You had best trust him at your table;
Do, and repent it, do!
Bar. If thou be'st willing,
By my troth, I think he might come; he's so modest,
He never speaks. There's part of that he gave me;
He'll eat but half a dozen bits, and rise immediately;
Ev'n as he eats, he studies; he'll not disquiet thee.
Do as thou pleasest, wife.
Ama. What means this woodcock?
[*Knock within.*
Bar. Retire, sweet; there's one knocks!—Come in. Your business?

Enter Servant.

Serv. My lord Don Henrique would entreat you, sir,
To come immediately, and speak with him;
He has business of some moment.
Bar. I'll attend him.
I must be gone: I pr'ythee, think the best, wife;
At my return, I'll tell thee more. Good morrow!—
Sir, keep you close, and study hard: An hour hence,
I'll read a new case to you. [*Exit.*
Lean. (*Within.*) I'll be ready.
Ama. So many hundred ducats, to lie scurvily,
And learn the pelting law? This sounds but slenderly,
But very poorly. I would see this fellow,
Very fain see him, how he looks: I will find
To what end, and what study——There's the place:
I'll go o' th' other side, and take my fortune.
I think there is a window. [*Exit.*

Enter LEANDRO.

Lean. He's gone out.
Now, if I could but see her! She is not this way.
How nastily he keeps his house. My chamber,
If I continue long, will choke me up,
It is so damp. I shall be mortified
For any woman, if I stay a month here.
I'll in, and strike my lute; that sound may call her.
[*Exit.*

Enter AMARANTA.

Ama. He keeps very close. Lord, how I long to see him!
A lute struck handsomely! a voice too! I'll hear that.

A SONG TO THE LUTE WITHIN.

I.

Dearest, do not you delay me,
Since, thou know'st, I must be gone;
Wind and tide, 'tis thought, doth stay me,
But 'tis wind that must be blown
From that breath, whose native smell
Indian odours doth excel.

II.

Oh, then speak, thou fairest fair,
Kill not him that vows to serve thee;
But perfume this neighbouring air,
Else dull silence, sure, will starve me:
'Tis a word that's quickly spoken,
Which being restrain'd, a heart is broken.

These verses are no law, they sound too sweetly.
Now I am more desirous. [LEANDRO *peeping.*
Lean. 'Tis she, certain.
Ama. What's that, that peeps?
Lean. Oh, admirable face!
Ama. Sure, 'tis the man.
Lean. I will go out a little.
Ama. He looks not like a fool; his face is noble.
How still he stands!
Lean. I am strucken dumb with wonder:
Sure, all the excellence of earth dwells here!
Ama. How pale he looks! yet, how his eyes, like torches,
Fling their beams round! How manly his face shews!
He comes on: Surely, he will speak. He is made most handsomely.

This is no clerk behaviour. Now I have seen you,
I'll take my time! Husband, you have brought home tinder.
[*Exit. She drops her glove.*
Lean. Sure she has transform'd me; I had forgot my tongue clean.
I never saw a face yet, but this rare one,
But I was able boldly to encounter it,
And speak my mind; my lips were lock'd up here;
This is divine, and only served with reverence!
Oh, most fair cover of a hand far fairer,
[*Takes up the glove.*
Thou blessed innocence, that guards that whiteness,
Live next my heart! I am glad I have got a relick;
A relick, when I pray to it, may work wonders.
[*A noise within.*
Hark, there's some noise! I must retire again.
This blessed apparition makes me happy:
I'll suffer, and I'll sacrifice my substance,
But I'll enjoy. Now softly to my kennel. [*Exit.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*An Apartment in* Don Henrique's *House.*

Enter Henrique *and* Bartolus.

Hen. You know my cause sufficiently?
Bar. I do, sir.
Hen. And though it will impair my honesty,
And strike deep at my credit, yet, my Bartolus,
There being no other evasion left to free me
From the vexation of my spiteful brother,
That most insultingly reigns over me,
I must and will go forward.
Bar. Do, my lord,
And look not after credit; we shall cure that;
Your bended honesty we shall set right, sir;
We surgeons of the law do desperate cures, sir;
And you shall see how heartily I'll handle it:
Mark, how I'll knock it home. Be of good cheer, sir;
You give good fees, and those beget good causes;
The prerogative of your crowns will carry the matter,
Carry it sheer. The assistant sits to-morrow,
And he's your friend. Your monied men love naturally,
And as your loves are clear, so are your causes.
Hen. He shall not want for that.
Bar. No, no, he must not;
Line your cause warmly, sir; (the times are agueish)
That holds a plea in heart. Hang the penurious!
Their causes, like their purses, have poor issues.
Hen. That way I was ever bountiful.
Bar. 'Tis true, sir;
That makes you fear'd, forces the snakes to kneel to you.
Live full of money, and supply the lawyer,
And take your choice of what man's lands you please, sir,
What pleasures, or what profits, what revenges;
They are all your own. I must have witnesses
Enough, and ready.
Hen. You shall not want, my Bartolus.
Bar. Substantial, fearless souls, that will swear
That will swear any thing. [suddenly.
Hen. They shall swear truth, too.
Bar. That's no great matter: For variety,
They may swear truth; else 'tis not much look'd after.
I will serve process, presently and strongly,
Upon your brother, and Octavio,
Jacintha, and the boy. Provide your proofs, sir,
And set 'em fairly off; be sure of witnesses;
Though they cost money, want no store of witnesses:
I have seen a handsome cause so foully lost, sir,
So beastly cast away, for want of witnesses——
Hen. There shall want nothing.
Bar. Then begone, be provident,
Send to the judge a secret way: You have me?
And let him understand the heart——
Hen. I shall, sir.
Bar. And feel the pulses strongly beat. I'll study,
And at my hour,—but mark me! Go; be happy;
Go, and believe i' th' law!
Hen. I hope 'twill help me. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*A Room in the House of* Lopez.

Enter Lopez, Diego, *four* Parishioners, *and* Singers.

Lop. Ne'er talk to me, I will not stay amongst ye;
Debauch'd and ignorant lazy knaves I found ye,
And fools I leave ye. I have taught these twenty years,
Preach'd spoon-meat to ye, that a child might swallow;
Yet ye are blockheads still. What should I say to ye?
Ye have neither faith, nor money, left to save ye:
Am I a fit companion for such beggars?
1 *Par.* If the shepherd will suffer the sheep to be scabb'd, sir——
Lop. No, no, ye are rotten.
Die. 'Would they were, for my sake!
Lop. I have 'nointed ye, and tarr'd ye with my doctrine,
And yet the murrain sticks to ye, yet ye are mangy!
I will avoid ye.
2 *Par.* Pray you, sir, be not angry,
In the pride of your new cassock; do not part with us.
We do acknowledge you a careful curate,
And one that seldom troubles us with sermons:
A short slice of a reading serves us, sir.
We do acknowledge you a quiet teacher;
Before you'll vex your audience, you'll sleep with
And that's a loving thing. ['em;
3 *Par.* We grant you, sir,
The only benefactor to our bowling,
To all our merry sports the first provoker;
And, at our feasts, we know there is no reason
But you, that edify us most, should eat most.

Lop. I will not stay for all this; ye shall know
A man born to a more beseeming fortune, [me
Than ringing all-in to a rout of dunces.
4 *Par.* We will increase your tithes; you shall have eggs too,
Tho' they may prove most dangerous to our issues.
1 *Par.* I am a smith; yet thus far out of my love,
You shall have the tenth horse I prick, to pray for:
I am sure, I prick five hundred in a year, sir.
2 *Par.* I am a cook, a man of a dry'd conscience,
Yet thus far I relent: You shall have tithe pottage.
3 *Par.* Your stipend shall be raised too, good neighbour Diego.
Die. Would ye have me speak for ye; I am more angry,
Ten times more vex'd; not to be pacified!
No, there be other places for poor sextons,
Places of profit, friends, fine stirring places,
And people that know how to use our offices,
Know what they were made for. I speak for such capons!
Ye shall find the key o' th' church under the door, neighbours;
Ye may go in and drive away the daws.
Lop. My surplice, with one sleeve, ye shall find there,
For to that dearth of linen ye have driven me;
And the old cutwork cope, that hangs by geometry:
'Pray ye turn 'em carefully, they are very tender.
The remnant of the books lie where they did, neighbours,
Half puff'd away with the churchwardens' pipings,
Such smoky zeals they have against hard places.
The poor-man's box is there too: If ye find any thing
Beside the posy, and that half rubb'd out too,
For fear it should awake too much charity,
Give it to pious uses; that is, spend it.
Die. The bell-ropes, they are strong enough to [hang ye,
So we bequeath ye to your destiny.
1 *Par.* 'Pray ye be not so hasty.
Die. I'll speak a proud word to ye:
Would ye have us stay?
2 *Par.* We do most heartily pray ye.
3 *Par.* I'll draw as mighty drink, sir——
Lop. A strong motive;
The stronger still, the more ye come unto me.
3 *Par.* And I'll send for my daughter.
Lop. This may stir too:
The maiden is of age, and must be edified.
4 *Par.* You shall have any thing. Lose our learned vicar?
And our most constant friend, honest, dear Diego?
Die. Yet all this will not do. I'll tell ye, neighbours,
And tell ye true: If ye will have us stay,
If ye will have the comforts of our companies,
Ye shall be bound to do us right in these points;
Ye shall be bound, and this the obligation:
Die when 'tis fit, that we may have fit duties,
And do not seek to draw out our undoings.
Marry try'd women, that are free, and fruitful;
Get children in abundance, for your christ'nings,
Or suffer to be got, 'tis equal justice.
Lop. Let weddings, christ'nings, churchings, funerals,
And merry gossipings, go round, go round still;
Round as a pig, that we may find the profit.
Die. And let your old men fall sick handsomely,
And die immediately; their sons may shoot up.
Let women die o' th' sullens too; 'tis natural;
But be sure their daughters be of age first,
That they may stock us still. Your queasy young [wives,
That perish undeliver'd, I am vex'd with,
And vex'd abundantly; it much concerns me;
There's a child's burial lost; look that be mended.
Lop. Let 'em be brought to bed, then die when they please.
These things consider'd, countrymen, and sworn to——
2 *Par.* All these, and all our sports again, and gambols.
3 *Par.* We must die, and we must live, and we'll be merry;
Every man shall be rich by one another.
2 *Par.* We are here to-morrow and gone to-day. For my part,
If getting children can befriend my neighbours,
I'll labour hard but I will fill your font, sir.
1 *Par.* I have a mother now, and an old father;
They are as sure your own, within these two months—
4 *Par.* My sister must be pray'd for too; she is desperate,
Desperate in love.
Die. Keep desperate men far from her,
Then 'twill go hard. Do ye see how melancholy?
Do ye mark the man? Do ye profess ye love him?
And would do any thing to stay his fury,
And are ye unprovided to refresh him?
To make him know your loves? Fy, neighbours!
2 *Par.* We'll do any thing.
We have brought music to appease his spirit;
And the best song we'll give him.
Die. Pray you, sit down, sir;
They know their duties now, and they stand ready
To tender their best mirth.
Lop. 'Tis well. Proceed, neighbours!
I am glad I have brought ye to understand good manners;
Ye had Puritan hearts a while, spurn'd at all pastimes;
But I see some hope now.
Die. We are set. Proceed, neighbours!

SONG.

I.

Let the bells ring, and let the boys sing,
The young lasses skip and play:
Let the cups go round, till round goes the ground,
Our learned old vicar will stay.

II.

Let the pig turn merrily, merrily, ah,
And let the fat goose swim;
For verily, verily, verily, ah,
Our vicar this day shall be trim.

III.

The stew'd cock shall crow, cock-a-loodle-loo,
A loud cock-a-loodle shall he crow;
The duck and the drake shall swim in a lake
Of onions and claret below.

IV.

Our wives shall be neat, to bring in our meat
To thee our most noble adviser;
Our pains shall be great, and bottles shall sweat,
And we ourselves will be wiser.

V.

We'll labour and swink, we'll kiss and we'll drink,
And tithes shall come thicker and thicker;
We'll fall to our plough, and get children enow,
And thou shalt be learned old vicar.

Enter ARSENIO *and* MILANES.

Ars. What ails this priest? how highly the thing takes it!
Mil. Lord, how it looks? Has he not bought some prebend!
Leandro's money makes the rascal merry,
Merry at heart. He spies us.
Lop. Begone, neighbours;
Here are some gentlemen. Begone, good neighbours,
Begone, and labour to redeem my favour.
No more words, but begone. These two are gentlemen;
No company for crusty-handed fellows.
Die. We will stay for a year or two, and try ye.
Lop. Fill all your hearts with joy; we will stay with ye.
Begone; no more! I take your pastimes graciously.—— [*Exeunt* Parishioners.
Would ye with me, my friends?
Ars. We would look upon you;
For, methinks, you look lovely.
Lop. You have no letters?
Nor any kind remembrances?
Mil. Remembrances?
Lop. From Nova Hispania, or some part remote, sir;
You look like travelled men. May be, some old friends,
That happily I have forgot; some signiors
In China or Cataya; some companions——
Die. In the Mogul's court, or elsewhere.
Ars. They are mad, sure.
Lop. You came not from Peru?—Do they look,
As if they had some mystery about 'em? Diego,
Another Don Alonzo, now!
Die. Ay, marry,
And so much money, sir, from one you know not;
Let it be who it will!
Lop. They have gracious favours.
Would ye be private?
Mil. There's no need on't, sir;
We come to bring you a remembrance from a merchant.
Lop. 'Tis very well; 'tis like I know him.
Ars. No, sir,
I do not think you do.
Lop. A new mistake, Diego;
Let's carry it decently. [*Aside.*
Ars. We come to tell you,
You have received great sums from a young factor
They call Leandro, that has robb'd his master,
Robb'd him, and run away.
Die. Let's keep close, master;
This news comes from a sold country. } *Aside.*
Lop. By my faith, it freezes.
Mil. Is not this true? Do you shrink now,
Do I not touch you? goodman curate?
Lop. We have a hundred ducats
Yet left; we do beseech you, sir——
Mil. You'll hang, both!
Lop. One may suffice.
Die. I will not hang alone, master;
I had the least part, you shall hang the highest.
Plague o' this Tiveria, and the letter!
The devil sent it post to pepper us,
From Nova Hispania! we shall hang at home now.
Ars. I see ye are penitent, and I have compassion;
Ye are secure both, do but what we charge ye;
Ye shall have more gold too, and he shall give it,
Yet ne'er endanger ye.
Lop. Command us, master,
Command us presently, and see how nimbly——
Die. And if we do not handsomely endeavour—
Ars. Go home, and till ye hear more, keep private;
'Till we appear again, no words, good vicar!
There's something added.
Mil. For you too. [*Giving money.*
Lop. We are ready.
Mil. Go, and expect us hourly: If ye falter,
Though ye had twenty lives——
Die. We are fit to lose 'em.
Lop. 'Tis most expedient that we should hang both.
Die. If we be hang'd, we cannot blame our fortune.
Mil. Farewell, and be your own friends.
Lop. We expect ye. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*A Court of Justice.*

Enter OCTAVIO, JACINTHA, *and* ASCANIO.

Oct. We cited to the court!
Jac. It is my wonder.
Oct. But not our fear, Jacintha. Wealthy men,
That have estates to lose, whose conscious thoughts
Are full of inward guilt, may shake with horror
To have their actions sifted, or appear
Before the judge: But we, that know ourselves
As innocent as poor, that have no fleece
On which the talons of the griping law
Can take sure hold, may smile with scorn on all
That can be urged against us.
Jac. I am confident
There is no man so covetous, that desires
To ravish our wants from us; and less hope
There can be so much justice left on earth,
Though sued and call'd upon, to ease us of
The burden of our wrongs.
Oct. What thinks Ascanio?
Should we be call'd in question, or accused
Unjustly, what would you do to redeem us
From tyrannous oppression?
Asc. I could pray
To him that ever has an open ear
To hear the innocent, and right their wrongs;
Nay, by my troth, I think I could out-plead
An advocate, and sweat as much as he
Does for a double fee, ere you should suffer
In an honest cause.

Enter JAMIE *and* BARTOLUS.

Oct. Happy simplicity!
Jac. My dearest and my best one!—Don Jamie!
Oct. And the advocate that caused us to be summon'd.
Asc. My lord is moved; I see it in his looks:
And that man in the gown, in my opinion,
Looks like a progging knave.
Jac. Peace, give them leave.
Jam. Serve me with process?
Bar. My lord, you are not lawless.
Jam. Nor thou honest;
One that not long since was the buckram scribe,
That would run on men's errands for an asper,
And, from such baseness, having raised a stock
To bribe the covetous judge, call'd to the bar.
So poor in practice too, that you would plead
A needy client's cause for a starved hen,
Or half a little loin of veal, though fly-blown;
And these the greatest fees you could arrive at
For just proceedings: But, since you turn'd rascal—

Bar. Good words, my lord.
Jam. And grew my brother's bawd
In all his vicious courses, soothing him
In his dishonest practices, you are grown
The rich and eminent knave! In the devil's name,
What am I cited for?
Bar. You shall know anon;
And then too late repent this bitter language,
Or I'll miss of my ends.
Jam. Wer't not in court,
I would beat that fat of thine, raised by the food
Snatch'd from poor clients' mouths, into a jelly:
I would, my man of law, but I am patient,
And would obey the judge.
Bar. 'Tis your best course.
'Would every enemy I have would beat me!
I would wish no better action.
Oct. 'Save your lordship.
Asc. My humble service.
Jam. My good boy, how dost thou?
Why art thou call'd into the court?
Asc. I know not,
But 'tis my lord the Assistant's pleasure
I should attend here.
Jam. He will soon resolve us.

Enter the Assistant, HENRIQUE, Officer, *and* Witnesses. *They take their places.*

Offi. Make way there for the judge.
Jam. How? my kind brother?
Nay then, 'tis rank, there is some villany towards.
Assist. This sessions, purchased at your suit, Don Henrique,
Hath brought us hither to hear and determine
Of what you can prefer.
Hen. I do beseech
The honourable court I may be heard
In my advocate.
Assist. 'Tis granted.
Bar. Hum! hum!
Jam. That preface,
If left out in a lawyer, spoils the cause,
Though ne'er so good and honest.
Bar. If I stood here
To plead in the defence of an ill man,
Most equal judge, or to accuse the innocent,
(To both which I profess myself a stranger)
It would be requisite I should deck my language
With tropes and figures, and all flourishes
That grace a rhetorician; 'tis confess'd
Adulterate metals need the goldsmith's art
To set 'em off; what in itself is perfect
Contemns a borrow'd gloss. This lord, my client,
Whose honest cause, when 'tis related truly,
Will challenge justice, finding in his conscience
A tender scruple of a fault long since
By him committed, thinks it not sufficient
To be absolved of it by his confessor,
If that in open court he publish not
What was so long concealed.
Jam. To what tends this?
Bar. In his young years (it is no miracle
That youth and heat of blood should mix together)
He look'd upon this woman, on whose face
The ruins yet remain of excellent form;
He look'd on her, and loved her.
Jac. Ye good angels,
What an impudence is this!
Bar. And used all means
Of service, courtship, presents, that might win her
To be at his devotion: But in vain;
Her maiden fort, impregnable, held out
Until he promised marriage; and before
These witnesses a solemn contract pass'd,
To take her as his wife.
Assist. Give them their oath.
Jam. They are incompetent witnesses, his own creatures,
And will swear any thing for half a ryal.
Offi. Silence!
Assist. Proceed.
Bar. Upon this strong assurance,
He did enjoy his wishes to the full;
Which satisfied, and then, with eyes of judgment,
Hood-wink'd with lust before, considering duly
The inequality of the match, he being
Nobly descended and allied, but she
Without a name or family, secretly
He purchased a divorce, to disannul
His former contract, marrying openly
The lady Violante.
Jac. As you sit here
The deputy of the great king, who is
The substitute of that impartial judge,
With whom, or wealth, or titles, prevail nothing,
Grant to a much-wrong'd widow, or a wife,
Your patience, with liberty to speak
In her own cause; and let me, face to face
To this bad man, deliver what he is:
And if my wrongs, with his ingratitude balanced,
Move not compassion, let me die unpitied!
His tears, his oaths, his perjuries, I pass o'er;
To think of them is a disease; but death,
Should I repeat them. I dare not deny,
(For innocence cannot justify what's false)
But all the advocate hath alledged concerning
His falsehood and my shame, in my consent,
To be most true. But now I turn to thee,
To thee, Don Henrique! and, if impious acts
Have left thee blood enough to make a blush,
I'll paint it on thy cheeks! Was not the wrong
Sufficient to defeat me of mine honour,
To leave me full of sorrow as of want,
The witness of thy lust left in my womb,
To testify thy falsehood, and my shame?
But, now so many years I had concealed
Thy most inhuman wickedness, and won
This gentleman to hide it from the world,
To father what was thine (for yet, by Heaven,
Though in the city he pass'd for my husband,
He never knew me as his wife)——
Assist. 'Tis strange!
Give him an oath.
Oct. I gladly swear, and truly.
Jac. After all this, I say, when I had borne
These wrongs with saint-like patience, saw another
Freely enjoy what was in justice mine,
Yet still so tender of thy rest and quiet,
I never would divulge it, to disturb
Thy peace at home; yet thou, most barbarous,
To be so careless of me, and my fame,
(For all respect of thine, in the first step
To thy base lust, was lost) in open court
To publish my disgrace; and, on record,
To write me up an easy-yielding wanton,
I think, can find no precedent! In my extremes,
One comfort yet is left, that though the law
Divorce me from thy bed, and made free way
To the unjust embraces of another,
It cannot yet deny that this my son

(Look up, Ascanio, since it is come out)
Is thy legitimate heir.
Jam. Confederacy!
A trick, my lord, to cheat me! Ere you give
Your sentence, grant me hearing.
Assist. New chimeras?
Jam. I am, my lord, since he is without issue,
Or hope of any, his undoubted heir:
And this forged by the advocate, to defeat me
Of what the laws of Spain confer upon me,
A mere imposture, and conspiracy
Against my future fortunes.
Assist. You are too bold.
Speak to the cause, Don Henrique.
Hen. I confess [honour)
(Though the acknowledgement must wound my
That all the court hath heard touching this cause,
Or with me, or against me, is most true;
The latter part my brother urged, excepted.
For what I now do is not out of spleen,
As he pretends, but from remorse of conscience,
And to repair the wrong that I have done
To this poor woman: And I beseech your lordship
To think I have not so far lost my reason,
To bring into my family, to succeed me,
The stranger issue of another's bed.
By proof, this is my son; I challenge him,
Accept him, and acknowledge him, and desire,
By a definitive sentence of the court,
He may be so recorded, and full power
To me to take him home.
Jac. A second rape
To the poor remnant of content that's left me,
If this be granted; and all my former wrongs
Were but beginnings to my miseries,
But this the height of all! Rather than part
With my Ascanio, I'll deny my oath,
Profess myself a strumpet, and endure
What punishment so'er the court decrees
Against a wretch that hath forsworn herself,
Or played the impudent whore!
Assist. This tastes of passion,
And that must not divert the course of justice.
Don Henrique, take your son, with this condition,
You give him maintenance as becomes his birth;
And 'twill stand with your honour to do something
For this wrong'd woman: I will compel nothing,
But leave it to your will.—Break up the court!—
It is in vain to move me; my doom's pass'd,
And cannot be revoked. [*Exit.*
Hen. There's your reward.
[*Gives money to* BARTOLUS.
Bar. More causes, and such fees! New to my wife;
I have too long been absent. Health to your lordship. [*Exit.*
Asc. You all look strangely, and, I fear, believe
This unexpected fortune makes me proud;
Indeed it does not: I shall ever pay you
The duty of a son, and honour you
Next to my father. Good my lord, for yet
I dare not call you uncle, be not sad:
I never shall forget those noble favours
You did me, being a stranger; and if ever
I live to be the master of a fortune,
You shall command it.
Jam. Since it was determined
I should be cozen'd, I am glad the profit
Shall fall on thee. I am too tough to melt;
But something I will do.
Hen. 'Pray you, take leave
Of your steward, gentle brother, the good husband
That takes up all for you.
Jam. Very well, mock on!
It is your turn: I may have mine. [*Exit.*
Oct. But do not
Forget us, dear Ascanio.
Asc. Do not fear it:
I every day will see you; every hour
Remember you in my prayers.
Jac. My grief's too great
To be express'd in words!
Hen. Take that, and leave us.
[*Gives money to* JAC.
Leave us without reply.—Nay, come back, sirrah;
[*Exit* JAC. ASC. *offers to follow.*
And study to forget such things as these,
As are not worth the knowledge.
Asc. Oh, good sir,
These are bad principles!
Hen. Such as you must learn
Now you are mine; for wealth and poverty
Can hold no friendship: And what is my will
You must observe and do, though good or ill.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*A Room in the House of* BARTOLUS.

Enter BARTOLUS.

Bar. Where is my wife? 'Fore Heaven, I have done wonders,
Done mighty things to-day.—My Amaranta!—
My heart rejoices at my wealthy gleanings.
A rich litigious lord I love to follow,
A lord that builds his happiness on brawlings:
Oh, 'tis a blessed thing to have rich clients.—
Why, wife, I say!—How fares my studious pupil?
Hard at it still? You are too violent;
All things must have their rests, they will not last
Come out and breathe. [else;
Lean. [*Within.*] I do beseech you, pardon me;
I am deeply in a sweet point, sir.
Bar. I'll instruct you:

Enter AMARANTA.

I say, take breath; seek health first, then your study.—
Oh, my sweet soul, I have brought thee golden birds home,
Birds in abundance: I have done strange wonders!
There's more a-hatching too.
Ama. Have you done good, husband?
Then 'tis a good day spent.
Bar. Good enough, chicken.
I have spread the nets o' th' law, to catch rich booties,
And they come fluttering in. How does my pupil,
My modest thing? Hast thou yet spoken to him?
Ama. As I pass'd by his chamber, I might see
But he's so bookish—— [him;
Bar. And so bashful too;
I' faith, he is; before he'll speak, he'll starve there.
Ama. I pity him a little.
Bar. So do I too.
Ama. And if he please to take the air o' th' gardens,
Or walk i' th' inward rooms, so he molest not—
Bar. He shall not trouble thee; he dare not speak to thee.—

Bring out the chess-board!—Come, let's have a game, wife.

Enter EGLA, *with a Chess-board, and exit.*

I'll try your mastery: you say you're cunning.

Ama. As learned as you are, sir, I shall beat you.

Enter LEANDRO.

Bar. Here he steals out; put him not out of countenance;
Pr'ythee, look another way, he will be gone else.
Walk and refresh yourself; I'll be with you presently.

Lean. I'll take the air a little. [*They play at chess.*

Bar. 'Twill be healthful.

Ama. Will you be there? Then, here, I'll spare you that man.

Lean. 'Would I were so near too, and a mate fitting. [*Aside.*

Ama. What think you, sir, to this? Have at your knight now.

Bar. 'Twas subtly play'd. Your queen lies at my service—
Pr'ythee, look off, he is ready to pop in again;
Look off, I say; dost thou not see how he blushes?

Ama. I do not blast him.

Lean. But you do, and burn too!
What killing looks she steals! [*Aside.*

Bar. I have you now close;
Now for a mate.

Lean. You are a blessed man, that may so have her.
Oh, that I might play with her! [*Aside.*

[*Knock within.*

Bar. Who's there? I come.—You cannot 'scape me now, wife.—
I come, I come. [*Knock.*

Lean. Most blessed hand, that calls him! [*Aside.*

Bar. Play quickly, wife.

Ama. 'Pray ye, give leave to think, sir.

Enter EGLA.

Egla. An honest neighbour that dwells hard by, sir,
Would fain speak with your worship about business.

Lean. The devil blow him off! [*Aside.*

Bar. Play.

Ama. I will study:
For if you beat me thus, you will still laugh at me. [*Knock.*

Bar. He knocks again; I cannot stay.—Leandro,
'Pray thee come near. [
Lean. I am well, sir, here.

Bar. Come hither:
Be not afraid, but come.

Ama. Here's none will bite, sir.

Lean. God forbid, lady!

Ama. 'Pray, come nearer.

Lean. Yes, forsooth.

Bar. Pr'ythee observe these men, just as they stand here,
And see this lady do not alter 'em;
And be not partial, pupil.

Lean. No, indeed, sir.

Bar. Let her not move a pawn; I'll come back presently.—
Nay, you shall know I am a conqueror.—
Have an eye, pupil! [*Exit.*

Ama. Can you play at chess, sir?

Lean. A little, lady.

Ama. But you cannot tell me
How to avoid this mate, and win the game too?—
He has noble eyes!—[*Aside.*] You dare not friend me so far?

Lean. I dare do anything that's in man's power, lady,
To be a friend to such a noble beauty.

Ama. This is no lawyer's language! I pray you tell me
Whither may I remove (you see I am set round)
To avoid my husband?

Lean. I shall tell you happily;
But happily you will not be instructed.

Ama. Yes, and I'll thank you too; shall I move this man?

Lean. Those are unseemly: Move one can serve you,
Can honour you, can love you.

Ama. 'Pray you tell quickly;
He will return, and then——

Lean. I'll tell you instantly:
Move me, and I'll move any way to serve you;
Move your heart this way, lady.

Ama. How?

Lean. 'Pray you hear me.
Behold the sport of love, when he's imperious;
Behold the slave of love!

Ama. Move my queen this way?—
(Sure he's some worthy man.) [*Aside.*] Then if he hedge me,
Or here to open him——

Lean. Do but behold me:
If there be pity in you, do but view me!
But view the misery I have undertaken
For you, the poverty——

Ama. He will come presently.
Now play your best, sir: Though I lose this rook here,
Yet I get liberty.

Lean. I'll seize your fair hand,
And warm it with a hundred, hundred kisses!
The god of love warm your desires but equal!
That shall play my game now.

Ama. What do you mean, sir?
Why do you stop me?

Lean. That you may intend me.
The time has blest us both: Love bids us use it.
I am a gentleman nobly descended,
Young to invite your love, rich to maintain it.
I bring a whole heart to you; thus I give it,
And to those burning altars thus I offer,
And thus, divine lips, where perpetual spring grows. [*Kisses her.*

Ama. Take that; you are too saucy!

[*Strikes him with the chess-board, and throws down the men.*

Lean. How, proud lady?
Strike my deserts?

Ama. I was to blame.

Enter BARTOLUS.

Bar. What, wife, there!
Heaven keep my house from thieves!

Lean. I am wretched!
Open'd, discover'd, lost to all my wishes!
I shall be hooted at.

Bar. What noise was this, wife?
Why dost thou smile?

Lean. This proud thing will betray me. [*Aside.*

Bar. Why these lie here? What anger, dear?

Ama. Why, none, sir,
Only a chance; your pupil said he play'd well,
And so, indeed, he does; he undertook for you,
Because I would not sit so long time idle:
I made my liberty, avoided your mate,

And he again as cunningly endanger'd me;
Indeed, he put me strangely to't. When presently,
Hearing you come, and having broke his ambush too,
Having the second time brought off my queen fair,
I rose o' th' sudden smilingly to show you;
My apron caught the chess-board and the men,
And there the noise was.
Bar. Thou art grown a master;
For all this I shall beat you.
Lean. [*Aside.*] Or I [you,] lawyer;
For now I love her more! 'Twas a neat answer,
And by it hangs a mighty hope; I thank her;
She gave my pate a sound knock, that it rings yet.
But you shall have a sounder if I live, lawyer!
My heart aches yet; I would not be in that fear—
Bar. I am glad you are a gamester, sir; sometimes,
For recreation, we too shall fight hard at it.
Ama. He will prove too hard for me.
Lean. I hope he shall do;
But your chess-board is too hard for my head; line that, good lady. [*Aside.*
Bar. I have been atoning two most wrangling neighbours;
They had no money, therefore I made even.
Come, let's go in and eat; truly, I'm hungry.
Lean. I have eaten already; I must entreat your pardon.
Bar. Do as you please, we shall expect you at supper.—
He has got a little heart now; it seems handsomely.
Ama. You'll get no little head, if I don't look to you. [*Aside.*
Lean. If ever I do catch thee again, thou vanity—
Ama. I was to blame to be so rash; I'm sorry.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*An Apartment in the House of* DON HENRIQUE.

Enter DON HENRIQUE, VIOLANTE, *and* ASCANIO.

Hen. Hear but my reasons!
Vio. Oh, my patience! hear 'em?
Can cunning falsehood colour an excuse
With any seeming shape of borrow'd truth,
T' extenuate this woeful wrong, not error?
Hen. You gave consent, that to defeat my brother,
I should take any course.
Vio. But not to make
The cure more loathsome than the foul disease.
Was't not enough you took me to your bed,
Tired with loose dalliance, and with empty veins,
All those abilities spent before and wasted,
That could confer the name of mother on me,
But that (to perfect my account of sorrow
For my long barrenness) you must heighten it
By showing to my face that you were fruitful,
Hugged in the base embraces of another?
If solitude, that dwelt beneath my roof,
And want of children, was a torment to me,
What end of my vexation, to behold
A bastard to upbraid me with my wants,
And hear the name of father paid to you,
Yet know myself no mother?
Hen. What can I say?
Shall I confess my fault, and ask your pardon?
Will that content you?
Vio. If it could make void
What is confirm'd in court. No, no, Don Henrique,
You shall know that I find myself abused;
And add to that, I have a woman's anger;
And while I look upon this basilisk,
Whose envious eyes have blasted all my comforts,
Rest confident, I'll study my dark ends,
And not your pleasures.
Asc. Noble lady, hear me;
Not as my father's son, but as your servant,
Vouchsafe to hear me; for such in my duty
I ever will appear: And far be it from
My poor ambition ever to look on you,
But with that reverence which a slave stands bound
To pay a worthy mistress. I have heard
That dames of highest place, nay queens themselves,
Disdain not to be serv'd by such as are
Of meanest birth; and I shall be most happy,
To be employ'd when you please to command me,
Even in the coarsest office. As your page
I can wait on your trencher, fill your wine,
Carry your pantofles, and be sometimes bless'd
In all humility to touch your feet:
Or if that you esteem that too much grace,
I can run by your coach, observe your looks,
And hope to gain a fortune by my service,
With your good favour; which now, as a son,
I dare not challenge.
Vio. As a son?
Asc. Forgive me!
I will forget the name; let it be death
For me to call you mother.
Vio. Still upbraided?
Hen. No way left to appease you?
Vio. None. Now hear me;
Hear what I vow before the face of Heaven,
And, if I break it, all plagues in this life,
And those that after death are fear'd, fall on me!
While that this bastard stays under my roof,
Look for no peace at home, for I renounce
All offices of a wife.
Hen. What am I fallen to!
Vio. I will not eat nor sleep with you: and those hours
Which I should spend in prayers for your health
Shall be employ'd in curses!
Hen. Terrible!
Vio. All the day long, I'll be as tedious to you
As ling'ring fevers, and I'll watch the nights,
To ring aloud your shame, and break your sleeps;
Or, if you do but slumber, I'll appear
I' th' shape of all my wrongs, and like a fury
Fright you to madness: And, if all this fail
To work out my revenge, I've friends and kinsmen,
That will not sit down tame with the disgrace
That's offer'd to our noble family
In what I suffer.
Hen. How am I divided

Between the duties I owe as a husband,
And piety of a parent!
Asc. I am taught, sir,
By the instinct of nature, that obedience
Which bids me to prefer your peace of mind
Before those pleasures that are dearest to me:
Be wholly hers, my lord; I quit all parts
That I may challenge. May you grow old together,
And no distaste e'er find you; and before
The characters of age are printed on you,
May you see many images of yourselves,
Though I, like some false glass, that's never look'd in,
Am cast aside and broken! From this hour,
Unless invited, which I dare not hope for,
I never will set my forbidden feet
Over your threshold; only give me leave,
Though cast off to the world, to mention you
In my devotions, it is all I sue for;
And so I take my last leave!
Hen. Though I am
Devoted to a wife, nay almost sold
A slave to serve her pleasures, yet I cannot
So part with all humanity, but I must
Shew something of a father; thou shalt not go
Unfurnish'd and unfriended too: Take that
To guard thee from necessities. May thy goodness
Meet many favours, and thine innocence
Deserve to be the heir of greater fortunes
Than thou wert born to!—Scorn me not, Violante;
This banishment is a kind of civil death;
And now, as it were at his funeral,
To shed a tear or two is not unmanly;
And so, farewell for ever! One word more;
Though I must never see thee, my Ascanio,
When this is spent, for so the judge decreed,
Send to me for supply.—Are you pleased now?
[*Exit* Ascanio.
Vio. Yes; I have cause, to see you howl and blubber
At th' parting of my torment, and your shame.
'Tis well! proceed; supply his wants; do, do!
Let the great dower I brought, serve to maintain
Your bastard's riots; send my clothes and jewels
To your old acquaintance, your dear dame, his mother:
Now you begin to melt, I know 'twill follow.
Hen. Is all I do misconstrued?
Vio. I will take
A course to right myself, a speeding one;
By the bless'd saints, I will! If I prove cruel,
The shame to see thy foolish pity taught me
To lose my natural softness. Keep off from me!
Thy flatteries are infectious, and I'll flee thee
As I would do a leper.
Hen. Let not fury
Transport you so; you know I am your creature;
All love, but to yourself, with him, hath left me.
I'll join with you in any thing.
Vio. In vain;
I'll take mine own ways, and will have no partners.
Hen. I will not cross you.
Vio. Do not! they shall find,
That, to a woman of her hopes beguiled,
A viper trod on, or an aspick, 's mild. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*The Street.*

Enter Lopez, Milanes, *and* Arsenio.

Lop. Sits the game there? I have you. By mine order,
I love Leandro for't.
Mil. But you must shew it
In lending him your help, to gain him means
And opportunity.
Lop. He shall want nothing.
I know my advocate to a hair, and what
Will fetch him from his prayers, if he use any.
I am honey'd with the project! I would have him
For a most precious beast. [horn'd
Ars. But you lose time.
Lop. I am gone. Instruct you Diego; you will find him
A sharp and subtile knave; give him but hints,
And he will amplify. See all things ready.
I'll fetch him with a vengeance! [*Exit.*
Ars. If he fail now,
We'll give him over too.
Mil. Tush, he's flesh'd,
And knows what vein to strike for his own credit.
Ars. All things are ready.
Mil. Then we shall have a merry scene, ne'er fear it. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*An Apartment in the House of* Bartolus.

Enter Amaranta, *with a note, and* Egla.

Ama. Is thy master gone out?
Egla. Even now; the curate fetch'd him,
About a serious business, as it seem'd,
For he snatch'd up his cloak, and brush'd his hat straight,
Set his band handsomely, and out he gallop'd.
Ama. 'Tis well, 'tis very well; he went out, Egla,
As luckily as one would say, "go, husband!"
He was call'd by Providence. Fling this short [paper
Into Leandro's cell, and waken him;
He is monstrous vex'd, and musty, at my chess-play;
But this shall supple him, when he has read it.
Take your own recreation for two hours,
And hinder nothing.
Egla. If I do, I'll hang for't. [*Exeunt*

SCENE IV.—*A Room in the House of* Octavio

Enter Octavio *and* Jacintha.

Oct. If that you loved Ascanio for himself,
And not your private ends, you rather should
Bless the fair opportunity, that restores him
To his birth-right, and the honours he was born to
Than grieve at his good fortune.
Jac. Grieve, Octavio?
I would resign my essence, that he were
As happy as my love could fashion him,
Though every blessing that should fall on him
Might prove a curse to me! My sorrow springs
Out of my fear and doubt he is not safe.
I am acquainted with Don Henrique's nature,
And I have heard too much the fiery temper
Of Madam Violante: Can you think
That she, that almost is at war with Heaven

For being barren, will with equal eyes
Behold a son of mine?
Oct. His father's care,
That, for the want of issue, took him home,
Though with the forfeiture of his own fame,
Will look unto his safety.
Jac. Stepmothers
Have many eyes, to find a way to mischief,
Though blind to goodness.

Enter JAMIE *and* ASCANIO.

Oct. Here comes Don Jamie,
And with him our Ascanio.
Jam. Good youth, leave me;
I know thou art forbid my company,
And, only to be seen with me, will call on
Thy father's anger.
Asc. Sir, if that to serve you
Could lose me any thing, as indeed it cannot,
I still would follow you. Alas, I was born
To do you hurt, but not to help myself!
I was, for some particular end, took home,
But am cast off again.
Jam. Is't possible?
Asc. The lady, whom my father calls his wife,
Abhors my sight, is sick of me, and forced him
To turn me out of doors.
Jac. By my best hopes,
I thank her cruelty; for it comes near
A saving charity!
Asc. I am only happy
That yet I can relieve you; 'pray you, share!
My father's wondrous kind, and promises
That I should be supplied: But sure the lady
Is a malicious woman, and I fear
Means me no good.

Enter Servant.

Jam. I am turn'd a stone with wonder,
And know not what to think.
Serv. [*To* JAMIE.] From my lady,
Your private ear, and this——
Jam. New miracles?
Serv. She says, if you dare make yourself a fortune,
She will propose the means. My lord Don Henrique
Is now from home, and she alone expects you:
If you dare trust her, so; if not, despair of
A second offer. [*Exit.*
Jam. Though there were an ambush
Laid for my life, I'll on, and sound this secret.—
Retire thee, my Ascanio, with thy mother;
But stir not forth; some great design's on foot.
Fall what can fall, if, ere the sun be set,
I see you not, give me for dead.
Asc. We will expect you,
And those bless'd angels that love goodness guard you! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—*A Room in the* Curate's *House, with a Curtain in the background. A Table set out with a Standish, Pens, and Paper.*

Enter LOPEZ *and* BARTOLUS.

Bar. Is't possible he should be rich?
Lop. Most possible;
He hath been long, though he'd but little gettings,
Drawing together, sir.
Bar. Accounted a poor sexton;
Honest, poor Diego.
Lop. I assure you, a close fellow;
Both close and scraping, and that fills the bags, sir.
Bar. A notable good fellow too.
Lop. Sometimes, sir;
When he hoped to drink a man into a surfeit,
That he might gain by his grave.
Bar. So many thousands?
Lop. Heaven knows what.
Bar. 'Tis strange, 'tis very strange. But, we
And honest labour—— [see, by endeavour,
Lop. Milo, by continuance,
Grew, from a silly calf (with your worship's reverence)
To carry a bull. From a penny to a pound, sir,
And from a pound to many: 'Tis the progress.
Bar. You say true: but he loved to feed well
And that, methinks—— [also,
Lop. From another man's trencher, sir,
And there he found it season'd with small charge;
There he would play the tyrant, and would devour you
More than the graves he made: At home he lived
Like a cameleon, suck'd the air of misery,
And grew fat by the brewis of an egg-shell;
Would smell a cook's shop, and go home and sur-
And be a month in fasting out that fever. [feit,
Bar. These are good symptoms. Does he lie
Lop. Oh, very sick. [so sick, say you?
Bar. And chosen me executor?
Lop. Only your worship.
Bar. No hope of his amendment?
Lop. None, that we find.
Bar. He hath no kinsmen neither?
Lop. 'Truth, very few.
Bar. His mind will be the quieter.
What doctors has he?
Lop. There's none, sir, he believes in.
Bar. They are but needless things, in such ex-
Who draws the good man's will? [tremities.
Lop. Marry that do I, sir;
And to my grief.
Bar. Grief will do little now, sir;
Draw it to your comfort, friend, and as I counsel you,
An honest man: but such men live not always.
Who are about him?
Lop. Many, now he is passing,
That would pretend to his love, yes, and some gentlemen
That would fain counsel him, and be of his kindred;
Rich men can want no heirs, sir.
Bar. They do ill,
Indeed they do, to trouble him; very ill, sir.
But we shall take a care.

[*The Curtain is drawn.* DIEGO *is discovered in a bed, and brought forward.* MILANES, ARSENIO, *and* Parishioners *about him.*

Lop. Will you come near, sir?
'Pray you bring him out. Now you may see in
Give him fresh air. [what state——
Bar. I am sorry, neighbour Diego,
To find you in so weak a state.
Die. You're welcome;
But I am fleeting, sir.
Bar. Methinks he looks well;
His colour fresh, and strong; his eyes are cheerful.
Lop. A glimmering before death; 'tis nothing else, sir.
Do you see how he fumbles with the sheet? do you note that?

Die. My learned sir, 'pray you sit. I am bold
To take a care of what I leave. [to send for you,
Lop. Do you hear that?
Ars. Play the knave finely! [*Aside to* DIEGO.
Die. So I will, I warrant you,
And carefully.
Bar. 'Pray ye do not trouble him;
You see he's weak, and has a wand'ring fancy.
Die. My honest neighbours, weep not; I must
I cannot always bear ye company. [leave ye,
We must drop still; there is no remedy.—
'Pray ye, master curate, will you write my testament,
And write it largely, it may be remember'd?
And be witness to my legacies, good gentlemen.
Your worship I do make my full executor;
[*To* BARTOLUS.
You are a man of wit and understanding.
Give me a cup of wine to raise my spirits,
For I speak low. I would, before these neighbours,
Have you to swear, sir, that you'll see it executed,
And what I give let equally be render'd,
For my soul's health.
Bar. I vow it truly, neighbours:
Let not that trouble you; before all these,
Once more I give my oath.
Die. Then set me higher,
And pray ye come near me all.
Lop. We're ready for you.
Mil. Now spur the ass, and get our friend time!
[*Apart.*
Die. First then,
After I have given my body to the worms
(For they must be served first, they're seldom cozen'd)——
Lop. Remember your parish, neighbour.
Die. You speak truly;
I do remember it, a lewd vile parish,
And pray it may be mended: To the poor of it,
Which is to all the parish, I give nothing;
For nothing unto nothing is most natural:
Yet leave as much space as will build an hospital,
Their children may pray for me.
Bar. What do you give to it?
Die. Set down two thousand ducats.
Bar. 'Tis a good gift,
And will be long remember'd.
Die. To your worship,
Because you must take pains to see all finish'd,
I give two thousand more—it may be three, sir—
A poor gratuity for your pains-taking.
Bar. These are large sums.
Lop. Nothing to him that has 'em.
Die. To my old master vicar I give five hundred;
Five hundred and five hundred are too few, sir,
But there be more to serve.
Bar. This fellow coins, sure.
Die. Give me some more drink.—Pray ye buy books, buy books,
You have a learned head, stuff it with libraries,
And understand 'em when ye have done, 'tis justice.
Run not the parish mad with controversies,
Nor preach up abstinence to longing women,
'Twill purge the bottoms of their consciences.
I'd give the church new organs, but I prophesy
The churchwardens would quickly pipe 'em out o' th' parish.
Two hundred ducats more to mend the chancel,
And to paint true orthography, as many;
They write *sunt* with a *c*, which is abominable:
'Pray you set that down. To poor maidens' marriages——
Lop. Ay, that's well thought of; what's your
A meritorious thing. [will in that point?
Bar. No end of this will?
Die. I give *per annum* two hundred ells of lockram,
That there be no strait dealings in their linens,
But the sails cut according to their burdens.
To all bell-ringers, I bequeath new ropes,
And let them use 'em at their own discretions.
Ars. You may remember us.
Die. I do, good gentlemen;
And I bequeath ye both good careful surgeons,
A legacy ye have need of more than money;
I know ye want good diets, and good lotions,
And, in your pleasures, good take-heed.
Lop. He raves now;
But 'twill be quickly off.
Die. I do bequeath ye
Commodities of pins, brown papers, packthreads,
Roast pork, and puddings, gingerbread, and jews-trumps,
Of penny pipes, and mouldy pepper; take 'em,
Take 'em even where you please, and be cozen'd with 'em:
I should bequeath ye executions also,
But those I'll leave to the law.
Lop. Now he grows temperate.
Bar. You'll give no more?
Die. I am loth to give more from you,
Because I know you'll have a care to execute.
Only, to pious uses, sir, a little.
Bar. If he be worth all these, I'm made for ever.
Die. I give to fatal dames, that spin men's threads out,
And poor distress'd damsels, that are militant
As members of our own afflictions,
A hundred crowns to buy warm tubs to work in.
I give five hundred pounds to buy a church-yard,
A spacious church-yard, to lie thieves and knaves in:
Rich men and honest men take all the room up.
Lop. Are you not weary?
Die. Never of well-doing.
Bar. These are mad legacies.
Die. They were got as madly;
My sheep, and oxen, and my moveables,
My plate, and jewels, and five hundred acres;
I have no heirs.
Bar. This cannot be; 'tis monstrous.
Die. Three ships at sea too.
Bar. You have made me full executor?
Die. Full, full, and total; 'would I had more to
But these may serve an honest mind. [give you;
Bar. You say true,
A very honest mind, and make it rich too;
Rich, wondrous rich! But, where shall I raise these monies?
About your house, I see no such great promises.
Where shall I find these sums?
Die. Even where you please, sir;
You're wise and provident, and know business.
Even raise 'em where you shall think good; I'm reasonable.
Bar. Think good? will that raise thousands?
What do you make me?
Die. You have sworn to see it done; that's all my comfort.
Bar. Where I please? This is pack'd sure to disgrace me!

Die. You're just, and honest, and I know you'll do it;
Even where you please, for you know where the wealth is.
Bar. I am abused, betray'd! I am laugh'd at,
Baffled, and bored, it seems! [scorn'd,
Ars. No, no; you are fool'd.
Lop. Most finely fool'd, and handsomely, and neatly;
Such cunning masters must be fool'd sometimes, sir,
And have their worships' noses wiped; 'tis healthful.
We are but quit · You fool us of our monies,
In every cause, in every quiddit wipe us.
Die. Ha, ha, ha, ha! some more drink for my heart, gentlemen.
This merry lawyer—Ha, ha, ha, ha! this scholar—
I think this fit will cure me! This executor——
I shall laugh out my lungs!
Bar. This is derision above sufferance; villainy
Plotted and set against me!
Die. 'Faith, 'tis knavery;
In troth, I must confess thou art fool'd indeed, lawyer.
Mil. Did you think, had this man been rich——
Bar. 'Tis well, sir.
Mil. He would have chosen such a wolf, a canker,
A maggot-pate, to be his whole executor?
Lop. A lawyer, that entangles all mens' honesties,
And lives like a spider in a cobweb lurking,
And catching at all flies that pass his pit-falls,
Puts powder to all states, to make 'em caper,
Would he trust you? Do you deserve——
Die. I find, gentlemen,
This cataplasm of a well-cozen'd lawyer
Laid to my stomach, lenifies my fever:
Methinks I could eat now, and walk a little.
Bar. I am ashamed to feel how flat I'm cheated;
How grossly, and maliciously, made a may-game!
A damned trick! My wife, my wife! Some rascal——
My credit, and my wife! Some lustful villain,
Some bawd, some rogue——
Ars. Some crafty, fool, has found you:
This 'tis, sir, to teach you to be too busy,
To covet all the gains, and all the rumours,
To have a stirring oar in in all men's actions.
Lop. We did this but to vex your fine officiousness.
Bar. God yield you, and God thank you! I am fool'd, gentlemen!
The lawyer is an ass, I do confess it,
A weak, dull, shallow ass! Good even to your worships!
Vicar, remember, vicar! Rascal, remember,
Thou notable rich rascal!
Die. I do remember, sir.
'Pray you stay a little; I have even two legacies,
To make your mouth up, sir.
Bar. Remember, varlets,
Quake, and remember, rogues, I have brine for your buttocks! [*Exit.*
Lop. Oh, how he frets, and fumes now, like a dunghill!
Die. His gall contains fine stuff now to make poisons,
Rare damned stuff!
Ars. Let's after him, and still vex him,
And take my friend off. By this time he has prosper'd;
He cannot lose this dear time, 'tis impossible.
Mil. Well, Diego, thou hast done.
Lop. Hast done it daintily.
Mil. And shalt be as well paid, boy.
Ars. Go; let's crucify him. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.—*The Street.*

Enter AMARANTA *and* LEANDRO.

Lean. I've told you all my story, and how desperately——
Ama. I do believe. Let's walk on; time is precious,
Not to be spent in words; here no more wooing,
The open air's an enemy to lovers.
Do as I tell you.
Lean. I'll do any thing:
I am so over-joy'd, I'll fly to serve you.
Ama. Take your joy moderately, as 'tis minister'd,
And as the cause invites: That man's a fool,
That, at the sight o' th' bond, dances and leaps;
Then is the true joy, when the money comes.
Lean. You cannot now deny me.
Ama. Nay, you know not;
Women have crotchets, and strange fits.
Lean. You shall not.
Ama. Hold you to that, and swear it confidently,
Then I shall make a scruple to deny you.
'Pray you let's step in, and see a friend of mine;
The weather's sharp: We'll stay but half an hour,
We may be miss'd else: A private fine house 'tis,
And we may find many good welcomes. [sir,
Lean. Do, lady;
Do, happy lady!
Ama. All your mind's of doing!
You must be modester.
Lean. I will be any thing. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.—*Another Street, before the House of* BARTOLUS.

Enter BARTOLUS.

Bar. Open the doors, and give me room to chafe in,
Mine own room, and my liberty! Why, maid,
Open, I say, and do not anger me! [there!
I'm subject to much fury. When, you dish-clout,
When do you come? Asleep, you lazy hell-hound?
Nothing intended but your ease, and eating?—
Nobody here?—Why, wife! why, wife! why, jewel!—
No tongue to answer me?—Pr'ythee, good pupil,
Dispense a little with thy careful study,
And step to the door, and let me in.—Nor he neither?
Ha! not at's study? nor asleep? nor nobody?
I'll make ye hear! The house of ignorance!
No sound inhabits here. I have a key yet,
That commands all. I fear I'm metamorphos'd!
[*Exit into the house.*

Enter LOPEZ, ARSENIO, MILANES, *and* DIEGO.

Lop. He keeps his fury still, and may do mischief.
Mil. He shall be hang'd first; we'll be sticklers there, boys.

Die. The hundred thousand dreams now that possess him,
Of jealousy, and of revenge, and frailty,
Of drawing bills against us, and petitions!
Lop. And casting what his credit shall recover.
Mil. Let him cast 'till his maw come up; we care not.
You shall be still secured. [*A great noise within.*
Die. We'll pay him home then.—
Hark, what a noise he keeps within.
Lop. Certain,
He has set his chimneys o' fire, or the devil roars there.
Die. The codexes o' th' law are broke loose,
Ars. He's fighting, sure. [gentlemen.
Die. I'll tell you that immediately. [*Exit.*
Mil. Or doing some strange outrage on himself.
Ars. Hang him, he dares not be so valiant!

Enter DIEGO.

Die. There's nobody at home, and he chafes like a lion,
And stinks withal! [*Noise still.*
Lop. Nobody?
Die. Not a creature;
Nothing within, but he and his law-tempest!
The ladles, dishes, kettles, how they fly all!
And how the glasses through the rooms——

Enter BARTOLUS.

Ars. My friend sure
Has got her out, and now he has made an end on't.
Lop. See where the sea comes! how it foams and brustles!
The great leviathan o' th' law, how it tumbles!
Bar. Made ev'ry way an ass! abused on all sides!
And from all quarters people come to laugh at me!
Rise like a comet, to be wonder'd at!
A horrid comet, for boys' tongues, and ballads!
I will run from my wits!

Enter AMARANTA *and* LEANDRO.

Ars. Do, do, good lawyer,
And from thy money too; then thou wilt be quiet.
Mil. Here she comes home! Now mark the
How like an ass my friend goes! [salutations.
Ars She has pull'd his ears down.
Bar. Now, what sweet voyage? to what garden,
Or to what cousin's house? [lady?
Ama. Is this my welcome?
I cannot go to church, but thus I am scandal'd;
Use no devotion for my soul, but, gentlemen——
Bar. To church?
Ama. Yes; and you keep sweet youths to wait upon me,
Sweet bred-up youths, to be a credit to me!
There's your delight again; pray take him to you;
He never comes near me more to debase me.
Bar. How's this? how's this? Good wife, how has he wrong'd you?
Ama. I was fain to drive him like a sheep before me:
I blush to think how people fleer'd and scorn'd me.
Others have handsome men, that know behaviour,
Place, and observance; this silly thing knows no-
Cannot tell ten, let every rascal justle me; [thing,
And still I push'd him on, as he had been conning.
Bar. Ha! did you push him on? is he so stupid?
Ama. When others were attentive to the priest,
Good devout gentleman, then fell he fast,
Fast, sound asleep: Then first began the bagpipes,
The several stops on's nose made a rare music,
A rare and loud, and those play'd many an anthem.
Put out of that, he fell straight into dreaming.
Ars. As cunning as she's sweet! I like this carriage. [*Aside.*
Bar. What did he then?
Ama. Why, then he talk'd in his sleep too,—
Nay, I'll divulge your moral virtues, sheeps-face!
And talk'd aloud, that every ear was fix'd to him;
Did not I suffer, do you think, in this time?
Talk'd of your bawling law, of appellations,
Of declarations, and excommunications,
Warrants and executions, and such devils,
That drove all the gentlemen out o' the church by hurries,
With execrable oaths they'd ne'er come there again.
Thus am I served and mann'd!
Lean. I pray you forgive me;
I must confess I am not fit to wait upon you.
Alas, I was brought up——
Ama. To be an ass,
A lawyer's ass, to carry books and buckrams!
Bar. But what did you at church?
Lop. At church, did you ask her?—
Do you hear, gentlemen? Do you mark that question?—
Because you're half an heretic yourself, sir,
Would you breed her too? This shall to the Inquisition.
A pious gentlewoman reproved for praying!
I'll see this filed; and you shall hear further, sir.
Ars. You have an ill heart.
Lop. It shall be found out, gentlemen;
There be those youths will search it.
Die. You are warm, signior,
But a faggot will warm you better: We are witnesses.
Lop. Enough to hang him, do not doubt.
Mil. Nay certain,
I do believe he has rather no religion.
Lop. That must be known too. Because she [goes to church, sir!
O, monstrum informe ingens!
Die. Let him go on, sir;
His wealth will build a nunnery, a fair one,
And this good lady, when he's hanged and rotten,
May there be abbess.
Bar. You are cozen'd, honest gentlemen!
I don't forbid the use, but the form, mark me.
Lop. Form? what do you make of form?
Bar. They will undo me;
Swear, as I oft have done, and so betray me!
I must make fair way, and hereafter—Wife,
You're welcome home, and henceforth take your pleasure;
Go when you shall think fit, I will not hinder you;
My eyes are open now, and I see my error—
My shame, as great as that, but I must hide it: [*Aside.*
The whole conveyance now I smell; but *basta!*
Another time must serve—You see us friends now,
Heartily friends, and no more chiding, gentlemen;
I have been too foolish, I confess; no more words,
No more, sweet wife.
Ama. You know my easy nature.
Bar. Go, get you in: You see she has been angry:
Forbear her sight awhile, and time will pacify;
And learn to be more bold.

Lean. I would I could;
I will do all I am able. [*Exit.*
Bar. Do, Leandro.
We will not part but friends of all hands.
Lop. Well said;
Now you are reasonable, we can look on you.
Bar. Ye have jerkt me; but, for all that, I for-
Forgive ye heartily, and do invite ye [give ye,
To-morrow to a breakfast; I make but seldom,
But now we will be merry.
Ars. Now you are friendly,
Your doggedness and niggardize flung from you,
And now we will come to you.
Bar. Give me your hands, all!
You shall be welcome heartily.
Lop. We will be,
For we'll eat hard.
Bar. The harder the more welcome;
And, till the morning, farewell! I have business.
[*Exit.*
Mil. Farewell, good bountiful Bartolus! 'Tis a brave wench,
A sudden witty thief, and worth all service.
Go, we'll all go, and crucify the lawyer.
Die. I'll clap four tier of teeth into my mouth more,
But I will grind his substance.
Ars. Well, Leandro,
Thou hast had a strange voyage, but I hope
Thou ridest now in safe harbour.
Mil. Let's go drink, friends,
And laugh aloud at all our merry may-games.
Lop. A match, a match! 'twill whet our stomachs better. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*An Apartment in the House of* HENRIQUE.

Enter VIOLANTE *and* Servant.

Serv. Madam, he's come. [*Chair and stools out.*
Viol. 'Tis well. How did he look
When he knew from whom you were sent? Was he
Or confident or fearful? [not startled?
Ser. As appeared,
Like one that knew his fortune at the worst,
And cared not what could follow.
Viol. 'Tis the better.
Reach me a chair. So; bring him in; be careful
That none disturb us.—I will try his temper;
And, if I find him apt for my employments,
I'll work him to my ends; if not, I shall
Find other engines.

Enter JAMIE *and* Servant.

Serv. There's my lady.
Viol. Leave us.
Jam. You sent for me?
Viol. I did: And does the favour,
Your present state considered, and my power,
Deserve no greater ceremony?
Jam. Ceremony?
I use to pay that where I do owe duty,
Not to my brother's wife: I cannot fawn:
If you expect it from me, you are cozen'd;
And so farewell.
Viol. He bears up still; I like it.— [*Aside.*
'Pray you, a word,
Jam. Yes; I will give you hearing
On equal terms, and sit by you as a friend,
But not stand as a suitor. Now, your pleasure.
Viol. You're very bold.
Jam. 'Tis fit, since you are proud:
I was not made to feed that foolish humour
With flattery and observance.
Viol. Yet with your favour,
A little form, joined with respect, to her
That can add to your wants, or free you from 'em,
Nay, raise you to a fate beyond your hopes,
Might well become your wisdom.
Jam. It would rather
Write me a fool, should I but only think
That any good to me could flow from you,
Whom for so many years I've found and proved
My greatest enemy. I am still the same;
My wants have not transform'd me: I dare tell you,
To your new cerused face, what I have spoken
Freely behind your back, what I think of you!
You are the proudest thing, and have the least
Reason to be so, that ever I read of.
In stature you're a giantess; and your tailor
Takes measure of you with a Jacob's staff,
Or he can never reach you: This by the way,
For your large size. Now, in a word or two,
To treat of your complexion were decorum:
You are so far from fair, I doubt your mother
Was too familiar with the Moor that served her.
Your limbs and features I pass briefly over,
As things not worth description; and come roundly
To your soul, if you have any; for 'tis doubtful.
Viol. I laugh at this! Proceed.
Jam. This soul I speak of,
Or rather salt to keep this heap of flesh
From being a walking stench, like a large inn,
Stands open for the entertainment of
All impious practices: But there's no corner
An honest thought can take up. And, as it were
Sufficient in yourself to comprehend [not
All wicked plots, you've taught the fool my brother,
By your contagion, almost to put off
The nature of the man, and turn'd him devil,
Because he should be like you; and I hope
You'll march to hell together. I have spoken,
And if the limning you in your true colours
Can make the painter gracious, I stand ready
For my reward; or, if my words distaste you,
I weigh it not, for though your grooms were ready
To cut my throat for't, be assured I cannot
Use other language.
Viol. You think you have said now
Like a brave fellow. In this woman's war
You ever have been train'd; spoke big, but suffer'd
Like a tame ass; and, when most spurr'd and gall'd,
Were never master of the spleen or spirit
That could raise up the anger of a man,
And force it into action.
Jam. Yes, vile creature,
Wert thou a subject worthy of my sword,
Or that thy death, this moment, could call home
My banish'd hopes, thou now wert dead; dead, woman!

But, being as thou art, it is sufficient
I scorn thee and contemn thee!
Viol. This shews nobly,
I must confess it: I am taken with it;
For had you kneel'd, and whin'd, and shew'd a base
And low dejected mind, I had despised you.
This bravery, in your adverse fortune, conquers
And does command me; and, upon the sudden,
I feel a kind of pity growing in me
For your misfortunes: Pity, some say, is the parent
Of future love; and I repent my part
So far in what you've suffer'd, that I could
(But you are cold) do something to repair
What your base brother (such, Jamie, I think him)
Hath brought to ruin.
Jam. Ha?
Viol. Be not amazed:
Our injuries are equal in his bastard!
You are familiar with what I groan for;
And though the name of husband holds a tie
Beyond a brother, I, a poor weak woman,
Am sensible and tender of a wrong;
And, to revenge it, would break through all lets
That durst oppose me.
Jam. Is it possible?
Viol. By this kiss! Start not. Thus much as a stranger,
You may take from me; but, if you were pleas'd,
I should select you as a bosom friend;
I would print 'em thus, and thus. [*Kisses him.*
Jam. Keep off.
Viol. Come near,
Nearer, into the cabinet of my counsels!
Simplicity and patience dwell with fools,
And let them bear those burdens which wise men
Boldly shake off! Be mine, and join with me;
And when that I have raised you to a fortune,—
(Do not deny yourself the happy means)—
You'll look on me with more judicious eyes,
And swear I am most fair.
Jam. What would this woman?
The purpose of these words? Speak not in riddles;
And when I understand what you would counsel,
My answer shall be sudden.
Viol. Thus then, Jamie:
The objects of our fury are the same;
For young Ascanio, whom you snake-like hugg'd
(Frozen with wants to death) in your warm bosom,
Lives to supplant you in your certain hopes,
And kills in me all comfort.
Jam. Now 'tis plain;
I apprehend you: And, were he removed——
Viol. You, once again, were the undoubted heir.
Jam. 'Tis not to be denied: I was ice before,
But now you've fired me.
Viol. I'll add fuel to it:
And, by a nearer cut, do you but steer
As I direct you, we'll bring our bark into
The port of happiness.
Jam. How?
Viol. By Henrique's death!
But, you'll say, he's your brother: In great fortunes,
Which are epitomes of states and kingdoms,
The politic brook no rivals.
Jam. Excellent!
For sure I think, out of a scrupulous fear,
To feed in expectation, when I may,
Dispensing but a little with my conscience,
Come into full possession, would not argue
One that desired to thrive.
Viol. Now you speak like
A man that knows the world.
Jam. I needs must learn,
That have so good a tut'ress. And what think you,
(Don Henrique and Ascanio cut off)
That none may live that shall desire to trace us
In our black paths, if that Octavio,
His foster-father, and the sad Jacintha,
('Faith, pity her, and free her from her sorrows)
Should fall companions with 'em? When we're red
With murder, let us often bathe in blood;
The colour will be scarlet.
Viol. And that's glorious,
And will protect the fact.
Jam. Suppose this done:
If undiscover'd, we may get for money
(As that, you know, buys any thing in Rome)
A dispensation.
Viol. And be married?
Jam. True.
Or, if 't be known, truss up our gold and jewels,
And fly to some free state, and there with scorn—
Viol. Laugh at the laws of Spain. 'Twere admirable!
Jam. We shall beget rare children. I am rapt
The mere imagination! [with
Viol. Shall it be done?
Jam. Shall? 'tis too tedious. Furnish me with
To hire the instruments, and to yourself [means
Say it is done already. I will shew you,
Ere the sun set, how much you've wrought upon
Your province is only to use some means [me;
To send my brother to the grove, that's neighbour
To the west port o' th' city; leave the rest
To my own practice. I have talk'd too long,
But now will do! This kiss, with my confession,
To work a fell revenge a man's a fool,
If not instructed in a woman's school. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*A Room in the House of* BARTOLUS. *A Table set out for Breakfast.*

Enter BARTOLUS, Alguazils, *and an* Apparitor, *in disguise.*

Bar. Ye are well enough disguis'd; furnish the table;
Make no show what ye are, till I discover:
Not a soul knows you here: Be quick and diligent.
These youths I have invited to a breakfast,
But what the sauce will be——I am of opinion
I shall take off the edges of their appetites,
And grease their gums for eating heartily
This month or two. They have play'd their prizes with me,
And with their several flirts they've lighted dangerously;
But sure I shall be quiet! I hear 'em coming.
Go off, and wait the bringing-in your service,
And do it handsomely: You know where to have it.—
[*Exeunt* Alguazils *and* Apparitor.

Enter MILANES, ARSENIO, LOPEZ, *and* DIEGO.

Welcome, i'faith.
Ars. That's well said, honest lawyer.
Lop. Said like a neighbour.
Bar. Welcome, all! All's over,
And let's be merry.
Mil. To that end we came, sir:
An hour of freedom's worth an age of jugglings.

Die. I am come too, sir, to specify my stomach
A poor retainer to your worship's bounty.
Bar. And thou shalt have it filled, my merry Diego;
My liberal, and my bonny bounteous Diego;
Even filled till it groan again.
Die. Let it have fair play,
And if it founder, then——
Bar. I'll tell ye, neighbours;
Though I were angry yesterday with ye all,
And very angry, for methought ye bobb'd me—
Lop. No, no, by no means.
Bar. No, when I consider'd
It was a jest, and carried off so quaintly,
It made me merry, very merry, gentlemen.
I do confess I could not sleep to think on't;
The mirth so tickled me, I could not slumber.
Lop. Good mirth does work so, honest mirth.
Now, should we've meant in earnest——
Bar. You say true, neighbour.
Lop. It might have bred such a distaste and sourness,
Such fond imaginations in your brains, sir,
For things thrust home in earnest——
Bar. Very certain;
But I know ye all for merry wags, and, ere long,
Ye shall know me too in another fashion:
Though ye're pamper'd, ye shall bear part o' th' burden.

Enter Amaranta *and* Leandro.

Come, wife; come, bid 'em welcome; come, my jewel!
And, pupil, you shall come too. Ne'er hang backward;
Come, come, the woman's pleased, her anger's over;
Come, be not bashful.
Ama. What does he prepare here? [*Aside.*
Sure there's no meat i' th' house, at least not dress'd.
Does he mean to mock 'em? Or some new-bred crotchet
Come o'er his brains? I do not like his kindness;
But silence best becomes me. If he mean foul play,
Sure they're enough to right themselves; and let 'em;
I'll sit by, so they beat him not to powder.
Bar. Bring in the meat there, hoa!—Sit down, dear neighbour;
A little meat needs little compliment;
Sit down, I say.
Ama. What do you mean by this, sir?
Bar. Convey away their weapons handsomely.
Ama. You know there's none i' th' house to answer you,
But the poor girl; you know there's no meat neither.
Bar. Peace, and be quiet; I shall make you smoke else:
There's men and meat enough.
[*She takes their swords and puts them aside.*
Set it down formally.

Enter Alguazils, *with dishes.*

Ama. I fear some lewd trick, yet I dare not speak on't.
Bar. I have no dainties for ye, gentlemen,
Nor loads of meat, to make the room smell of 'em:
Only a dish to every man I've dedicated;
And, if I've pleased his appetite——
Lop. Oh, a capon,
A bird of grace, an't be thy will; I honour it.
Die. For me some forty pound of lovely beef,
Placed in a Mediterranean sea of brewis.
Bar. Fall to, fall to, that we may drink and laugh after.—
Wait diligently, knaves!
[*They lift up the napkins, and discover an execution under each.*
Mil. What rare bit's this?
An execution! bless me!
Bar. Nay, take it to you,
There's no avoiding it; 'tis somewhat tough, sir,
But a good stomach will endure it easily;
The sum is but a thousand ducats, sir.
Ars. A capias from my surgeon and my silkman!
Bar. Your careful makers; but they have marr'd your diet.
Stir not; your swords are gone; there's no avoiding me;
And these are alguazils. Do you hear that passing-bell?
Lop. A strong citation! bless me!
Bar. Out with your beads, curate;
The devil's in your dish: Bell, book, and candle!
Lop. A warrant to appear before the judges!
I must needs rise and turn to th' wall.
Bar. You need not;
Your fear, I hope, will make you find your breeches.
All. We are betray'd!
Bar. Invited! do not wrong me.
Fall to, good guests; ye have diligent men about ye;
Ye shall want nothing that may persecute ye;
These will not see ye start. Have I now found ye?
Have I requited ye? Ye fool'd the lawyer,
And thought it meritorious to abuse him,
A thick ram-headed knave! Ye rid, ye spurr'd him,
And glorified your wits, the more ye wrong'd him!
Within this hour ye shall have all your creditors,
A second dish of new debts come upon ye,
And new invitements to the whip, Don Diego,
And excommunications for the learned curate;
A masque of all your furies shall dance to ye!
Ars. You dare not use us thus?
Bar. Ye shall be bobb'd, gentlemen.
Stir, and, as I have life, ye go to prison,
To prison, without pity instantly;
Before ye speak another word, to prison.
I have a better guard without, that waits!—
Do you see this man, Don Curate? 'tis a 'paritor,
That comes to tell you a delightful story
Of an old whore you have, and then to teach you
What is the penalty. Laugh at me now, sir!
What legacy would you bequeath me now,
(And pay it on the nail) to fly my fury?
Lop. Oh, gentle sir!
Bar. Dost thou hope I will be gentle,
Thou foolish unconsiderate Curate?
Lop. Let me go, sir,—
Bar. I'll see thee hang first.
Lop. And, as I am a true vicar——
Hark in your ear, hark softly!
Bar. No, no bribery;
I'll have my swinge upon thee.—Sirrah! rascal!
You lenten-chaps? you that lay sick, and mock'd me;
Mock'd me abominably, abused me lewdly,
I'll make thee sick at heart, before I leave thee,
And groan, and die indeed, and be worth nothing,
Not worth a blessing, nor a bell to knell for thee,

A sheet to cover thee, but that thou steal'st,
Steal'st from the merchant, and the ring he was buried with,
Steal'st from his grave! Do you smell me now?
Die. Have mercy on me!
Bar. No psalm of mercy shall hold me from hanging thee!
How do you like your breakfast? 'Tis but short, gentlemen,
But sweet, and healthful.—Your punishment, and yours, sir, [*To* AMA. *and* LEAN.
For some near reasons that concern my credit,
I will take to myself.
Ama. Do, sir, and spare not:
I have been too good a wife, and too obedient;
But, since you dare provoke me to be foolish——
Lean. She has, yes, and too worthy for your usage.
Before the world, I justify your goodness; [*Draws.*
And turn that man, that dares but taint her virtues,
To my sword's point (that lying man, that base man!)
Turn him but face to face, that I may know him!
Bar. What have I here?
Lean. A gentleman, a free man;
One that made trial of this lady's constancy,
And found it strong as fate! Leave off your fooling;
For, if you follow this course, you'll be chronicled
For a devil, whilst a saint she's mentioned.
You know my name indeed: I'm now no lawyer.

Enter JAMIE *and* Assistant.

Die. Some comfort now, I hope; or else, would I were hang'd up!
And yet, the judge! He makes me sweat.
Bar. What news now?
Jam. I'll justify, upon my life and credit,
What you have heard for truth, and will make proof of.
Assist. I will be ready at th' appointed hour
And so I leave you. [there;
Bar. Stay, I beseech your worship,
And do but hear me.
Jam. Good sir, intend this business,
And let this bawling fool! No more words, lawyer,
And no more angers; for I guess your reasons:
This gentleman I'll justify in all places,
And that fair lady's worth, let who dare cross it.
The plot was cast by me, to make thee jealous,
But not to wrong your wife; she's fair and virtuous.
Die. Take us to mercy too, we beseech your honour;
We shall be justified the way of all flesh else.
Jam. No more talk, nor no more dissention, lawyer;
I know your anger; 'tis a vain and slight one;
For, if you do, I'll lay your whole life open,
A life that all the world shall—I'll bring witness,
And rip before a judge the ulcerous villanies——
You know I know you, and I can bring witness.
Bar. Nay, good sir, noble sir!
Jam. Be at peace then presently;
Immediately take honest and fair truce
With your good wife, and shake hands with that gentleman:
He has honour'd you too much; and do it cheerfully.
Lop. Take us along, for Heaven's sake, too!
Bar. I am friends,—
(There is no remedy; I must put up all, [*Aside.*
And like my neighbours rub it out by th' shoulders)—
And perfect friends.—Leandro, now I thank you,
And there's my hand, I have no more grudge to you;
But I'm too mean henceforward for your company.
Lean. I shall not trouble you.
Ars. We will be friends too.
Mil. Nay, lawyer, you shall not fright us further;
For all your devils, we will bolt.
Bar. I grant you;
The gentleman's your bail, and thank his coming:
Did not he know me too well, you should smart for't.
Go all in peace; but, when ye fool next, gentle-
Come not to me to breakfast. [men,
Die. I'll be bak'd first.
Bar. And pray ye remember, when ye're bold and merry,
The lawyer's banquet, and the sauce he gave ye.
Jam. Come, go along; I have employment for you,
Employment for your lewd brains too, to cool you;
For all, for every one.
All. We're all your servants.
Die. All, all, for anything! From this day forward,
I'll hate all breakfasts, and depend on dinners.
Jam. I am glad you come off fair.
Lean. The fair has blest me. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*A Grove of Trees near the City.*

Enter OCTAVIO, JACINTHA, *and* ASCANIO.

Oct. This is the place; but why we are appointed
By Don Jamie to stay here, is a depth
I cannot sound.
Asc. Believe't, he is too noble
To purpose anything but for our good.
Had I assurance of a thousand lives,
And with them perpetuity of pleasure,
And should lose all, if he proved only false,
Yet I durst run the hazard.
Jac. 'Tis our comfort,
We cannot be more wretched than we are;
And death concludes all misery.
Oct. Undiscover'd,
We must attend him.

Enter HENRIQUE *and* JAMIE.

Asc. Our stay is not long.
With him Don Henrique?
Jac. Now I fear! be silent. [*They retire.*
Hen. Why dost thou follow me?
Jam. To save your life;
A plot is laid for't. All my wrongs forgot,
I have a brother's love.
Hen. But thy false self,
I fear no enemy.
Jam. You have no friend,
But what breathes in me. If you move a step
Beyond this ground you tread on, you are lost.
Hen. 'Tis by thy practice then. I am sent hither
To meet her, that prefers my life and safety
Before her own.
Jam. That you should be abused thus,

With weak credulity! She, for whose sake
You have forgot we had one noble father,
Or that one mother bare us; for whose love
You brake a contract to which Heaven was witness;
To satisfy whose pride and wilful humour
You have exposed a sweet and hopeful son
To all the miseries that want can bring him,
(And such a son, though you are most obdurate,
To give whom entertainment savages
Would quit their caves themselves, to keep him from
Bleak cold and hunger!) this dissembling woman,
This idol whom you worship, all your love
And service trod her under feet, designs you
To fill a grave, or dead, to lie a prey
For wolves and vultures.
Hen. 'Tis false. I defy thee,
And stand upon my guard!

Enter LEANDRO, MILANES, ARSENIO, BARTOLUS, LOPEZ, DIEGO, *and* Servants.

Jam. Alas, 'tis weak.
Come on! Since you will teach me to be cruel,
By having no faith in me, take your fortune.
Bring the rest forth, and bind them fast.
Oct. My lord!
Asc. In what have we offended?

[HENRIQUE, OCTAVIO, ASCANIO, *and* JACINTHA, *are seized and bound.*

Jam. I am deaf;
And, following my will, I do not stand
Accountable to reason.—See her ring,
The first pledge of your love and service to her,
Deliver'd as a warrant for your death!
These bags of gold you gave up to her trust,
The use of which you did deny yourself,
Bestow'd on me (and with a prodigal hand),
Whom she pick'd forth to be the architect
Of her most bloody building; and to fee
These instruments, to bring materials
To raise it up, she bade me spare no cost,
And, as a surplusage, offer'd herself
To be at my devotion.
Hen. Oh, accursed!
Jam. But, be incredulous still; think this my plot;
Fashion excuses to yourself, and swear
That she is innocent, that she dotes on you.
Believe this as a fearful dream, and that
You lie not at my mercy, which in this
I will show only: She herself shall give
The dreadful sentence, to remove all scruple
Who 'tis that sends you to the other world.

Enter VIOLANTE.

Appears my Violante? Speak, my dearest,
Does not the object please you?
Viol. More than if
All treasure that's above the earth, with that
That lies conceal'd in both the Indian mines,
Were laid down at my feet! Oh, bold Jamie,
Thou only canst deserve me!
Jam. I am forward;
And, as you easily may perceive, I sleep not
On your commands.

Enter Assistant *and* Officers.

Viol. But yet they live: I look'd
To find them dead.
Jam. That was deferred, that you
Might triumph in their misery, and have the power
To say "they are not."
Viol. 'Twas well thought upon.
This kiss, and all the pleasures of my bed
This night, shall thank thee.
Hen. Monster!
Viol. You, sir, that
Would have me mother bastards, being unable
To honour me with one child of mine own,
That underneath my roof kept your cast strumpet,
And out of my revenues would maintain
Her riotous issue; now you find what 'tis
To tempt a woman! With as little feeling
As I turn off a slave, that is unfit
To do me service; or a horse, or dog,
That have out-lived their use; I shake thee off,
To make thy peace with Heaven!
Hen. I do deserve this;
And never truly felt before, what sorrow
Attends on wilful dotage.
Viol. For you, mistress,
That had the pleasure of his youth before me,
And triumph'd in the fruit that you had by him,
But that I think, to have the bastard strangled
Before thy face, and thou with speed to follow
The way he leads thee, is sufficient torture,
I would cut off thy nose, put out thine eyes,
And set my foot on those bewitching lips,
That had the start of mine! But, as thou art,
Go to the grave unpitied.
Assist. Who would believe
Such rage could be in woman?
Viol. For this fellow,
He is not worth my knowledge.
Jam. Let him live then,
Since you esteem him innocent.
Viol. No, Jamie,
He shall make up the mess. Now strike together,
And let them fall so!
Assist. Unheard-of cruelty!
I can endure no longer: Seize on her!
Viol. Am I betray'd?
Is this thy faith, Jamie?
Jam. Could your desires
Challenge performance of a deed so horrid?
Or, though that you had sold yourself to hell,
I should make up the bargain?—Live, dear brother,
Live long, and happy! I forgive you freely;
To have done you this service, is to me
A fair inheritance; and howe'er harsh language,
Call'd on by your rough usage, pass'd my lips,
In my heart I ever loved you. All my labours
Were but to shew, how much your love was cozen'd,
When it beheld itself in this false glass,
That did abuse you; and I am so far
From envying young Ascanio his good fortune,
That, if your state were mine, I would adopt him.
These are the murderers; my noble friends!
Which, to make trial of her bloody purpose,
I won, to come disguised thus.
Hen. I am too full
Of grief and shame to speak: But what I'll do,
Shall to the world proclaim my penitence;
And, howsoever I have lived, I'll die
A much-changed man.
Jam. Were it but possible
You could make satisfaction to this woman,
Our joys were perfect.
Hen. That's my only comfort,
That it is in my power: I ne'er was married
To this bad woman, though I doted on her,

But daily did defer it, still expecting
When grief would kill Jacintha.
Assist. All's come out,
And finds a fair success. Take her, Don Henrique,
And once again embrace your son.
Hen. Most gladly.
Assist. Your brother hath deserved well.
Hen. And shall share
The moiety of my state.
Assist. I have heard, advocate,
What an ill instrument you have been to him:
From this time strengthen him with honest coun-
And you'll deserve my pardon. [sels,
Bar. I'll change my copy:
But I am punish'd, for I fear I have had
A smart blow, though unseen.
Assist. Curate, and sexton,
I have heard of you too; let me hear no more,
And what's past, is forgotten. For this woman,
Though her intent were bloody, yet our law
Calls it not death; yet, that her punishment
May deter others from such bad attempts,
The dowry she brought with her shall be employ'd
To build a nunnery, where she shall spend
The remnant of her life.
Viol. Since I have miss'd my ends,
I scorn what can fall on me.
Assist. The strict discipline
O' th' church will teach you better thoughts.—And, signiors,
You that are bachelors, if you ever marry,
In Bartolus you may behold the issue
Of covetousness and jealousy; and of dotage,
And falsehood, in Don Henrique. Keep a mean then;
For be assured, that weak man meets all ill
That gives himself up to a woman's will.
[*Exeunt.*

EPILOGUE.

The play is done, yet our suit never ends,
Still when you part, you would still part our friends,
Our noblest friends! If aught have fallen amiss,
Oh, let it be sufficient that it is,
And you have pardon'd it. (In buildings great,
All the whole body cannot be so neat,
But something may be mended.) Those are fair,
And worthy love, that may destroy, but spare.

WIT WITHOUT MONEY.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

VALENTINE, *a Gallant that will not be persuaded to keep his Estate.*
FRANCISCO, *his younger Brother.*
MR. LOVEGOOD, *their Uncle.*
A Merchant, *Friend to* Mr. LOVEGOOD.
FOUNTAIN, BELLAMORE, HAREBRAIN, } *Companions of* VALENTINE, *and Suitors to the* Widow.
LANCE, *a Falconer, and an ancient Servant to* VALENTINE'S *Father.*
SHORTHOSE, *the Clown, and Servant to the* Widow.
ROGER, RALPH, *and* HUMPHRY, *three Servants to the* Widow.
Three Tenants.
Musicians, Servants.

LADY HARTWELL, *a Widow.*
ISABELL, *her Sister.*
LUCE, *a Waiting-Gentlewoman to the* Widow.

SCENE,—LONDON.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*A Street.*

Enter LOVEGOOD *and* MERCHANT.

Mer. When saw you Valentine?
Lov. Not since the horse-race;
He's taken up with those that woo the widow.
Mer. How can he live by snatches from such [people?
He bore a worthy mind.
Lov. Alas, he's sunk,
His means are gone, he wants, and, which is worse,
Takes a delight in doing so.
Mer. That's strange.
Lov. Runs lunatic, if you but talk of states:
He can't be brought, now he has spent his own,
To think there is inheritance or means,
But all a common riches, all men bound
To be his bailiffs—
Mer. This is something dangerous.
Lov. No gentleman that has estate, to use it
In keeping house or followers; for those ways
He cries against, for eating sins, dull surfeits,
Cramming of serving-men, mustering of beggars,
Maintaining hospitals for kites and curs,
Grounding their fat faiths upon old country proverbs;
God bless the founders! These he would have [vented
Into more manly uses, wit, and carriage,
And never thinks of state, or means, the groundworks;
Holding it monstrous, men should feed their bodies,
And starve their understandings.
Mer. That's most certain.
Lov. Yes, if he could stay there.
Mer. Why, let him marry,
And that way rise again.
Lov. It's most impossible;
He will not look with any handsomeness
Upon a woman.
Mer. Is he so strange to women?
Lov. I know not what it is; a foolish glory
He has got, I know not where, to balk those benefits;
And yet he will converse and flatter 'em,
Make 'em, or fair or foul, rugged or smooth,
As his impression serves; for he affirms,
They're only lumps, and undigested pieces,
Lick'd over to a form by our affections,
And then they show.—The lovers! let 'em pass.

Enter FOUNTAIN, BELLAMORE, HAREBRAIN.

Mer. He might be one; he carries as much [promise.
They are wondrous merry.
Lov. Oh! their hopes are high, sir.
Fount. Is Valentine come to town?
Bel. Last night, I heard.
Fount. We miss him monstrously in our direc- [tions;
For this widow is as stately, and as crafty,
And stands, I warrant you—
Hare. Let here stand sure;
She falls before us else. Come, let's go seek Valentine. [*Exeunt.*
Mer. This widow seems a gallant.
Lov. A goodly woman;
And to her handsomeness she bears her state,
Reserved and great; Fortune has made her mistress
Of a full means, and well she knows to use it.
Mer. I would Valentine had her.
Lov. There's no hope of that, sir.
Mer. O' that condition, he had his mortgage in [again.
Lov. I would he had.
Mer. Seek means, and see what I'll do:
(However, let the money be paid in;)
I never sought a gentleman's undoing,
Nor eat the bread of other men's vexations.
The mortgage shall be render'd back; take time [for't.
You told me of another brother.
Lov. Yes, sir;
More miserable than he, for he has eat him
And drank him up; a handsome gentleman,
And a fine scholar.

Enter LANCE *and three* Tenants.

Mer. What are these?
Lov. The tenants;
They'll do what they can.
Mer. It is well prepared.
Be earnest, honest friends, and loud upon him;
He's deaf to his own good.
Lance. We mean to tell him
Part of our minds, an't please you.
Mer. Do, and do it home,
And in what my care may help, or my persuasions,
When we meet next——
Lov. Do but persuade him fairly;
And for your money, mine and these men's thanks
And what we can be able—— [too,
Mer. You're most honest;
You shall find me no less; and so I leave you.
Prosper your business, friends! [*Exit* MER.
Lov. Pray Heaven it may, sir.
Lance. Nay, if he will be mad, I'll be mad with him,
And tell him that—I'll not spare him——
His father kept good meat, good drink, good fellows,
Good hawks, good hounds, and bid his neighbours welcome;
Kept him too, and supplied his prodigality,
Yet kept his state still.
Must we turn tenants now (after we have lived
Under the race of gentry, and maintain'd
Good yeomanry) to some of the city,
To a great shoulder of mutton and a custard.
And have our state turned into cabbage-gardens?
Must it be so?
Lov. You must be milder to him.
Lance. That's as he makes his game.
Lov. Entreat him lovingly,
And make him feel.
Lance. I'll pinch him to the bones else.
Val. (*Within.*) And tell the gentleman, I'll be with him presently.
Say I want money too; I must not fail, boy.
Lance. You will want clothes, I hope.

Enter VALENTINE.

Val. [*Entering.*] Bid the young courtier
Repair to me anon; I'll read to him.
Lov. He comes: be diligent, but not too rugged;
Start him, but not affright him.
Val. Phew! are you there?
Lov. We come to see you, nephew; be not angry.
Val. Why do you dog me thus, with these strange people?
Why, all the world shall never make me rich more,
Nor master of these troubles.
Ten. We beseech you,
For our poor children's sake.
Val. Who bid you get 'em?
Have you not threshing work enough, but children
Must be bang'd out o' th' sheaf too? Other men,
With all their delicates, and healthful diets,
Can get but wind-eggs: You, with a clove of garlic,
A piece of cheese would break a saw, and sour milk,
Can mount like stallions; and I must maintain
These tumblers!
Lance. You ought to maintain us; we
Have maintain'd you, and, when you slept, provided for you.
Who bought the silk you wear? I think our labours;
Reckon, you'll find it so. Who found your horses
Perpetual pots of ale, maintain'd your taverns,
And who extoll'd you in the half-crown boxes,
Where you might sit and muster all the beauties?
We had no hand in these; no, we're all puppies!
Your tenants base vexations!
Val. Very well, sir.
Lance. Had you land, sir,
And honest men to serve your purposes,
Honest and faithful, and will you run away from 'em,
Betray yourself, and your poor tribe to misery;
Mortgage all us, like old cloaks? Where will you hunt next?
You had a thousand acres, fair and open:
The King's Bench is enclosed, there's no good riding;
The Counter's full of thorns and brakes (take heed, sir)
And bogs; you'll quickly find what broth they're [made of.
Val. You're short and pithy.
Lance. They say you're a fine gentleman,
And excellent judgment they report you have; a wit:
Keep yourself out o' th' rain, and take your cloak with you,
Which by interpretation is your state, sir,
Or I shall think your fame belied you. You have [money,
And may have means.
Val. I pr'ythee leave prating!
Does my good lie within thy brain to further,
Or my undoing in thy pity? Go,
Go, get you home; there whistle to your horses,
And let them edify! Away, sow hemp,
And hang yourselves withal! What am I to you,
Or you to me? Am I your landlord, puppies?
Lov. This is uncivil.
Val. More unmerciful you,
To vex me with these bacon-broth and puddings;
They are the walking shapes of all my sorrows.
3 *Ten.* Your father's worship would have used us better.
Val. My father's worship was a fool!
Lance. Hey, hey, boys!
Old Valentine, i'faith; the old boy still!
Lov. Fie, cousin!
Val. I mean besotted to his state; he had never
Left me the misery of so much means else,
Which, till I sold, was a mere megrim to me.
If you will talk, turn out these tenements:
They are as killing to my nature, uncle,
As water to a fever.
Lance. We will go;
But 'tis like rams, to come again the stronger:
And you shall keep your state!
Val. Thou liest; I will not.
Lance. Sweet sir, thou liest; thou shalt; and so good morrow!
[*Exeunt* LANCE *and* Tenants.
Val. This was my man, and of a noble breeding.
Now to your business, uncle.
Lov. To your state then.
Val. 'Tis gone, and I am glad on't; name it no more;
'Tis that I pray against, and Heav'n has heard me.
I tell you, sir, I am more fearful of it,
(I mean of thinking of more lands, or livings,)
Than sickly men are travelling o' Sundays,

For being quell'd with carriers. Out upon't!
Caveat emptor! Let the fool out-sweat it,
That thinks he has got a catch on't.
Lov. This is madness,
To be a wilful beggar.
Val. I am mad then,
And so I mean to be; will that content you?
How bravely now I live, how jocund!
How near the first inheritance, without fears!
How free from title-troubles!
Lov. And from means too.
Val. Means? Why, all good men's my means, my wit's my plough,
The town's my stock, taverns my standing house,
And all the world knows there's no want; all gentlemen
That love society love me; all purses
That wit and pleasure opens are my tenants;
Every man's clothes fit me; the next fair lodging
Is but my next remove; and when I please
To be more eminent, and take the air,
A piece is levied, and a coach prepared,
And I go I care not whither. What need state here?
Lov. But, say these means were honest, will they last, sir?
Val. Far longer than your jerkin, and wear fairer.
Should I take aught of you? 'Tis true, I begg'd now,
Or, which is worse than that, I stole a kindness,
And, which is worst of all, I lost my way in't.
Your mind's enclosed, nothing lies open nobly;
Your very thoughts are hinds that work on nothing
But daily sweat and trouble: Were my way
So full of dirt as this, 'tis true, I'd shift it.
Are my acquaintance graziers? But, sir, know,
No man that I'm allied to, in my living,
But makes it equal whether his own use
Or my necessity pull first: nor is this forced,
But the mere quality and poisure of goodness:
And do you think I venture nothing equal?
Lov. You pose me, cousin.
Val. What's my knowledge, uncle? Is't not worth money?
What's my understanding, my travel, reading, wit,
All these digested; my daily making men,
Some to speak, that too much phlegm had frozen up;
Some other that spoke too much, to hold their peace,
And put their tongues to pensions; some to wear their clothes,
And some to keep 'em? These are nothing, uncle!
Besides these ways, to teach the way of nature,
A manly love, community to all
That are deservers—not examining
How much, or what's done for them—it is wicked,
And such a one, like you, chews his thoughts double,
Making 'em only food for his repentance.

Enter two Servants.

1 *Ser.* This cloak and hat, sir, and my master's love.
Val. Commend us to thy master, and take that,
And leave 'em at my lodging.
1 *Ser.* I shall do't, sir.
Val. I do not think of these things.
2 *Ser.* 'Please you, sir, I have gold here for you.
Val. Give it me. Drink that, and commend me to thy master.— [*Exeunt* Servants.
Look you, uncle, do I beg these?
Lov. No, sure; it is your worth, sir.
Val. 'Tis like enough; but, pray satisfy me,
Are not these ways as honest as persecuting
The starved inheritance, with musty corn
The very rats were fain to run away from,
Or selling rotten wood by the pound, like spices,
Which gentlemen do after burn by the ounces?
Do not I know your way of feeding beasts
With grains, and windy stuff, to blow up butchers?
Your racking pastures, that have eaten up
As many singing shepherds, and their issues,
As Andeluzia breeds? These are authentic.
I tell you, sir, I would not change ways with you,
Unless it were to sell your state that hour,
And, if 'twere possible, to spend it then too,
For all your beans in Rumnillo. Now you know me.
Lov. I would you knew yourself; but, since you're grown
Such a strange enemy to all that fits you,
Give me leave to make your brother's fortune.
Val. How?
Lov. From your mortgage, which yet you may recover;
I'll find the means.
Val. Pray, save your labour, sir;
My brother and myself will run one fortune,
And I think, what I hold a mere vexation
Cannot be safe for him; I love him better
He has wit at will, the world has means; he shall live
Without this trick of state; we are heirs both,
And all the world before us.
Lov. My last offer,
And then I'm gone.
Val. What is't? and then I'll answer.
Lov. What think you of a wife, yet to restore you?
And tell me seriously, without these trifles.
Val. An you can find one that can please my fancy,
You shall not find me stubborn.
Lov. Speak your woman.
Val. One without eyes, that is, self-commendations
(For when they find they're handsome, they're unwholesome);
One without ears, not giving time to flatterers
(For she that hears herself commended, wavers,
And points men out a way to make 'em wicked);
One without substance of herself; that woman
Without the pleasure of her life, that's wanton;
Though she be young, forgetting it; though fair,
Making her glass the eyes of honest men,
Not her own admiration; all her ends
Obedience, all her hours new blessings; if
There may be such a woman.
Lov. Yes, there may be.
Val. And without state too?
Lov. You're disposed to trifle.
Well, fare you well, sir! When you want me next,
You'll seek me out a better sense.
Val. Farewell, uncle,
And as you love your state, let not me hear on't.
[*Exit.*
Lov. It shall not trouble you. I'll watch him still;
And, when his friends fall off, then bend his will.
[*Exit.*

SCENE II.—*Another Street.*

Enter ISABELLA *and* LUCE.

Luce. I know the cause of all this sadness now;
Your sister has engross'd all the brave lovers.
Isab. She has wherewithal, much good may't do her!
Pr'ythee, speak softly; we are open to men's ears.
Luce. Fear not, we're safe; we may see all that pass,
Hear all, and make ourselves merry with their language,
And yet stand undiscover'd. Be not melancholy;
You are as fair as she.
Isab. Who, I? I thank you;
I am as haste ordain'd me, a thing slubber'd:
My sister is a goodly, portly lady,
A woman of a presence; she spreads sattin,
As the king's ships do canvas, every where.
She may spare me her mizen, and her bonnets,
Strike her main petticoat, and yet out-sail me;
I am a carvel to her.
Luce. But a tight one.
Isab. She is excellent well built too.
Luce. And yet she's old.
Isab. She never saw above one voyage, Luce,
And, credit me, after another, her hull
Will serve again, and a right good merchant.
She plays, and sings too, dances and discourses,
Comes very near essays, a pretty poet,
Begins to piddle with philosophy,
A subtle chymic wench, and can extract
The spirit of men's estates; she has the light
Before her, and cannot miss her choice. For me,
'Tis reason I wait my mean fortune.
Luce. You are so bashful!
Isab. 'Tis not at first word "up and ride;" thou'rt cozen'd;
That would shew mad, i'faith! Besides, we lose
The main part of our politic government,
If we become provokers. Then we are fair,
And fit for men's embraces, when, like towns,
They lie before us ages, yet not carried;
Hold out their strongest batteries, then compound
Without the loss of honour, and march off [too
With our fair wedding-colours flying!—Who are these?

Enter FRANCISCO *and* LANCE.

Luce. I know not, nor I care not.
Isab. Pr'ythee peace then!
A well-built gentleman.
Luce. But poorly thatch'd. [*They retire.*
Lance. Has he devour'd you too?
Fran. He has gulp'd me down, Lance.
Lance. Left you no means to study?
Fran. Not a farthing:
Dispatch'd my poor annuity, I thank him.
Here's all the hope I've left, one bare ten shillings.
Lance. You're fit for great men's services.
Fran. I am fit, but who will take me thus?
Men's miseries are now accounted
Stains in their natures. I have travelled,
And I have studied long, observed all kingdoms,
Know all the promises of art and manners:
Yet, that I am not bold, nor cannot flatter,
I shall not thrive; all these are but vain studies!
Art thou so rich as to get me a lodging, Lance?
Lance. I'll sell the tiles of my house else, my horse, my hawk;
Nay, 'sdeath, I'll pawn my wife! Oh, master Francis,
That I should see your father's house fall thus!
Isab. An honest fellow!
Lance. Your father's house, that fed me,
That bred up all my name!
Isab. A grateful fellow!
Lance. And fall by——
Fran. Peace; I know you're angry, Lance,
But I must not hear with whom; he is my brother,
And, though you hold him slight, my most dear
A gentleman, excepting some few rubs, [brother!
(He were too excellent to live here else)
Fraughted as deep with noble and brave parts,
The issues of a noble and manly spirit,
As any he alive. I must not hear you:
Though I am miserable, and he made me so,
Yet still he is my brother, still I love him,
And to that tie of blood link my affections.
Isab. A noble nature! Dost thou know him,
Luce. No, mistress. [Luce?
Isab. Thou shouldst ever know such good men.
What a fair body and a mind are married there together!
Did he not say he wanted? [gether!
Luce. What is that to you?
Isab. 'Tis true; but 'tis great pity.
Luce. How she changes!—[*Aside.*]
Ten thousand more than he, as handsome men too—
Isab. 'Tis like enough; but, as I live, this gentleman,
Among ten thousand thousand—Is there no knowing him?
Why should he want? Fellows of no merit,
Slight and puff'd souls, that walk like shadows by,
Leaving no print of what they are, or poise,
Let them complain!
Luce. Her colour changes strangely. [*Aside.*
Isab. This man was made to mark his wants, to waken us;
Alas, poor gentleman! But will that fledge him,
Keep him from cold? Believe me, he's well-bred,
And cannot be but of a noble lineage.
Mark him, and mark him well.
Luce. He's a handsome man.
Isab. The sweetness of his suff'rance sets him off;
Oh, Luce—But whither go I? [off;
Luce. You cannot hide it.
Isab. I would he had what I can spare.
Luce. 'Tis charitable.
Lance. Come, sir, I'll see you lodged; you've tied my tongue fast.
I'll steal before you want; 'tis but a hanging!
[*Exeunt* LANCE *and* FRANCISCO.
Isab. That's a good fellow too, an honest fellow!
Why, this would move a stone. I must needs know—
But that some other time.
Luce. Is the wind there?
That makes for me. [*Aside.*
Isab. Come, I forgot a business. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*A Room in* Lady HEARTWELL'S *House.*

Enter Lady HEARTWELL *and* LUCE.

L. Hea. My sister, and a woman of so base a
What was the fellow? [pity!
Luce. Why, an ordinary man, madam.
L. Hea. Poor?
Luce. Poor enough; and no man knows from
L. Hea. What could she see? [whence neither.
Luce. Only his misery;
For else she might behold a hundred handsomer.
L. Hea. Did she change much?
Luce. Extremely, when he spoke;
And then her pity, like an orator,
(I fear her love) framed such a commendation,
And follow'd it so far, as made me wonder.
L. Hea. Is she so hot, or such a want of lovers,
That she must dote upon afflictions?
Why does she not go rummage all the prisons,
And there bestow her youth, bewray her wantonness,
And fly her honour, common both to beggary?
Did she speak to him?
Luce. No, he saw us not;
But ever since she hath been mainly troubled.
L. Hea. Was he young?
Luce. Yes, young enough.
L. Hea. And look'd he like a gentleman?
Luce. Like such a gentleman would pawn ten oaths for twelve pence.
L. Hea. My sister, and sink basely! This must
Does she use means to know him? [not be.
Luce. Yes, madam; and has employ'd a squire call'd Shorthose.
L. Hea. Oh, that's a precious knave! Keep all this private;
But still be near her lodging. Luce, what you can gather
By any means, let me understand.—I'll stop her
And turn her charity another way, [heat,
To bless herself first.—Be still close to her counsels.—
A beggar, and a stranger! There's a blessedness!
I'll none of that. I have a toy yet, sister,
Shall tell you this is foul, and make you find it.—
And, for your pains, take you the last gown I wore.—
This makes me mad, but I shall force a remedy!
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*The Street.*

Enter FOUNTAIN, BELLAMORE, HAREBRAIN, *and* VALENTINE.

Fount. Sirrah, we have so look'd for thee, and long'd for thee!
This widow is the strangest thing, the stateliest,
And stands so much upon her excellencies!
Bel. She has put us off this month now, for an answer.
Hare. No man must visit her, nor look upon her,
Not say, "good morrow," nor "good even," till that's past.
Val. She has found what dough you're made of, and so kneads you.
Are you good at nothing, but these after-games?
I've told you often enough what things they are,
What precious things, these widows!
Hare. If we had 'em,
Val. Why, the devil has not craft enough to woo 'em.
There be three kinds of fools,—(mark this note,
Mark it, and understand it.) [gentlemen,
Fount. Well, go forward.
Val. An innocent, a knave-fool, a fool politic:
The last of which are lovers, widow-lovers.
Bel. Will you allow no fortune?
Val. No such blind one.
Fount. We gave you reasons why 'twas needful for us.
Val. As you're those fools, I did allow those reasons,
But, as my scholars and companions, damn'd 'em.
Do you know what it is to woo a widow?
Answer me coolly now, and understandingly.
Hare. Why, to lie with her, and to enjoy her wealth.
Val. Why, there you're fools still; crafty to catch yourselves,
Pure politic fools; I look'd for such an answer.
Once more hear me: It is,
To wed a widow, to be doubted mainly,
Whether the state you have be yours or no,
Or those old boots you ride in. Mark me; widows
Are long extents in law upon men's livings,
Upon their bodies winding-sheets; they that enjoy 'em,
Lie but with dead men's monuments, and beget
Only their own ill epitaphs. Is not this plain now?
Bel. Plain spoken.
Val. And plain truth; but, if you'll needs
Do things of danger, do but lose yourselves,
(Not any part concerns your understandings,
For then you're meacocks, fools, and miserable)
March off amain, within an inch of a firecock,
Turn me o' th' toe like a weather-cock!
Kill every day a serjeant for a twelvemonth;
Rob the Exchequer, and burn all the rolls!
And these will make a show.
Hare. And these are trifles?
Val. Consider'd to a widow, empty nothings;
For here you venture but your persons, there
The varnish of your persons, your discretions.
Why, 'tis a monstrous thing to marry at all,
Especially as now 'tis made: Methinks
A man, an understanding man, is more wife
To me, and of a nobler tie, than all these trinkets.
What do we get by women, but our senses,
Which is the rankest part about us, satisfied?
And, when that's done, what are we? Crestfall'n cowards!
What benefit can children be, but charges,
And disobedience? What's the love they render
At one-and-twenty years? "I pray die, father!"
When they are young, they are like bells rung backwards,
Nothing but noise and giddiness; and, come to years once,
There drops a son by th' sword in his mistress's quarrel;
A great joy to his parents! A daughter ripe too,

Grows high and lusty in her blood, must have
A heating, runs away with a supple-ham'd serving-man;
His twenty nobles spent, takes to a trade,
And learns to spin men's hair off; there's another:
And most are of this nature. Will you marry?
Fount. For my part, yes, for any doubt I feel yet.
Val. And this same widow?
Fount. If I may; and, methinks,
However you are pleased to dispute these dangers,
Such a warm match, and for you, sir, were not hurtful.
Val. Not half so killing as for you. For me,
She cann't with all the art she has, make me more miserable,
Or much more fortunate: I have no state left,
A benefit that none of you can brag of,
And there's the antidote against a widow;
Nothing to lose, but that my soul inherits,
Which she can neither law nor claw away;
To that, but little flesh, it were too much else;
And that unwholesome too, it were too rich else;
And, to all this, contempt of what she does:
I can laugh at her tears, neglect her angers,
Hear her without a faith, so pity her
As if she were a traitor; moan her person,
But deadly hate her pride: if you could do these,
And had but this discretion, and like fortune,
'Twere but an equal venture.
Fount. This is malice.
Val. When she lies with your land, and not with you,
Grows great with jointures, and is brought to-bed,
With all the state you have, you'll find this certain.
But is it come to pass you must marry?
Is there no buff will hold you?
Bel. Grant it be so?
Val. Then chuse the tamer evil; take a maid,
A maid not worth a penny; make her yours,
Knead her, and mould her yours; a maid worth nothing:
There is a virtuous spell in that word *nothing*.
A maid makes conscience
Of half-a-crown a-week for pins and puppets;
A maid's content with one coach and two horses,
Not falling out because they are not matches;
With one man satisfied, with one rein guided,
With one faith, one content, one bed;
Aged, she makes the wife, preserves the fame and issue;
A widow is a Christmas-box that sweeps all.
Fount. Yet all this cannot sink us.
Val. You're my friends,
And all my loving friends; I spend your money,
Yet I deserve it too; you are my friends still.
I ride your horses, when I want I sell 'em;
I eat your meat, help to wear your linen;
Sometimes I make you drunk, and then you seal,
For which I'll do you this commodity.
Be ruled, and let me try her; I'll discover her;
The truth is, I will never leave to trouble her,
'Till I see through her; then, if I find her worthy—
Hare. This was our meaning, Valentine.
Val. 'Tis done then.
I must want nothing.
Hare. Nothing but the woman.
Val. No jealousy; for, when I marry,
The devil must be wiser than I take him,
And the flesh foolisher. Come, let's to dinner;
And when I'm whetted well with wine, have at her! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*A Room in* Lady HEARTWELL'S *House.*

Enter ISABELLA *and* LUCE.

Isab. But art thou sure?
Luce. No surer than I heard.
Isab. That it was that flouting fellow's brother?
Luce. Yes, Shorthose told me so.
Isab. He did search out the truth?
Luce. It seems he did.
Isab. Pr'ythee, Luce, call him hither. If he be no worse, I never repent my pity.

Enter SHORTHOSE.

Now, sirrah, what was he we sent you after,—
The gentleman i' th' black?
Short. I' th' torn black?
Isab. Yes, the same, sir.
Short. What would your worship with him?
Isab. Why, my worship would know his name, and what he is.
Short. He's nothing; he is a man, and yet he is no man.
Isab. You must needs play the fool.
Short. 'Tis my profession.
Isab. How is he a man, and no man?
Short. He's a beggar; only the sign of a man; the bush pull'd down, which shews the house stands empty.
Isab. What's his calling?
Short. They call him beggar.
Isab. What's his kindred?
Short. Beggars.
Isab. His worth?
Short. A learned beggar, a poor scholar.
Isab. How does he live?
Short. Like worms, he eats old books.
Isab. Is Valentine his brother?
Short. His begging brother.
Isab. What may his name be?
Short. Orson.
Isab. Leave your fooling.
Short. You had as good say, leave your living.
Isab. Once more,
Tell me his name directly.
Short. I'll be hang'd first, unless I heard him christen'd; but I can tell what foolish people call him.
Isab. What?
Short. Francisco.
Isab. Where lies this learning, sir?
Short. In Paul's Church-yard forsooth.
Isab. I mean that gentleman, fool!
Short. Oh, that fool? he lies in loose sheets every where, that's no where.
Luce. You have glean'd since you came to London; in the country, Shorthose, you were an arrant fool, a dull cold coxcomb; here every tavern teaches you; the pint-pot has so belabour'd you with wit, your brave acquaintance, that gives you ale, so fortified your mazard, that now there's no talking to you.
Isab. He's much improved; a fellow, a fine discourser!
Short. I hope so: I have not waited at the tail of wit so long, to be an ass.

Luce. But say now, Shorthose, my lady should remove into the country?

Short. I had as lieve she should remove to heaven, and as soon I would undertake to follow her.

Luce. Where no old charneco is, nor no anchovies, nor master Such-a-one, to meet at the Rose, and bring my lady Such-a-one's chief chamber-maid.

Isab. No bouncing healths to this brave lad, dear Shorthose, nor down o' th' knees to that illustrious lady.

Luce. No fiddles, nor no lusty noise of "Drawer, carry this pottle to my father Shorthose."

Isab. No plays nor gally-foists; no strange ambassador to run and wonder at, till thou be'st oil, and then come home again, and lie by the legend.

Luce. Say she should go?

Short. If I say so, I'll be hang'd first; or, if I thought she would go——

Luce. What?

Short. I would go with her.

Luce. But, Shorthose, where thy heart is——

Isab. Do not fright him.

Luce. By this hand, mistress, 'tis a noise, a loud one too, and from her own mouth; presently to be gone too. But why? or to what end?

Short. May not a man die first? She'll give him so much time.

Isab. Gone o' th' sudden? Thou dost but jest: She must not mock the gentlemen.

Luce. She has put them off a month, they dare not see her. Believe me, mistress, what I hear I tell you.

Isab. Is this true, wench? Gone on so short a warning!
What trick is this? She never told me of it:
It must not be!—Sirrah, attend me presently,
(You know I've been a careful friend unto you,)
Attend me in the hall, and next be faithful.
Cry not; we shall not go.

Short. Her coach may crack! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*The Street.*

Enter VALENTINE, FRANCISCO, *and* LANCE.

Val. Which way to live! How dar'st thou come
To ask such an idle question? [to town,

Fran. Methinks, 'tis necessary,
Unless you could restore that annuity
You have tippled up in taverns.

Val. Where hast thou been,
And how brought up, Francisco, that thou talk'st
Thus out of France? Thou wert a pretty fellow,
And of a handsome knowledge; who has spoil'd thee?

Lance. He that has spoil'd himself, to make himself sport,
And, by his copy, will spoil all comes near him:
Buy but a glass, if you be yet so wealthy,
And look there who.

Val. Well said, old Copyhold.

Lance. My heart's good freehold, sir, and so you'll find it.
This gentleman's your brother, your hopeful brother;
(For there's no hope of you) use him thereafter.

Val. E'en as well as I use myself.—What wouldst thou have, Frank?

Fran. Can you procure me a hundred pound?

Lance. Hark what he says to you!
Oh, try your wits; they say you are excellent at it;
For your land has lain long bed-rid, and unsensible.

Fran. And I'll forget all wrongs. You see my state,
And to what wretchedness your will has brought me;
But what it may be, by this benefit,
If timely done, and like a noble brother,
Both you and I may feel, and to our comforts.

Val. A hundred pound? Dost thou know what thou hast said, boy?

Fran. I said, a hundred pound.

Val. Thou hast said more
Than any man can justify, believe it.
Procure a hundred pounds! I say to thee,
There's no such sum in nature; forty shillings
There may be now i' th' Mint, and that's a treasure.
I have seen five pound; but let me tell it,
And 'tis as wonderful as calves with five legs.
Here's five shillings, Frank, the harvest of five weeks,
And a good crop too; take it, and pay thy first-fruits;
I will come down, and eat it out.

Fran. 'Tis patience
Must meet with you, sir, not love.

Lance. Deal roundly,
And leave these fiddle-faddles.

Val. Leave thy prating!
Thou think'st thou art a notable wise fellow,
Thou and thy rotten sparrow-hawk, two of the reverend!

Lance. I think you are mad, or, if you be not, will be
With the next moon. What would you have him do?

Val. How?

Lance. To get money first, that's to live;
You've shew'd him how to want.

Val. 'Slife, how do I live?
Why, what dull fool would ask that question?
Three hundred three-pil'ds more, ay, and live bravely;
The better half o' th' town, and live most gloriously:
Ask them what states they have, or what annuities,
Or when they pray for seasonable harvests!—
Thou hast a handsome wit; stir into th' world, Frank,
Stir, stir for shame; thou art a pretty scholar.
Ask how to live? Write, write, write any thing;
The world's a fine believing world; write news.

Lance. Dragons in Sussex; or fiery battles
Seen in the air at Aspurge?

Val. There's the way, Frank.
And, in the tail of these, fright me the kingdom
With a sharp prognostication, that shall scour them
(Dearth upon dearth) like Levant taffaties;
Predictions of sea-breaches, wars, and want
Of herrings on our coast, with bloody noses.

Lance. Whirlwinds, that shall take off the top of Grantham steeple, and clap it on Paul's; and, after these, a *l'envoy* to the city for their sins?

Val. *Probatum est;* thou canst not want a pension.
Go, switch me up a covey of young scholars,
There's twenty nobles, and two loads of coals.
Are not these ready ways? Cosmography
Thou'rt deeply read in; draw me a map from the Mermaid;
I mean a midnight map, to 'scape the watches,
And such long senseless examinations;

And gentlemen shall feed thee, right good gentle-
I cannot stay long. [men.

Lance. You have read learnedly!
And would you have him follow these chimeras?
Did you begin with ballads?

Fran. Well, I will leave you;
I see my wants are grown ridiculous:
Yours may be so; I will not curse you neither.
You may think, when these wanton fits are over,
Who bred me, and who ruin'd me. Look to your-
self, sir;
A providence I wait on!

Val. Thou art passionate;
Hast thou been brought up with girls?

Enter SHORTHOSE, *with a bag.*

Short. Rest you merry, gentlemen.

Val. Not so merry as you suppose, sir.

Short. Pray stay awhile, and let me take a view of you; I may put my spoon into the wrong pottage-pot else.

Val. Why, wilt thou muster us?

Short. No, you're not he;
You are a thought too handsome.

Lance. Who wouldst thou speak withal? Why dost thou peep so?

Short. I'm looking birds' nests: I can find none in your bush-beard!—I'd speak with you, black gentleman.

Fran. With me, my friend?

Short. Yes, sure: and the best friend, sir, it seems, you spake withal this twelve-months, gentleman. There's money for you.

Val. How?

Short. There's none for you, sir. Be not so brief! Not a penny. La! how he itches at it! Stand off; you stir my choler.

Lance. Take it; 'tis money.

Short. You are too quick too: First, be sure you have it: You seem to be a falconer, but a foolish one.

Lance. Take it, and say nothing.

Short. You are cozen'd too: 'tis take it, and spend it.

Fran. From whom came it, sir?

Short. Such another word, and you shall have none on't.

Fran. I thank you, sir; I doubly thank you!

Short. Well, sir; then buy you better clothes, and get your hat dress'd, and your laundress to wash your boots white.

Fran. Pray stay, sir: May you not be mistaken?

Short. I think I am: Give me the money again; come, quick, quick, quick!

Fran. I would be loath to render, till I am sure it be so.

Short. Hark in your ear: Is not your name Francisco?

Fran. Yes.

Short. Be quiet then: It may thunder a hundred times, before such stones fall. Do not you need it?

Fran. Yes.

Short. And 'tis thought you have it.

Fran. I think I have.

Short. Then hold it fast; 'tis not fly-blown. You may pay for the poundage: you forget yourself: I have not seen a gentleman so backward, a wanting gentleman.

Fran. Your mercy, sir!

Short. Friend, you have mercy, a whole bag full of mercy. Be merry with it, and be wise.

Fran. I would fain, if it please you, but know—

Short. It does not please me: Tell o'er your money, and be not mad, boy.

Val. You have no more such bags?

Short. More such there are, sir, but few I fear for you. I've cast your water; you've wit, you need no money. [*Exit.*

Lance. Be not amaz'd, sir;
'Tis good gold, good old gold; this is restorative,
And in good time it comes to do you good.
Keep it and use it; let honest fingers feel it.—
[*To* VALENTINE.] Yours be too quick, sir.

Fran. He named me, and he gave it me; but from whom?

Lance. Let 'em send more, and then examine it.
This can be but a preface.

Fran. Being a stranger,
Of whom can I deserve this?

Lance. Sir, of any man
That has but eyes, and manly understanding,
To find men's wants: Good men are bound to do so.

Val. Now you see, Frank, there are more ways than certainties;
Now you believe. What plough brought you this harvest,
What sale of timber, coals, or what annuities?
These feed no hinds, nor wait the expectation
Of quarter-days; you see it show'rs in to you.
You are an ass! Lie plodding, and lie fooling,
About this blazing star, and that bo-peep,
Whining and fasting, to find the natural reason
Why a dog turns twice about before he lie down!
What use of these, or what joy in annuities,
Where every man's thy study and thy tenant?
I am asham'd on thee!

Lance. Yes, I have seen
This fellow. There's a wealthy widow hard by—

Val. Yes, marry is there.

Lance. I think he's her servant;
I am cozen'd if——After her! I am sure on't.

Fran. I am glad on't.

Lance. She's a good woman.

Fran. I am gladder.

Lance. And young enough, believe.

Fran. I am gladder of all, sir.

Val. Frank, you shall lie with me soon.

Fran. I thank my money.

Lance. His money shall lie with me; three in
Will be too much this weather. [a bed, sir,

Val. Meet me at the Mermaid,
And thou shalt see what things——

Lance. Trust to yourself, sir.

[*Exeunt* FRAN. *and* LANCE.

Enter FOUNTAIN, HAREBRAIN, *and* BELLAMORE.

Fount. Oh, Valentine!

Val. How now? Why do you look so?

Bel. The widow's going, man.

Val. Why, let her go, man.

Hare. She's going out o' th' town.

Val. The town's the happier;
I would they were all gone.

Fount. We cannot come
To speak with her.

Val. Not to speak to her?

Bel. She will
Be gone within this hour: either now, Val——

Fount. Hare. Now, now, now, good Val.

Val. I'd rather
March i' the mouth o' th' cannon. But adieu!
If she be above ground—Go, away to your prayers;
Away, I say, away!—she shall be spoken withal!
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—*A Hall in* Lady HEARTWELL'S *House.*

Enter SHORTHOSE, *with one boot on,* ROGER *and* HUMPHREY.

Rog. She will go, Shorthose.
Short. Who can help it, Roger?
Ralph. [*Within.*] Roger, help down with the hangings!
Rog. By and by, Ralph:
I am making up o' th' trunks here.
Ralph. Shorthose!
Short. Well.
Ralph. Who looks to my lady's wardrobe?—— Humphry!
Hum. Here.
Ralph. Down with the boxes in the gallery.
And bring away the coach-cushions. [*Exit.*
Short. Will it not rain?
No conjuring abroad, nor no devices,
To stop this journey?
Rog. Why go now? why now?
Why o' th' sudden now? What preparation,
What horses have we ready? what provision
Laid in i' th' country?
Hum. Not an egg, I hope.
Rog. No, nor one drop of good drink, boys; there's the devil.
Short. I heartily pray the malt be musty; and
We must come up again. [then
Hum. What says the steward?
Rog. He's at his wit's end; for, some four hours since,
Out of his haste and providence, he mistook
The miller's mangy mare for his own nag.
Short. And she may break his neck, and save
Oh, London, how I love thee! [the journey.
Hum. I have no boots,
Nor none I'll buy: or if I had, refuse me
If I would venture my ability
Before a cloak-bag: men are men.
Short. For my part,
If I be brought, as I know it will be aim'd at,
To carry any dirty dairy cream-pot,
Or any gentle lady of the laundry,
Chamb'ring, or wantonness, behind my gelding,
With all her streamers, knapsacks, glasses, gew-
As if I were a running frippery, [gaws,
I'll give 'em leave to cut my girths, and flay me.
I'll not be troubled with their distillations,
At every half-mile's end! I understand myself,
And am resolv'd——
Hum. To-morrow night at Oliver's!
Who shall be there, boys? who shall meet the wenches?
Rog. The well-brew'd stand of ale, we should have met at!
Short. These griefs, like to another tale of Troy,
Would mollify the hearts of barbarous people,
And make Tom Butcher weep! Æneas enters,
And now the town is lost.

Enter RALPH.

Ralph. Why, whither run you?
My lady's mad.
Short. I would she were in Bedlam.
Ralph. The carts are come; no hands to help to load 'em!
The stuff lies in the hall, the plate——
L. Heart. [*Within.*] Why, knaves there!
Where be these idle fellows?
Short. Shall I ride with one boot?
L. Heart. Why, where I say?
Ralph. Away, away! It must be so.
Short. Oh, for a tickling storm, to last but ten days! [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*A Room in the same.*

Enter ISABELLA *and* LUCE.

Luce. By my troth, mistress, I did it for the best.
Isab. It may be so; but, Luce, you have a tongue,
A dish of meat in your mouth, which, if it were
Would do a great deal better. [minc'd, Luce,
Luce. I protest, mistress——
Isab. 'Twill be your own one time or other.—
Walter. [*Within.*] Anon, forsooth. [Walter!
Isab. Lay my hat ready, my fan and cloak.—
You are so full of providence—and, Walter,
Tuck up my little box behind the coach;
And bid my maid make ready—my sweet service
To your good lady mistress—and my dog,
Good, let the coachman carry him.
Luce. But hear me!
Isab. I am in love, sweet Luce, and you're so skilful,
That I must needs undo myself—and, hear me,
Let Oliver pack up my glass discreetly,
And see my curls well carried.—Oh, sweet Luce!
You have a tongue, and open tongues have open—
You know what, Luce.
Luce. Pray you, be satisfied.
Isab. Yes, and contented too, before I leave you!
There is a Roger, which some call a butler,—
I speak of certainties, I do not fish, Luce:
Nay, do not stare; I have a tongue can talk too—
And a green chamber, Luce, a back-door opens
To a long gallery: there was a night, Luce—
Do you perceive, do you perceive me yet?
Oh, do you blush, Luce?—a Friday night—
I saw your saint, Luce: "For t'other box of marmalade,
All's thine, sweet Roger!"—this I heard, and kept too.
Luce. E'en as you are a woman, mistress——
Isab. This I allow
As good and physicial sometimes, these meetings,
And for the cheering of the heart; but, Luce,
To have your own turn served, and to your friend
To be a dogbolt!

Luce. I confess it, mistress.
Isab. As you have made my sister jealous of me,
And foolishly and childishly pursued it—
I have found out your haunt, and traced your purposes,
For which mine honour suffers—your best ways
Must be applied to bring her back again,
And seriously and suddenly, that so I
May have a means to clear myself, and she
A fair opinion of me: Else, you peevish——
Luce. My power and prayers, mistress——
Isab. What's the matter?

Enter SHORTHOSE *and* Lady HEARTWELL.

Short. I have been with the gentleman; he has it:
Much good may do him with it. [*Aside to* ISAB.
L. Hea. Come, are you ready?
You love so to delay time! the day grows on.
Isab. I've sent for a few trifles; when those are come.
And now I know your reason—
L. Hea. Know your own honour then,—About your business;
See the coach ready presently.—I'll tell you more then; [*Exeunt* LUCE *and* SHORTHOSE.
And understand it well. You must not think me, sister,
So tender-eyed as not to see your follies:
Alas! I know your heart, and must imagine,
And truly too, 'tis not your charity
Can coin such sums to give away as you have done;
In that you have no wisdom, Isabel, no, nor modesty,
Where nobler uses are at home. I tell you,
I am asham'd to find this in your years,
Far more in your discretion. None to chuse
But things for pity? none to seal your thoughts on,
But one of no abiding, of no name?
Nothing to bring you but this, cold and hunger,
(A jolly jointure, sister; you are happy!)
No money, no, not ten shillings?
Isab. You search nearly.
L. Hea. I know it, as I know your folly; one that knows not
Where he shall eat his next meal, take his rest,
Unless it be i' th' stocks. What kindred has he,
But a more wanting brother? or what virtues?
Isab. You have had rare intelligence, I see, sister.
L. Hea. Or, say the man had virtue.
Is virtue, in this age, a full inheritance?
What jointure can he make you? Plutarch's Morals?
Or so much penny-rent in the small poets?
This is not well; 'tis weak, and I grieve to know it.
Isab. And this you quit the town for?
L. Hea. Is't not time?
Isab. You are better read in my affairs than I am;
That's all I have to answer. I'll go with you,
And willingly; and what you think most dangerous,
I'll sit and laugh at. For, sister, 'tis not folly,
But good discretion, governs our main fortunes.
L. Hea. I'm glad to hear you say so.
Isab. I am for you. [*Exeunt.*

Enter SHORTHOSE *and* HUMPHRY, *with riding-rods.*

Hum. The devil cannot stay her, she will on't.
Eat an egg now; and then we must away.
Short. I am gall'd already, yet I will pray:—
May London ways henceforth be full of holes,
And coaches crack their wheels; may zealous smiths
So housel all our hacknies, that they may feel
Compunction in their feet, and tire at Highgate;
May't rain above all almanacks, till
The carriers sail, and the king's fishmonger
Ride like Bike Arion upon a trout to London!
Hum. At St. Alban's, let all the inns be drunk,
Not an host sober, to bid her worship welcome!
Short. Not a fiddle, but all preach'd down with puritans;
No meat, but legs of beef!
Hum. No beds, but wool-packs!
Short. And those so cramm'd
With warrens of starv'd fleas, that bite like bandogs!
Let Mims be angry at their St. Bel Swagger,
And we pass in the heat on't, and be beaten,
Beaten abominably, beaten horse and man,
And all my lady's linen sprinkled
With suds and dish-water!
Hum. Not a wheel but out of joint!

Enter ROGER, *laughing.*

Why dost thou laugh?
Rog. There is a gentleman, and the rarest gentleman.
And makes the rarest sport!
Short. Where, where?
Rog. Within here;
He has made the gayest sport with Tom the coachman,
So tew'd him up with sack, that he lies lashing
A butt of malmsy for his mares!
Short. 'Tis very good.
Rog. And talks and laughs, and sings the rarest songs!
And, Shorthose, he has so maul'd the red deer pies,
Made such an alms i' th' buttery——
Short. Better still.

Enter VALENTINE *and* Lady HEARTWELL.

Hum. My lady, in a rage with the gentleman!
Short. May he anger her into a fever! [*Exeunt* Servants.
L. Hea. I pray tell me who sent you hither?
For I imagine 'tis not your condition,
(You look so temperately, and like a gentleman,)
To ask me these wild questions.
Val. Do you think
I use to walk of errands, gentle lady;
Or deal with women out of dreams from others?
L. Hea. You have not known me, sure?
Val. Not much.
L. Hea. What reason
Have you then to be so tender of my credit?
You are no kinsman?
Val. If you take it so,
The honest office that I came to do you,
Is not so heavy but I can return it:
Now I perceive you are too proud, not worth my visit.
L. Hea. Pray stay a little: proud?
Val. Monstrous proud!
I griev'd to hear a woman of your value,
And your abundant parts, stung by the people;
But now I see 'tis true: You look upon me
As if I were a rude and saucy fellow,
That borrow'd all my breeding from a dunghill;
Or such a one as should now fall and worship you
In hope of pardon: You are cozen'd, lady:
I came to prove opinion a loud liar,
To see a woman only great in goodness,
And mistress of a greater fame than fortune:
But——

L. Hea. You're a strange gentleman! If I were proud now,
I should be monstrous angry, (which I am not,)
And shew the effects of pride; I should despise [you;
But you are welcome, sir.
To think well of ourselves, if we deserve it, is
A lustre in us; and ev'ry good we have
Strives to shew gracious: What use is it else?
Old age, like sear trees, is seldom seen affected,
Stirs sometimes at rehearsal of such acts
His daring youth endeavour'd.
Val. This is well;
And, now you speak to the purpose, you please me.
But, to be place-proud——
L. Hea. If it be our own;
Why are we set here with distinction else,
Degrees and orders given us? In you men,
'Tis held a coolness if you lose your right,
Affronts and loss of honour. Streets, and walls,
And upper ends of tables, had they tongues,
Could tell what blood has follow'd, and what feud,
About your ranks: Are we so much below you,
That, 'till you have us, are the tops of nature,
To be accounted drones without a difference?
You'll make us beasts indeed.
Val. Nay, worse than this too,
Proud of your clothes, they swear; a mercer's Lucifer,
A tumour tack'd together by a tailor!
Nay, yet worse, proud of red and white; a varnish
That butter-milk can better.
L. Hea. Lord, how little
Will vex these poor blind people! If my clothes
Be sometimes gay and glorious, does it follow,
My mind must be my mercer's too? Or, say my beauty
Please some weak eyes, must it please them to think,
That blows me up that every hour blows off?
This is an infant's anger.
Val. Thus they say too:
What tho' you have a coach lin'd thro' with velvet,
And four fair Flanders mares, why should the streets be troubled
Continually with you, till carmen curse you?
Can there be aught in this but pride of show, lady,
And pride of bum-beating, till the learned lawyers,
With their fat bags, are thrust against the bulks,
Till all their cases crack? Why should this lady,
And t'other lady, and the third sweet lady,
And madam at Mile-End, be daily visited,
And your poorer neighbours with coarse naps neglected,
Fashions conferred about, pouncings, and paintings,
And young men's bodies read on like anatomies?
L. Hea. You're very credulous,
And somewhat desperate, to deliver this, sir,
To her you know not; but you shall confess me,
And find I will not start. In us all meetings
Lie open to these lewd reports, and our thoughts at church,
Our very meditations, some will swear,
(Which all should fear to judge, at least uncharitably)
Are mingled with your memories; cannot sleep,
But this sweet gentleman swims in our fancies,
That scarlet man of war, and that smooth signior;
Not dress our heads without new ambushes,
How to surprise that greatness or that glory;
Our very smiles are subject to constructions;
Nay, sir, 'tis come to this, we cannot pish,
But 'tis a favour for some fool or other.
Should we examine you thus, were't not possible
To take you without perspectives?
Val. It may be;
But these excuse not.
L. Hea. Nor yours force no truth, sir.
What deadly tongues you have, and to those tongues [science,
What hearts and what inventions! On my con-
An 'twere not for sharp justice, you would venture
To aim at your own mothers, and account it glory
To say you had done so. All you think are councils,
And cannot err; 'tis we still that shew double,
Giddy, or gorg'd with passion; we that build
Babels for men's confusions; we that scatter,
As day does his warm light, our killing curses
Over God's creatures: next to the devil's malice,
Let us entreat your good words.
Val. Well, this woman
Has a brave soul. [*Aside.*
L. Hea. Are we not gaily blest then,
And much beholden to you for your sufferance?
You may do what you list, we what beseems us,
And narrowly do that too, and precisely;
Our names are serv'd in else at ordinaries,
And belch'd abroad in taverns.
Val. Oh, most brave wench,
And able to redeem an age of women! [*Aside.*
L. Hea. You are no whore-masters! Alas, no, gentlemen,
It were an impudence to think you vicious:
You are so holy, handsome ladies fright you;
You are the cool things of the time, the temperance,
Mere emblems of the law, and veils of virtue;
You are not daily mending like Dutch watches,
And plastering like old walls; they are not gentlemen,
That with their secret sins increase our surgeons,
And lie in foreign countries, for new sores;
Women are all these vices; you're not envious,
False, covetous, vain-glorious, irreligious,
Drunken, revengeful, giddy-eyed like parrots,
Eaters of others honours——
Val. You are angry.
L. Hea. No, by my troth, and yet I could say more too;
For when men make me angry, I am miserable.
Val. Sure 'tis a man! she could not bear't thus bravely else.— [*Aside.*
It may be, I am tedious.
L. Hea. Not at all, sir.
I am content at this time you should trouble me.
Val. You are distrustful.
L. Hea. Where I find no truth, sir.
Val. Come, come, you're full of passion.
L. Hea. Some I have;
I were too near the nature of a god else.
Val. You are monstrous peevish.
L. Hea. Because they are monstrous foolish,
And know not how to use that should try me.
Val. I was never answer'd thus. [*Aside.*]—Was you ne'er drunk, lady?
L. Hea. No, sure, not drunk, sir; yet I love good wine,
As I love health and joy of heart, but temperately.
Why do you ask that question?

Val. For that sin
That they most charge you with, is this sin's ser-
They say you are monstrous—— [vant;
L. Hea. What, sir, what?
Val. Most strangely——
L. Hea. It has a name, sure?
Val. Infinitely lustful,
Without all bounds; they swear you kill'd your husband.
L. Hea. Let's have it all, for heaven's sake; 'tis good mirth, sir.
Val. They say you will have four now, and those four
Stuck in four quarters, like four winds, to cool you.—
Will she not cry nor curse? [*Aside.*
L. Hea. On with your story!
Val. And that you're forcing out of dispensa-
With sums of money, to that purpose. [tions,
L. Hea. Four husbands! Should not I be bless'd, sir, for example?
Lord, what should I do with them? turn a malt-mill,
Or tithe them out like town-bulls to my tenants?
You come to make me angry, but you cannot.
Val. I'll make you merry then: you're a brave woman,
And, in despite of envy, a right one.
Go thy ways! troth, thou art as good a woman
As any lord of them all can lay his leg over.
I do not often commend your sex.
L. Hea. It seems so, your commendations
Are so studied for.
Val. I came to see you,
And sift you into flour, to know your pureness;
And I have found you excellent; I thank you:
Continue so, and shew men how to tread,
And women how to follow. Get an husband,
An honest man, (you are a good woman,)
And live hedg'd in from scandal; let him be too
An understanding man, and to that stedfast;
'Tis pity your fair figure should miscarry;
And then you're fix'd. Farewell!
L. Hea. Pray stay a little;
I love your company, now you are so pleasant,
And to my disposition set so even.
Val. I can no longer. [*Exit.*
L. Hea. As I live, a fine fellow!
This manly handsome bluntness shews him honest.
What is he, or from whence? Bless me, four hus-
How prettily he fool'd me into vices, [bands!
To stir my jealousy, and find my nature.
A proper gentleman! I am not well o' th' sudden.
Such a companion I could live and die with!
His angers are mere mirth.

Enter ISABELLA.

Isab. Come, come, I'm ready.
L. Hea. Are you so?
Isab. What ails she?
The coach stays, and the people; the day goes on;
I am as ready now as you desire, sister.
Fie, who stays now? Why do you sit and pout thus?
L. Hea. Pr'ythee be quiet; I am not well.
Isab. For heaven's sake,
Let's not ride stagg'ring in the night! Come, pray you take
Some sweetmeats in your pocket: If your stomach——
L. Hea. I have a little business.
Isab. To abuse me,
You shall not find new dreams, and new suspicions.
To horse withal!
L. Hea. Lord, who made you a commander?
Hey ho, my heart!
Isab. Is the wind come thither,
And, coward-like, do you lose your colours to 'em?
Are you sick o' th' Valentine, sweet sister? [*Aside.*
Come, let's away; the country will so quicken you,
And we shall live so sweetly!—Luce, my lady's cloak!—
Nay, you have put me into such a gog of going,
I would not stay for all the world. If I live here,
You have so knock'd this love into my head,
That I shall love any body; and I find my body,
I know not how, so apt—Pray, let's be gone, sis-
I stand on thorns. [ter;
L. Hea. I pry'thee, Isabella!
(I'faith, I have some business that concerns me)
I will suspect no more. Here, wear that for me; [*Gives her a ring.*
And I'll pay the hundred pound you owe your tailor.

Enter SHORTHOSE, ROGER, HUMPHRY, *and* RALPH.

Isab. I had rather go; but——
L. Hea. Come, walk in with me;
We'll go to cards.—Unsaddle the horses.
Short. A jubilee! a jubilee! we stay, boys! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*The Street.*

Enter LOVEGOOD *and* LANCE; FOUNTAIN, BELLAMORE, *and* HARKEBRAIN *following.*

Love. Are they behind us?
Lance. Close, close: speak aloud, sir.
Love. I'm glad my nephew has so much discretion,
At length to find his wants. Did she entertain him?
Lance. Most bravely, nobly, and gave him such a welcome!
Love. For his own sake, do you think?
Lance. Most certain, sir;
And in his own cause he bestirr'd himself too,
And won such liking from her, she dotes on him:
He has the command of all the house already.
Love. He deals not well with his friends.
Lance. Let him deal on,
And be his own friend; he has most need of her.
Love. I wonder they would put him——
Lance. You are in the right on't;
A man that must raise himself; I knew he'd cozen 'em,
And glad I am he has. He watch'd occasion,
And found it i' th' nick.
Love. He has deceiv'd me.
Lance. I told you, howsoe'er he wheel'd about,
He would charge home at length. How I could laugh now,
To think of these tame fools!
Love. 'Twas not well done,
Because they trusted him; yet——
Bel. Hark you, gentlemen!
Love. We are upon a business; pray excuse us.—
They have it home. [*Aside.*
Lance. Come, let it work. Good even, gentlemen! [*Exeunt* LOVEGOOD *and* LANCE.

Fount. 'Tis true, he is a knave; I ever thought
Hare. And we are fools, tame fools! [it.
Bel. Come, let's go seek him.
He shall be hang'd before he colt us basely.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*A Room in* Lady HEARTWELL'S *House.*

Enter ISABELLA *and* LUCE.

Isab. Art sure she loves him?
Luce. Am I sure I live?
And I have clapt on such a commendation
On your revenge——
Isab. 'Faith, he's a pretty gentleman.
Luce. Handsome enough, and that her eye has found out.
Isab. He talks the best, they say, and yet the
Luce. He has the right way. [maddest!
Isab. How is she?
Luce. Bears it well,
As if she cared not; but a man may see,
With half an eye, through all her forc'd behaviours,
And find who is her Valentine.
Isab. Come, let's go see her;
I long to persecute.
Luce. By no means, mistress;
Let her take better hold first.
Isab. I could burst now! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*The Street.*

Enter VALENTINE, FOUNTAIN, BELLAMORE, *and* HAREBRAIN.

Val. Upbraid me with your benefits, you pilchers,
You shotten-soul'd, slight fellows! Was't not I
That undertook you first from empty barrels,
And brought those barking mouths, that gap'd like bung-holes,
To utter sense? Where got you understanding?
Who taught you manners and apt carriage,
To rank yourselves? Who fil'd you in fit taverns?
Were those born with your worships? When you came hither,
What brought you from the universities
Of moment matter to allow you,
Besides your small-beer sentences——
Bel. 'Tis well, sir.
Val. Long cloaks, with two-hand rapiers,
Boot-hoses,
With penny-posies,
And twenty fools' opinions? Who look'd on you,
But piping kites, that knew you would be prizes,
And 'prentices in Paul's Church-yard, that scented
Your want of Breton's books?

Enter Lady HEARTWELL *and* LUCE, *behind.*

Fount. This cannot save you.
Val. Taunt my integrity, you whelps?
Bel. You may talk
The stock we gave you out; but see, no further!
Hare. You tempt our patience! We have found you out,
And what your trust comes to; you are well feather'd,
Thank us; and think now of an honest course;
'Tis time; men now begin to look, and narrowly,
Into your tumbling tricks; they're stale.
L. Hea. Is not that he?
Luce. 'Tis he.
L. Hea. Be still, and mark him.
Val. How miserable
Will these poor wretches be, when I forsake 'em!
But things have their necessities. I'm sorry!
To what a vomit must they turn again now!
To their own dear dunghill breeding! Never hope,
After I cast you off, you men of motley,
You most undone things, below pity, any
That has a soul and sixpence dares relieve you;
My name shall bar that blessing. There's your cloak,
[*Takes off his cloak, &c., and throws it to them.*
Sir; keep it close to you; it may yet preserve you
A fortnight longer from the fool! Your hat;
Pray be cover'd!
And there's the sattin that your worship sent me,
Will serve you at a 'sizes yet.
Fount. Nay, faith, sir,
You may e'en rub these out now.
Val. No such relic,
Nor the least rag of such a sordid weakness,
Shall keep me warm. These breeches are mine own,
Purchased and paid for without your compassion,
And Christian breeches, founded in Blackfriars,
And so I will maintain 'em.
Hare. So they seem, sir.
Val. Only the thirteen shillings in these breeches,
And the odd groat, I take it, shall be yours, sir;
A mark to know a knave by; pray preserve it.
Do not displease me more, but take it presently!
Now help me off with my boots!
Hare. We are no grooms, sir.
Val. For once you shall be; do it willingly,
Or by this hand I'll make you.
Bel. To our own, sir,
We may apply our hands.
[*Taking off* VALENTINE'S *boots.*
Val. There's your hangers;
You may deserve a strong pair, and a girdle
Will hold you without buckles. Now I'm perfect;
And now the proudest of your worships tell me,
I am beholden to you.
Fount. No such matter!
Val. And take heed how you pity me; 'tis dan-
Exceeding dangerous, to prate of pity. [gerous,
Which are the poorer, you or I now, puppies?
I without you, or you without my knowledge!
Be rogues, and so be gone! Be rogues, and reply
For, if you do—— [not!
Bel. Only thus much, and then we'll leave you:
The air 's far sharper than our anger, sir;
And these you may reserve to rail in warmer.
Hare. Pray have a care, sir, of your health!
[*Exeunt* BELLAMORE, HAREBRAIN, *and* FOUNTAIN.
Val. Yes, hog-hounds, more than you can have of your wits!
'Tis cold, and I am very sensible; extremely cold too;
Yet I'll not off, 'till I have shamed these rascals.
I have endured as ill heats as another,
And every way; if one could perish my body,
You'll bear the blame on't! I am colder here;
Not a poor penny left! [*Touching his pockets.*

Enter LOVEGOOD *with a bag.*

Love. 'T has taken rarely;
And now he's flead he will be ruled.
Lance. To him, tew him,
Abuse him, and nip him close.

Love. Why, how now, cousin?
Sunning yourself this weather?
Val. As you see, sir;
In a hot fit, I thank my friends.
Love. But, cousin,
Where are your clothes, man? those are no inheritance;
Your scruple may compound with those, I take it:
This is no fashion, cousin.
Val. Not much followed,
I must confess; yet, uncle, I determine
To try what may be done next term.
Lance. How came you thus, sir? for you're strangely moved.
Val. Rags, toys, and trifles, fit only for those fools
That first possess'd 'em, and to those knaves they're render'd.
Freemen, uncle, ought to appear like innocent
Old Adam: a fair fig-leaf sufficient.
Love. Take me with you.
Were these your friends that clear'd you thus?
Val. Hang friends,
And even reckonings, that make friends!
Love. I thought, till now,
There had been no such living, no such purchase,
(For all the rest is labour,) as a list
Of honourable friends. Do not such men as you, [sir,
In lieu of all your understandings, travels,
And those great gifts of nature, aim at no more
Than casting off your coats? I'm strangely cozen'd!
Lance. Should not the town shake at the cold you feel now,
And all the gentry suffer interdiction;
No more sense spoken, all things Goth and Vandal,
'Till you be summ'd again, velvets and scarlets
Anointed with gold lace, and cloth of silver
Turn'd into Spanish cottons for a penance,
Wits blasted with your bulls, and taverns wither'd,
As though the term lay at St. Albans?
Val. Gentlemen,
You've spoken long and level; I beseech you,
Take breath a while, and hear me.
You imagine now, by the twirling of your strings,
That I am at the last, as also that my friends
Are flown like swallows after summer?
Love. Yes, sir.
Val. And that I have no more in this poor pannier,
To raise me up again above your rents, uncle?
Love. All this I do believe.
Val. You have no mind to better me?
Love. Yes, cousin,
And to that end I come, and once more offer you
All that my power is master of.
Val. A match then:
Lay me down fifty pounds there.
Love. There it is, sir.
Val. And on it write, that you are pleased to give
As due unto my merit, without caution [this,
Of land redeeming, tedious thanks, or thrift
Hereafter to be hoped for.
Love. How?

Enter LUCE, *who lays a suit and letter at a house door, and retires hastily.*

Val. Without daring,
When you are drunk, to relish of revilings,
To which you're prone in sack, uncle.
Love. I thank you, sir.
Lance. Come, come away, let the young wanton play a while:
Away, I say, sir! Let him go forward with
His naked fashion; he'll seek you to-morrow.—
Goodly weather,—sultry hot, sultry: how I sweat!
Love. Farewell, sir. [*Exeunt* LOVE *and* LANCE.
Val. 'Would I sweat too! I'm monstrous vex'd, and cold too;
And these are but thin pumps to walk the streets in.—
Clothes I must get; this fashion will not fadge with me;
Besides, 'tis an ill winter-wear. [*Observing the bundle of clothes.*] What art thou?—
Yes, they are clothes, and rich ones; some fool has left 'em:
And if I should utter—What's this paper here? [*Reads.*

"Let these be only worn by the most noble and deserving gentleman, Valentine."

Dropt out o' th' clouds! I think they're full of gold too!
Well, I'll leave my wonder and be warm again;
In the next house I'll shift. [*Exit.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*The Street.*

Enter FRANCISCO, LOVEGOOD, *and* LANCE.

Fran. Why do you deal thus with him? 'tis unnobly.
Love. Peace, cousin, peace; you are too tender of him:
He must be dealt thus with, he must be cured thus.
The violence of his disease, Francisco,
Must not be jested with: 'tis grown infectious,
And now strong corrosives must cure him.
Lance. He has had a stinger,
Has eaten off his clothes; the next his skin comes.
Love. And let it search him to the bones; 'tis better;
'Twill make him feel it.
Lance. Where be his noble friends now?
Will his fantastical opinions clothe him?
Or the learn'd art of having nothing feed him?
Love. It must needs, greedily;
For all his friends have flung him off; he's naked;
And where to skin himself again, if I know,
Or can devise how he should get himself lodging—
His spirit must be bow'd; and now we have him,
Have him at that we hoped for.
Lance. Next time we meet him
Cracking of nuts, with half a cloak about him,
(For all means are cut off,) or borrowing sixpence,
To shew his bounty in the pottage ordinary.
Fran. Which way went he?
Lance. Pox, why should you ask after him?
You have been trimm'd already; let him take his fortune:
He spun it out himself, sir; there's no pity.

Love. Besides, some good to you now, from this misery.
Fran. I rise upon his ruins! Fie, fie, uncle;
Fie, honest Lance! Those gentlemen were base people,
That could so soon take fire to his destruction.
Love. You are a fool, you are a fool, a young man!

Enter VALENTINE, *in brave apparel.*

Val. Morrow, uncle! morrow, Frank; sweet Frank!
And how, and how d'ye think now? how shew matters?—
Morrow, Bandog!
Love. How?
Fran. Is this man naked,
Forsaken of his friends?
Val. Thou'rt handsome, Frank;
A pretty gentleman; i'faith, thou look'st well;
And yet here may be those that look as handsome.
Lance. Sure he can conjure, and has the devil for his tailor.
Love. New and rich!
'Tis most impossible he should recover.
Lance. Give him this luck, and fling him into the sea.
Love. 'Tis not he;
Imagination cannot work this miracle.
Val. Yes, yes, 'tis he, I will assure you, uncle;
The very he; the he your wisdom play'd withal,
(I thank you for't;) neigh'd at his nakedness,
And made his cold and poverty your pastime.
You see I live, and the best can do no more, uncle;
And tho' I have no state, I keep the streets still,
And take my pleasure in the town, like a poor gentleman;
Wear clothes to keep me warm, (poor things, they serve me!)
Can make a show too, if I list; yes, uncle,
And ring a peal in my pockets, ding-dong, uncle!
These are mad foolish ways, but who can help 'em?
Love. I am amaz'd!
Lance. I'll sell my copyhold;
For since there are such excellent new nothings,
Why should I labour? Is there no fairy haunts him?
No rat, nor no old woman?
Love. You are Valentine?
Val. I think so; I can't tell; I have been call'd so,
And some say christen'd. Why do you wonder at me,
And swell, as if you had met a serjeant fasting?
Did you ever know desert want? You are fools!
A little stoop there may be to allay him,
(He'd grow too rank else,) a small eclipse to shadow him;
But out he must break, glowingly again,
And with a greater lustre,—(look you, uncle!)—
Motion and majesty.
Love. I am confounded!
Fran. I am of his faith.
Val. Walk by his careless kinsman,
And turn again, and walk, and look thus, uncle,
Taking some one by the hand he loves best.
Leave them to the mercy of the hog-market! Come, Frank,
Fortune is now my friend; let me instruct thee.
Fran. Good morrow, uncle! I must needs go with him.
Val. Fly me, and turn me out where none inhabits,
Within two hours I shall be thus again.
Now wonder on, and laugh at your own ignorance!
[*Exeunt* VALENTINE *and* FRANCISCO.
Love. I do believe him.
Lance. So do I, and heartily:
Upon my conscience, bury him stark naked,
He would rise again, within two hours, embroider'd.
Sow mustard-seeds, and they cannot come up so thick
As his new sattins do, and cloths of silver:
There is no striving.
Love. Let him play a while then,
And let's search out what hand——
Lance. Ay, there the game lies. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*A Hall in* Lady HEARTWELL'S *House.*

Enter FOUNTAIN, BELLAMORE, *and* HAREBRAIN.

Foun. Come, let's speak for ourselves; we've lodged him sure enough;
His nakedness dare not peep out to cross us.
Bel. We can have no admittance.
Hare. Let's in boldly,
And use our best arts. Who she deigns to favour,
We're all content.
Fount. Much good may do her with him!
No civil wars!
Bel. By no means. Now do I
Wonder in what old tod ivy he lies whistling;
For means nor clothes he hath none, nor none will trust him;
We have made that side sure. [We'll] teach him a new wooing.
Hare. Say 'tis his uncle's spite?
Fount. 'Tis all one, gentlemen;
'T has rid us of a fair encumbrance,
And makes us look about to our own fortunes.
Who are these?

Enter ISABELLA *and* LUCE *apart.*

Isab. Not see this man yet! well, I shall be wiser:
But, Luce, didst ever know a woman melt so?
She's finely hurt to hunt.
Luce. Peace; the three suitors!
Isab. I could so titter now and laugh: I was lost, Luce,
And I must love, I know not what!—Oh, Cupid,
What pretty gins thou hast to halter woodcocks!—
And we must into th' country in all haste, Luce.
[*Laughing.*
Luce. For heaven's sake, mistress——
Isab. Nay, I've done;
I must laugh though; but, scholar, I shall teach you!
Fount. 'Tis her sister.
Bel. Save you, ladies! [*Coming forward.*
Isab. Fair met, gentlemen!
You're visiting my sister, I assure myself.
Hare. We would fain bless our eyes.
Isab. Behold, and welcome.
You'd see her?
Fount. 'Tis our business.
Isab. You shall see her,
And you shall talk with her.
Luce. (*Apart to* ISAB.) She will not see 'em,
Nor spend a word.
Isab. I'll make her fret a thousand!
Nay, now I've found the scab, I will so scratch her!
Luce. She can't endure 'em.
Isab. She loves 'em but too dearly.—
Come, follow me, I'll bring you to the party,
Gentlemen; then make your own conditions.
Luce. She's sick, you know.
Isab. I'll make her well, or kill her.—
And take no idle answer, you are fools then;

Nor stand off for her state, she'll scorn you all then;
But urge her still, and tho' she fret, still follow
A widow must be won so. [her;
Bel. She speaks bravely.
Isab. I would fain have a brother-in-law; I love men's company.——
And if she call for dinner, to avoid you,
Be sure you stay; follow her into her chamber;
If she retire to pray, pray with her, and boldly,
Like honest lovers.
Luce. This will kill her.
Fount. You've shew'd us one way, do but lead the other.
Isab. I know you stand o' thorns; come, I'll dispatch you.
Luce. If you live after this——
Isab. I've lost my aim. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*The Street.*

Enter VALENTINE *and* FRANCISCO.

Fran. Did you not see 'em since?
Val. No, hang 'em, hang 'em!
Fran. Nor will you not be seen by 'em?
Val. Let 'em alone, Frank;
I'll make 'em their own justice, and a jerker.
Fran. Such base discourteous dog-whelps!
Val. I shall dog 'em,
And double dog 'em, ere I've done.
Fran. Will you go with me?
For I would fain find out this piece of bounty.
It was the widow's man; that I am certain of.
Val. To what end would you go?
Fran. To give thanks, sir.
Val. Hang giving thanks! hast not thou parts deserve it?
It includes a further will to be beholden;
Beggars can do no more at doors. If you
Will go, there lies your way.
Fran. I hope you'll go.
Val. No, not in ceremony, and to a woman,
With mine own father, were he living, Frank;
I would to th' court with bears first. If it be
That wench I think it is, (for t'other's wiser,)
I would not be so look'd upon, and laugh'd at,
So made a ladder for her wit to climb upon,
(For 'tis the tartest tit in Christendom;
I know her well, Frank, and have buckled with her;)
So lick'd, and stroak'd, fleared upon, and flouted,
And shewn to chamber-maids, like a strange beast
She had purchased with her penny!
Fran. You're a strange man!
But do you think it was a woman?
Val. There's no doubt on't;
Who can be there to do it else? Besides,
The manner of the circumstances——
Fran. Then such courtesies,
Whoever does 'em, sir, saving your own wisdom,
Must be more look'd into, and better answer'd,
Than with deserving slights, or what we ought
To have conferr'd upon us; men may starve else:
Means are not gotten now with crying out,
"I am a gallant fellow, a good soldier,
A man of learning, or fit to be employ'd!"
Immediate blessings cease like miracles,
And we must grow by second means.—I pray, go
Even as you love me, sir. [with me,
Val. I'll come to thee;
But, Frank, I will not stay to hear your fopperies;
Dispatch those ere I come.
Fran. You will not fail me?
Val. Some two hours hence, expect me.
Fran. I thank you,
And will look for you. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*A Room in the* Lady HEARTWELL'S *House.*

Enter Lady HEARTWELL, SHORTHOSE, ROGER, *and several other* Servants.

L. Hea. Who let me in these puppies? You
You drunken knaves! [blind rascals,
Short. Yes, forsooth, I'll let 'em in presently.—
Gentlemen!
L. Hea. 'Sprecious, you blown pudding, you bawling rogue!—
Short. I bawl as loud as I can. Would you
Upon my back? [have me fetch 'em
L. Hea. Get 'em out, rascal, out with 'em, out!
I sweat to have 'em near me.
Short. I should sweat more
To carry 'em out.
Rog. They are gentlemen, madam.
Short. Shall we get 'em into th' buttery, and make 'em drink?
L. Hea. Do any thing, so I be eased.

Enter ISABELLA, FOUNTAIN, BELLAMORE, *and* HAREBRAIN.

Isab. Now to her, sir; fear nothing.
Rog. Slip aside, boy. [*To* SHORTHOSE.
I know she loves 'em, howsoe'er she carries it,
And has invited 'em; my young mistress told me so.
Short. Away to tables then. [*Exeunt* Servants.
Isab. I shall burst with the sport on't.
Fount. You are too curious, madam,
Too full of preparation; we expect it not.
Bel. Methinks the house is handsome, every
What need you be so vex'd? [place decent;
Hare. We are no strangers.
Fount. What tho' we come ere you expected us,
Do not we know your entertainments, madam,
Are free and full at all times?
L. Hea. You are merry, gentlemen.
Bel. We come to be merry, madam, and very merry;
Come to laugh heartily, and now and then, lady,
A little of our old plea.
L. Hea. I am busy,
And very busy too.—Will none deliver me?
Hare. There is a time for all; you may be busy,
But when your friends come, you've as much power, madam——
L. Hea. This is a tedious torment.
Fount. How handsomely
This title-piece of anger shews upon her!—
Well, madam, well, you know not how to grace yourself.
Bel. Nay, every thing she does breeds a new sweetness.
L. Hea. I must go up, I must go up; I have a business
Waits upon me.—Some wine for the gentlemen!
Hare. Nay, we'll go with you; we ne'er saw your chambers yet.
Isab. (*apart to them.*) Hold there, boys!
L. Hea. Say I go to my prayers?

Fount. We'll pray with you, and help your meditations.
L. Hea. This is boisterous!—or, say I go to sleep,
Will you go to sleep with me?
Bel. So suddenly before meat will be dangerous.
We know your dinner's ready, lady; you'll not sleep.
L. Hea. Give me my coach; I'll take the air.
Hare. We'll wait on you,
And then your meat, after a quick'ned stomach.
L. Hea. Let it alone, and call my steward to me,
And bid him bring his reckonings into the orchard.—
These unmannerly rude puppies!—
[*Exit* Lady Heartwell.
Fount. We'll walk after you,
And view the pleasure of the place.
Isab. Let her not rest,
For, if you give her breath, she'll scorn and out you:
Seem how she will, this is the way to win her.
Be bold, and prosper!
Bel. Nay, if we do not tire her!—
[*Exeunt* Fountain, Bellamore, *and* Harebrain.
Isab. I'll teach you to worm me, good lady sister,
And peep into my privacies, to suspect me;
I'll torture you, with that you hate, most daintily,
And, when I've done that, laugh at that you love most.

Enter Luce.

Luce. What have you done? she chafes and fumes outrageously,
And still they persecute her.
Isab. Long may they do so!
I'll teach her to declaim against my pities.
Why is she not gone out o' th' town, but gives
For men to run mad after her? [occasion
Luce. I shall be hang'd.
Isab. This in me had been high treason:
Three at a time, and private in her orchard!
I hope she'll cast her reckonings right now.

Re-enter Lady Heartwell.

L. Hea. Well, I shall find who brought 'em.
Isab. Ha, ha, ha!
L. Hea. Why do you laugh, sister?
I fear me 'tis your trick; 'twas neatly done of you,
And well becomes your pleasure.
Isab. What have you done with 'em?
L. Hea. Lock'd 'em i' th' orchard; there I'll make 'em dance,
And caper too, before they get their liberty.
Unmannerly rude puppies!
Isab. They are somewhat saucy;—
But yet I'll let 'em out, and once more hound 'em.—
[*Aside.*
Why were they not beaten out?
L. Hea. I was about it;
But, because they came as suitors——
Isab. Why did you not answer 'em?
L. Hea. They are so impudent they will receive
More yet! how came these in? [none.

Enter Francisco *and* Lance.

Lance. At the door, madam.
Isab. It is that face. [*Aside.*
Luce. [*Aside to* Lady Heartwell.] This is the gentleman.
L. Hea. She sent the money to?
Luce. The same.
Isab. I'll leave you;
They have some business.
L. Hea. Nay, you shall stay, sister;
They're strangers both to me.—How her face
Isab. I'm sorry he comes now. [alters!
L. Hea. I am glad he is here now, though.
Who would you speak with, gentlemen?
Lance. You, lady,
Or your fair sister there: here is a gentleman
That has received a benefit.
L. Hea. From whom, sir?
Lance. From one of you, as he supposes, madam:
Your man deliver'd it.
L. Hea. I pray go forward.
Lance. And of so great a goodness, that he dares not,
Without the tender of his thanks and service,
Pass by the house.
L. Hea. Which is the gentleman?
Lance. This, madam.
L. Hea. What's your name, sir?
Fran. They that know me
Call me Francisco, lady; one not so proud
To scorn so timely a benefit, nor so wretched
To hide a gratitude.
L. Hea. 'Tis well bestow'd then.
Fran. Your fair self, or your sister, as it seems,
For what desert I dare not know, unless
A handsome subject for your charities,
Or aptness in your noble wills to do it,
Have shower'd upon my wants a timely bounty,
Which makes me rich in thanks, my best inheritance.
L. Hea. I'm sorry 'twas not mine; this is the gentlewoman.—
Fie, do not blush; go roundly to the matter;
The man's a pretty man. [*Apart to* Isab.
Isab. You have three fine ones.
Fran. Then to you, dear lady——
Isab. I pray no more, sir, if I may persuade you;
Your only aptness to do this is recompence,
And more than I expected.
Fran. But, good lady——
Isab. And for me further to be acquainted with
Besides the imputation of vain glory, [it,
Were greedy thankings of myself. I did it
Not to be more affected to; I did it,
And if it happen'd where I thought it fitted,
I have my end: More to enquire is curious
In either of us; more than that, suspicious.
Fran. But, gentle lady, 'twill be necessary——
Isab. About the right way nothing; do not fright it,
Being to pious use and tender-sighted,
With the blown face of compliments; it blasts it.
Had you not come at all, but thought thanks,
It had been too much. 'Twas not to see your person—
L. Hea. A brave dissembling rogue! And how she carries it! [*Aside.*
Isab. Though I believe few handsomer; or hear you,
Though I affect a good tongue well; or try you,
Though my years desire a friend; that I reliev'd you:—
L. Hea. A plaguy cunning quean! [*Aside.*
Isab. For, so I carried it,
My end's too glorious in mine eyes, and bartered
The goodness I propounded with opinion.
L. Hea. Fear her not, sir.

Isab. You cannot catch me, sister.
Fran. Will you both teach, and tie my tongue up, lady?
Isab. Let it suffice you have it; it was never
Whilst good men wanted it. [mine,
Lance. This is a saint, sure!
Isab. And if you be not such a one, restore it.
Fran. To commend myself,
Were more officious than you think my thanks are;
To doubt I may be worth your gift, a treason,
Both to mine own good and understanding.
I know my mind clear, and though modesty
Tells me, he that entreats intrudes,
Yet I must think something, and of some season,
Met with your better taste; this had not been else.
L. Hea. What ward for that, wench? [*Aside.*
Isab. Alas! it never touch'd me.
Fran. Well, gentle lady, yours is the first money
I ever took upon a forced ill manners!
Isab. The last of me, if ever you use other.
Fran. How may I do, and your way, to be
A grateful taker? [thought
Isab. Spend it, and say nothing;
Your modesty may deserve more.
L. Hea. Oh, sister,
Will you bar thankfulness?
Isab. Dogs dance for meat;
Would you have men do worse? For they can speak,
Cry out, like wood-mongers, good deeds by th' hundreds!
I did it, that my best friend should not know it;
Wine and vain glory do as much as I else.
If you will force my merit, against my meaning,
Use it in well bestowing it, in shewing
It came to be a benefit, and was so;
And not examining a woman did it,
Or to what end; in not believing sometimes
Yourself, when drink and stirring conversation
May ripen strange persuasions.
Fran. Gentle lady,
I were a base receiver of a courtesy,
And you a worse disposer, were my nature
Unfurnish'd of these foresights. Ladies' honours
Were ever, in my thoughts, unspotted ermines;
Their good deeds holy temples, where the incense
Burns not to common eyes: Your fears are virtuous,
And so I shall preserve 'em.
Isab. Keep but this way,
And from this place, to tell me so, you've paid me:
And so I wish you see all fortune! [*Exit.*
L. Hea. Fear not;
The woman will be thank'd, I do not doubt it.—
Are you so crafty, carry it so precisely?
This is to wake my fears, or to abuse me;
I shall look narrowly. [*Aside.*]—Despair not,
There is an hour to catch a woman in, [gentlemen;
If you be wise. So I must leave you too.—
Now will I go laugh at my suitors. [*Exit.*
Lance. Sir, what courage?
Fran. This woman is a founder, and cites statutes
To all her benefits.
Lance. I ne'er knew yet
So few years and so cunning: Yet, believe me,
She has an itch; but how to make her confess
For 'tis a crafty tit, and plays about you, [it——
Will not bite home; she would fain, but she dares
Carry yourself but so discreetly, sir, [not.
That want or wantonness seem not to search you,
And you shall see her open.
Fran. I do love her,
And, were I rich, would give two thousand pound,
To wed her wit but one hour: Oh, 'tis a dragon,
And such a sprightly way of pleasure! ha, Lance?
Lance. Your "ha, Lance" broken once, you'd cry, "ho, ho, Lance!"
Fran. Some leaden landed rogue will have this wench now,
When all's done; some such youth will carry her,
And wear her greasy out like stuff; some dunce,
That knows no more but markets, and admires
Nothing but a long charge at 'sizes. Oh, the fortunes!

Enter ISABELLA *and* LUCE *apart.*

Lance. Comfort yourself.
Luce. They are here yet, and alone too:
Boldly upon't!——Nay, mistress, I still told you
How you would find your trust; this 'tis to venture
Your charity upon a boy.
Lance. Now, what's the matter?
Stand fast and like yourself.
Isab. Pr'ythee, no more, wench.
Luce. What was his want to you?
Isab. 'Tis true.
Luce. Or misery?
Or, say he had been i' th' cage, was there no
To look abroad but yours? [mercy
Isab. I am paid for fooling.
Luce. Must every slight companion that can purchase
A shew of poverty, and beggarly planet,
Fall under your compassion!
Lance. Here's new matter.
Luce. Nay, you are serv'd but too well. Here he
Yet, as I live! [stays yet;
Fran. How her face alters on me!
Luce. Out of a confidence, I hope.
Isab. I'm glad on't.
Fran. How do you, gentle lady?
Isab. Much asham'd, sir,—
(But first stand further off me; you're infectious)—
To find such vanity, nay, almost impudence,
Where I believ'd a worth. Is this your thanks,
The gratitude you were so mad to make me,
Your trim council, gentlemen? [*Producing a ring.*
Lance. What, lady?
Isab. Take your device again; it will not serve, sir;
The woman will not bite; you're finely cozen'd!
Drop it no more, for shame!
Luce. Do you think you are here, sir,
Amongst your waist-coateers, your base wenches
That scratch at such occasions? You're deluded:
This is a gentlewoman of a noble house,
Born to a better fame than you can build her,
And eyes above your pitch.
Fran. I do acknowledge——
[ISAB. *gives him the ring.*
Isab. Then I beseech you, sir, what could you see,—
(Speak boldly, and speak truly, shame the devil!)—
In my behaviour, of such easiness,
That you durst venture to do this?
Fran. You amaze me:
This ring is none of mine, nor did I drop it.
Luce. I saw you drop it, sir.
Isab. I took it up too,

Still looking when your modesty should miss it:
Why, what a childish part was this?
Fran. I vow——
Isab. Vow me no vows! He that dares do this,
Has bred himself to boldness to forswear too.
There, take your gewgaw! You are too much pamper'd,
And I repent my part. As you grow older,
Grow wiser, if you can; and so farewell, sir!
[*Exeunt* Isab. *and* Luce.
Lance. "Grow wiser, if you can!" She has [put it to you.
'Tis a rich ring; did you drop it?
Fran. Never;
Ne'er saw it afore, Lance.
Lance. Thereby hangs a tale then.
What slight she makes to catch herself! Look up, sir;
You cannot lose her, if you would. How daintily
She flies upon the lure, and cunningly
She makes her stoops! Whistle, and she'll come [to you.
Fran. I would I were so happy.
Lance. Maids are clocks:
The greatest wheel, they shew, goes slowest to us,
And makes us hang on tedious hopes; the lesser,
Which are conceal'd, being often oil'd with wishes,
Flee like desires, and never leave that motion,
Till the tongue strikes. She is flesh, blood, and [marrow,
Young as her purpose, and soft as pity;
No monument to worship, but a mould,
To make men in, a neat one; and I know,
Howe'er she appears now, which is near enough,
You are stark blind if you hit not soon. At night,
She would venture forty pounds more, but to feel
A flea in your shape bite her! "Drop no more rings," forsooth!
This was the prettiest thing to know her heart by
Fran. Thou put'st me in much comfort.
Lance. Put yourself in
Good comfort! If she do not point you out the way—
"Drop no more rings!" she'll drop herself into [you.
Fran. I wonder my brother comes not.
Lance. Let him alone,
And feed yourself on your own fortunes. Come, be frolic,
And let's be monstrous wise, and full of counsel.
"Drop no more rings!" [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—*A Hall in the same.*

Enter Lady Heartwell, Fountain, Bellamore, *and* Harebrain.

L. Hea. If you will needs be foolish, you must be us'd so.
Who sent for you? who entertain'd you, gentlemen?
Who bid you welcome hither? You came crowding,
And impudently bold; press on my patience,
As if I kept a house for all companions,
And of all sorts; will have your wills, will vex me,
And force my liking from you. I ne'er ow'd you.
Fount. For all this, we will dine with you.
Bel. And, for all this,
Will have a better answer from you.
L. Hea. You shall never;
Neither have an answer nor a dinner, unless you use me
With a more staid respect, and stay your time too.

Enter Isabella, *followed by* Shorthose, Roger, Humphry, *and* Ralph, *with dishes of meat.*

Isab. Forward with the meat now!
Rog. Come, gentlemen,
March fairly.
Short. Roger, you are a weak serving-man;
Your white broth runs from you! Fie, how I [sweat
Under this pile of beef: An elephant
Can do more! Oh, for such a back now,
And in these times, what might a man arrive at!
Goose grase you up, and woodcock march behind [thee;
I am almost founder'd!
L. Hea. Who bid you bring the meat yet?
Away, you knaves! I will not dine these two hours.
How am I vex'd and chaf'd! Go, carry it back,
And tell the cook he is an arrant rascal,
To send before I call'd!
Short. Faces about, gentlemen;
Beat a mournful march then, and give some supporters,
Or else I perish! [*Exeunt* Servants.
Isab. It does me much good
To see her chafe thus.
Hare. We can stay, madam,
And will stay and dwell here; 'tis good air.
Fount. I know you have beds enough,
And meat you never want.
L. Hea. You want a little. [churlish,
Bel. We dare to pretend on. Since you are
We'll give you physic: you must purge this anger;
It burns you, and decays you.
L. Hea. If I had you out once,
I would be at charge of a portcullis for you.

Enter Valentine.

Val. Good morrow, noble lady,
L. Hea. Good morrow, sir.—
How sweetly now he looks, and how full manly!
What slaves were these to use him so! [*Aside.*
Val. I come
To look a young man I call brother.
L. Hea. Such a one
Was here, sir, as I remember, your own brother,
But gone almost an hour ago.
Val. Good e'en, then!
L. Hea. You must not so soon, sir; here be some gentlemen;
It may be you're acquainted with 'em.
Hare. Will nothing make him miserable?
Fount. How glorious!
Bel. It is the very he! Does it rain fortunes,
Or has he a familiar?
Hare. How doggedly he looks too?
Fount. I am beyond my faith! Pray let's be [going.
Val. Where are these gentlemen?
L. Hea. Here.
Val. Yes, I know 'em,
And will be more familiar.
Bel. 'Morrow, madam!
L. Hea. Nay, stay and dine.
Val. You shall stay till I talk with you,
And not dine neither, but fastingly my fury.
You think you have undone me; think so still,
And swallow that belief, 'till you be company
For court-hand clerks and starved attornies;
'Till you break in at plays, like 'prentices,
For three a groat, and crack nuts with the scholars
In penny rooms again, and fight for apples;
'Till you return to what I found you, people
Betray'd into the hands of fencers', challengers',

Tooth-drawers' bills, and tedious proclamations
In meal-markets, with throngings to see cut-purses—
(Stir not, but hear, and mark: I'll cut your throats else!—)
Till water-works, and rumours of New Rivers,
Ride you again, and run you into questions
Who built the Thames; till you run mad for lotteries,
And stand there with your tables to glean
The golden sentences, and cite 'em secretly
To serving-men for sound essays; till taverns
Allow you but a towel-room to tipple in,
Wine that the bell hath gone for twice, and glasses
That look like broken promises, tied up
With wicker protestations, English tobacco,
With half-pipes, nor in half a year once burnt, and biscuit
That bawds have rubb'd their gums upon like corals,
To bring the mark again; 'till this hour, rascals,
(For this most fatal hour will come again,)
Think I sit down the loser!

L. Hea. Will you stay, gentlemen?
A piece of beef and a cold capon, that's all:
You know you're welcome.

Hare. That was cast to abuse us.

Bel. Steal off: the devil is in his anger!

L. Hea. Nay, I am sure
You will not leave me so discourteously,
Now I've provided for you.

Val. What do ye here?
Why do ye vex a woman of her goodness,
Her state and worth? Can you bring a fair certificate
That ye deserve to be her footmen? Husbands, ye puppies?
Husbands for whores and bawds! Away, you wind-suckers!
Do not look big, nor prate, nor stay, nor grumble,
And, when you're gone, seem to laugh at my fury,
And slight this lady! I shall hear, and know this;
And, though I am not bound to fight for women,
As far as they are good, I dare preserve 'em.
Be not too bold; for if you be I'll swinge you,
I'll swinge you monstrously, without all pity.
Your honours, now go! avoid me mainly!

[*Exeunt* Fount., Bel., *and* Hare.

L. Hea. Well, sir, you have deliver'd me, I thank you,
And, with your nobleness, prevented danger
Their tongues might utter. We'll all go and eat, sir.

Val. No, no; I dare not trust myself with women.
Go to your meat, eat little, take less ease,
And tie your body to a daily labour,
You may live honestly; and so I thank you!

[*Exit.*

L. Hea. Well, go thy ways; thou art a noble fellow,
And some means I must work to have thee know it.

[*Exit.*

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*A Hall in* Lady Heartwell's *House.*

Enter Lovegood *and* Merchant.

Lov. Most certain 'tis her hands that hold him up,
And her sister relieves Frank.

Mer. I'm glad to hear it:
But wherefore do they not pursue this fortune
To some fair end?

Lov. The women are too crafty,
Valentine too coy, and Frank too bashful.
Had any wise man hold of such a blessing,
They would strike it out o' th' flint but they would form it.

Enter Lady Heartwell *and* Shorthose.

Mer. The widow, sure! Why does she stir so early? [*They retire.*

L. Hea. 'Tis strange I can't force him to understand me,
And make a benefit of what I'd bring him.—
Tell my sister I'll use my devotions
At home this morning; she may, if she please, go [to church.

Short. Hey ho!

L. Hea. And do you wait upon her with a torch, [sir.

Short. Hey ho!

L. Hea. You lazy knave!

Short. Here is such a tinkle-tanklings, that we can ne'er lie quiet, and sleep our prayers out. Ralph, pray empty my right shoe, that you made your chamber-pot, and burn a little rosemary in't: I must wait upon my lady. This morning-prayer has brought me into a consumption; I have nothing left but flesh and bones about me.

L. Hea. You drousy slave, nothing but sleep and swilling!

Short. Had you been bitten with bandog-fleas as I have been, and haunted with the night-mare—

L. Hea. With an ale-pot!

Short. You would have little list to morning-prayers. Pray, take my fellow, Ralph; he has a psalm-book: I am an ingrum man.

L. Hea. Get you ready quickly,
And, when she's ready, wait upon her handsomely.
No more; be gone!

Short. If I do snore my part out—— [*Exit.*

Lov. Now to our purposes.

Mer. Good morrow, madam! [*Coming forward.*

L. Hea. Good morrow, gentlemen!

Lov. Good joy and fortune!

L. Hea. These are good things, and worth my thanks: I thank you, sir.

Mer. Much joy I hope you'll find: We came to [gratulate
Your new-knit marriage-band.

L. Hea. How?

Lov. He's a gentleman,
Altho' he be my kinsman, my fair niece.

L. Hea. Niece, sir?

Lov. Yes, lady, now I may say so;
'Tis no shame to you! I say, a gentleman,
And, winking at some light fancies, which you
Most happily may affect him for, as bravely carried,
As nobly bred and managed——

L. Hea. What's all this?
I understand you not. What niece, what marriage-knot?

Lov. I'll tell plainly,

You are my niece, and Valentine, the gentleman,
Has made you so by marriage.
L. Hea. Marriage?
Lov. Yes, lady;
And 'twas a noble and a virtuous part,
To take a falling man to your protection,
And buoy him up again to all his glories.
L. Hea. The men are mad!
Mer. What though he wanted
These outward things that fly away like shadows,
Was not his mind a full one, and a brave one?
You've wealth enough to give him gloss and outside,
And he wit enough to give way to love a lady.
Lov. I ever thought he would do well.
Mer. Nay, I knew
Howe'er he wheel'd about like a loose carbine,
He would charge home at length, like a brave gentleman.
Heav'n's blessing o' your heart, lady? We're so bound to honour you;
In all your service so devoted to you——
Lov. Don't look so strange, widow; it must be known;
Better a general joy. No stirring here yet?
Come, come, you cannot hide it.
L. Hea. Pray be not impudent:
These are the finest toys. Belike I am married then?
Mer. You are in a miserable estate i' th' world's account else:
I would not for your wealth it come to doubting.
L. Hea. And I am great with child?
Lov. No, great they say not,
But 'tis a full opinion you're with child;
And great joy among the gentlemen;
Your husband hath bestirred himself fairly.
Mer. Alas, we know his private hours of entrance,
How long, and when he stay'd; could name the bed too,
Where he paid down his first-fruits.
L. Hea. I shall believe anon.
Lov. And we consider, for some private reasons,
You'd have it private; yet take your own pleasure:
And so good morrow, my best niece, my sweetest!
L. Hea. No, no, pray stay.
Lov. I know you would be with him.
Love him, and love him well!
Mer. You'll find him noble.—
This may beget——
Lov. It must needs work upon her. [*Aside.*
[*Exeunt* Lovegood *and* Merchant.
L. Hea. These are fine bobs, i' faith! Married, and with child too!
How long has this been, I trow? They seem grave fellows;
They should not come to flout. Married, and bedded!
The world take notice too! Where lies this May-game?
I could be vex'd extremely now, and rail too,
But 'tis to no end. Though I itch a little,
Must I be scratch'd I know not how?—Who waits there?

Enter Humphry.

Hum. Madam!
L. Hea. Make ready my coach quickly, and wait you only;
And hark you, sir! be secret and speedy!
[*Whisper.*
Inquire out where he lies.
Hum. I shall do it, madam. [*Exit* Humphry.
L. Hea. Married, and got with child in a dream!
'tis fine, i' faith!
Sure, he that did this would do better waking.
[*Exit.*

SCENE II.—*The Street.*

Enter Valentine, Francisco, Lance, *drunk, and a* Boy *with a torch.*

Val. Hold thy torch handsomely! How dost thou, Frank?
Peter Bassel, bear up!
Frank. You've fried me soundly.
Sack do you call this drink?
Val. A shrewd dog, Frank;
Will bite abundantly.
Lance. Now could I fight, and fight with thee—
Val. With me, thou man of Memphis?
Lance. But that thou art my own natural master. Yet my sack says thou'rt no man, thou art a Pagan, and pawn'st thy land, which is a noble cause.
Val. No arms, no arms, good Lancelot;
Dear Lance, no fighting here! We will have lands, boy,
Livings, and titles; thou shalt be a vice-roy!
Hang fighting, hang't; 'tis out of fashion.
Lance. I would fain labour you into your lands again.
Go to; it is behoveful.
Fran. Fie, Lance, fie!
Lance. I must beat somebody, and why not my master before a stranger? Charity and beating begins at home.
Val. Come, thou shalt beat me.
Lance. I will not be compelled, an' you were two masters: I scorn the motion!
Val. Wilt thou sleep?
Lance. I scorn sleep!
Val. Wilt thou go eat?
Lance. I scorn meat: I come for rompering; I come to wait upon my charge discreetly; for look you, if you will not take your mortgage again, here do I lie, St. George, and so forth.
[*Lies down.*
Val. And here do I, St. George, bestride the dragon!
Thus, with my lance——
Lance. I sting, I sting with my tail.
Val. Do you so, do you so, sir! I shall tail you presently!
Fran. By no means; do not hurt him;
Val. Take his Nellson:
And now rise, thou maiden-knight of Malligo!
Lace on thy helmet of enchanted sack,
And charge again.
Lance. I play no more: you abuse me!
Will you go?
Fran. I'll bid you good morrow, brother;
For sleep I cannot; I have a thousand fancies.
Val. Now thou'rt arrived, go bravely to the matter,
And do something of worth, Frank.
Lance. You shall hear from us.
[*Exeunt* Lance *and* Francisco.
Val. This rogue, if he had been sober, sure, had beaten me.
He's the most tettish knave!

Enter Lovegood, Merchant, *and* Boy, *with a torch.*

Lov. 'Tis he.
Mer. Good morrow!

Val. Why, sir, good morrow to you too, an you be so lusty.
Lov. You've made your brother a fine man; we met him.
Val. I made him a fine gentleman; he was
A fool before, brought up amongst the midst
Of small-beer brew-houses. What would you have with me?
Mer. I come to tell you your latest hour is come.
Val. Are you my sentence?
Mer. The sentence of your state.
Val. Let it be hang'd then; and let it be hang'd high enough,
I may not see it.
Lov. A gracious resolution.
Val. What would you else with me? Will you go drink,
And let the world slide, uncle? Ha, ha, ha, boys!
Drink sack like whey, boys!
Mer. Have you no feeling, sir?
Val. Come hither, merchant! Make me a supper,
Thou most reverend land-catcher, a supper of forty pounds!
Mer. What then, sir?
Val. Then bring thy wife along, and thy fair sisters,
Thy neighbours and their wives, and all their trinkets;
Let me have forty trumpets, and such wine!
We'll laugh at all the miseries of mortgage;
And then in state I'll render thee an answer.
Mer. What say you to this?
Lov. I dare not say, nor think neither.
Mer. Will you redeem your state? Speak to the point, sir.
Val. No, not if it were mine heir in the Turk's galleys.
Mer. Then I must take an order.
Val. Take a thousand,
I will not keep it, nor thou shalt not have it;
Because thou cam'st i' th' nick, thou shalt not have it!
Go, take possession, and be sure you hold it,
Hold fast with both hands, for there be those hounds uncoupled,
Will ring you such a knell! Go down in glory,
And march upon my land, and cry, "All's mine!"
Cry as the devil did, and be the devil:
Mark what an echo follows! Build fine march-panes,
To entertain sir Silkworm and his lady;
And pull the chapel down, to raise a chamber
For Mistress Silver-pin to lay her belly in.
Mark what an earthquake comes! Then, foolish merchant,
My tenants are no subjects; they obey nothing,
And they are people too were never christen'd;
They know no law nor conscience; they'll devour thee,
An thou art mortal staple; they'll confound thee
Within three days; no bit nor memory
Of what thou wert, no, not the wart upon thy nose there,
Shall be e'er heard of more! Go, take possession,
And bring thy children down, to roast like rabbits;
They love young toasts and butter, (Bow-bell suckers,)
As they love mischief, and hate law; they're cannibals!
Bring down thy kindred too, that be not fruitful;
There be those mandrakes that will mollify 'em!
Go, take possession! I'll go to my chamber.
Afore, boy, go! [*Exeunt* VAL. *and* Boy.
Mer. He's mad, sure!
Lov. He's half drunk, sure!
And yet I like this unwillingness to lose it,
This looking back.
Mer. Yes, if he did it handsomely;
But he's so harsh and strange!
Lov. Believe it, 'tis his drink, sir;
And I am glad his drink has thrust it out.
Mer. Cannibals?
If e'er I come to view his regiments,
If fair terms may be had——
Lov. He tells you true, sir;
They are a bunch of the most boisterous rascals
Disorder ever made; let 'em be mad once,
The power of the whole country cannot cool 'em.
Be patient but a while.
Mer. As long as you will, sir.
Before I buy a bargain of such runts,
I'll buy a college for bears, and live among 'em!
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*Another Street.*

Enter FRANCISCO, LANCE, *and* Boy *with a torch.*

Fran. How dost thou now?
Lance. Better than I was, and straighter;
But my head's a hogshead still; it rowls and tumbles.
Fran. Thou wert cruelly paid.
Lance. I may live to requite it;
Put a snaffle of sack in my mouth, and then ride me!
Very well!
Fran. 'Twas all but sport. I'll tell thee what I mean now:
I mean to see this wench.
Lance. Where a devil is she?
An there were two, 'twere better.
Fran. Dost thou hear
The bell ring?
Lance. Yes, yes.
Fran. Then she comes to pray'rs,
Early each morning thither: Now, if I could but meet her,
For I am of another metal now——

Enter ISABELLA *and* SHORTHOSE, *with a torch.*

Lance. What light's yond?
Fran. Ha! 'tis a light: take her by the hand, and court her.
Lance. Take her below the girdle; you'll ne'er speed else.—
It comes on this way still. O that I had
But such an opportunity in a saw-pit!
How it comes on, comes on! 'tis here.
Fran. 'Tis she:
Fortune, I kiss thy hand!—Good morrow, lady!
Isab. What voice is that? Sirrah, do you sleep
As you go?—'Tis he: I am glad on't!—Why, Shorthose!
Short. Yes, forsooth; I was dreamt I was going to church.
Lance. She sees you as plain as I do.
Isab. Hold thy torch up.
Short. Here's nothing but a stall, and a butcher's dog asleep in't. Where did you see the voice?
Fran. She looks still angry.
Lance. To her, and meet, sir!
Isab. Here, here.
Fran. Yes, lady!
Never bless yourself: I am but a man,
And like an honest man, now I will thank you.

Isab. What do you mean? Who sent for you? Who desir'd you——
Short. Shall I put out the torch, forsooth?
Isab. Can I not go about my private meditations, ha!
But such companions as you must ruffle me?
You had best go with me, sir!
Fran. It was my purpose.
Isab. Why, what an impudence is this? You had best,
Being so near the church, provide a priest,
And persuade me to marry you.
Fran. It was my meaning;
And such a husband, so loving and so careful!
My youth and all my fortunes shall arrive at——
Hark you!
Isab. 'Tis strange you should be thus unmannerly!—
Turn home again, sirrah!—[*To* SHORT.] You had
My man to lead your way! [best now force
Lance. Yes, marry, shall he, lady——
Forward, my friend!
Isab. This is a pretty riot:
It may grow to a rape.
Fran. Do you like that better?
I can ravish you an hundred times, and never hurt you.
Short. I see nothing; I am asleep still. When you have done, tell me, and then I'll wake, mistress.
Isab. Are you in earnest, sir? Do you long to be hang'd?
Fran. Yes, by my troth, lady, in these fair tresses.
Isab. Shall I call out for help?
Fran. No, by no means;
That were a weak trick, lady: I'll kiss and stop your mouth. [*Kisses her.*
Isab. You'll answer all these?
Fran. A thousand kisses more!
Isab. I was never abus'd thus!
You had best give out too, that you found me
And say I doated on you. [willing,
Fran. That's known already,
And no man living shall now carry you from me.
Isab. This is fine, i' faith.
Fran. It shall be ten times finer.
Isab. Well, seeing you're so valiant, keep your
I will to church. [way;
Fran. And I will wait upon you.
Isab. And it is
Most likely there's a priest, if you dare venture
As you profess: I'd wish you look about you,
To do these rude tricks, for you know their recom-
And trust not to my mercy! [pences;
Fran. But I will, lady.
Isab. For I'll so handle you.
Fran. That's it I look for.
Lance. Afore, thou dream!
Short. Have you done?
Isab. Go on, sir!— [*To* SHORT.
And follow, if you dare!
Fran. If I don't, hang me!
Lance. 'Tis all thine own, boy, an 'twere a million!
God-a-mercy, sack! When would small-beer have done this? [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—VALENTINE'S *Bed-chamber.*

[*Knocking within.*

Enter VALENTINE.

Val. Who's that, that knocks and bounces? What a devil ails you?
Is hell broke loose, or do you keep an iron mill?

Enter a Servant.

Serv. 'Tis a gentlewoman, sir, that must needs speak with you.
Val. A gentlewoman! what gentlewoman?—
With gentlewomen? [What have I to do
Serv. She will not be answer'd, sir.
Val. Fling up the bed, and let her in. I'll try
How gentle she is. [*Exit* Serv.] This sack has fill'd my head
So full of baubles, I am almost mad.
What gentlewoman should this be? I hope she has
Brought me no butter-print along with her,
To lay to my charge: if she have, 'tis all one;
I'll forswear it.

Enter Lady HEARTWELL *with the* Servant.

L. Hea. Oh, you're a noble gallant!
Send off your servant, pray. [*Exit* Serv.
Val. She will not ravish me?
By this light, she looks as sharp-set as a sparrow-
What wouldst thou, woman? [hawk!—
L. Hea. Oh, you have us'd me kindly,
And like a gentleman! This 'tis to trust to you.
Val. Trust to me! for what?
L. Hea. Because I said in jest once,
You were a handsome man, one I could like well,
And, fooling, made you believe I lov'd you,
And might be brought to marry——
Val. The widow's drunk too!
L. Hea. You, out of this (which is a fine discretion)
Give out the matter's done, you've won and wed me,
And that you have put fairly for an heir too:
These are fine rumours to advance my credit!
I' th' name of mischief, what did you mean?
Val. That you lov'd me,
And that you might be brought to marry me?—
Why, what a devil do you mean, widow?
L. Hea. It was a fine trick too, to tell the world,
Tho' you had enjoy'd your first wish you wish'd,
The wealth you aim'd [not] at; that I was poor,
Which is most true I am: have sold my lands,
Because I love not those vexations:
Yet, for mine honour's sake, if you must be prating,
And for my credit's sake i' th' town——
Val. I tell thee, widow,
I like thee ten times better, now thou hast no lands;
For now thy hopes and cares lie on thy husband,
If e'er thou marriest more.
L. Hea. Have not you married me,
And for this main cause now as you report it,
To be your nurse?
Val. My nurse! Why, what am I grown to?
Give me the glass! My nurse?
L. Hea. You ne'er said truer.
I must confess, I did a little favour you,
And with some labour might have been persuaded;
But when I found I must be hourly troubled
With making broths, and daubing your decays,

With swaddling, and with stitching up your ruins;
For the world so reports——
Val. Do not provoke me!
L. Hea. And half an eye may see——
Val. Do not provoke me!
The world's a lying world, and thou shalt find it!
Have a good heart, and take a strong faith to thee,
And mark what follows. My nurse? Yes, you
Widow, I'll keep you waking! [shall rock me:
L. Hea. You're disposed, sir.
Val. Yes, marry am I, widow; and you shall feel it!
Nay, an they touch my freehold, I'm a tiger!
L. Hea. I think so.
Val. Come!
L. Hea. Whither?
Val. Any whither. [*Sings.*

The fit's upon me now,
The fit's upon me now!
Come quickly, gentle lady,
The fit's upon me now!
The world shall know they're fools,
And so shalt thou do too;
Let the cobler meddle with his tools,
The fit's upon me now!

Take me quickly, while I am in this vein!
Away with me; for if I have but two hours to consider,
All the widows in the world cannot recover me.
L. Hea. If you will go with me, sir——
Val. Yes, marry will I;
But 'tis in anger yet! and I will marry thee:
Do not cross me! Yes, and I will lie with thee,
And get a whole bundle of babies; and I will kiss thee!
Stand still and kiss me handsomely; but don't provoke me!
Stir neither hand nor foot, for I am dangerous!
I drunk sack yesternight: do not allure me!
Thou art no widow of this world! Come! in pity
And in spite I'll marry thee, (not a word more!)
And I may be brought to love thee. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—*Another Street.*

Enter Merchant *and* Lovegood, *at several doors.*

Mer. Well met again! and what good news yet?
Lov. 'Faith, nothing.
Mer. No fruits of what we sow'd?
Lov. Nothing I hear of.
Mer. No turning in this tide yet?
Lov. 'Tis all flood;
And, 'till that fall away, there's no expecting.

Enter Francisco, Isabella, Lance, *and* Shorthose, *with a torch.*

Mer. Is not this his younger brother?
Lov. With a gentlewoman;
The widow's sister, as I live! He smiles:
He's got good hold. Why, well said, Frank,
Let's stay and mark. [i'faith!
Isab. Well, you're the prettiest youth!
And so you have handled me, think you have me
Fran. As sure as wedlock. [sure?
Isab. You'd best lie with me too.
Fran. Yes, indeed will I; and get such black-
Lov. God-a-mercy, Frank! [eyed boys;
Isab. This is a merry world! poor simple gentlewomen,
That think no harm, cannot walk about their business,
But they must be catch'd up, I know not how.
Fran. I'll tell you, and I'll instruct you too.
Have I caught you, mistress?
Isab. Well, an it were not for pure pity,
I would give you the slip yet; but being as it
Fran. It shall be better. [is——

Enter Valentine, Lady Heartwell, *and* Ralph, *with a torch.*

Isab. My sister, as I live! your brother with
Sure I think you are the king's takers. [her!
Lov. Now it works.
Val. Nay, you shall know I am a man.
L. Hea. I think so.
Val. And such proof you shall have!
L. Hea. I pray, speak softly.
Val. I'll speak it out, widow; yes, and you shall confess too,
I am no nurse-child: I went for a man,
A good one: if you can beat me out o' th' pit—
L. Hea. I did but jest with you.
Val. I'll handle you in earnest, and so handle
Nay, when my credit calls—— [you!
L. Hea. Are you mad?
Val. I am mad, I am mad!
Fran. Good morrow, sir! I like your prepara-
Val. Thou hast been at it, Frank? [tion.
Fran. Yes, 'faith, 'tis done, sir.
Val. Along with me then!—Never hang an a—, widow!
Isab. 'Tis to no purpose, sister.
Val. Well said, black-brows!—
Advance your torches, gentlemen!
Lov. Yes, yes, sir.
Val. And keep your ranks!
Mer. Lance, carry this before him.
[*Giving the mortgage.*
Lov. Carry it in state!

Enter Musicians, Fountain, Harebrain, *and* Bellamore.

Val. What are you? musicians?
I know your coming! And what are those behind
Musi. Gentlemen [you?
That sent us, to give the lady a good morrow.
Val. Oh, I know them.—Come, boy, sing the song I taught you,
And sing it lustily!—Come forward, gentlemen!
You're welcome, welcome! now we are all friends.
Go, get the priest ready, and let him not be long:
We have much business.
Come, Frank, rejoice with me! Thou'st got the start, boy,
But I'll so tumble after!—Come, my friends, lead,
Lead cheerfully; and let your fiddles ring, boys!
My follies and my fancies have an end here.—
Display the mortgage, Lance! Merchant, I'll pay
And every thing shall be in joint again. [you,
Lov. Afore, afore!
Val. And now confess and know,
Wit without Money sometimes gives the blow!
[*Exeunt omnes.*

THE BEGGARS' BUSH.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

WOLFORT, *usurper of the Earldom of Flanders.*
GERRARD, *disguised under the name of* CLAUSE, *King of the Beggars, Father to* FLOREZ.
HUBERT, *an honest Lord, a Friend to* GERRARD.
FLOREZ, *under the name of* GOSWIN, *a rich Merchant of Bruges.*
HEMPSKIRKE, *a Captain under* WOLFORT.
HERMAN, *a Courtier,* } *Inhabitants of Ghent.*
A Merchant, }
VANDUNKE, *Burgomaster of Bruges, a Drunken Merchant, Friend to* GERRARD, *falsely called Father to* BERTHA.
ARNOLD, *of Benthuysen, disguised as a Beggar under the name of* GINKS.
LORD COSTIN, *disguised as a Beggar.*
VANLOCK, *and four other* Merchants *of Bruges.*

HIGGEN, }
PRIGG, } *knavish Beggars.*
SNAPP, }
FERRET, }

Clown.
Boors.
A Sailor.
Servants.
Guard.

JACULIN, *Daughter to* GERRARD, *beloved of* HUBERT.
BERTHA, *called* GERTRUDE, *Daughter to the* Duke *of* BRABANT, *Mistress to* FLOREZ.
MARGARET, *Wife to* VANDUNKE.
FRANCES, *Daughter to* VANLOCK.

SCENE,—FOR THE FIRST TWO SCENES, GHENT; DURING THE REMAINDER, BRUGES AND THE NEIGHBOURHOOD.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—GHENT.—*The Street.*

Enter a Merchant *and* HERMAN.

Mer. Is he then taken?
Her. And brought back even now, sir.
Mer. He was not in disgrace?
Her. No man more lov'd,
Nor more deserv'd it, being the only man
That durst be honest in this court.
Mer. Indeed
We've heard abroad, sir, that the state hath suffer'd
A great change, since the countess' death.
Her. It hath, sir.
Mer. My five years absence hath kept me a stranger
So much to all th' occurrents of my country,
As you shall bind me for some short relation,
To make me understand the present times.
Her. I must begin then with a war was made,
And seven years with all cruelty continued
Upon our Flanders by the duke of Brabant.
The cause grew thus: During our earl's minority,
Wolfort, who now usurps, was employ'd thither,
To treat about a match between our earl
And the daughter and heir of Brabant: During which treaty,
The Brabander pretends, this daughter was
Stol'n from his court, by practice of our state;
Tho' we are all confirm'd, 'twas a sought quarrel,
To lay an unjust gripe upon this earldom;
It being here believ'd the duke of Brabant
Had no such loss. This war upon't proclaim'd,
Our earl being then a child, altho' his father
Good Gerrard liv'd yet (in respect he was
Chosen by the countess' favour for her husband,
And but a gentleman, and Florez holding
His right unto this country from his mother)
The state thought fit, in this defensive war,
Wolfort being then the only man of mark,
To make him general.
Mer. Which place we've heard
He did discharge with honour.
Her. Ay, so long,
And with so bless'd successes, that the Brabander
Was forc'd (his treasures wasted, and the choice
Of his best men of arms tir'd, or cut off)
To leave the field, and sound a base retreat
Back to his country: But so broken, both
In mind and means, e'er to make head again,
That hitherto he sits down by his loss;
Not daring, or for honour or revenge,
Again to tempt his fortune. But this victory
More broke our state, and made a deeper hurt
In Flanders, than the greatest overthrow
She e'er received: For Wolfort, now beholding
Himself and actions in the flattering glass
Of self-deservings, and that cherish'd by
The strong assurance of his pow'r (for then
All captains of the army were his creatures,
The common soldier too at his devotion,
Made so by full indulgence to their rapines,
And secret bounties;) this strength too well known,
And what it could effect, soon put in practice,
As further'd by the childhood of the earl,
And their improvidence that might have pierc'd
The heart of his designs, gave him occasion
To seize the whole: And in that plight you find it.
Mer. Sir, I receive the knowledge of thus much,
As a choice favour from you.

Her. Only I must add,
Bruges holds out.
Mer. Whither, sir, I am going;
For there last night I had a ship put in,
And my horse waits me.
Her. I wish you a good journey. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*The same.—A Room in* WOLFORT'S *Palace.*

Enter WOLFORT, HUBERT, *and* Attendants.

Wol. What? Hubert stealing from me? Who disarm'd him?
'Twas more than I commanded. Take your sword,
I am best guarded with it in your hand;
I've seen you use it nobly.
Hub. And will turn it
On mine own bosom, ere it shall be drawn
Unworthily or rudely.
Wol. Would you leave me
Without a farewell, Hubert? Fly a friend
Unwearied in his study to advance you?
What have I e'er possess'd which was not yours?
Or rather did not court you to command it?
Who ever yet arriv'd to any grace,
Reward, or trust from me, but his approaches
Were by your fair reports of him preferr'd?
And what is more, I made myself your servant,
In making you the master of those secrets
Which not the rack of conscience could draw from me,
Nor I, when I ask'd mercy, trust my prayers with;
Yet, after these assurances of love,
These ties and bonds of friendship, to forsake me!
Forsake me as an enemy! Come, you must
Give me a reason.
Hub. Sir, and so I will;
If I may do't in private, and you hear it.
Wol. All leave the room.—You have your will; sit down, [*Exeunt all but* WOL. *and* HUB.
And use the liberty of our first friendship.
Hub. Friendship? When you prov'd traitor first, that vanish'd;
Nor do I owe you any thought but hate.
I know my flight hath forfeited my head;
And so I may make you first understand
What a strange monster you have made yourself,
I welcome it.
Wol. To me this is strange language.
Hub. To you? why, what are you?
Wol. Your prince and master,
The earl of Flanders.
Hub. By a proper title?
Rais'd to it by cunning, circumvention, force,
Blood, and proscriptions!
Wol. And in all this wisdom,
Had I not reason, when, by Gerrard's plots,
I should have first been call'd to a strict account,
How, and which way I had consum'd that mass
Of money, as they term it, in the war;
Who under-hand had by his ministers
Detracted my great actions, made my faith
And loyalty suspected; in which failing,
He sought my life by practice.
Hub. With what forehead
Do you speak this to me, who (as I know't)
Must and will say 'tis false?
Wol. My guard there!
Hub. Sir,
You bade me sit, and promis'd you would hear,
Which I now say you shall! Not a sound more!
For I, that am contemner of mine own,
Am master of your life! Then here's a sword [*Draws.*
Between you and all aids, sir. Though you blind
The credulous beast, the multitude, you pass not
These gross untruths on me.
Wol. How? gross untruths?
Hub. Ay, and it is favourable language;
They had been in a mean man lies, and foul ones.
Wol. You take strange licence.
Hub. Yes; were not those rumours,
Of being call'd unto your answer, spread
By your own followers? and weak Gerrard wrought,
(But by your cunning practice,) to believe
That you were dangerous; yet not to be
Punish'd by any formal course of law,
But first to be made sure, and have your crimes
Laid open after? which your quaint train taking,
You fled unto the camp, and there crav'd humbly
Protection for your innocent life, and that,
Since you had 'scap'd the fury of the war,
You might not fall by treason: And for proof
You did not for your own ends make this danger,
Some that had been before by you suborn'd,
Came forth and took their oaths they had been hir'd
By Gerrard to your murder. This once heard,
And easily believ'd, th' enraged soldier,
Seeing no further than the outward man,
Snatch'd hastily his arms, ran to the court,
Kill'd all that made resistance, cut in pieces
Such as were servants, or thought friends to [Gerrard,
Vowing the like to him.
Wol. Will you yet end?
Hub. Which he foreseeing, with his son, the [earl,
Forsook the city, and by secret ways,
(As you give out, and we would gladly have it)
Escap'd their fury; tho' 'tis more than fear'd
They fell among the rest. Nor stand you there,
To let us only mourn the impious means
By which you got it; but your cruelties since
So far transcend your former bloody ills,
As if, compar'd, they only would appear
Essays of mischief. Do not stop your ears;
More are behind yet!
Wol. Oh, repeat them not:
'Tis hell to hear them nam'd!
Hub. You should have thought,
That hell would be your punishment when you did them!
A prince in nothing but your princely lusts
And boundless rapines!
Wol. No more, I beseech you.
Hub. Who was the lord of house or land, that stood
Within the prospect of your covetous eye?
Wol. You are in this to me a greater tyrant,
Than e'er I was to any.
Hub. I end thus
The general grief. Now to my private wrong,
The loss of Gerrard's daughter Jaculin,
The hop'd-for partner of my lawful bed,
Your cruelty hath frighted from mine arms;
And her I now was wand'ring to recover.
Think you that I had reason now to leave you,
When you are grown so justly odious,
That e'en my stay here, with your grace and favour,
Makes my life irksome? Here, surely take it!

And do me but this fruit of all your friendship,
That I may die by you, and not your hangman.
Wol. Oh, Hubert, these your words and reasons have
As well drawn drops of blood from my griev'd heart,
As these tears from mine eyes: Despise them not!
By all that's sacred, I am serious, Hubert.
You now have made me sensible, what furies,
Whips, hangmen, and tormentors, a bad man
Does ever bear about him! Let the good
That you this day have done be ever number'd
The first of your best actions. Can you think
Where Florez is, or Gerrard, or your love,
Or any else, or all, that are proscrib'd?
I will resign what I usurp, or have
Unjustly forc'd. The days I have to live
Are too, too few, to make them satisfaction
With any penitence: Yet I vow to practise
All of a man.
Hub. Oh, that your heart and tongue
Did not now differ!
Wol. By my griefs, they do not!
Take the good pains to search them out; 'tis worth it.
You have made clean a leper; trust me you have,
And made me once more fit for the society,
I hope, of good men.
Hub. Sir, do not abuse
My aptness to believe.
Wol. Suspect not you
A faith that's built upon so true a sorrow:
Make your own safeties; ask them all the ties
Humanity can give! Hempskirke too shall
Along with you, to this so-wish'd discovery,
And in my name profess all that you promise:
And I will give you this help to't; I have
Of late receiv'd certain intelligence,
That some of them are in or about Bruges
To be found out; which I did then interpret
The cause of that town's standing out against me;
But now am glad, it may direct your purpose
Of giving them their safety, and me peace.
Hub. Be constant to your goodness, and you have it. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—BRUGES.—*The Exchange.*

Enter three Merchants.

1 *Mer.* 'Tis much that you deliver of this Goswin.
2 *Mer.* But short of what I could, yet have the country
Confirm'd it true, and by a general oath,
And not a man hazard his credit in it.
He bears himself with such a confidence,
As if he were the master of the sea,
And not a wind upon the sailors' compass,
But from one part or other was his factor,
To bring him in the best commodities
Merchant e'er ventur'd for.
1 *Mer.* 'Tis strange.
2 *Mer.* And yet
This does in him deserve the least of wonder,
Compar'd with other his peculiar fashions,
Which all admire: He's young, and rich, at least
Thus far reputed so, that, since he liv'd
In Bruges, there was never brought to harbour
So rich a bottom, but his bill would pass
Unquestion'd for her lading.
3 *Mer.* Yet he still
Continues a good man.
2 *Mer.* So good, that but
To doubt him, would be held an injury,
Or rather malice, with the best that traffic.
But this is nothing; a great stock and fortune,
Crowning his judgment in his undertakings,
May keep him upright that way: But that wealth
Should want the pow'r to make him doat on it,
Or youth teach him to wrong it, best commends
His constant temper. For his outward habit,
'Tis suitable to his present course of life;
His table furnish'd well, but not with dainties
That please the appetite only for their rareness,
Or their dear price; nor given to wine or women,
Beyond his health, or warrant of a man,
I mean a good one; and so loves his state,
He will not hazard it at play, nor lend
Upon the assurance of a well-penn'd letter,
Although a challenge second the denial,
From such as make the opinion of their valour
Their means of feeding.
1 *Mer.* These are ways to thrive,
And the means not curs'd.
2 *Mer.* What follows, this
Makes many venturers with him in their wishes
For his prosperity: For when desert
Or reason leads him to be liberal,
His noble mind and ready hand contend
Which can add most to his free courtesies,
Or in their worth, or speed, to make them so.
Is there a virgin of good fame wants dower,
He is a father to her; or a soldier,
That in his country's service, from the war
Hath brought home only scars and want, his house
Receives him, and relieves him, with that care
As if what he possess'd had been laid up
For such good uses, and he steward of it.
But I should lose myself to speak him further;
And stale, in my relation, the much good
You may be witness of, if your remove
From Bruges be not speedy.
1 *Mer.* This report,
I do assure you, will not hasten it;
Nor would I wish a better man to deal with
For what I am to part with.
3 *Mer.* Never doubt it,
He is your man and ours; only I wish
His too-much forwardness to embrace all bargains
Sink him not in the end.
2 *Mer.* Have better hopes;
For my part, I am confident. Here he comes.

Enter GOSWIN *and the fourth* Merchant.

Gos. I take it at your own rates, your wine of Cyprus;
But, for your Candy sugars, they have met
With such foul weather, and are priz'd so high,
I cannot save in them.
4 *Mer.* I am unwilling
To seek another chapman. Make me offer
Of something near my price, that may assure me
You can deal for them.
Gos. I both can, and will,
But not with too much loss: Your bill of lading
Speaks of two hundred chests, valued by you
At thirty thousand guilders; I will have them
At twenty-eight; so, in the payment of
Three thousand sterling, you fall only in
Two hundred pound.

4 *Mer.* You know, they are so cheap——
Gos. Why, look you, I'll deal fairly; there's in prison,
And at your suit, a pirate, but unable
To make you satisfaction, and past hope
To live a week, if you should prosecute
What you can prove against him: Set him free,
And you shall have your money to a stiver,
And present payment.
4 *Mer.* This is above wonder,
A merchant of your rank, that have at sea
So many bottoms in the danger of
These water-thieves, should be a means to save 'em!
It more importing you, for your own safety,
To be at charge to scour the sea of them,
Than stay the sword of justice, that is ready
To fall on one so conscious of his guilt
That he dares not deny it.
Gos. You mistake me,
If you think I would cherish in this captain
The wrong he did to you or any man.
I was lately with him (having first, from others'
True testimony, been assur'd a man
Of more desert never put from the shore)
I read his letters of mart from this state granted
For the recov'ry of such losses, as
He had receiv'd in Spain; 'twas that he aim'd at,
Not at three tuns of wine, biscuit or beef,
Which his necessity made him take from you.
If he had pillag'd you near, or sunk your ship,
Or thrown your men o'erboard, then he deserv'd
The law's extremest rigour. But since want
Of what he could not live without, compell'd him
To that he did (which yet our state calls death)
I pity his misfortunes, and to work you
To some compassion of them, I come up
To your own price: Save him, the goods are mine;
If not, seek elsewhere, I'll not deal for them.
4 *Mer.* Well, sir, for your love, I will once be led
To change my purpose.
Gos. For your profit rather.
4 *Mer.* Ill presently make means for his discharge,
'Till when, I leave you. [*Exit.*
2 *Mer.* What do you think of this?
1 *Mer.* As of a deed of noble pity, guided
By a strong judgment.
2 *Mer.* Save you, Master Goswin!
Gos. Good day to all!
2 *Mer.* We bring you the refusal
Of more commodities.
Gos. Are you the owners
Of the ship that last night put into the harbour?
1 *Mer.* Both of the ship and lading.
Gos. What's the freight?
1 *Mer.* Indigo, cochineal, choice China stuffs—
3 *Mer.* And cloth of gold, brought from Cambal.
Gos. Rich lading;
For which I were your chapman, but I am
Already out of cash.
1 *Mer.* I'll give you day
For the moiety of all.
Gos. How long?
3 *Mer.* Six months.
Gos. 'Tis a fair offer; which, if we agree
About the prices, I, with thanks, accept of,
And will make present payment of the rest.
Some two hours hence I'll come aboard.
1 *Mer.* The gunner
Shall speak you welcome.
Gos. I'll not fail.
3 *Mer.* Good morrow! [*Exeunt* Merchants.
Gos. Heav'n grant my ships a safe return, before
The day of this great payment; as they are
Expected three months sooner; and my credit
Stands good with all the world.

Enter CLAUSE.

Clause. Bless my good master!
The prayers of your poor beadsman ever shall
Be sent up for you.
Gos. God 'a mercy, Clause!
There's something to put thee in mind hereafter
To think of me.
Clause. May he that gave it you
Reward you for it, with increase, good master!
Gos. I thrive the better for thy pray'rs.
Clause. I hope so.
These three years have I fed upon your bounties,
And by the fire of your bless'd charity warm'd me;
And yet, good master, pardon me, that must,
Tho' I have now receiv'd your alms, presume
To make one suit more to you.
Gos. What is't, Clause?
Clause. Yet do not think me impudent, I beseech you,
Since hitherto your charity hath prevented
My begging your relief; 'tis not for money,
Nor clothes, good master, but your good word for me.
Gos. That thou shalt have, Clause; for I think thee honest.
Clause. To-morrow, then, dear master, take the trouble
Of walking early unto Beggars' Bush;
And, as you see me, among others, brethren
In my affliction, when you are demanded
Which you like best among us, point out me,
And then pass by, as if you knew me not.
Gos. But what will that advantage thee?
Clause. Oh, much, sir.
'Twill give me the pre-eminence of the rest,
Make me a king among 'em, and protect me
From all abuse such as are stronger might
Offer my age. Sir, at your better leisure,
I will inform you further of the good
It may do to me.
Gos. 'Troth, thou mak'st me wonder!
Have you a king and commonwealth among you?
Clause. We have, and there are states are governed worse.
Gos. Ambition among beggars?
Clause. Many great ones
Would part with half their states, to have the place,
And credit, to beg in the first file, master.
But shall I be so much bound to your furtherance
In my petition?
Gos. That thou shalt not miss of,
Nor any worldly care make me forget it:
I will be early there.
Clause. Heav'n bless my master! [*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*The Beggars' Bush near* BRUGES.

Enter HIGGEN, FERRET, PRIGG, CLAUSE, JACULIN, SNAP, GINKS, *and other* Beggars.

Hig. Come, princes of the ragged regiment;
You of the blood, Prigg, my most *upright* lord,
And these, what name or title e'er they bear,
Jarkman, or *patrico*, *cranke*, or *clapperdudgeon*,
Frater, or *abram-man*; I speak to all
That stand in fair election for the title
Of King of Beggars, with the command adjoining;
Higgen, your orator, in this inter-regnum,
That whilom was your *dommerer*, doth beseech you
All to stand fair, and put yourselves in rank,
That the first comer may, at his first view,
Make a free choice, to say up the question.
Fer. Prigg. 'Tis done, Lord Higgen.
Hig. Thanks to Prince Prigg, Prince Ferret.
Fer. Well, pray, my masters all, Ferret be chosen;
Ye're like to have a merciful mild prince of me.
Prigg. A very tyrant I, an arrant tyrant,
If e'er I come to reign (therefore look to't!)
Except you do provide me *hum* enough,
And *lour* to *bouse* with! I must have my capons
And turkies brought me in, with my green geese,
And ducklings in the season; fine fat chickens;
Or, if you chance where an eye of tame pheasants
Or partridges are kept, see they be mine:
Or straight I seize on all your privilege,
Places, revenues, offices, as forfeit,
Call in your crutches, wooden legs, false bellies,
Forc'd eyes and teeth, with your dead arms; not leave you
A dirty clout to beg with on your heads,
Or an old rag with butter, frankincense,
Brimstone and resin, birdlime, blood, and cream,
To make you an old sore; not so much soap
As you may foam with i' the falling-sickness;
The very bag you bear, and the brown dish,
Shall be escheated. All your daintiest *dells* too
I will deflower, and take your dearest *doxies*
From your warm sides; and then some one cold night
I'll watch you what old barn you go to roost in,
And there I'll smother you all i' the musty hay.
Hig. This is tyrant-like indeed: But what would Ginks,
Or Clause be here, if either of them should reign?
Clause. Best ask an ass, if he were made a camel,
What he would be; or a dog, an he were a lion!
Ginks. I care not what you are, sirs, I shall be
A beggar still, I'm sure;—I find myself there.

Enter GOSWIN.

Snap. Oh, here a judge comes.
Hig. Cry, a judge, a judge!
Gos. What ail you, sirs? what means this outcry?
Hig. Master,
A sort of poor souls met; God's fools, good master;
Have had some little variance 'mongst ourselves
Who should be honestest of us, and which lives
Uprightest in his call: Now, 'cause we thought
We ne'er should 'gree on't ourselves, because indeed
'Tis hard to say; we all dissolv'd to put it
To him that should come next, and that's your mastership,
Who, I hope, will 'termine it as your mind serves
Right, and no otherwise we ask it: Which, [you,
Which does your worship think is he? Sweet master,
Look o'er us all, and tell us; we are seven of us,
Like to the seven wise masters, or the planets.
Gos. I should judge this the man, with the grave
And if he be not—— [beard;
Clause. Bless you, good master, bless you!
Gos. I would he were. There's something too amongst you,
To keep you all honest. [*Gives money, and exit.*
Snap. King of Heav'n go with you!
All. Now good reward him;
May he never want it, to comfort still the poor,
In a good hour!
Fer. What is't? see: Snap has got it.
Snap. A good crown, marry.
Prigg. A crown of gold.
Fer. For our new king: Good luck!
Ginks. To the common treasury with it; if't be
Thither it must. [gold,
Prigg. Spoke like a patriot, Ginks!
King Clause, I bid God save thee first, first, Clause,
After this golden token of a crown.
Where's orator Higgen with his gratuling speech
In all our names? [now,
Fer. Here he is, pumping for it.
Ginks. He has cough'd the second time; tis
And then it comes. [but once more,
Fer. So, out with all! Expect now——
Hig. That thou art chosen, venerable Clause,
Our king and sovereign, monarch o' the *maunders*,
Thus we throw up our *nab-cheats*, first for joy,
And then our *filches*; last, we clap our *fambles*,
Three subject signs, we do it without envy;
For who is he here did not wish thee chosen,
Now thou art chosen? Ask 'em; all will say so,
Nay swear't; 'tis for the king; but let that pass.
When last in conference at the *bousing-ken*,
This other day we sat about our dead prince,
Of famous memory, (rest go with his rags!)
And that I saw thee at the table's end
Rise mov'd, and gravely leaning on one crutch,
Lift the other like a sceptre at my head,
I then presag'd thou shortly wouldst be king,
And now thou art so. But what need presage
To us, that might have read it in thy beard,
As well as he that chose thee? By that beard
Thou wert found out, and mark'd for sovereignty.
Oh, happy beard! but happier prince, whose beard
Was so remark'd, as marked out our prince,
Not bating us a hair. Long may it grow,
And thick, and fair, that who lives under it
May live as safe as under Beggars' Bush,
Of which this is the thing, that but the type.
All. Excellent, excellent orator! Forward, good Higgen!
Give him leave to spit. The fine well-spoken Higgen!
Hig. This is the beard, the bush, or bushy-beard,
Under whose gold and silver reign, 'twas said,
So many ages since, we all should smile.
No impositions, taxes, grievances,
Knots in a state, and whips unto a subject,
Lie lurking in this beard, but all kem'd out:
If now the beard be such, what is the prince
That owes the beard? A father? no, a grandfather,
Nay, the great-grandfather of you his people!
He will not force away your hens, your bacon,

When you have ventur'd hard for't, nor take from
The fattest of your puddings: Under him, [you
Each man shall eat his own stol'n eggs and butter,
In his own shade, or sun-shine, and enjoy
His own dear *dell, doxy*, or *mort* at night
In his own straw, with his own shirt or sheet,
That he hath *filch'd* that day; ay, and possess
What he can purchase, *back* or *belly cheats*,
To his own *prop:* he will have no purveyors
For pigs and poultry.
Clause. That we must have, my learned orator,
It is our will; and every man to keep
In his own path and circuit.
Hig. Do you hear?
You must hereafter *maund* on your own *pads*, he says.
Clause. And what they get there is their own:
To give good words. [Besides,
Hig. Do you mark? To cut *bene whids;*
That is the second law.
Clause. And keep afoot
The humble and the common phrase of begging,
Lest men discover us.
Hig. Yes, and cry sometimes,
To move compassion. Sir, there is a table,
That doth command all these things, and enjoins 'em
Be perfect in their crutches, their feign'd plasters,
And their torn passports, with the ways to stammer,
And to be dumb, and deaf, and blind, and lame.
There, all the halting paces are set down,
I' th' learned language.
Clause. Thither I refer 'em;
Those you at leisure shall interpret to them:
We love no heaps of laws, where few will serve.
All. Oh, gracious prince! 'Save, 'save the good
Hig. A song to crown him! [King Clause!
Fer. Set a sentinel out first.
Snap. The word?
Hig. A *cove* comes, and "*fumbumbis*" to it.
[*Exit* SNAP.

SONG.

Cast our caps and cares away:
This is beggars' holyday!
At the crowning of our king,
Thus we ever dance and sing.
In the world look out and see,
Where's so happy a prince as he?
Where the nation lives so free,
And so merry as do we?
Be it peace, or be it war,
Here at liberty we are,
And enjoy our ease and rest:
To the field we are not press'd;
Nor are call'd into the town,
To be troubled with the gown.
Hang all offices, we cry,
And the magistrate too, by.
When the subsidy's increas'd,
We are not a penny sess'd;
Nor will any go to law
With the beggar for a straw.
All which happiness, he brags,
He doth owe unto his rags.

Enter SNAP, *and then* HUBERT *and* HEMPSKIRKE, *disguised.*

Snap. *A cove! fumbumbis!*
Prigg. To your postures! arm!
Hub. Yonder's the town; I see it.
Hemp. There's our danger,
Indeed, afore us, if our shadows save not.
Hig. Bless your good worships!
Fer. One small piece of money——
Prigg. Among us all poor wretches.
Clause. Blind and lame.
Ginks. For his sake that gives all.
Hig. Pitiful worships!
Snap. One little doit.

Enter JACULIN.

Jac. King, by your leave, where are you?
Fer. To buy a little bread.
Hig. To feed so many
Mouths, as will ever pray for you.
Prigg. Here be seven of us.
Hig. Seven, good master! oh, remember seven!
Seven blessings——
Fer. Remember, gentle worship.
Hig. 'Gainst seven deadly sins.
Prigg. And seven sleepers.
Hig. If they be hard of heart, and will give nothing——
Alas, we had not a charity these three days.
Hub. There's amongst you all.
Fer. Heav'n reward you!
Prigg. Lord reward you!
Hig. The prince of pity bless thee!
Hub. Do I see? or is't my fancy that would have it so?
Ha, 'tis her face! Come hither, maid.
Jac. What ha' you,
Bells for my squirrel? I ha' giv'n bun meat.
You do not love me, do you? Catch me a butterfly,
And I'll love you again. When? can you tell?
Peace, we go a-birding. I shall have a fine thing!
[*Exit.*
Hub. Her voice too says the same; but, for my head,
I would not that her manners were so chang'd.—
Hear me, thou honest fellow! what's this maiden,
That lives amongst you here?
Ginks. Ao, ao, ao, ao.
Hub. How? nothing but signs?
Ginks. Ao, ao, ao, ao.
Hub. This is strange!
I would fain have it her, but not her thus.
Hig. He is de-de-de-de-de-de-deaf, and du-du dude—dumb, sir.
[*Exeunt all the beggars but* SNAP
Hub. 'Slid, they did all speak plain e'en now
Dost thou know this same maid? [methought.—
Snap. Whi-whi-whi-whi-which, gu-gu-gu-gu
God's fool? She was bo-bo-bo-bo-born at the bar
yonder, by be-be-be-be-Beggars' Bush bo-bo
Bush, her name is mi-mi-mi-mi-mi-Minche. S
was her mo-mo-mo-mother's too too.
Hub. I understand no word he says.—How lon
Has she been here?
Snap. Lo-lo-long enough to be ni-ni-nigled, a
she ha' go-go-go-good luck.
Hub. I must be better informed, than by th
Here was another face too, that I mark'd [wa
Of the old man's: But they are vanish'd all
Most suddenly: I will come here again.
Oh, that I were so happy as to find it
What I yet hope, it is put on!
Hemp. What mean you, sir,
To stay there with that stammerer?
Hub. Farewell, friend!— [*Exit* SNA
It will be worth return, to search. Come,

Protect us our disguise now! Pr'ythee, Hemp-
If we be taken, how dost thou imagine [skirke,
This town will use us, that hath stood so long
Out against Wolfort?
Hemp. Ev'n to hang us forth
Upon their walls a-sunning, to make crows' meat.
If I were not assur'd o' th' burgomaster,
And had a pretty 'scuse to see a niece there,
I should scarce venture.
Hub. Come, 'tis now too late
To look back at the ports. Good luck, and enter!
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—BRUGES.—*The Exchange.*

Enter GOSWIN.

Gos. Still blow'st thou there? And, from all other parts,
Do all my agents sleep, that nothing comes?
There's a conspiracy of winds and servants,
If not of elements, to ha' me break!
What should I think? Unless the seas and sands
Had swallow'd up my ships, or fire had spoil'd
My warehouses, or death devour'd my factors,
I must ha' had some returns.

Enter two Merchants.

1 *Mer.* 'Save you, sir.
Gos. 'Save you.
1 *Mer.* No news yet o' your ships?
Gos. Not any yet, sir.
1 *Mer.* 'Tis strange. [*Exit.*
Gos. 'Tis true, sir.—What a voice was here now?
This was one passing-bell; a thousand ravens
Sung in that man now, to presage my ruins.
2 *Mer.* Goswin, good day! These winds are very constant.
Gos. They are so, sir, to hurt——
2 *Mer.* Ha' you had no letters
Lately from England, nor from Denmark?
Gos. Neither.
2 *Mer.* This wind brings them. Nor no news
Through Spain, from the Straits? [over land,
Gos. Not any.
2 *Mer.* I am sorry, sir. [*Exit.*
Gos. They talk me down; and, as 'tis said of vultures,
They scent a field fought, and do smell the carcasses
By many hundred miles; So do these my wrecks,
At greater distances. Why, thy will, Heaven,
Come on, and be! Yet, if thou please preserve me
But in my own adventure here at home,
Of my chaste love, to keep me worthy of her,
It shall be put in scale 'gainst all ill fortunes:
I am not broken yet; nor should I fall,
Methinks, with less than that, that ruins all. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.—*The same.—A Room in the House of* VANDUNKE.

Enter VANDUNKE, HUBERT, HEMPSKIRKE, MARGARET, *and* Boors.

Vand. Captain, you're welcome; so is this your friend,
Most safely welcome; though our town stand out
Against your master, you shall find good quarter:
The troth is, we not love him.—Meg, some wine!—
Let's talk a little treason, if we can
Talk treason 'gainst the traitors; by your leave, gentlemen,
We, here in Bruges, think he does usurp,
And therefore I'm bold with him.
Hub. Sir, your boldness
Haply becomes your mouth, but not our ears,
While we're his servants; and as we come here,
Not to ask questions, walk forth on your walls,
Visit your courts of guard, view your munition,
Ask of your corn-provisions, nor inquire
Into the least, as spies upon your strengths;
So let's entreat, we may receive from you
Nothing in passage or discourse, but what
We may with gladness, and our honesties, hear;
And that shall seal our welcome.
Vand. Good: Let's drink then.—
Madge, fill out!—I keep mine old pearl still,
Marg. I hang fast, man. [captain.
Hemp. Old jewels commend their keeper, sir.
Vand. Here's to you with a heart, my captain's friend,
With a good heart! and if this make us speak
Bold words anon, 'tis all under the rose,
Forgotten: Drown all memory, when we drink!
Hub. 'Tis freely spoken, noble Burgomaster;
I'll do you right.
Hemp. Nay, sir, Minheer Vandunke
Is a true statesman.
Vand. Fill my captain's cup there!—
Oh, that your master Wolfort had been an honest
Hub. Sir! [man!
Vand. Under the rose.
Hemp. Here's to you, Marget.
Marg. Welcome, welcome, captain.
Vand. Well said, my pearl, still.
Hemp. And how does my niece?
Almost a woman, I think? This friend of mine
I drew along with me, through so much hazard,
Only to see her: She was my errand.
Vand. Ay, a kind uncle you are—(fill him his glass)—
That in seven years could not find leisure——
Hemp. No,
It's not so much.
Vand. I'll bate you ne'er an hour on't:
It was before the Brabander 'gan his war,
For moon-shine i' the water there, his daughter
That ne'er was lost: Yet you could not find time
To see a kinswoman: But she is worth the seeing, sir,
Now you are come. You ask if she were a woman?
She is a woman, sir,—(fetch her forth, Margee!)—
And a fine woman, and has suitors. [*Exit* MARG.
Hemp. How?
What suitors are they?
Vand. Bachelors; young burghers:
And one, a gallant; the young prince of mer-
We call him here in Bruges. [chants
Hemp. How? a merchant?
I thought, Vandunke, you had understood me better,
And my niece too, so trusted to you by me,
Than to admit of such in name of suitors.
Vand. Such? He is such a such, as, were she mine,
I'd give him thirty thousand crowns with her.
Hemp. But the same things, sir, fit not you and me. [*Exit.*
Vand. Why, give's some wine, then; this will fit us all. [*Drinks.*

Here's to you still, my captain's friend, all out!
And still, 'would Wolfort were an honest man!
Under the rose I speak it.—But this merchant
Is a brave boy: He lives so, i' the town here,
We know not what to think on him: At some times
We fear he will be bankrupt; he does stretch,
Tenter his credit so; embraces all;
And, to't, the winds have been contrary long.
But then, if he should have all his returns,
We think he would be a king, and are half sure
Your master is a traitor for all this, [on't.—
Under the rose—(here's to you!)—and usurps
The earldom from a better man.
Hub. Ay, marry, sir,
Where is that man?
Vand. Nay, soft! An I could tell you,
'Tis ten to one I would not. Here's my hand!
I love not Wolfort: Sit you still with that.—
Here comes my captain again, and his fine niece,
And there's my merchant; view him well.—Fill wine here!

Enter HEMPSKIRKE, GERTRUDE, *and* GOSWIN.

Hemp. You must not only know me for your
Now, but obey me: You, go cast yourself [uncle
Away, upon a dunghill here! a merchant!
A petty fellow! one that makes his trade
With oaths and perjuries!
Gos. What is that you say, sir?
If it be me you speak of, as your eye
Seems to direct, I wish you'd speak to me, sir.
Hemp. Sir, I do say, she is no merchandize;
Will that suffice you?
Gos. Merchandize, good sir,
Tho' you be kinsman to her, take no leave thence
To use me with contempt: I ever thought
Your niece above all price.
Hemp. And do so still, sir. [worth.
I assure you, her rate's at more than you are
Gos. You do not know what a gentleman's
Nor can you value him. [worth, sir,
Hub. Well said, merchant!
Vand. Nay,
Let him alone, and ply your matter.
Hemp. A gentleman?
What, of the wool-pack? or the sugar-chest?
Or lists of velvet? Which is't, pound, or yard,
You vent your gentry by?
Hub. Oh, Hempskirke, fie!
Vand. Come, do not mind 'em; drink!—He is
Captain, I advise you. [no Wolfort,
Hemp. Alas, my pretty man,
I think't be angry, by its look: Come hither,
Turn this way a little: If it were the blood
Of Charlemagne, as't may, for aught I know,
Be some good botcher's issue, here in Bruges——
Gos. How?
Hemp. Nay, I'm not certain of that; of this I am,
If it once buy and sell, its gentry's gone.
Gos. Ha, ha!
Hemp. You're angry, though you laugh.
Gos. No, now 'tis pity
Of your poor argument. Do not you, the lords
Of land, (if you be any,) sell the grass,
The corn, the straw, the milk, the cheese——
Vand. And butter:
Remember butter: do not leave out butter.
Gos. The beefs and muttons, that your grounds are stor'd with?
Swine, with the very mast, beside the woods?
Hemp. No, for those sordid uses we have tenants,
Or else our bailiffs.
Gos. Have not we, sir, chapmen,
And factors, then, to answer these? Your honour,
Fetch'd from the heralds' A B C, and said over
With your court faces, once an hour, shall never
Make me mistake myself. Do not your lawyers
Sell all their practice, as your priests their prayers?
What is not bought and sold? The company
That you had last, what had you for't, i'faith?
Hemp. You now grow saucy.
Gos. Sure, I have been bred
Still with my honest liberty, and must use it.
Hemp. Upon your equals then.
Gos. Sir, he that will
Provoke me first, doth make himself my equal.
Hemp. Do you hear? No more!
Gos. Yes, sir, this little, I pray you,
And it shall be aside; then, after, as you please!
You appear the uncle, sir, to her I love
More than mine eyes; and I have heard your scorns
With so much scoffing, and so much shame,
As each strive which is greater: But, believe me,
I suck'd not in this patience with my milk.
Do not presume, because you see me young;
Or cast despites on my profession,
For the civility and tameness of it.
A good man bears a contumely worse
Than he would do an injury. Proceed not
To my offence: Wrong is not still successful;
Indeed it is not. I would approach your kinswoman
With all respect done to yourself and her.
[*Takes hold of* GERTRUDE'S *hand.*
Hemp. Away, companion! handling her? take that. [*Strikes him.*
Gos. Nay, I do love no blows, sir: There's exchange!

[*He gets* HEMPSKIRKE'S *sword, and cuts him on the head.*

Hub. Hold, sir!
Marg. Oh, murder!
Gert. Help my Goswin.
Marg. Man!
Vand. Let 'em alone. My life for one!
Gos. Nay, come,
If you have will.
Hub. None to offend you I, sir.
Gos. He that had, thank himself! Not hand her? Yes, sir,
And clasp her, and embrace her; and (would she
Now go with me) bear her thro' all her race,
Her father, brethren, and her uncles, arm'd,
And all their nephews, though they stood a wood
Of pikes, and wall of cannon!—Kiss me, Gertrude!
Quake not, but kiss me!
Vand. Kiss him, girl; I bid you.—
My merchant-royal! Fear no uncles! Hang 'em,
Hang up all uncles! Are we not in Bruges,
Under the rose, here?
Gos. In this circle, love,
Thou art as safe as in a tower of brass.
Let such as do wrong, fear.
Vand. Ay, that is good;
Let Wolfort look to that.
Gos. Sir, here she stands,
Your niece, and my belov'd. One of these titles
She must apply to: If unto the last,
Not all the anger can be sent unto her,

In frown, or voice, or other art, shall force her,
Had Hercules a hand in't!—Come, my joy,
Say thou art mine aloud, love, and profess it.
Vand. Do; and I drink to it.
Gos. Pr'ythee say so, love.
Gert. 'Twould take away the honour from my blushes:—
(Do not you play the tyrant, sweet!)—they speak it.
Hemp. I thank you, niece.
Gos. Sir, thank her for your life;
And fetch your sword within.
Hemp. You insult too much
With your good fortune, sir.
[*Exeunt* Gos. *and* Gert.
Hub. A brave clear spirit!—
Hempskirke, you were to blame: A civil habit
Oft covers a good man; and you may meet,
In person of a merchant, with a soul
As resolute and free, and all ways worthy,
As else in any file of mankind. Pray you,
What meant you so to slight him?
Hemp. 'Tis done now;
Ask no more of it; I must suffer. [*Exit.*
Hub. This
Is still the punishment of rashness—sorrow.
Well, I must to the woods, for nothing here
Will be got out. There I may chance to learn
Somewhat to help my inquiries further.
Vand. Ha!
A looking-glass!
Hub. How now, brave Burgomaster?
Vand. I love no Wolforts, and my name's Vandunke.
Hub. Van-drunk it's rather. Come, go sleep within.
Vand. Earl Florez is right heir; and this same
Under the rose I speak it—— [Wolfort,—
Hub. Very hardly.
Vand. Usurps; and a rank traitor, as e'er breath'd,
And all that do uphold him. Let me go;
No man shall hold me [up], that upholds him.
Do you uphold him?
Hub. No.
Vand. Then hold me up. [*Exeunt.*

Re-enter Goswin *and* Hempskirke.

Hemp. Sir, I presume you have a sword of your own,
That can so handle another's.
Gos. 'Faith, you may, sir.
Hemp. And you've made me have so much better thoughts of you,
As I am bound to call you forth.
Gos. For what, sir?
Hemp. To the repairing of mine honour, and hurt here.
Gos. Express your way.
Hemp. By fight, and speedily.
Gos. You have your will. Require you any more?
Hemp. That you be secret, and come single.
Gos. I will.
Hemp. As you're the gentleman you would be thought!
Gos. Without the conjuration: And I'll bring
Only my sword, which I will fit to yours.
I'll take its length within.
Hemp. Your place now, sir?
Gos. By the sand-hills.
Hemp. Sir, nearer to the woods,
If you thought so, were fitter.
Gos. There, then.
Hemp. Good.
Your time?
Gos. 'Twixt seven and eight.
Hemp. You'll give me, sir,
Cause to report you worthy of my niece,
If you come, like your promise.
Gos. If I do not,
Let no man think to call me unworthy first!
I'll do't myself, and justly wish to want her.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*A Village near* Bruges.

Enter three or four Boors.

1 *Boor.* Come, English beer, hostess, English beer by th' barrel!
2 *Boor.* Stark beer, boy, stout and strong beer! So, sit down, lads,
And drink me upsey-Dutch! Frolic, and fear not.

Enter Higgen, *like a sow-gelder, singing.*

Hig. Have ye any work for the sow-gelder, hoa?
My horn goes to high, to low, to high, to low!
Have ye any pigs, calves, or colts,
Have ye any lambs in your holts,
To cut for the stone?
Here comes a cunning one.
Have ye any braches to spade,
Or e'er a fair maid
That would be a nun?
Come, kiss me, 'tis done.
Hark, how my merry horn doth blow,
To high, to low, to high, to low!

1 *Boor.* Oh, excellent! Two-pence a-piece, boys, two-pence a-piece!
Give the boy some drink there! Piper, whet your whistle!
Canst tell me a way now, how to cut off my wife's concupiscence?
Hig. I'll sing you a song for't.

SONG.

Take her, and hug her,
And turn her, and tug her,
And turn her again, boy, again;
Then if she mumble,
Or if her tail tumble,
Kiss her amain, boy, amain!

Do thy endeavour
To take off her fever,
Then her disease no longer will reign.
If nothing will serve her,
Then thus to preserve her,
Swinge her amain, boy, amain!

Give her cold jelly,
To take up her belly,
And once a day swinge her again.
If she stand all these pains,
Then knock out her brains,
Her disease no longer will reign.

1 *Boor*. More excellent, more excellent, sweet sow-gelder!
2 *Boor*. Three-pence a-piece, three-pence a-piece!
Hig. Will you hear a song how the devil was gelded?
3 *Boor*. Ay, ay; let's hear the devil roar, sow-gelder.

SONG.—By HIGGEN.

He ran at me first in the shape of a ram,
And over and over the sow-gelder came;
I rose and I halter'd him fast by the horn,
I pluck'd out his stones, as you'd pick out a corn.
Baa! quoth the devil, and forth he slunk,
And left us a carcass of mutton that stunk.

The next time, I rode a good mile and a half,
Where I heard he did live in disguise of a calf;
I bound and I gelt him, ere he did any evil;
He was here at his best but a sucking devil.
Maa! yet he cry'd, and forth he did steal,
And this was sold after for excellent veal.

Some half a year after, in the form of a pig,
I met with the rogue, and he look'd very big;
I catch'd at his leg, laid him down on a log,
Ere a man could fart twice, I had made him a hog.
Owgh! quoth the devil, and forth gave a jerk,
That a Jew was converted, and eat of the perk.

Enter PRIGG *and* FERRET, *disguised as a juggler and a piper.*

Prigg. Will ye see any feats of activity,
Some slight of hand, leger-de-main? Hey pass,
Presto, be gone there?
2 *Boor*. Sit down, juggler.
Prigg. Sirrah, play you your art well. Draw near, piper!
Look you, my honest friends, you see my hands;
Plain-dealing is no devil. Lend me some money;
Twelve pence a-piece will serve.
1, 2 *Boor*. There, there!
Prigg. I thank ye,
Thank ye heartily! When shall I pay ye?
All the Boors. Ha, ha, ha! by th' mass, this was a fine trick.
Prigg. A merry slight toy. But now I'll shew
A trick indeed. [your worships
Hig. Mark him well now, my masters.
Prigg. Here are three balls; these balls shall be three bullets,
One, two, and three: *Ascentibus, malentibus*.
Presto, be gone! They are vanish'd. Fair play, gentlemen!
Now, these three, like three bullets, from your three noses
Will I pluck presently. Fear not; no harm, boys.
Titire, tu patulæ.
[*Pulls the* Boors' *noses, while* FERRET *picks their pockets.*
1 *Boor*. Oh, oh, oh!
Prigg. *Recubans sub jermine fagi*.
2 *Boor*. You pull too hard; you pull too hard!
Prigg. Stand fair then.
Silver-tram, trim-tram.
3 *Boor*. Hold, hold, hold!
Prigg. Come aloft, bullets three, with a whim-
Have ye their monies? [wham!—
[*Apart to* HIGGEN *and* FERRET.
Hig. Yes, yes.
1 *Boor*. Oh, rare juggler!
2 *Boor*. Oh, admirable juggler!
Prigg. One trick more yet.
Hey, come aloft! *Sa, sa, flim, flum, taradumbis!*
East, west, north, south, now fly like Jack with a *bumbis!*
Now all your money's gone: Pray search your
1 *Boor*. Humph! [pockets.
2 *Boor*. He!
3 *Boor*. The devil a penny's here!
Prigg. This was a rare trick.
1 *Boor*. But 'twould be a far rarer to restore it.
Prigg. I'll do ye that too. Look upon me earnestly,
And move not any ways your eyes from this place,
This button here. Pow, whir, whiss! Shake your pockets.
1 *Boor*. By th' mass, 'tis here again, boys.
Prigg. Rest ye merry!
My first trick has paid me.
All the Boors. Ay, take it, take it,
And take some drink too.
Prigg. Not a drop now, I thank you.—
Away, we are discover'd else.
[*Exeunt* HIG., PR., *and* FER.

Enter CLAUSE, *like a blind aquavitæ-man, and a* Boy, *who sings this song.*

Bring out your cony-skins, fair maids, to me,
And hold 'em fair, that I may see;
Grey, black, and blue: For your smaller skins,
I'll give ye looking-glasses, pins:
And for your whole cony, here's ready, ready money.
Come, gentle Joan, do thou begin
With thy black, black, black cony-skin;
And Mary then, and Jane will follow
With their silver-hair'd skins, and their yellow.
The white cony-skin I will not lay by,
For, though it be faint, 'tis fair to the eye;
The grey, it is warm, but yet for my money,
Give me the bonny, bonny black cony.
Come away, fair maids, your skins will decay:
Come and take money, maids; put your ware away.
Cony-skins! cony-skins! Have ye any cony-skins?
I have fine bracelets, and fine silver pins.

Clause. Buy any brand-wine, buy any brand-
Boy. Have ye any cony-skins? [wine?
2 *Boor*. My fine canary bird, there's a cake for thy worship.
1 *Boor*. Come, fill, fill, fill, fill, suddenly! Let's
What's this? [see, sir,
Clause. A penny, sir.
1 *Boor*. Fill till't be sixpence,
And there's my *pig*.
Boy. This is a counter, sir.
1 *Boor*. A counter! Stay ye; what are these then?
Oh, execrable juggler! Oh, damn'd juggler!
Look in your hose, hoa! this comes of looking forward.
3 *Boor*. Devil a Dunkirk! What a rogue's this juggler!
This hey pass, repass! he has repass'd us sweetly.
2 *Boor*. Do ye call these tricks?

Enter HIGGEN, *disguised as a buyer of old gold and silver lace.*

Hig. Have ye any ends of gold or silver?
2 *Boor*. This fellow comes to mock us. Gold or silver? cry copper!
1 *Boor*. Yes, my good friend,
We have e'en an end of all we have.
Hig. 'Tis well, sir;
You have the less to care for. Gold and silver!
[*Exit.*

Enter PRIGG, *disguised as an old clothesman.*

Prigg. Have ye any old cloaks to sell, have ye any old cloaks to sell? [*Exit.*
1 *Boor.* Cloaks! Look about ye, boys; mine's gone!
2 *Boor.* A pox juggle 'em! Pox on their prestoes! Mine's gone too!
3 *Boor.* Here's mine yet.
1 *Boor.* Come, come, let's drink then. More brand-wine!
Boy. Here, sir.
1 *Boor.* If e'er I catch your sow-gelder, by this hand I'll strip him.
Were ever fools so ferkt? We have two cloaks yet,
And all our caps; the devil take the flincher.
All the Boors. Yaw, yaw, yaw, yaw!

Enter HEMPSKIRKE.

Hemp. Good den, my honest fellows!
You're merry here, I see.
3 *Boor.* 'Tis all we have left, sir.
Hemp. What hast thou? Aquavitæ?
Boy. Yes.
Hemp. Fill out then;
And give these honest fellows round.
All the Boors. We thank ye.
Hemp. May I speak a word in private to ye?
All the Boors. Yes, sir.
Hemp. I have a business for you, honest friends,
If you dare lend your help, shall get you crowns.
Clause. Ha!
Lead me a little nearer, boy.
1 *Boor.* What is't, sir?
If it be any thing to purchase money,
(Which is our want) command us.
All the Boors. All, all, all, sir.
Hemp. You know the young spruce merchant in Bruges?
2 *Boor.* Who? Master Goswin?
Hemp. That; he owes me money,
And here in town there is no stirring of him.
Clause. Say you so? [*Aside.*
Hemp. This day, upon a sure appointment,
He meets me a mile hence, by the chase-side,
Under the row of oaks; do you know it?
All the Boors. Yes, sir.
Hemp. Give 'em more drink!—There, if you dare but venture,
When I shall give the word, to seize upon him,
Here's twenty pound.
3 *Boor.* Beware the juggler!
Hemp. If he resist, down with him, have no mercy.
1 *Boor.* I warrant you, we'll hamper him.
Hemp. To discharge you,
I have a warrant here about me.
3 *Boor.* Here's our warrant;
This carries fire i' th' tail. [*Shewing his cudgel.*
Hemp. Away with me then; the time draws on.—
I must remove so insolent a suitor,
And, if he be so rich, make him pay ransom
Ere he see Bruges tow'rs again. Thus wise men
Repair the hurts they take by a disgrace,
And piece the lion's skin with the fox's case.
Clause. I'm glad I've heard this sport yet. [*Aside.*
Hemp. There's for thy drink. Come, pay the house within, boys,
And lose no time.
Clause. Away, with all our haste too. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*A Forest near Bruges.*

Enter GOSWIN.

Gos. No wind blow fair yet? No return of monies,
Letters, nor any thing to hold my hopes up?
Why, then, 'tis destin'd, that I fall, fall miserably,
My credit I was built on, sinking with me!
Thou boist'rous North wind, blowing my misfortunes,
And frosting all my hopes to cakes of coldness,
Yet stay thy fury! Give the gentle South
Yet leave to court those sails that bring me safety!
And you, auspicious fires, bright twins in Heav'n,
Dance on the shrouds! He blows still stubbornly,
And on his boist'rous rack rides my sad ruin.
There is no help, there can be now no comfort;
To-morrow, with the sun-set, sets my credit.
Oh, misery! thou curse of man, thou plague,
I' th' midst of all our strength, thou strikest us!
My virtuous love is lost too: All, what I have been,
No more hereafter to be seen than shadow!
To prison now! Well, yet there's this hope left me;
I may sink fairly under this day's venture,
And so to-morrow's cross'd, and all those curses.
Yet manly I'll invite my fate: Base Fortune
Shall never say, she 'as cut my throat in fear.
This is the place his challenge call'd me to,
And was a happy one at this time for me;
For let me fall before my foe i' th' field,
And not at bar, before my creditors?

Enter HEMPSKIRKE.

He has kept his word. Now, sir, your sword's tongue only,
Loud as you dare; all other language——
Hemp. Well, sir,
You shall not be long troubled. Draw!
Gos. 'Tis done, sir;
And now, have at you!
Hemp. Now!

Enter BOORS.

Gos. Betray'd to villains! Slaves, ye shall buy me bravely!
And thou, base coward—— [*Fight.*

Enter CLAUSE *and* Beggars.

Clause. Now upon 'em bravely!
Conjure 'em soundly, boys! [*Beating them.*
Boors. Hold, hold!
Clause. Lay on, still!
Down with that gentleman-rogue, swinge him to syrup!—
Retire, sir, and take breath.—Follow, and take him;
Take all; 'tis lawful prize.
Boors. We yield.
Clause. Down with 'em
Into the wood, and rifle 'em, tew 'em, swinge 'em!
Knock me their brains into their breeches!
Boors. Hold, hold! [*Exeunt all but* GOSWIN.
Gos. What these men are I know not; nor for what cause
They should thus thrust themselves into my danger,
Can I imagine—but, sure, Heaven's hand was in't!—
Nor why this coward knave should deal so basely,
To eat me up with slaves. But, Heav'n, I thank thee!
I hope thou hast reserv'd me to an end
Fit for thy creature, and worthy of thine honour.

'Would all my other dangers here had suffer'd!
With what a joyful heart should I go home then?
Where now, Heav'n knows, like him that waits his sentence,
Or hears his passing-bell—but there's my hope still.

Enter CLAUSE.

Clause. Blessing upon you, master!
Gos. Thank you. Leave me;
For, by my troth, I've nothing now to give thee.
Clause. Indeed, I do not ask, sir; only it grieves me
To see you look so sad. Now, goodness keep you
From troubles in your mind!
Gos. If I were troubled,
What could thy comfort do? Pr'ythee, Clause, leave me.
Clause. Good master, be not angry; for what I say
Is out of true love to you.
Gos. I know thou lov'st me.
Clause. Good master, blame that love then, if I prove so saucy
To ask you why you're sad.
Gos. Most true, I am so;
And such a sadness I have got will sink me.
Clause. Heav'n shield it, sir!
Gos. Faith, thou must lose thy master.
Clause. I had rather lose my neck, sir. 'Would I knew——
Gos. What would the knowledge do thee good (so miserable,
Thou canst not help thyself) when all my ways,
Nor all the friends I have——
Clause. You do not know, sir,
What I can do: Cures, sometimes, for men's cares,
Flow where they least expect 'em.
Gos. I know thou wouldst do;
But farewell, Clause, and pray for thy poor master.
Clause. I will not leave you.
Gos. How?
Clause. I dare not leave you, sir, I must not leave you,
And, 'till you beat me dead, I will not leave you.
By what you hold most precious, by Heav'n's goodness,
As your fair youth may prosper, good sir, tell me!
My mind believes yet something's in my pow'r
May ease you of this trouble.
Gos. I will tell thee.
For a hundred thousand crowns, upon my credit,
Ta'en up of merchants to supply my traffics,
The winds and weather envying of my fortune,
And no return to help me off yet shewing,
To-morrow, Clause, to-morrow, which must come,
In prison thou shalt find me, poor and broken.
Clause. I cannot blame your grief, sir.
Gos. Now, what say'st thou?
Clause. I say, you should not shrink; for he that gave you,
Can give you more; his pow'r can bring you off, sir;
When friends and all forsake you, yet he sees you.
Gos. There's all my hope.
Clause. Hope still, sir. Are you tied
Within the compass of a day, good master,
To pay this mass of money?
Gos. Ev'n to-morrow.
But why do I stand mocking of my misery?
Is't not enough the floods and friends forget me?
Clause. Will no less serve?
Gos. What if it would?
Clause. Your patience!
I do not ask to mock you. 'Tis a great sum,
A sum for mighty men to start and stick at;
But not for honest. Have you no friends left you,
None that have felt your bounty, worth this duty?
Gos. Duty? Thou know'st it not.
Clause. It is a duty,
And as a duty, from those men have felt you,
Should be return'd again. I have gain'd by you;
A daily alms these seven years you have shower'd on me:
Will half supply your want?
Gos. Why dost thou fool me?
Canst thou work miracles?
Clause. To save my master,
I can work this.
Gos. Thou wilt make me angry with thee.
Clause. For doing good?
Gos. What pow'r hast thou?
Clause. Inquire not,
So I can do it, to preserve my master.
Nay, if it be three parts——
Gos. Oh, that I had it!
But, good Clause, talk no more; I feel thy charity,
As thou hast felt mine: But, alas——
Clause. Distrust not;
'Tis that that quenches you: Pull up your spirit,
Your good, your honest, and your noble spirit;
For if the fortunes of ten thousand people
Can save you, rest assur'd! You have forgot, sir,
The good you did, which was the pow'r you gave me:
You shall now know the king of beggars' treasure;
And let the winds blow as they list, the seas roar,
Yet here to-morrow you shall find your harbour.
Here fail me not, for, if I live, I'll fit you.
Gos. How fain I would believe thee!
Clause. If I lie, master,
Believe no man hereafter.
Gos. I will try thee;
But he knows, that knows all——
Clause. Know me to-morrow,
And if I know not how to cure you, kill me.
So, pass in peace, my best, my worthiest master!
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*Another Part of the Same.*

Enter HUBERT, *like a Huntsman.*

Hub. Thus have I stol'n away disguis'd from Hempskirke,
To try these people: for my heart yet tells me
Some of these beggars are the men I look for.
Appearing like myself, they have no reason,
(Tho' my intent is fair, my main end honest)
But to avoid me narrowly. That face too,
That woman's face, how near it is! Oh, may it
But prove the same, and, Fortune, how I'll bless thee!
Thus, sure, they cannot know me, or suspect me,
If to my habit I but change my nature,
As I must do. This is the wood they live in;
A place fit for concealment; where, till fortune
Crown me with that I seek, I'll live amongst 'em.
[*Exit.*

Enter HIGGEN, PRIGG, FERRET, GINKS, *and the rest, with the* BOORS.

Hig. Come, bring 'em out, for here we sit in justice.
Give to each one a cudgel, a good cudgel:
And now attend your sentence!—That ye are rogues,

And mischievous base rascals,—(there's the point
I take it, is confess'd. [now)—
Prigg. Deny it if ye dare, knaves!
Boors. We are rogues, sir.
Hig. To amplify the matter then; rogues ye
And *lamb'd* ye shall be ere we leave ye. [are,
Boors. Yes, sir.
Hig. And, to the open handling of our justice,
Why did ye this upon the proper person
Of our good master? Were ye drunk when ye did
Boors. Yes, indeed, were we. [it?
Prigg. Ye shall be beaten sober.
Hig. Was it for want ye undertook it?
Boors. Yes, sir.
Hig. Ye shall be swing'd abundantly.
Prigg. And yet, for all that,
Ye shall be poor rogues still.
Hig. Has not the gentleman,—
(Pray mark this point, brother Prigg)—that noble gentleman,
Reliev'd ye often, found ye means to live by,
By employing some at sea, some here, some there,
According to your callings?
Boors. 'Tis most true, sir.
Hig. Is not the man an honest man?
Boors. Yes, truly.
Hig. A liberal gentleman? And, as ye are true rascals,
Tell me but this,—have ye not been drunk, and
At his charge? [often,
Boors. Often, often.
Hig. There's the point, then!
They've cast themselves, brother Prigg.
Prigg. A shrewd point, brother.
Hig. Brother, proceed you now; the cause is
I'm somewhat weary. [open;
Prigg. Can ye do these things,
Ye most abominable stinking rascals,
Ye turnip-eating rogues?
Boors. We're truly sorry.
Prigg. Knock at your hard hearts, rogues, and
Give us a sign you feel compunction: [presently
Every man up with's cudgel, and on his neighbour
Bestow such alms, 'till we shall say sufficient,
(For there your sentence lies) without partiality,
Either of head, or hide, rogues, without sparing,
Or we shall take the pains to beat you dead else.
You shall know your doom.
Hig. One, two, and three, about it!
[*Boors beat one another.*
Prigg. That fellow in the blue has true compunction;
He beats his fellow bravely. Oh, well struck, boys!

Enter CLAUSE.

Hig. Up with that blue breech! Now plays he the devil!
So, get ye home, drink small beer, and be honest.
Call in the gentleman.
Clause. Do, bring him presently;
His cause I'll hear myself.
Higg. Prigg. With all due reverence,
We do resign, sir.

Enter HEMPSKIRKE.

Clause. Now, huffing sir, what's your name?
Hemp. What's that to you, sir?
Clause. It shall be, ere we part.
Hemp. My name is Hempskirke.
I follow the earl, which you shall feel.
Clause. No threat'ning,
For we shall cool you, sir. Why didst thou basely
Attempt the murder of the merchant Goswin?
Hemp. What pow'r hast thou to ask me?
Clause. I will know it,
Or flay thee till thy pain discover it.
Hemp. He did me wrong, base wrong.
Clause. That cannot save you.
Who sent you hither? and what further villainies
Have you in hand?
Hemp. Why wouldst thou know? What profit,
If I had any private way, could rise
Out of my knowledge, to do thee commodity?
Be sorry for what thou'st done, and make amends,
I'll talk no further to thee, nor these rascals. [fool!
Clause. Tie him to that tree.
[*They tie him to a tree.*
Hemp. I have told you whom I follow.
Clause. The devil you should do, by your villainies.—
Now he that has the best way, wring it from him.
Hig. I undertake it: Turn him to the sun, boys;
Give me a fine sharp rush.—Will you confess yet?
Hemp. You have robb'd me already; now you'll murder me.
Hig. Murder your nose a little. Does your head
To it again; 'twill do you good. [purge, sir?
Hemp. Oh,
I cannot tell you any thing.
Clause. Proceed then! [*To* HIGGEN, *&c.*
Hig. There's maggots in your nose; I'll fetch
Hemp. Oh, my head breaks! ['em out, sir.
Hig. The best thing for the rheum, sir,
That falls into your worship's eyes.
Hemp. Hold, hold!
Clause. Speak then.
Hemp. I know not what.
Hig. It lies in's brain yet;
In lumps it lies: I'll fetch it out the finest!
What pretty faces the fool makes! Heigh!
Hemp. Hold,
Hold, and I'll tell ye all. Look in my doublet,
And there, within the lining, in a paper,
You shall find all.
Clause. Go, fetch that paper hither,
And let him loose for this time.
[*They untie him.—Exit* FERRET.

Enter HUBERT.

Hub. Good even, my honest friends!
Clause. Good even, good fellow!
Hub. May a poor huntsman, with a merry heart,
A voice shall make the forest ring about him,
Get leave to live amongst ye? True as steel, boys!
That knows all chases, and can watch all hours,
And with my quarter-staff, tho' the devil bid stand,
Deal such an alms, shall make him roar again;
Prick ye the fearful hare through cross-ways, sheep-walks,
And force the crafty Reynard climb the quick-sets;
Rouse ye the lofty stag, and with my bell-horn
Ring him a knell, that all the woods shall mourn him,
'Till, in his funeral tears, he fall before me?
The pole-cat, martern, and the rich-skin'd lucern,
I know to chase; the roe, the wind out-stripping;
Isgrim himself, in all his bloody anger,
I can beat from the bay; and the wild Sounder
Single, and with my arm'd staff turn the boar,
'Spite of his foamy tushes, and thus strike him,
'Till he fall down my feast.
Clause. A goodly fellow.
Hub. What mak'st thou here, ha? [*Aside.*

Clause. We accept thy fellowship.
Hub. Hempskirke, thou art not right, I fear;
I fear thee. [*Aside.*

Re-enter FERRET, *with a letter.*

Fer. Here is the paper; and as he said we found it.
Clause. Give me it; I shall make a shift yet, old as I am,
To find your knavery. You are sent here, sirrah,
To discover certain gentlemen, a spy-knave,
And if ye find 'em, if not by persuasion
To bring 'em back, by poison to dispatch 'em.
Hub. By poison? ha? [*Aside.*
Clause. Here is another, Hubert;
What is that Hubert, sir?
Hemp. You may perceive there.
Clause. I may perceive a villainy, and a rank
Was he joined partner of thy knavery? [one.
Hemp. No;
He had an honest end, (would I had had so!)
Which makes him 'scape such cut-throats.
Clause. So it seems;
For here thou art commanded, when that Hubert
Has done his best and worthiest service this way,
To cut his throat; for here he's set down dangerous.
Hub. This is most impious. [*Aside.*
Clause. I am glad we've found you.
Is not this true?
Hemp. Yes; what are you the better?
Clause. You shall perceive, sir, ere you get your freedom.—
Take him aside; and, friend, we take thee to us,
Into our company. Thou dar'st be true unto us?
Hig. Ay, and obedient too?
Hub. As you had bred me.
Clause. Then, take our hand; thou'rt now a
Welcome him all! [servant to us.
Hig. Stand off, stand off! I'll do it.—
We bid you welcome three ways; first, for your person,
Which is a promising person; next, for your
Which a is decent, and a gentle quality; [quality,
Last, for the frequent means you have to feed us:
You can steal, 'tis to be presum'd?
Hub. Yes, venison,
Or, if I want——
Hig. 'Tis well; you understand right,
And shall learn daily. You can drink too?
Hub. Soundly.
Hig. And you dare know a woman from a
Hub. Yes, if I handle her. [weather-cock?
Clause. Now swear him.
Hig. I crown thy *nab* with a *gage* of *benebowse*,
And *stall* thee by the *salmon* into the *clowes*:
To *maund* on the *pad*, and *strike all the cheats*;
To *mill* from the *ruffmans commission* and *slates*;
Twang dells in the *strommel*; and let the *queere-cuffin*,
And *harmanbecks trine*, and *trine* to the *ruffin!*
Clause. Now interpret this unto him.
Hig. I pour on thy pate a pot of good ale,
And by the rogues' oath a rogue thee instal:
To beg on the way, to rob all thou meets;
To steal from the hedge both the shirt and the sheets;
And lie with thy wench in the straw till she twang;
Let the constable, justice, and devil go hang!
You're welcome, brother!
All. Welcome, welcome, welcome!
But who shall have the keeping of this fellow?
Hub. Thank ye, friends!
And I beseech ye, if ye dare but trust me,
(For I have kept wild dogs and beasts for wonder,
And made 'em tame too) give into my custody
This roaring rascal: I shall hamper him,
With all his knacks and knaveries, and, I fear me,
Discover yet a further villainy in him.
Oh, he smells rank o' th' rascal!
Clause. Take him to thee;
But, if he 'scape——
Hub. Let me be ev'n hang'd for him.—
Come, sir, I'll tie you to my leash.
Hemp. Away, rascal!
Hub. Be not so stubborn: I shall swinge you
An you play tricks with me. [soundly,
Clause. So, now come in;
But ever have an eye, sir, to your prisoner.
Hub. He must blind both mine eyes, if he get from me.
Clause. Go, get some victuals and some drink, some good drink;
For this day we'll keep holy to good fortune.
Come, and be frolic with us!
Hig. You are a stranger, brother, I pray lead;
You must, you must, brother. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—BRUGES.—*A Room in the House of* VANDUNKE.

Enter GOSWIN *and* GERTRUDE.

Gert. Indeed you're welcome: I have heard your 'scape,
And therefore give her leave, that only loves you,
Truly and dearly loves you, give her joy leave
To bid you welcome. What is't makes you sad, man?
Why do you look so wild? Is't I offend you?
Beshrew my heart, not willingly.
Gos. No, Gertrude.
Gert. Is't the delay of that you long have look'd for,—
A happy marriage? Now I come to urge it;
Now when you please to finish it.
Gos. No news yet?
Gert. Do you hear, sir?
Gos. Yes.
Gert. Do you love me?
Gos. Have I liv'd
In all the happiness fortune could seat me,
In all men's fair opinions——
Gert. I have provided
A priest, that's ready for us.
Gos. And can the devil,
In one ten days, that devil Chance, devour me?
Gert. We'll fly to what place you please.
Gos. No star prosperous?
All at a swoop?
Gert. You do not love me, Goswin;
You will not look upon me!
Gos. Can men's prayers,
Shot up to Heav'n with such a zeal as mine are,
Fall back like lazy mists, and never prosper?
Gyves I must wear, and cold must be my comfort;
Darkness, and want of meat! Alas, she weeps too,
Which is the top of all my sorrows.—Gertrude!
Gert. No, no, you will not know me; my poor
Which has been worth your eyes—— [beauty

Gos. The time grows on still;
And, like a tumbling wave, I see my ruin
Come rolling over me.
Gert. Yet will you know me?
Gos. For a hundred thousand crowns!
Gert. Yet will you love me?
Tell me but how I have deserv'd your slighting?
Gos. For a hundred thousand crowns——
Gert. Farewell, dissembler!
Gos. Of which I have scarce ten! Oh, how it starts me!
Gert. And may the next you love, hearing my ruin——
Gos. I had forgot myself. Oh, my best Gertrude,
Crown of my joys and comforts!
Gert. Sweet, what ails you?
I thought you had been vex'd with me.
Gos. My mind, wench,
My mind, o'erflow'd with sorrow, sunk my memory.
Gert. Am I not worthy of the knowledge of it?
And cannot I as well affect your sorrows
As your delights? You love no other woman?
Gos. No, I protest.
Gert. You have no ships lost lately?
Gos. None that I know of.
Gert. I hope you have spilt no blood, whose
May lay this on your conscience. [innocence
Gos. Clear, by Heav'n.
Gert. Why should you be thus, then?
Gos. Good Gertrude, ask not;
Ev'n by the love you bear me!
Gert. I am obedient.
Gos. Go in, my fair; I will not be long from
Nor long, I fear, with thee! At my return, [you—
Dispose me as you please.
Gert. The good gods guide you! [*Exit.*
Gos. Now for myself, which is the least I hope for,
And, when that fails, for man's worst fortune, pity! [*Exit.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*The same.—The Exchange.*

Enter Goswin *and four* Merchants.

Gos. Why, gentlemen, 'tis but a week more; I entreat you
But seven short days; I am not running from ye;
Nor, if you give me patience, is it possible
All my adventures fail. You have ships abroad,
Endure the beating both of wind and weather:
I'm sure 'twould vex your hearts, to be protested;
Ye're all fair merchants.
1 *Mer.* Yes, and must have fair play;
There is no living here else: One hour's failing
Fails us of all our friends, of all our credits.
For my part, I would stay, but my wants tell me,
I must wrong others in't.
Gos. No mercy in ye?
2 *Mer.* 'Tis foolish to depend on others' mercy!
Keep yourself right, and even cut your cloth, sir,
According to your calling. You have liv'd here
In lord-like prodigality, high, and open,
And now you find what 'tis: The liberal spending
The summer of your youth, which you should glean in,
And, like the labouring ant, make use and gain of,
Has brought this bitter stormy winter on you,
And now you cry.
3 *Mer.* Alas, before your poverty,
We were no men, of no mark, no endeavour:
You stood alone, took up all trade, all business
Running through your hands, scarce a sail at sea
But loaden with your goods: We, poor weak pedlars,
When by your leave, and much entreaty to it,
We could have stowage for a little cloth,
Or a few wines, put off, and thank'd your worship.
Lord, how the world's chang'd with you! Now I hope, sir,
We shall have sea-room.
Gos. Is my misery
Become my scorn too? Have ye no humanity?
No part of men left? Are all the bounties in me
To you, and to the town, turn'd my reproaches?
4 *Mer.* Well, get your monies ready: 'Tis but two hours;
We shall protest you else, and suddenly.
Gos. But two days!
1 *Mer.* Not an hour. You know the hazard. [*Exeunt.*
Gos. How soon my light's put out! Hard-hearted Bruges!
Within thy walls may never honest merchant
Venture his fortunes more! Oh, my poor wench too!

Enter Clause.

Clause. Good fortune, master!
Gos. Thou mistak'st me, Clause;
I am not worth thy blessing.
Clause. Still a sad man?

Enter Higgen *and* Prigg, *like porters, bringing in bags of money.*

No belief, gentle master? Come, bring it in then;
And now, believe your beadsman.
Gos. Is this certain?
Or dost thou work upon my troubled sense?
Clause. 'Tis gold, sir;
Take it, and try it.
Gos. Certainly, 'tis treasure.
Can there be yet this blessing?
Clause. Cease your wonder!
You shall not sink for ne'er a sous'd flap-dragon,
For ne'er a pickled pilcher of 'em all, sir.
'Tis there; your full sum, a hundred thousand crowns:
And, good sweet master, now be merry. Pay 'em,
Pay the poor pelting knaves, that know no good-
And cheer your heart up handsomely. [ness;
Gos. Good Clause,
How cam'st thou by this mighty sum? If naughtily,
I must not take it of thee; 'twill undo me.
Clause. Fear not; you have it by as honest means
As though your father gave it. Sir, you know not
To what a mass the little we get daily,
Mounts in seven years. We beg it for Heav'n's charity,
And to the same good we are bound to render it.

Gos. What great security?
Clause. Away with that, sir!
Were not you more than all the men in Bruges,
And all the money in my thoughts——
Gos. But, good Clause,
I may die presently.
Clause. Then, this dies with you;
Pay when you can, good master; I'll no parch-
Only this charity I shall entreat you, [ments:
Leave me this ring.
Gos. Alas, it is too poor, Clause.
Clause. 'Tis all I ask; and this withal, that when
I shall deliver this back, you shall grant me
Freely one poor petition.
Gos. There; I confirm it; [*Gives the ring.*
And may my faith forsake me when I shun it!
Clause. Away; your time draws on. Take up
And follow this young gentleman. [the money,
Gos. Farewell, Clause,
And may thy honest memory live ever!
Clause. Heav'n bless you, and still keep you!
Farewell, master! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*The Forest near Bruges.*

Enter HUBERT.

Hub. I have lock'd my youth up close enough for gadding,
In an old tree, and set watch over him.

Enter JACULIN.

Now for my love, for sure this wench must be she;
She follows me.—Come hither, pretty Minche!
Jac. No, no, you'll kiss.
Hub. So I will.
Jac. I'deed la?
How will you kiss me, pray you? [*Kisses her.*
Hub. Thus—Soft as my love's lips!
Jac. Oh!
Hub. What's your father's name?
Jac. He's gone to heav'n.
Hub. Is it not Gerrard, sweet?
Jac. I'll stay no longer;
My mother's an old woman, and my brother
Was drown'd at sea, with catching cockles.—Oh, love!
Oh, how my heart melts in me! How thou fir'st me!
Hub. 'Tis certain she.—Pray let me see your
Jac. No, no, you'll bite it. [hand, sweet.
Hub. Sure I should know that gymmal!
Jac. 'Tis certain he: I had forgot my ring too.
Oh, Hubert, Hubert!
Hub. Ha! methought she nam'd me.—
Do you know me, chick?
Jac. No, indeed; I never saw you;
But, methinks, you kiss finely.
Hub. Kiss again then!—
By Heav'n, tis she.
Jac. Oh, what a joy he brings me!
Hub. You are not Minche.
Jac. Yes, pretty gentleman;
And I must be married to-morrow to a capper.
Hub. Must you, my sweet? and does the capper love you?
Jac. Yes, yes; he'll give me pie, and look in mine eyes thus.——
'Tis he; 'tis my dear love! Oh, blest fortune! [*Aside.*
Hub. How fain she would conceal herself, yet shews it!—
Will you love me, and leave that man? I'll serve—
Jac. Oh, I shall lose myself! [*Aside.*
Hub. I'll wait upon you,
And make you dainty nosegays.
Jac. And where will you stick 'em?
Hub. Here in thy bosom, sweet; and make a
For your fair head. [crown of lilies
Jac. And will you love me, 'deed la?
Hub. With all my heart.
Jac. Call me to-morrow then,
And we'll have brave cheer, and go to church to-
'Give you good ev'n, sir! [gether.
Hub. But one word, fair Minche!
Jac. I must be gone a-milking.
Hub. You shall presently.
Did you ne'er hear of a young maid called Jaculin?
Jac. I am discovered!—Hark in your ear; I'll tell you.
You must not know me; kiss, and be constant ever. [*Exit.*
Hub. Heav'n curse me else! 'Tis she; and now I'm certain
They are all here. Now for my other project! [*Exit.*

SCENE III.—BRUGES.—*The Exchange.*

Enter GOSWIN, *four* Merchants, HIGGEN, *and* PRIGG.

1 *Mer.* Nay, if 'twould do you courtesy—
Gos. None at all, sir:
Take it, 'tis yours; there's your ten thousand for
Give in my bills.—Your sixteen. [you;
3 *Mer.* Pray be pleased, sir,
To make a further use.
Gos. No.
3 *Mer.* What I have, sir,
You may command. Pray let me be your servant.
Gos. Put your hats on: I care not for your courtesies;
They're most untimely done, and no truth in 'em.
2 *Mer.* I have a freight of pepper——
Gos. Rot your pepper!
Shall I trust you again? There's your seven thousand.
4 *Mer.* Or if you want fine sugar, 'tis but sending.
Gos. No, I can send to Barbary; those people,
That never yet knew faith, have nobler freedoms.
These carry to Vanlock, and take my bills in;
To Peter Zuten these; bring back my jewels.—
Why are these pieces? [*Guns fired.*

Enter Sailor.

Sail. Health to the noble merchant!
The Susan is return'd.
Gos. Well?
Sail. Well, and rich, sir;
And now put in.
Gos. Heav'n, thou hast heard my prayers!
Sail. The brave Rebecca too, bound from the
With the next tide, is ready to put after. [Straits,
Gos. What news o' th' Fly-boat?
Sail. If this wind hold till midnight,
She will be here, and wealthy: she 'scaped fairly.
Gos. How, pr'ythee, sailor?
Sail. Thus, sir: She had fight,
Seven hours together, with six Turkish galleys,
And she fought bravely, but at length was boarded,

And overlaid with strength; when presently
Comes boring up the wind Captain Vannoke,
That valiant gentleman you redeem'd from prison:
He knew the boat, set in, and fought it bravely;
Beat all the galleys off, sunk three, redeem'd her,
And as a service to you sent her home, sir.
Gos. An honest noble captain, and a thankful!
There's for thy news: Go, drink the merchant's health, sailor.
Sail. I thank your bounty, and I'll do it to a doit, sir. [*Exit* Sailor.
1 *Mer.* What miracles are pour'd upon this fellow!
Gos. This year, I hope, my friends, I shall 'scape
For all your cares to catch me. [prison,
2 *Mer.* You may please, sir,
To think of your poor servants in displeasure,
Whose all they have, goods, monies, are at your
Gos. I thank you; [service.
When I have need of you I shall forget you!
You're paid, I hope?
All. We joy in your good fortunes.

Enter VANDUNKE.

Vand. Come, sir, come, take your ease; you must go home with me;
Yonder's one weeps and howls.
Gos. Alas, how does she?
Vand. She will be better soon, I hope.
Gos. Why soon, sir?
Vand. Why, when you have her in your arms:
She is thy wife. [This night, my boy,
Gos. With all my heart I take her.
Vand. We have prepared; all thy friends will be there,
And all my rooms shall smoke to see the revel.
Thou hast been wrong'd, and no more shall my service.
Wait on the knave her uncle. I have heard all,
All his baits for my boy; but thou shalt have her.—
Hast thou dispatch'd thy business?
Gos. Most.
Vand. By the mass, boy,
Thou tumblest now in wealth, and I joy in it;
Thou'rt the best boy that Bruges ever nourish'd.
Thou hast been sad; I'll cheer thee up with sack,
And, when thou art lusty, I'll fling thee to thy
She'll hug thee, sirrah. [mistress;
Gos. I long to see it.— [*To* HIGGEN *and* PRIGG.
I had forgot you: There's for you, my friends;
You had but heavy burdens. Commend my love,
My best love, all the love I have,
To honest Clause; shortly I'll thank him better.
[*Exit.*
Hig. By th' mass, a royal merchant! Gold by
Here will be sport soon, Prigg. [th' handful!
Prigg. It partly seems so;
And here will I be in a trice.
Hig. And I, boy.
Away apace; we are look'd for.
Prigg. Oh, these bak'd meats!
Methinks I smell them hither.
Hig. Thy mouth waters. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*The Forest.*

Enter HUBERT *and* HEMPSKIRKE.

Hub. I must not.
Hemp. Why? 'Tis in thy power to do it,
And in mine to reward thee to thy wishes.
Hub. I dare not, nor I will not.
Hemp. Gentle huntsman,
Tho' thou hast kept me hard; tho' in thy duty,
Which is requir'd to do it, thou hast us'd me
I can forgive thee freely. [stubbornly,
Hub. You the earl's servant?
Hemp. I swear, I'm near as his own thoughts
Able to do thee—— [to him;
Hub. Come, come, leave your prating.
Hemp. If thou dar'st but try——
Hub. I thank you heartily; you will be
The first man that will hang me; a sweet recom-
I could do't (but I do not say I will) [pence!
To any honest fellow that would think on't,
And be a benefactor.
Hemp. If it be not recompens'd, and to thy own desires;
If, within these ten days, I do not make thee——
Hub. What? a false knave?
Hemp. Pr'ythee, pr'ythee, conceive me rightly; any thing
Of profit or of place that may advance thee——
Hub. Why, what a goosecap wouldst thou make me? Don't I know
That men in misery will promise any thing,
More than their lives can reach at!
Hemp. Believe me, huntsman,
There shall not one short syllable that comes from
Without its full performance. [me pass
Hub. Say you so, sir?
Have you e'er a good place for my quality?
Hemp. A thousand; chases, forests, parks; I'll
Chief ranger over all the games. [make thee
Hub. When?
Hemp. Presently.
Hub. This may provoke me: And yet, to prove a knave too——
Hemp. 'Tis to prove honest; 'tis to do good service,
Service for him thou'rt sworn to, for thy prince:
Then, for thyself that good.——What fool would live here,
Poor, and in misery, subject to all dangers
Law and lewd people can inflict, when bravely,
And to himself, he may be law and credit?
Hub. Shall I believe thee?
Hemp. As that thou hold'st most holy.
Hub. You may play tricks.
Hemp. Then let me never live more.
Hub. Then you shall see, sir, I will do a service
That shall deserve indeed.
Hemp. 'Tis well said, huntsman,
And thou shalt be well thought of.
Hub. I will do it:
'Tis not your letting free, for that's mere nothing,
But such a service, if the earl be noble,
He shall for ever love me.
Hemp. What is't, huntsman?
Hub. Do you know any of these people live here?
Hemp. No.
Hub. You're a fool then: Here be those, to have 'em,
(I know the earl so well) would make him caper.
Hemp. Any of the old lords that rebell'd?
Hub. Peace; all:
I know 'em ev'ry one, and can betray 'em.
Hemp. But wilt thou do this service?
Hub. If you'll keep
Your faith, and free word to me.
Hemp. Wilt thou swear me?

Hub. No, no, I will believe you. More than
Here's the right heir. [that too,
Hemp. Oh, honest, honest huntsman!
Hub. Now, how to get these gallants, there's the matter.
You will be constant? 'tis no work for me else.
Hemp. Will the sun shine again?
Hub. The way to get 'em!
Hemp. Propound it, and it shall be done.
Hub. No sleight,
(For they are devilish crafty, it concerns 'em)
Nor reconcilement, (for they dare not trust neither)
Must do this trick.
Hemp. By force?
Hub. Ay, that must do it;
And with the person of the earl himself:
Authority, (and mighty,) must come on 'em,
Or else in vain: And thus I'd have you do it.
To-morrow night be here; a hundred men will bear 'em,
So he be there, for he's both wise and valiant,
And with his terror will strike dead their forces.
The hour be twelve o'clock. Now, for a guide,
To draw ye without danger on those persons,
The woods being thick, and hard to hit, myself,
With some few with me, made unto our purpose,
Beyond the wood, upon the plain, will wait ye
By the great oak.
Hemp. I know it. Keep thy faith, huntsman,
And such a shower of wealth——
Hub. I warrant ye:
Miss nothing that I tell you.
Hemp. No.
Hub. Farewell.
You have your liberty; now use it wisely,
And keep your hour. Go close about the wood
For fear they spy you. [there,
Hemp. Well.
Hub. And bring no noise with you.
Hemp. All shall be done to th' purpose. Farewell, huntsman. [*Exeunt.*

Enter CLAUSE, HIGGEN, PRIGG, GINKS, SNAP, *and* FERRET.

Clause. Now, what's the news in town?
Ginks. No news, but joy, sir;
Every man wooing of the noble merchant,
Who has his hearty commendations to you.
Fer. Yes, this is news; this night he's to be married.
Ginks. By th' mass, that's true; he marries Van-
The dainty black-ey'd belle. [dunke's daughter,
Hig. I would my clapper
Hung in his baldrick! Ah, what a peal could I
Clause. Married! [ring!
Ginks. 'Tis very true, sir. Oh, the pies,
The piping hot mince-pies!
Prigg. Oh, the plum-pottage!
Hig. For one leg of a goose now would I venture a limb, boys:
I love a fat goose, as I love allegiance;
And, pox upon the boors, too well they know it,
And therefore starve their poultry.
Clause. To be married
To Vandunke's daughter?
Hig. Oh, this precious merchant!
What sport he'll have! But, hark you, brother Prigg,
Shall we do nothing in the foresaid wedding?
There's money to be got, and meat, I take it;
What think you of a morris?
Prigg. No, by no means,
That goes no further than the street, there leaves us;
Now we must think of something that may draw us
Into the bowels of it, into th' buttery,
Into the kitchen, into the cellar; something
That that old drunken burgomaster loves:
What think you of a wassel?
Hig. I think worthily.
Prigg. And very fit it should be: thou, and Ferret,
And Ginks, to sing the song; I for the structure,
Which is the bowl.
Hig. Which must be upsey-English,
Strong lusty London beer. Let's think more of it.
Clause. He must not marry. [*Aside.*

Enter HUBERT.

Hub. By your leave, in private, [me:
One word, sir, with you. Gerrard! Do not start
I know you, and he knows you, that best loves you:
Hubert speaks to you, and you must be Gerrard;
The time invites you to it.
Clause. Make no show then.
I am glad to see you, sir; and I am Gerrard.
How stand affairs?
Hub. Fair, if you dare now follow.
Hempskirke I have let go, and these my causes
I'll tell you privately, and how I've wrought him:
And then, to prove me honest to my friends,
Look upon these directions; you have seen his.
[*Walk aside.*
Hig. Then will I speak a speech, and a brave speech,
In praise of merchants.—Where's the ape?
Prigg. Pox take him,
A gouty bear-ward stole him t'other day!
Hig. May his bears worry him! That ape had paid it.
What dainty tricks,—(pox o' that whoreson bear-ward!)—
In his French doublet, with his bastard bullions;
In a long stock tied up! Oh, how daintily
Would I have made him wait, and change a trencher,
Carry a cup of wine! Ten thousand stinks
Wait on thy mangy hide, thou lousy bear-ward!
Clause. 'Tis passing well; I both believe and joy in't,
And will be ready. Keep you here the meanwhile,
And keep this in. I must a while forsake you.—
Upon mine anger, no man stir this two hours.
Hig. Not to the wedding, sir?
Clause. Not any whither.
Hig. The wedding must be seen, sir: we want
We're horrible out of meat. [meat too;
Prigg. Shall it be spoken,
Fat capons shak'd their tails at us in defiance?
And turkey-tombs, such honourable monuments?
Shall pigs, sir, that the parson's self would envy,
And dainty ducks——
Clause. Not a word more; obey me!
[*Exit* CLAUSE
Hig. Why then, come, doleful death! This i
And, by this hand—— [flat tyranny
Hub. What?
Hig. I'll go sleep upon't. [*Exit* HIG
Prigg. Nay, an there be a wedding, and w wanting,
Farewell, our happy days!—We do obey, sir.
[*Exeun*

SCENE V.—*A Room in the House of* VANDUNKE.

Enter two young Merchants.

1 *Mer.* Well met, sir; you are for this lusty wedding?
2 *Mer.* I am so; so are you, I take it.
1 *Mer.* Yes;
And it much glads me, that to do him service,
Who is the honour of our trade, and lustre,
We meet thus happily.
2 *Mer.* He's a noble fellow,
And well becomes a bride of such a beauty.
1 *Mer.* She's passing fair indeed. Long may their loves
Continue like their youths, in spring of sweetness!
All the young merchants will be here, no doubt on't;
For he that comes not to attend this wedding,
The curse of a most blind one fall upon him,
A loud wife, and a lazy!—Here's Vanlock.

Enter VANLOCK *and* FRANCES.

Vanl. Well overtaken, gentlemen: Save you!
1 *Mer.* The same to you, sir. Save you, fair mistress Frances!
I would this happy night might make you blush too.
Vanl. She dreams apace.
Fran. That's but a drowsy fortune.
2 *Mer.* Nay, take us with ye too; we come to
I'm sure ye are for the wedding. [that end:
Vanl. Hand and heart, man;
And what their feet can do, I could have tript it
Before this whoreson gout.

Enter CLAUSE.

Clause. Bless ye, masters!
Vanl. Clause! how now, Clause? thou art come to see thy master
(And a good master he is to all poor people)
In all his joy; 'tis honestly done of thee.
Clause. Long may he live, sir! but my business now is
If you would please to do it, and to him too—

Enter GOSWIN.

Vanl. He's here himself.
Gos. Stand at the door, my friends?
I pray walk in. Welcome, fair mistress Frances!
See what the house affords; there's a young lady
Will bid you welcome.
Vanl. We joy your happiness!
[*Exeunt all but* CLAUSE *and* GOSWIN.
Gos. I hope it will be so.—Clause, nobly welcome!
My honest, my best friend, I have been careful
To see thy monies——
Clause. Sir, that brought not me;
Do you know this ring again?
Gos. Thou hadst it of me.
Clause. And do you well remember yet the boon
Upon return of this? [you gave me,
Gos. Yes, and I grant it,
Be't what it will: Ask what thou canst, I'll do it,
Within my power.
Clause. You are not married yet?
Gos. No.
Clause. 'Faith, I shall ask you that, that will disturb you;
But I must put you to your promise.
Gos. Do;
And if I faint and flinch in't——
Clause. Well said, master!
And yet it grieves me too: And yet it must be.
Gos. Pr'ythee, distrust me not.
Clause. You must not marry!
That's part o' th' power you gave me; which, to make up,
You must presently depart, and follow me.
Gos. Not marry, Clause?
Clause. Not, if you keep your promise,
And give me power to ask.
Gos. Pr'ythee, think better:
I will obey, by Heaven.
Clause. I've thought the best, sir.
Gos. Give me thy reason; dost thou fear her honesty?
Clause. Chaste as the ice, for any thing I know, sir.
Gos. Why, should'st thou light on that then? to what purpose?
Clause. I must not now discover.
Gos. Must not marry?
Shall I break now, when my poor heart is pawn'd?
When all the preparation——
Clause. Now, or never.
Gos. Come, 'tis not that thou wouldst; thou dost but fright me.
Clause. Upon my soul it is, sir; and I bind you.
Gos. Clause, canst thou be so cruel?
Clause. You may break, sir;
But never more in my thoughts appear honest.
Gos. Didst ever see her?
Clause. No.
Gos. She's such a thing,—
Oh, Clause, she's such a wonder! Such a mirror,
For beauty and fair virtue, Europe has not!
Why hast thou made me happy to undo me?
But look upon her; then if thy heart relent not,
I'll quit her presently.—Who waits there?
Serv. [*Within.*] Sir!
Gos. Bid my fair love come hither, and the company.—
Pr'ythee, be good unto me; take a man's heart,
And look upon her truly; take a friend's heart,
And feel what misery must follow this!
Clause. Take you a noble heart, and keep your promise:
I forsook all I had to make you happy.
Can that thing, call'd a woman, stop your goodness?

Enter GERTRUDE, VANDUNKE, *and the* Merchants.

Gos. Look, there she is; deal with me as thou
Didst ever see a fairer? [wilt now;
Clause. She's most goodly.
Gos. Pray you stand still.
Gert. What ails my love?
Gos. Didst thou ever,
By the fair light of Heaven, behold a sweeter?
Oh, that thou knew'st but love, or ever felt him!
Look well, look narrowly upon her beauties.
1 *Mer.* Sure he has some strange design in hand, he starts so.
2 *Mer.* This beggar has a strong power o'er his pleasure.
Gos. View all her body.
Clause. 'Tis exact and excellent.
Gos. Is she a thing, then, to be lost thus lightly?
Her mind is ten times sweeter, ten times nobler;
And but to hear her speak, a paradise;
And such a love she bears to me, a chaste love,
A virtuous, fair, and fruitful love! 'Tis now too
I'm ready to enjoy it; the priest ready, Clause,

To say the holy words shall make us happy.
This is a cruelty beyond man's study!
All these are ready, all our joys are ready,
And all the expectation of our friends:
'Twill be her death to do it.
Clause. Let her die then!
Gos. Thou canst not; 'tis impossible!
Clause. It must be.
Gos. 'Twill kill me too; 'twill murder me! By Heaven, Clause,
I'll give thee half I have! Come, thou shalt save me!
Clause. Then you must go with me—(I can stay no longer)—
If you be true and noble. [*Exit.*
Gos. Hard heart, I'll follow!
Pray ye all go in again, and pray be merry:
I have a weighty business—(give my cloak there)—

Enter Servant, *with a cloak.*

Concerns my life and state—(make no inquiry)—
This present hour befall'n me: With the soonest
I shall be here again. Nay, pray go in, sir,
And take them with you; 'tis but a night lost, gentlemen.
Vand. Come, come in; we'll not lose our meat yet,
Nor our good mirth; he cannot stay long from her,
I'm sure of that. [*Exit with* Merchants, *&c.*
Gos. I will not stay, believe, sir.—
Gertrude, a word with you.
Gert. Why is this stop, sir?
Gos. I have no more time left me, but to kiss thee,
And tell thee this, I'm ever thine! Farewell, wench! [*Exit.*
Gert. And is that all your ceremony? Is this a wedding?
Are all my hopes and prayers turn'd to nothing?
Well, I will say no more, nor sigh, nor sorrow,—
(Oh me!)—'till to thy face I prove thee false.
[*Exit.*

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*Night.—The Forest.*

Enter Gertrude, *masked, and a* Boor, *with a torch.*

Gert. Lead, if thou think'st we're right. Why dost thou make
These often stands? Thou saidst thou knew'st the way.
Boor. Fear nothing; I do know it. 'Would 'twere homeward!
Gert. Wrought from me by a beggar? at the time
That most should tie him? 'Tis some other love,
That hath a more command on his affections,
And he that fetch'd him a disguised agent,
Not what he personated; for his fashion
Was more familiar with him, and more powerful,
Than one that ask'd an alms: I must find out
One, if not both. Kind darkness, be my shroud,
And cover love's too-curious search in me;
For yet, Suspicion, I would not name thee!
Boor. Mistress, it grows somewhat pretty and [dark.
Gert. What then?
Boor. Nay, nothing. Do not think I am afraid,
Although perhaps you are.
Gert. I am not. Forward!
Boor. Sure, but you are. Give me your hand; fear nothing.
There's one leg in the wood; do not pull back-
What a sweat one on's are in; you or I! [ward!
Pray God it do not prove the plague; yet sure
It has infected me; for I sweat too;
It runs out at my knees: Feel, feel, I pray you.
Gert. What ails the fellow?
Boor. Hark, hark, I beseech you:
Do you hear nothing?
Gert. No.
Boor. List! a wild hog;
He grunts! now 'tis a bear; this wood is full of
And now a wolf, mistress; a wolf, a wolf! ['em!
It is the howling of a wolf.
Gert. The braying of an ass, is it not?
Boor. Oh, now one has me!
Oh, my left ham? Farewell!
Gert. Look to your shanks,
Your breech is safe enough; the wolf's a fern-brake.
Boor. But see, see, see; there is a serpent in
'T has eyes as broad as platters; it spits fire! [it!
Now it creeps tow'rds us; help me to say my prayers!
'T hath swallow'd me almost; my breath is stopt;
I cannot speak! Do I speak, mistress? tell me.
Gert. Why, thou strange timorous sot, canst thou perceive
Any thing i' the bush but a poor glow-worm?
Boor. It may be 'tis but a glow-worm now; but
Grow to a fire-drake presently. ['twill
Gert. Come thou from it!
I have a precious guide of you, and a courteous,
That gives me leave to lead myself the way thus.
Within. Holla!
Boor. It thunders! you hear that now?
Gert. I hear one holla.
Boor. 'Tis thunder, thunder! See, a flash of lightning! [off;
Are you not blasted, mistress? Pull your mask
'T has play'd the barber with me here: I have lost
My beard, my beard! Pray God you be not shaven;
'Twill spoil your marriage, mistress.
Gert. What strange wonders
Fear fancies in a coward!
Boor. Now the earth opens!
Gert. Pr'ythee hold thy peace.
Boor. Will you on then?
Gert. Both love and jealousy have made me bold:
Where my fate leads me, I must go. [*Exit.*
Boor. God be with you then!

Enter Wolfort *and* Hempskirke, *with* Soldiers.

Hemp. It was the fellow sure, he that should
The huntsman, that did holla us. [guide me,
Wol. Best make a stand,
And listen to his next.—Ha!
Hemp. Who goes there?
Boor. Mistress, I am taken.

Hemp. Mistress? Look forth, soldiers!
Wol. What are you, sirrah?
Boor. Truly, all is left
Of a poor boor, by day-light; by night, nobody.
You might have spar'd your drum, and guns, and pikes too,
For I am none that will stand out, sir, I.
You may take me in with a walking-stick,
Ev'n when you please, and hold me with a pack-thread.
Hemp. What woman was't you call'd to?
Boor. Woman! None, sir.
Wol. None! did you not name mistress?
Boor. Yes, but she's
No woman yet: She should have been this night,
But that a beggar stole away her bridegroom,
Whom we were going to make hue and cry after.
I tell you true, sir; she should ha' been married to-day,
And was the bride and all; but in came Clause,
The old lame beggar, and whips up Master Goswin
Under his arm, away with him; as a kite,
Or an old fox, would swoop away a gosling.
Hemp. 'Tis she, 'tis she, 'tis she! Niece!

Re-enter GERTRUDE.

Gert. Ha!
Hemp. She, sir:
This was a noble entrance to your fortune,
That, being on the point thus to be married,
Upon her venture here, you should surprise her.
Wol. I begin, Hempskirke, to believe my fate
Works to my ends.
Hemp. Yes, sir; and this adds trust
Unto the fellow our guide, who assur'd me Florez
Liv'd in some merchant's shape, as Gerrard did
In the old beggar's, and that he would use
Him for the train to call the other forth;
All which we find is done.
Within. Holla!
Hemp. That's he again.
Wol. Good we sent out to meet him.
Hemp. Here's the oak.
Gert. Oh I am miserably lost, thus fall'n
Into my uncle's hands from all my hopes!
No matter now, whe'r thou be false or no,
Goswin; whether thou love another better,
Or me alone; or whe'r thou keep thy vow
And word, or that thou come or stay; for I
To thee from henceforth must be ever absent,
And thou to me. No more shall we come near
To tell ourselves how bright each others eyes were,
How soft our language, and how sweet our kisses,
Whilst we made one our food, th' other our feast;
Not mix our souls by sight, or by a letter,
Hereafter, but as small relation have,
As two new gone to inhabiting a grave—.
Can I not think away myself and die? [*Exeunt.*

Enter HUBERT, HIGGEN, PRIGG, FERRET, SNAP, *and* GINKS, *like* BOORS.

Hub. I like your habits well; they're safe; stand close.
Hig. But what's the action we are for now, ha?
Robbing a ripper of his fish!
Prigg. Or taking
A poulterer prisoner, without ransom, bullies?
Hig. Or cutting off a convoy of butter?
Fer. Or surprising a boor's *ken*, for *grunting-cheats*?
Prigg. Or *cackling-cheats*?
Hig. Or *Margery-praters, rogers*,
And *tibs o' th' buttery*?
Prigg. Oh, I could drive a regiment
Of geese afore me, such a night as this,
Ten leagues, with my hat and staff, and not a hiss
Heard, nor a wing of my troops disordered.
Hig. Tell us,
If it be *milling* of a *lag of duds*,
The fetching-off a buck of clothes, or so?
We are horribly out of linen.
Hub. No such matter.
Hig. Let me alone for any farmer's dog,
If you have a mind to the cheese-loft; 'tis but thus—
And he's a silenc'd mastiff, during pleasure.
Hub. 'Would it would please you to be silent.
Hig. Mum.

Re-enter WOLFORT, HEMPSKIRKE, GERTRUDE, BOOR, *&c.*

Wol. Who's there?
Hub. A friend; the huntsman.
Hemp. Oh, 'tis he.
Hub. I have kept touch, sir. Which is th' earl,
Will he know a man now? [of these?
Hemp. This, my lord, 's the friend
Hath undertook the service.
Hub. If it be worth
His lordship's thanks, anon, when it is done,
Lording, I'll look for't. A rude woodman!
I know how to pitch my toils, drive in my game;
And I have don't; both Florez and his father
Old Gerrard, with lord Arnold of Benthuisen,
Costin, and Jaculin, young Florez' sister:
I have 'em all.
Wol. Thou speak'st too much, too happy,
To carry faith with it.
Hub. I can bring you
Where you shall see, and find 'em.
Wol. We will double
Whatever Hempskirke then hath promis'd thee.
Hub. And I'll deserve it treble. What horse ha'
Wol. A hundred. [you?
Hub. That's well: Ready to take
Upon surprise of 'em?
Hemp. Yes.
Hub. Divide then
Your force into five squadrons; for there are
So many out-lets, ways thorough the wood,
That issue from the place where they are lodg'd:
Five several ways; of all which passages
We must possess ourselves, to round 'em in;
For by one starting-hole they'll all escape else.
I, and four boors here to me, will be guides:
The squadron where you are myself will lead;
And that they may be more secure, I'll use
My wonted whoops and hollas, as I were
A hunting for 'em; which will make them rest
Careless of any noise, and be a direction
To th' other guides how we approach 'em still.
Wol. 'Tis order'd well, and relisheth the soldier.
Make the division, Hempskirke.—You are my
Fair one; I'll look to you. [charge,
Boor. Shall nobody need
To look to me. I'll look unto myself.
[*Runs off.*
Hub. 'Tis but this, remember.
Hig. Say, 'tis done, boy! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*Another part of the Forest.*

Enter GERRARD, [CLAUSE,] *and* FLOREZ, [GOSWIN.]

Ger. By this time, sir, I hope you want no reasons
Why I broke off your marriage; for though I
Should as a subject study you my prince
In things indifferent, it will not therefore
Discredit you to acknowledge me your father,
By heark'ning to my necessary counsels.
Flo. Acknowledge you my father? Sir, I do; [*Kneels.*
And may impiety, conspiring with
My other sins, sink me, and suddenly,
When I forget to pay you a son's duty
In my obedience, and that help'd forth
With all the cheerfulness——
Ger. I pray you rise;
And may those powers that see and love this in you,
Reward you for it! Taught by your example,
Having receiv'd the rights due to a father,
I tender you th' allegiance of a subject;
Which as my prince accept of. [*Kneels.*
Flo. Kneel to me? [*Raises him.*
May mountains first fall down beneath their valleys,
And fire no more mount upwards, when I suffer
An act in nature so preposterous!
I must o'ercome in this; in all things else
The victory be yours. Could you here read me,
You should perceive how all my faculties
Triumph in my blest fate, to be found yours:
I am your son, your son, sir! And am prouder
To be so, to the father to such goodness,
(Which Heaven be pleased I may inherit from you!)
Than I shall ever of those specious titles
That plead for my succession in the earldom
(Did I possess it now) left by my mother.
Ger. I do believe it: But——
Flo. Oh, my lov'd father,
Before I knew you were so, by instinct,
Nature had taught me to look on your wants,
Not as a stranger's: And, I know not how,
What you call'd charity, I thought the payment
Of some religious debt Nature stood bound for:
And, last of all, when your magnificent bounty,
In my low ebb of fortune, had brought in
A flood of blessings, tho' my threat'ning wants,
And fear of their effects, still kept me stupid,
I soon found out it was no common pity
That led you to it.
Ger. Think of this hereafter,
When we with joy may call it to remembrance;
There will be a time, more opportune than now,
To end your story, with all circumstances.
I add this only; When we fled from Wolfort,
I sent you into England, and there plac'd you
With a brave Flanders merchant, call'd rich Goswin,
A man supplied by me unto that purpose,
As bound by oath ne'er to discover you;
Who, dying, left his name and wealth unto you,
As his reputed son, and yet receiv'd so.
But now, as Florez, and a prince, remember,
The country's, and the subject's general good,
Must challenge the first part in your affection;
The fair maid, whom you chose to be your wife,
Being so far beneath you, that your love
Must grant she's not your equal.
Flo. In descent,
Or borrow'd glories from dead ancestors:
But for her beauty, chastity, and all virtues
Ever remember'd in the best of women,
A monarch might receive from her, not give,
Tho' she were his crown's purchase: In this only
Be an indulgent father; in all else
Use your authority.

Enter HUBERT, HEMPSKIRKE, WOLFORT, GERTRUDE, *and* Soldiers.

Hub. Sir, here be two of 'em,
The father and the son; the rest you shall have
As fast as I can rouse them.
Ger. Who's this? Wolfort?
Wol. Ay, cripple; your feign'd crutches will not help you,
Nor patch'd disguise, that hath so long conceal'd you;
It's now no halting: I must here find Gerrard,
And in this merchant's habit one call'd Florez,
Who would be an earl.
Ger. And is, wert thou a subject.
Flo. Is this that traitor Wolfort?
Wol. Yes; but you
Are they that are betray'd. Hempskirke!
Gert. My Goswin
Turn'd prince? Oh, I am poorer by this greatness,
Than all my former jealousies or misfortunes.
Flo. Gertrude!
Wol. Stay, sir; you were to-day too near her:
You must no more aim at those easy accesses,
'Less you can do't in air, without a head;
Which shall be suddenly try'd.
Gert. Oh, take my heart first;
And, since I cannot hope now to enjoy him,
Let me but fall a part of his glad ransom.
Wol. You know not your own value that en- [treat——
Gert. So proud a fiend as Wolfort!
Wol. For so lost
A thing as Florez.
Flo. And that would be so,
Rather than she should stoop again to thee!
There is no death, but's sweeter than all life,
When Wolfort is to give it. Oh, my Gertrude,
It is not that, nor princedom, that I go from;
It is from thee! that loss includeth all.
Wol. Ay, if my young prince knew his loss, he'd say so;
Which, that he yet may chew on, I will tell him.
This is no Gertrude, nor no Hempskirke's niece,
Nor Vandunke's daughter: This is Bertha, Bertha!
The heir of Brabant, she that caus'd the war,
Whom I did steal, during my treaty there,
In your minority, to raise myself:
I then foreseeing 'twould beget a quarrel;
That, a necessity of my employment; [strength;
The same employment, make me master of
That strength, the lord of Flanders; so of Brabant,
By marrying her: Which had not been to do, sir,
She come of years, but that the expectation,
First, of her father's death, retarded it;
And since, the standing-out of Bruges; where
Hempskirke had hid her, till she was near lost.
But, sir, we have recover'd her: Your merchantship
May break; for this was one of your best bottoms,
I think.
Ger. Insolent devil!

Enter HUBERT, *with* JACULIN, GINKS, *and* COSTIN.

Wol. Who are these, Hempskirke?
Hemp. More, more, sir.
Flo. How they triumph in their treachery!
Hemp. Lord Arnold of Benthuisen, this lord Costin,
This Jaculin the sister unto Florez.
Wol. All found? Why, here's brave game; this was sport-royal,
And puts me in thought of a new kind of death for 'em.
Huntsman, your horn! First, wind me Florez' fall;
Next, Gerrard's; then, his daughter Jaculin's.
Those rascals, they shall die without their rights.
Hang 'em, Hempskirke, on these trees. I'll take
Th' assay of these myself.
Hub. Not here, my lord;
Let 'em be broken up upon a scaffold;
'Twill shew the better when their arbour's made.
Ger. Wretch, art thou not content thou hast betray'd us,
But mock'st us too?
Ginks. False Hubert, this is monstrous!
Wol. Hubert?
Hemp. Who? this?
Ger. Yes, this is Hubert, Wolfort;
I hope he has help'd himself to a tree.
Wol. The first,
The first of any, and most glad I have you, sir:
I let you go before, but for a train.
Is't you have done this service?
Hub. As your huntsman;
But now as Hubert (save yourselves) I will——
The Wolf's afoot! Let slip! kill! kill! kill! kill!

Enter, with a Drum, VANDUNKE, Merchants, HIGGEN, PRIGG, FERRET, *and* SNAP.

Wol. Betray'd?
Hub. No, but well catch'd; and I the huntsman.
Vand. How do you, Wolfort? Rascal! good knave Wolfort!
I speak it now without the rose! and Hempskirke,
Rogue Hempskirke! you that have no niece: this lady
Was stol'n by you, and ta'en by you, and now
Resign'd by me to the right owner here.
Take her, my prince!
Flo. Can this be possible?
Welcome, my love, my sweet, my worthy love!
Vand. I ha' giv'n you her twice; now keep her better: And thank
Lord Hubert, that came to me in Gerrard's name,
And got me out, with my brave boys to march
Like Cæsar, when he bred his Commentaries;
So I, to breed my chronicle, came forth
Cæsar Vandunke, *et veni, vidi, vici!*
Give me my bottle, and set down the drum.—
You had your tricks, sir, had you? we ha' tricks too!
You stole the lady!
Hig. And we led your squadrons,
Where they ha' scratch'd their legs a little, with brambles,
If not their faces.
Prigg. Yes, and run their heads
Against trees.
Hig. 'Tis captain Prigg, sir!
Prigg. And colonel Higgen!
Hig. We have fill'd a pit with your people, some with legs,
Some with arms broken, and a neck or two
I think be loose.
Prigg. The rest, too, that escap'd,
Are not yet out o' th' briars.
Hig. And your horses, sir,
Are well set up in Bruges all by this time.
You look as you were not well, sir, and would be
Shortly let blood: Do you want a scarf?
Van. A halter!
Ger. 'Twas like yourself, honest, and noble Hubert!—
Canst thou behold these mirrors altogether,
Of thy long, false, and bloody usurpation,
Thy tyrannous proscription, and fresh treason;
And not so see thyself, as to fall down,
And sinking force a grave, with thine own guilt,
As deep as hell, to cover thee and it?
Wol. No, I can stand, and praise the toils that took me;
And laughing in them die: They were brave snares!
Flo. 'Twere truer valour, if thou durst repent
The wrongs thou hast done, and live.
Wol. Who? I repent,
And say I'm sorry? Yes, 'tis the fool's language,
And not for Wolfort.
Vand. Wolfort, thou'rt a devil,
And speak'st his language. Oh, that I had my longing!
Under this row of trees now would I hang him.
Flo. No, let him live until he can repent;
But banish'd from our state; that is thy doom.
Vand. Then hang his worthy captain here, this Hempskirke.
For profit of th' example.
Flo. No; let him
Enjoy his shame too, with his conscious life;
To shew how much our innocence contemns
All practice, from the guiltiest, to molest us.
Vand. A noble prince!
Ger. Sir, you must help to join
A pair of hands, as they have done of hearts here,
And to their loves wish joy.
Flo. As to mine own.
My gracious sister! worthiest brother!
Vand. I'll go afore, and have the bonfire made,
My fireworks, and flap-dragons, and good back-rack;
With a peck of little fishes, to drink down
In healths to this day! [*Exit.*
Hig. 'Slight, here be changes;
The bells ha' not so many, nor a dance, Prigg.
Prigg. Our company's grown horrible thin by it.
What think you, Ferret?
Fer. Marry, I do think,
That we might all be lords now, if we could stand for't.
Hig. Not I, if they should offer it: I'll dislodge first,
Remove the Bush to another climate.
Ger. Sir, you must thank this worthy burgomaster.
Here be friends asked to be looked on too,
And thank'd; who, tho' their trade and course of life
Be not so perfect but it may be better'd,
Have yet us'd me with courtesy, and been true
Subjects unto me, while I was their king;
A place I know not well how to resign,
Nor unto whom. But this I will entreat
Your grace; command them follow me to Bruges;
Where I will take the care on me to find
Some manly, and more profitable course,
To fit them as a part of the republic.

Flo. Do you hear, sirs? Do so.
Hig. Thanks to your good grace!
Prigg. To your good lordship!
Fer. May you both live long!
Ger. Attend me at Vandunke's the Burgomaster's. [*Exeunt all but the* Beggars.
Hig. Yes, to beat hemp, and be whipp'd twice a week,
Or turn the wheel for Crab the rope-maker;
Or learn to go along with him his course
(That's a fine course now) i' th' commonwealth.—Prigg,
What say you to it?
Prigg. It is the backward'st course
I know i' th' world.
Hig. Then Higgen will scarce thrive by it,
You do conclude?
Prigg. 'Faith hardly, very hardly.
Higg. Troth, I am partly of your mind, Prince Prigg,
And therefore, farewell, Flanders! Higgen wi
Some safer shelter, in some other climate, [see
With this his tatter'd colony. Let me see;
Snap, Ferret, Prigg, and Higgen, all are left
Of the true blood: What, shall we into England
Prigg. Agreed.
Hig. Then bear up bravely with your Brute, m lads!
Higgen hath *prigg'd the prancers* in his days,
And sold good penny-worths: We will have
The spirit of Bottom is grown bottomless. [cours
Prigg. I'll *maund* no more, nor cant.
Hig. Yes, your sixpenny-worth
In private, brother: Sixpence is a sum
I'll steal you any man's dog for.
Prigg. For sixpence more
You'll tell the owner where he is.
Hig. 'Tis right:
Higgen must practise, so must Prigg to eat;
And write the letter, and gi' the word——

EPILOGUE.

——————But now
No more, as either of these——
Prigg. But as true beggars
As e'er we were——
Hig. We stand here for an epilogue.
Ladies, your bounties first! the rest will follow;
For women's favours are a leading alms:
If you be pleased, look cheerly, throw your eyes
Out at your masks.
Prigg. And let your beauties sparkle!
Hig. So may you ne'er want dressings, jewels,
Still in the fashion! [gowns,
Prigg. Nor the men you love,
Wealth nor discourse to please you!
Hig. May you, gentlemen,
Never want good fresh suits, nor liberty!
Prigg. May every merchant here see safe his ventures!
Hig. And every honest citizen his debts in!
Prigg. The lawyers gain good clients!
Hig. And the clients
Good counsel.
Prigg. All the gamesters here, good fortune!
Hig. The drunkards too, good wine!
Prigg. The eaters, meat
Fit for their tastes and palates!
Hig. The good wives
Kind husbands!
Prigg. The young maids choice of suitors!
Hig. The midwives merry hearts!
Prigg. And all good cheer!
Hig. As you are kind unto us and our Bush!
We are the Beggars, and your daily beadsmen,
And have your money; but the alms we ask,
And live by, is your grace: Give that, and then
We'll boldly say our word is, *come again!*

THE HUMOROUS LIEUTENANT.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

KING ANTIGONUS, *an old Man with young desires.*
DEMETRIUS, *Son to* ANTIGONUS, *in love with* CELIA.
SELEUCUS, LYSIMACHUS, PTOLEMY, } *Three Kings, equal sharers with* ANTIGONUS *of what* ALEXANDER THE GREAT *had, with united powers opposing* ANTIGONUS.
LEONTIUS, *a brave old merry Soldier, assistant to* DEMETRIUS.
TIMON, CHARINTHUS, MENIPPUS, } *Servants to* ANTIGONUS *and to his vices.*
THE HUMOROUS LIEUTENANT.
Gentlemen, *Friends and Followers of* DEMETRIUS.
Three Ambassadors *from the three Kings.*
Gentlemen Ushers.
Citizens.
Physicians.
Herald.
Magician.
Host.
Grooms.
Soldiers.

ENANTHE, *under the name of* CELIA, *Daughter to* SELEUCUS, *Mistress to* DEMETRIUS.
LEUCIPPE, *the Wife of* MENIPPUS, *a Bawd, Agent for the King's vices.*
Ladies.
Citizens' Wives.
Governess *to* CELIA.
A Country Woman.
PHŒBE, *her Daughter.*
Two Servants *of the game.*

SCENE,—GREECE.

PROLOGUE.

'WOULD some man would instruct me what to say;
For this same prologue, usual to a play,
Is tied to such an old form of petition,
Men must say nothing now beyond commission;
The cloaks we wear, the legs we make, the place
We stand in must be one; and one the face.
Nor alter'd, nor exceeded; if it be,
A general hiss hangs on our levity.
We have a play, a new play, to play now,
And thus low in our play's behalf we bow:
We bow to beg your suffrage and kind ear.
If it were naught, or that it might appear
A thing buoy'd up by prayer, gentlemen,
Believe my faith, you should not see me then.
Let them speak then, have power to stop a storm;
I never loved to feel a house so warm.
But for the play, if you dare credit me,
I think it well; all new things you shall see,
And those disposed to all the mirth that may;
And short enough we hope; and such a play
You were wont to like. Sit nobly, then, and see;
If it miscarry, pray look not for me!

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*The* CAPITAL.—*The Audience-Chamber in the Palace.*

Enter Two Ushers *and* Grooms *with perfumes.*

1 *Usher.* Round, round, perfume it round! quick! Look ye diligently
The state be right! Are these the richest cushions?
Fy, fy! who waits i' the wardrobe?
2 *Usher.* But, pray tell me,
Do you think for certain these ambassadors
Shall have this morning audience?
1 *Usher.* They shall have it!
Lord, that you live at court, and understand not!
I tell you they must have it.
2 *Usher.* Upon what necessity?
1 *Usher.* Still you are off the trick of court: Sell your place,
And sow your grounds; you are not for this tillage,
(Make all things perfect:) would you have these ladies,

Enter Ladies *and* Gentlemen.

They that come here to see the show, these beauties,
That have been labouring to set off their sweetness,
And wash'd and curl'd, perfum'd, and taken glis-
For fear a flaw of wind might overtake 'em, [*ters,*
Lose these, and all their expectations?
Madams, the best way is the upper lodgings;
There you may see at ease.
Ladies. We thank you, sir.
[*Exeunt* Ladies *and* Gentlemen.

1 *Usher*. Would you have all these slighted? Who should report then,
The ambassadors were handsome men? *His* beard
A neat one; the fire of *his* eyes quicker than lightning,
And, when it breaks, as blasting; *his* legs, tho' little ones,
Yet movers of a mass of understanding?
Who shall commend their clothes? who shall take notice
Of the most wise behaviour of their feathers?
You live a raw man here.
2 *Usher*. I think I do so.

Enter Two Citizens *and* Wives.

1 *Usher*. Why, whither would ye all press?
1 *Cit*. Good master Usher!
2 *Cit*. My wife, and some few of my honest [neighbours here——
1 *Usher*. Pr'ythee begone,
Thou and thy honest neighbours. Thou look'st like an ass.
Why, whither would you, fish-face?
2 *Cit*. If I might have
But the honour to see you at my poor house, sir,
A capon bridled and saddled I'll assure your worship,
A shoulder of mutton, and a pottle of wine, sir—
I knew your brother; he was as like you,
And shot the best at butts——
1 *Usher*. A pox upon thee!
2 *Cit*. Some music I'll assure you too; my toy, [sir,
Can play o' th' virginals.
1 *Usher*. Pr'ythee, good Toy,
Take away thy shoulder of mutton, it is fly-blown;
And, Shoulder, take thy flap along; here's no place for ye.—
Nay, then, you had best be knock'd! [*Kicks them out.*

Enter Celia.

Celia. I would fain see him!
The glory of this place makes me remember——
But die those thoughts, die all but my desires!
Even those to death are sick too. He's not here,
Nor how my eyes may guide me——
2 *Usher*. What's your business?—
Who keeps the outward door there? Here's fine [shuffling!
You waistcoateer! you must go back.
Celia. There is not
There cannot be,—(six days, and never see me!)—
There must not be desire.—Sir, do you think,
That if you had a mistress——
1 *Usher*. 'Death, she's mad!
Celia. And were yourself an honest man——It cannot——
1 *Usher*. What a devil hast thou to do with me or my honesty?
Cel. *I crave your mercy: I meant no such thing*
But if you were a gentleman. [*to you;*
2 Usher. *Alas, (poor woman!)*
Pray do not thrust her so.
Cel. *Nay, even continue,*
And do not let your office fall, sir, I beseech you,
For want of indiscretion and ill manners:
You would have made a notable sturdy beadle.
1 Usher. *She must go out.*
Cel. *I am out already, sir,*
Out of my wits, you say: pray heaven it prove not,
If this fell fit afflict me.
1 *Usher*. Will you be jogging, good Nimble-tongue?—My fellow door-keeper!
2 *Usher*. Prythee, let her alone.
1 *Usher*. The king is coming,
And shall we have an agent from the suburbs
Come to crave audience too?
Celia. Before, I thought you
To have a little breeding, some tang of gentry;
And did forgive that hereditary folly
Belongs to your place: but now I take you plainly,
Without the help of any perspective,
For that you cannot alter.
1 *Usher*. What is that?
Celia. An ass, sir! You bray as like one,
And, by my troth, methinks, as you stand now,
Considering who to kick next, you appear to me
Just with that kind of gravity and wisdom.
Your place may bear the name of gentleman,
But if ever any of that butter stick to your bread—
2 *Usher*. You must be modester.
Celia. Let him use me nobler,
And wear good clothes to do good offices;
They hang upon a fellow of his virtue,
As though they hung on gibbets.
2 *Usher*. A perilous wench!
1 *Usher*. Thrust her into a corner; I'll no more on her.
2 *Usher*. You have enough.—Go, pretty maid, stand close,
And use that little tongue with a little more temper.
Celia. I thank you, sir.
2 *Usher*. When the shows are past,
I'll have you into the cellar; there we'll dine,—
(A very pretty wench, a witty rogue!)—
And there we'll be as merry!—Can you be merry?
Celia. Oh, very merry.
2 *Usher*. Only ourselves,
This churlish fellow shall not know.
Celia. By no means.
2 *Usher*. And can you love a little?
Celia. Love exceedingly:
I have cause to love you, dear sir.
2 *Usher*. Then I'll carry you,
And shew you all the pictures, and the hangings,
The lodgings, gardens, and the walks: and then,
You shall tell me where you lie. [sweet,
Celia. Yes, marry, will I.
2 *Usher*. And't shall go hard but I'll send you a venison pasty,
And bring a bottle of wine along.
1 *Usher*. Make room there!
2 *Usher*. Room there afore!—Stand close; the train is coming.

Enter Antigonus, Timon, Charinthus, *and* Menippus.

Celia. Have I yet left a beauty to catch fools?—
Yet, yet I see him not. O what a misery
Is love, expected long, deluded longer!
Ant. Conduct in the ambassadors.
1 *Usher*. Make room there!
Ant. They shall not long wait answer. [*Flourish.*
Celia. Yet he comes not!

Enter Three Ambassadors.

Why are eyes set on these, and multitudes
Follow, to make these, wonders? Oh, good gods!
What would these look like, if my love were here?
But I am fond, forgetful!
Ant. Now your grievance;
Speak short, and have as short dispatch.
1 *Amb*. Then thus, sir:
In all our royal masters' names, we tell you,
You have done injustice, broke the bounds of concord;

And, from their equal shares, from Alexander
Parted, and so possess'd, not like a brother,
But as an open enemy, you have hedged in
Whole provinces; mann'd and maintain'd these injuries;
And duly with your sword, though they still honour you,
Make bloody roads, take towns, and ruin castles;
And still their sufferance feels the weight.

2 Amb. *We therefore,*
As yet the ministers of peace, of friendship,
As yet our masters' swords and angers sleeping,
All former injuries forgot and buried,
As yet to stop that swelling tide of blood,
(O mighty sir,) that when it comes like tempests
Broke from the raging north, beats all before 'em,
We yet crave restitution of those lands,
Those cities sack'd, those prisoners, and that prey
The soldiers, by your will, stand master of.
Think of that love, great sir, that honour'd friendship,
Yourself held with our masters; think of that strength,
When you were all one body, all one mind;
When all your swords struck one way; when your angers,
Like so many brother billows, rose together,
And, curling up your foaming crests, defied
Even mighty kings, and in their falls entomb'd 'em.
Oh, think of these! and you that have been conquerors,
That ever led your fortunes open-eyed,
Chain'd fast by confidence; you that Fame courted,
Now ye want enemies and men to match ye,
Let not your own swords seek your ends, to shame ye!

3 *Amb.* Chuse which you will, or peace or war;
(though rather
I could afford your age so much discretion
To leave off brawling now); the wars are doubtful,
And on our horsemen's staves death looks as grimly
As on your keen-edg'd swords; our darts sure pointed,
And from our sinewy bows we can raise showers
Of bloody shafts, shall hide the face of heaven,
And cast as deep eclipses o'er the day,
And terrible as yours: our strengths are equal;
Our hopes as high and wanton; even our men
The same in labours and in sufferance;
Hunger they dare contemn as well as yours,
And where they find no meat, feed on their angers;
March on the edge of danger; rest and sleep,
(The souls of soft and tender bodies,) they
Shake off as well as yours; and when tired nature
Locks up their spirits, yet, like storms far off,
Even in their rest, they raise a warlike murmur.
We come prepared for either.

Enter DEMETRIUS, *with a javelin, and* Gentlemen.

1 *Usher.* Room for the prince there!

Celia. Was it the prince they said? How my heart trembled!
'Tis he, indeed! What a sweet noble fierceness
Dwells in his eyes! Young Meleager-like,
When he return'd from the slaughter of the boar,
Crown'd with the loves and honours of the people,
With all the gallant youth of Greece, he looks now.
Who could deny him love?

Dem. Hail, royal father!

Ant. You're welcome from your sport, sir.—
D'ye see this gentleman,
You that bring thunders in your mouths, and earthquakes,
To shake and totter my designs? Can you imagine,
You men of poor and common apprehensions,
While I admit this man my son, this nature,
That in one look carries more fire, and fierceness,
Than all your masters in their lives; dare I admit him,
Admit him thus, even to my side, my bosom,
When he is fit to rule, when all men cry him,
And all hopes hang about his head; thus place him,
His weapon hatch'd in blood; all these attending
When he shall make their fortunes, all as sudden
In any expedition he shall point 'em,
As arrows from a Tartar's bow, and speeding;
Dare I do this, and fear an enemy?
Fear your great master? yours? or yours?

Dem. Oh, Hercules!
Who says you do, sir? Is there any thing
In these men's faces, or their masters' actions,
Able to work such wonders?

Celia. Now he speaks!
Oh, I could dwell upon that tongue for ever!

Dem. You call 'em kings: They never wore those royalties;
Nor in the progress of their lives arrived yet
At any thought of king: Imperial dignities,
And powerful godlike actions, fit for princes,
They can no more put on, and make 'em sit right,
Than I can with this mortal hand hold Heaven.
Poor petty men! Nor have I yet forgot,
The chiefest honours time and merit gave 'em:
Lysimachus, your master, at his best,
His highest, and his hopeful'st dignities,
Was but grand master of the elephants;
Seleucus of the treasure; and, for Ptolemy,
A thing not thought on then, scarce heard of yet,
Some master of ammunition: And must these men—

Celia. What a brave confidence flows from his spirit!
Oh, sweet young man!

Dem. Must these hold pace with us,
And on the same file hang their memories!
Must these examine what the wills of kings are?
Prescribe to their designs, and chain their actions
To their restraints? be friends and foes when they please?
Send out their thunders and their menaces,
As if the fate of mortal things were theirs?—
Go home, good men, and tell your masters from us,
We do 'em too much honour to force from 'em
Their barren countries, ruin their waste cities;
And tell 'em, out of love, we mean to leave 'em,
Since they will needs be kings, no more to tread on
Than they have able wits and powers to manage;
And so we shall befriend 'em.—Ha! what does she there? [*Aside.*

Amb. This is your answer, king?

Ant. 'Tis like to prove so.

Dem. Fy, sweet, what make you here? [*Aside to* CELIA.

Celia. 'Pray you, do not chide me.

Dem. You do yourself much wrong, and me.

Celia. 'Pray you, pardon me?
I feel my fault, which only was committed
Through my dear love to you. I have not seen you,
(And how can I live then?) I have not spoke to you—

Dem. I know this week you have not. I will redeem all.
You are so tender now! Think where you are,
Celia. What other light have I left? [sweet!
Dem. Pr'ythee, Celia!
Indeed, I'll see you presently.
Celia. I have done, sir.
You will not miss?
Dem. By this, and this, I will not. [*Kisses her.*
Celia. 'Tis in your will, and I must be obedient.
Dem. No more of these assemblies.
Celia. I am commanded.
1 *Ush.* Room for the lady there! Madam, my service—
1 *Gent.* My coach, an't please you, lady!
2 *Ush.* Room before, there!
2 *Gent.* The honour, madam, but to wait upon
My servants, and my state—— [you—
Celia. Lord, how they flock now!
Before, I was afraid they would have beat me.
How these flies play i' th' sun-shine!—Pray ye, no services;
Or, if ye needs must play the hobby-horses,
Seek out some beauty that affects 'em! Farewell.
Nay, pray ye, spare, gentlemen; I am old enough
To go alone at these years, without crutches.
[*Exit.*
2 *Ush.* Well, I could curse now: But that will not help me,
I made as sure account of this wench now, immediately.
Do but consider how the devil has cross'd me!
"Meat for my master," she cries. Well——
3 *Amb.* Once more, sir,
We ask your resolutions: Peace, or war, yet?
Dem. War, war, my noble father!
1 *Amb.* Thus I fling it:
And, fair-eyed Peace, farewell!
Ant. You have your answer!
Conduct out the ambassadors, and give 'em convoys.
Dem. Tell your high-hearted masters, they shall not seek us,
Nor cool i' th' field in expectation of us;
We'll ease your men those marches: In their strengths,
And full abilities of mind and courage,
We'll find 'em out, and at their best trim buckle with 'em.
3 *Amb.* You'll find so hot a soldier's welcome,
Your favour shall not freeze. [sir,
2 *Amb.* A forward gentleman:
Pity the war should bruise such hopes.
Ant. Conduct 'em! [*Exeunt* AMB.
Now, for this preparation: Where's Leontius?
Call him in presently: For I mean in person,
Myself, with my old fortune—— [gentlemen,
Dem. Royal sir, [*Kneels.*
Thus low I beg this honour: Fame already
Hath every where raised trophies to your glory,
And Conquest now grown old, and weak with following
The weary marches and the bloody shocks
You daily set her in. 'Tis now scarce honour
For you, that never knew to fight but conquer,
To sparkle such poor people. The royal eagle,
When she hath try'd her young ones 'gainst the sun,
And found 'em right, next teacheth 'em to prey;
How to command on wing, and check below her
Even birds of noble plume: I am your own, sir;
You have found my spirit; try it now, and teach it
To stoop whole kingdoms: Leave a little for me;
Let not your glory be so greedy, sir,
To eat up all my hopes. You gave me life;
If to that life you add not what's more lasting,
A noble name, for man you have made a shadow.
Bless me this day! Bid me go on, and lead;
Bid me go on, no less fear'd than Antigonus;
And, to my maiden sword, tie fast your fortune:
I know 'twill fight itself then. Dear sir, honour
Never fair virgin long'd so. [me!
Ant. Rise, and command then;
And be as fortunate as I expect you:
I love that noble will. Your young companions,
Bred up and foster'd with you, I hope, Demetrius,
You will make soldiers too; they must not leave you.

Enter LEONTIUS.

2 *Gent.* Never till life leave us, sir.
Ant. Oh, Leontius,
Here's work for you in hand.
Leon. I am even right glad, sir;
For, by my troth, I'm now grown old with idleness.
I hear we shall abroad, sir.
Ant. Yes, and presently.
But who, think you, commands now?
Leon. Who commands, sir?
Methinks mine eye should guide me. Can there be,
If you yourself will spare him so much honour,
Any found out to lead before your armies,
So full of faith and fire as brave Demetrius?
King Philip's son, at his years, was an old soldier.
'Tis time his fortune be o' th' wing; high time,
So many idle hours as here he loiters, [sir.
So many ever-living names he loses:
I hope 'tis he.
Ant. 'Tis he, indeed, and nobly
He shall set forward. Draw you all those garrisons
Upon the frontiers as you pass; to those
Join these in pay at home, our ancient soldiers;
And, as you go, press all the provinces.
Leon. We shall not need: Believe, this hopeful gentleman
Can want no swords nor honest hearts to follow
We shall be full, no fear, sir. [him.
Ant. You, Leontius,
Because you are an old and faithful servant,
And know the war, with all his vantages,
Be near to his instructions; lest his youth
Lose Valour's best companion, staid Discretion.
Shew where to lead, to lodge, to charge with safety;
In execution not to break, nor scatter,
But, with a provident anger, follow nobly;
Not covetous of blood and death, but honour.
Be ever near his watches, cheer his labours,
And, where his hope stands fair, provoke his valour.—
Love him, and think it no dishonour, my Demetrius,
To wear this jewel near thee; he is a try'd one,
And one, that even in spite of time, that sunk him,
And frosted up his strength, will yet stand by thee,
And with the proudest of thine enemies
Exchange for blood, and bravely: Take his counsel.
Leon. Your grace hath made me young again, and wanton.
Ant. *Did not you mark a woman, my son rose to?*
Gent. *I saw her, sir.*

Ant. She must be known, and suddenly. Do you know her? [*Aside to* MENIPPUS.
Gent. Char. No, believe, sir.
Ant. Did you observe her, Timon?
Tim. I look'd on her; but what she is——
Ant. I must
Have that found.—Come in, and take your leave.
Leon. And some few prayers along.
Dem. I know my duty. [*Exit* ANT.
You shall be half my father.
Leon. All your servant.—
Come, gentlemen, you are resolv'd, I'm sure,
To see these wars.
1 *Gent.* We dare not leave his fortunes,
Though most assured death hung round about us.
Leon. That bargain's yet to make.
Be not too hasty when ye face the enemy,
Nor too ambitious to get honour instantly;
But charge within your bounds, and keep close bodies, [madcaps.
And you shall see what sport we'll make these
Ye shall have game enough, I warrant ye;
Every man's cock shall fight.
Dem. I must go see her.— [*Aside.*
Brave sir, as soon as I have taken leave,
I'll meet you in the park: Draw the men thither.
Wait you upon Leontius.
Gent. We'll attend, sir.
Leon. But, I beseech your grace, with speed;
We are i' th' field—— [the sooner
Dem. You could not please me better. [*Exit.*
Leon. You never saw the wars yet?
Gent. Not yet, colonel.
Leon. These foolish mistresses do so hang about ye,
So whimper and so hug,—(I know it, gentlemen)
And so intice ye, now ye are i' th' bud!
And that sweet tilting war, with eyes and kisses,
Th' alarums of soft vows and sighs, and fiddle-faddles,
Spoils all our trade! You must forget these knick-knacks:
A woman, at some time of year, I grant ye,
She is necessary; but make no business of her.—

Enter LIEUTENANT.

How now, Lieutenant?
Lieut. Oh, sir, as ill as ever.
We shall have wars, they say; they're mustering yonder:
Would we were at it once! Fie, how it plagues me!
Leon. Here's one has served now under Captain Cupid,
And crack'd a pike in's youth: You see what's come on't.
Lieut. No, my disease will never prove so honourable.
Leon. Why, sure, thou hast the best pox.
Lieut. If I have 'em,
I am sure I got 'em in the best company:
They are pox of thirty coats.
Leon. Thou hast mew'd 'em finely.—
Here's a strange fellow now, and a brave fellow,
If we may say so of a pocky fellow,
Which I believe we may: This poor Lieutenant,
Whether he have the scratches, or the scabs,
Or what a devil it be, I'll say this for him,
There fights no braver soldier under sun, gentlemen.
Shew him an enemy, his pain's forgot straight;
And where other men by beds and baths have ease,
And easy rules of physic; set him in a danger,
A danger, that's a fearful one indeed,
Ye rock him, and he will so play about ye!
Let it be ten to one he ne'er comes off again,
Ye have his heart; and then he works it bravely,
And th'roughly bravely. Not a pang remember'd.
I have seen him do such things belief would shrink at.
Gent. 'Tis strange he should do all this, and diseased so.
Leon. I am sure 'tis true.—Lieutenant, canst thou drink well?
Lieut. 'Would I were drunk, dog-drunk, I might [not feel this.
Gent. I would take physic.
Lieut. But I would know my disease first.
Leon. Why, it may be the cholic: Canst thou blow backward?
Lieut. There's never a bagpipe in the kingdom [better.
Gent. Is't not a pleurisy?
Lieut. 'Tis any thing
That has the devil and death in't. Will ye march, [gentlemen?
The prince has taken leave.
Leon. How know you that?
Lieut. I saw him leave the court, dispatch his followers,
And met him after in a by-street: I think
He has some wench, or such a toy, to lick over
Before he go. 'Would I had such another,
To draw this foolish pain down!
Leon. Let's away, gentlemen;
For, sure, the prince will stay on us.
Gen. We'll attend, sir. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*A Room in the Lodgings of* CELIA.

Enter DEMETRIUS *and* CELIA.

Celia. Must you needs go?
Dem. Or stay with all dishonour.
Celia. Are there not men enough to fight?
Dem. Fie, Celia!
This ill becomes the noble love you bear me:
Would you have your love a coward?
Celia. No, believe, sir;
I would have him fight, but not so far off from me.
Dem. Wouldst have it thus, or thus? [*Kisses her.*
Celia. If that be fighting——
Dem. You wanton fool! when I come home again,
I'll fight with thee at thine own weapon, Celia,
And conquer thee too.
Celia. That you've done already;
You need no other arms to me but these, sir.
But will you fight yourself, sir?
Dem. Thus deep in blood, wench;
And through the thickest ranks of pikes.
Celia. Spur bravely
Your fiery courser, beat the troops before you,
And cram the mouth of death with executions!
Dem. I would do more than these. But, pr'y-thee, tell me,
Tell me, my fair, where got'st thou this male spirit?
I wonder at thy mind.
Celia. Were I a man, then,
You would wonder more.
Dem. Sure, thou wouldst prove a soldier,
And some great leader.
Celia. Sure, I should do somewhat;
And the first thing I did, I should grow envious,
Extremely envious of your youth and honour.

Dem. And fight against me?
Celia. Ten to one, I should do it.
Dem. Thou wouldst not hurt me?
Celia. In this mind I am in,
I think, I should be hardly brought to strike you;
Unless 'twere thus: but, in my man's mind——
Dem. What?
Celia. I should be friends with you too, now I think better.
Dem. You're a tall soldier. Here, take these, and these;
This gold to furnish you; and keep this bracelet.
Why do you weep now? You a masculine spirit!
Celia. No, I confess I am a fool, a woman:
And ever when I part with you——
Dem. You shall not.
These tears are like prodigious signs, my sweet one!
I shall come back, loaden with fame, to honour thee.
Celia. I hope you shall. But then, my dear Demetrius,
When you stand conqueror, and at your mercy
All people bow, and all things wait your sentence;
Say then, your eye, surveying all your conquest,
Finds out a beauty, even in sorrow excellent,
A constant face, that in the midst of ruin,
With a forced smile, both scorns at fate and fortune;
Say you find such a one, so nobly fortified,
And in her figure all the sweets of nature——
Dem. Pr'ythee, no more of this; I cannot find her.
Celia. That shews as far beyond my wither'd beauty,
And will run mad to love you too——
Dem. Do you fear me?
And do you think, besides this face, this beauty,
This heart, where all my hopes are lock'd——
Celia. I dare not;
No, sure, I think you honest; wondrous honest.
'Pray, do not frown; I'll swear you are.
Dem. You may chuse.
Celia. But how long will you be away?
Dem. I know not.
Celia. I know you are angry now: 'Pray look upon me:
I'll ask no more such questions.
[*Drums beating at a distance.*
Dem. The drums beat;
I can no longer stay.
Celia. They do but call yet:
How fain you would leave my company!
Dem. I would not,
Unless a greater power than Love commanded;
Commands my life, mine honour.
Celia. But a little!
Dem. Pr'ythee, farewell, and be not doubtful of me.
Celia. I would not have you hurt; And you are so venturous——
But, good sweet prince, preserve yourself; fight nobly,
But do not thrust this body—('tis not yours, now,
'Tis mine, 'tis only mine)—do not seek wounds, sir;
For every drop of blood you bleed——
Dem. I will, Celia,
I will be careful.
Celia. My heart, that loves you dearly——
Dem. Pr'ythee, no more! we must part: Hark, they march now! [*Drums beat a march.*
Celia. Pox on these bawling drums! I am sure you'll kiss me;
But one kiss! What a parting's this!
Dem. Here, take me. [*Embraces her.*
And do what thou wilt with me, smother me;
But still remember, if your fooling with me
Make me forget the trust——
Celia. I have done: Farewell, sir!
Never look back; you shall not stay, not a minute.
Dem. I must have one farewell more!
Celia. No, the drums beat;
I dare not slack your honour: not a hand more!
Only this look—The gods preserve and save you!
[*Exeunt severally.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*An Apartment in the Palace.*

Enter ANTIGONUS, CHARINTHUS, *and* TIMON.

Ant. What, have you found her out?
Char. We have hearken'd after her.
Ant. What's that to my desire?
Char. Your grace must give us
Time, and a little means.
Tim. She is, sure, a stranger:
If she were bred or known here——
Ant. Your dull endeavours
Should never be employ'd: *how are you certain*
She is a stranger?
Tim. *Being so young and handsome,*
And not made privy to your grace's pleasures;
For I presume under your gracious favour
You have not yet, sir,—
Ant. *What, sir?*
Tim. *As they say, sir,*
Made any sally on her, or delighted
Your royal body—
Ant. *You prate like a coxcomb.*
Tim. *Sure I think I do, sir: But, howsoever*
I speak within my compass; in these matters,
That concern party and party, and no farther,
That reach but to the mere instruction
And garnishing of youth—
Ant. *You'll hold your prating?*
Tim. *I know not: for these twenty years, I am sure on't,*
(I think these five and twenty,) I have serv'd you,
And serv'd you with as good and gracious pleasure,
Like a true subject, ever cautulous
That nothing you receiv'd from me, to sport you,
But should endure all tests and all translations:
I think I have done so; and I think I have fitted you;
And if a coxcomb can do these things handsomer—

Enter MENIPPUS.

Welcome, Menippus!
Men. I have found her, sir;
I mean, the place she is lodged in. Her name is Celia;
And much ado I had to purchase that too.
Ant. Dost think Demetrius loves her?
Men. Much I fear it;

But nothing that way yet can win for certain.
I'll tell your grace within this hour.
Ant. A stranger?
Men. Without all doubt.
Ant. But how should he come to her?
Men. There lies the marrow of the matter hid
Ant. Hast thou been with thy wife? [yet.
Men. No, sir; I'm going to her.
Ant. Go, and dispatch, and meet me in the garden,
And get all out you can. [*Exit.*
Men. I'll do my best, sir. [*Exit.*
Tim. Blest be thy wife; thou wert an arrant ass else!
Char. Ay, she's a stirring woman indeed: There's a brain, brother!
Tim. There's not a handsome wench of any mettle
Within a hundred miles, but her intelligence
Reaches her, and out-reaches her, and brings her
As confidently to court, as to a sanctuary.
What had his mouldy brains ever arrived at,
Had not she beaten it out o' th' flint to fasten him?
They say she keeps an office of concealments:
There is no young wench, let her be a saint,
(Unless she live i' th' centre) but she finds her,
And every way prepares addresses to her.
If my wife would have followed her course, Charinthus,
Her lucky course,—(I had the day before him)—
Oh, what might I have been by this time, brother?
But she, forsooth, when I put these things to her,
These things of honest thrift, groans, "Oh, my conscience!
The load upon my conscience!" when, to make us cuckolds,
They have no more burden than a brood-goose, brother.
But let's do what we can; though this wench fail
Another of a new way will be looked at. [us,
Come, let's abroad, and beat our brains; time may,
For all his wisdom, yet give us a day. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*The Field of Battle on the Frontiers. Drums beating within, alarums.*

Enter DEMETRIUS *and* LEONTIUS.

Dem. I will not see 'em fall thus! Give me
I shall forget you love me else. [way, sir!
Leon. Will you lose all?
For me to be forgotten, to be hated,
Nay, never to have been a man, is nothing;
So you, and those we have preserved from slaughter,
Come safely off.
Dem. I have lost myself——
Leon. You're cozen'd.
Dem. And am most miserable!
Leon. There's no man so,
But he that makes himself so.
Dem. I'll go on.
Leon. You must not; I shall tell you, then,
And tell you true, that man's unfit to govern
That cannot guide himself. You lead an army,
That have not so much manly suff'rance left you
To bear a loss!
Dem. Charge but once more, Leontius!
My friends and my companions are engaged all.
Leon. Nay, give 'em lost; I saw 'em off their horses,
And the enemy master of their arms; nor could then
The policy nor strength of man redeem 'em.
Dem. And shall I know this, and stand fooling?
Leon. By my dear father's soul, you stir not, sir,
Or, if you do, you make your way through me first.
Dem. Thou art a coward!
Leon. To prevent a madman.
None but your father's son durst call me so!
'Death, if he did——Must I be scandal'd by you,
That hedged in all the helps I had to save you?
That where there was a valiant weapon stirring,
Both search'd it out, and singled it, unedg'd it,
For fear it should bite you? Am I a coward?
Go, get you up, and tell 'em you're the king's son;
Hang all your lady's favours on your crest,
And let them fight their shares; spur to destruction;
You cannot miss the way! Be bravely desperate?
And your young friends before you, that lost this battle,
Your honourable friends, that knew no order!
Cry out, "Antigonus, the old Antigonus,
The wise and fortunate Antigonus,
The great, the valiant, and the fear'd Antigonus,
Has sent a desperate son, without discretion,
To bury in an hour his age of honour!"
Dem. I am ashamed.
Leon. 'Tis ten to one I die with you:
The coward will not long be after you!
I scorn to say I saw you fall, sigh for you,
And tell a whining tale, some ten years after,
To boys and girls in an old chimney-corner,
Of what a prince we had, how bravely spirited,
How young and fair he fell. We'll all go with you;
And you shall see us all, like sacrifices,
In our best trim, fill up the mouth of ruin!
Will this faith satisfy your folly? Can this shew
'Tis not to die we fear, but to die poorly, [you
To fall forgotten, in a multitude?
If you will needs tempt fortune, now she has held
Held you from sinking up—— [you,
Dem. Pray, do not kill me!
These words pierce deeper than the wounds I suffer,
The smarting wounds of loss!
Leon. You are too tender:
Fortune has hours of loss, and hours of honour,
And the most valiant feel them both. Take com-
The next is ours; I have a soul descries it. [fort;
The angry bull never goes back for breath,
But when he means to arm his fury double.
Let this day set, but not the memory,
And we shall find a time!—How now, Lieutenant?

Enter LIEUTENANT, *wounded.*

Lieut. I know not; I am maul'd; we are
All our young gallants lost. [bravely beaten;
Leon. Thou'rt hurt.
Lieut. I'm pepper'd;
I was i' th' midst of all, and bang'd of all hands:
They made an anvil of my head; it rings yet;
Never so thresh'd. Do you call this fame? I have famed it;
I have got immortal fame, but I'll no more on't;
I'll no such scratching saint to serve hereafter.
O' my conscience, I was kill'd above twenty times;
And yet, I know not what a devil's in't,
I crawl'd away, and lived again still. I am hurt plaguily:
But now I have nothing near so much pain, colonel;
They have sliced me for that malady.

Dem. All the young men lost?
Lieut. I'm glad you're here; but they are all i' th' pound, sir;
They'll never ride o'er other men's corn again, I take it.
Such frisking, and such flaunting with their feathers,
And such careering with their mistress' favours!
And here must he be pricking out for honour,
And there got he a knock, and down goes pilgarlick,
Commends his soul to his she-saint, and *exit.*
Another spurs in there, cries, "Make room, villains!
I am a lord!" scarce spoken, but, with reverence,
A rascal takes him o'er the face, and fells him:
There lies the lord, the Lord be with him!
Leon. Now, sir,
Do you find this truth?
Dem. I would not.
Lieut. Pox upon it!
They have such tender bodies too, such cullisses,
That one good handsome blow breaks 'em in pieces.
Leon. How stands the enemy?
Lieut. Even cool enough too:
For, to say truth, he has been shrewdly heated;
The gentleman, no doubt, will fall to his juleps.
Leon. He marches not i' th' tail on's?
Lieut. No; plague take him!
He'll kiss our tails as soon. He looks upon us,
As if he would say, if ye will turn again, friends,
We will belabour you a little better,
And beat a little more care into your coxcombs.
Now shall we have damnable ballads out against us,
Most wicked madrigals: And, ten to one, colonel,
Sung to such lousy, lamentable tunes——
Leon. Thou art merry,
Howe'er the game goes.—Good sir, be not troubled;
A better day will draw this back again.
'Pray go, and cheer those left, and lead 'em off;
They are hot and weary.
Dem. I'll do any thing.
Leon. Lieutenant, send one presently away
To th' king, and let him know our state.—And, hark ye!
Be sure the messenger advise his majesty
To comfort up the prince: He's full of sadness.
Lieut. When shall I get a surgeon? This hot weather,
Unless I be well pepper'd, I shall stink, colonel.
Leon. Go; I'll prepare thee one.
Lieut. If you catch me then
Fighting again, I'll eat hay with a horse! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*The Capital. A Room in the House of* MENIPPUS; LEUCIPPE *reading, and two* Maids *at a table, writing.*

Leu. Have you written to Merione?
1 *Maid.* Yes, madam.
Leu. And let her understand the hope she has,
If she come speedily?
1 *Maid.* All these are specified.
Leu. And of the chain is sent her,
And the rich stuff, to make her show more handsome here?
1 *Maid.* All this is done, madam.
Leu. What have you dispatched there?
2 *Maid.* A letter to the country-maid, an't please you.
Leu. A pretty girl, but peevish, plaguy peevish!
Have you bought th' embroider'd gloves and that purse for her,
And the new curl?
2 *Maid.* They are ready pack'd up, madam.
Leu. Her maidenhead will yield me—let me see now—
She is not fifteen, they say: For her complexion—
Cloe, Cloe, Cloe; here I have her—"Cloe, [*Reads.*
The daughter of a country gentleman;
Her age upon fifteen"—Now her complexion—
"A lovely brown"—here 'tis—"eyes black and rolling;
The body neatly built; she strikes a lute well,
Sings most inticingly"—These helps consider'd,
Her maidenhead will amount to some three hundred,
Or three hundred and fifty crowns; 'twill bear it handsomely.
Her father's poor; some little share deducted,
To buy him a hunting nag; ay, 'twill be pretty.—
Who takes care of the merchant's wife?
1 *Maid.* I have wrought her.
Leu. You know for whom she is?
1 *Maid.* Very well, madam;
Though very much ado I had to make her
Apprehend that happiness.
Leu. These kind are subtle.
Did she not cry and blubber when you urged her?
1 *Maid.* Oh, most extremely, and swore she would rather perish.
Leu. Good signs, very good signs, symptoms of easy nature!
Had she the plate?
1 *Maid.* She look'd upon't, and left it;
And turn'd again, and view'd it.
Leu. Very well still.
1 *Maid.* At length she was content to let it lie there,
Till I call'd for't, or so.
Leu. She'll come?
1 *Maid.* D'ye take me
For such a fool, I would part without that promise?
Leu. The chamber's next the park.
2 *Maid.* The widow, madam,
You bad me look upon——
Leu. Hang her, she's musty:
She's no man's meat; besides, she's poor and sluttish.
Where lies old Thisbe now?—You are so long now!
2 *Maid.* Thisbe, Thisbe, This—agent Thisbe!—
She lies now in Nicopolis.
Leu. Dispatch a packet,
And tell her, her superior here commands her
The next month not to fail, but see deliver'd
Here to our use, some twenty young and handsome,
As also able, maids, for the court service,
As she will answer it: We are out of beauty,
Utterly out, and rub the time away here
With such blown stuff, I am ashamed to send it.
[*Knock within.*
Who's that? Look out! to your business, maid!
There's nothing got by idleness.—There is a lady,
Which, if I can but buckle with—Altea—
A, A, A, A, "Altea, young and married.
And a great lover of her husband"—well—
"Not to be brought to court."—Say ye so? I'm sorry;
The court shall be brought to you then,—How now? who is't?
1 *Maid.* An ancient woman, with a maid attending,

A pretty girl, but out of clothes; for a little money,
It seems, she would put her to your bringing up, madam.

Enter Woman *and* Phœbe.

Leu. Let her come in.—Would you aught with us, good woman?
I pray be short; we are full of business.
Wom. I have a tender girl here, an't please [your honour——
Leu. Very well.
Wom. That hath a great desire to serve your worship.
Leu. It may be so; I'm full of maids.
Wom. She's young, forsooth;
And, for her truth, and, as they say, her bearing—
Leu. You say well.—Come ye hither, maid; let me feel your pulse:
'Tis somewhat weak; but nature will grow stronger.
Let me see your leg;—she treads but low i' th' [pasterns,
Wom. A cork heel, madam——
Leu. We know what will do it,
Without your aim, good woman. What d'ye pitch her at?
She's but a slight toy; cannot hold out long.
Wom. Even what you think is meet.
Leu. Give her ten crowns; we are full of business.
She is a poor woman; let her take a cheese home.
Enter the wench i' th' office.
[*Exeunt* Woman *and* 1 Maid.
2 *Maid.* What is your name, sister?
Phœbe. Phœbe, forsooth.
Leu. A pretty name; 'twill do well.
Go in, and let the other maid instruct you, Phœbe.
[*Exit* Phœbe.
Let my old velvet skirt be made fit for her.
I'll put her into action for a waistcoat:
And, when I have rigg'd her up once, this small pinnace [*Knock within.*
Shall sail for gold, and good store too.—Who's there?
Lord, shall we ne'er have any ease in this world?
Still troubled! still molested! What would you have?

Enter Menippus.

I cannot furnish you faster than I am able:
An you were my husband a thousand times, I cannot do it.
At least a dozen posts are gone this morning,
For several parts o' th' kingdom; I can do no [more
But pay 'em, and instruct 'em.
Men. Pr'ythee, good sweetheart,
I come not to disturb thee, nor discourage thee;
I know, thou labour'st truly. Hark in thine ear.
[*Whispers.*
Leu. Ha!
What, do you make so dainty on't? Look there;
I am an ass, I can do nothing!
Men. "Celia?" [*Reads in her list.*
Ay, this is she—"a stranger born."
Leu. What would you give for more now?
Men. Pr'ythee, my best Leucippe! there's much hangs on't.
"Lodged at the end of Mars's Street"—that's true, too—
"At the sack of such a town, by such a soldier,
Preserved a prisoner; and by Prince Demetrius
Bought from that man again, maintain'd and [favour'd."
How came you by this knowledge?
Leu. Poor weak man!
I have a thousand eyes (when thou art sleeping)
Abroad, and full of business.
Men. You ne'er try'd her?
Leu. No, she is beyond my level; so hedged in
By the prince's infinite love and favour to her—
Men. She is a handsome wench.
Leu. A delicate, and knows it;
And out of that proof-arms herself.
Men. Come in, then;
I have a great design from the king to you,
And you must work like wax now.
Leu. On this lady?
Men. On this, and all your wits call home.
Leu. I have done
Toys in my time of some note: Old as I am,
I think my brains will work without barm.
Take up the books!
Men. As we go in, I'll tell you. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*The Audience-Chamber in the Palace.*

Enter Antigonus, Timon, Lords, *and a* Soldier.

Ant. No face of sorrow for this loss ('twill choke him)
Nor no man miss a friend. I know his nature
So deep impress'd with grief for what he has suffer'd,
That the least adding to it adds to his ruin.—
His loss is not so infinite, I hope, soldier?
Sol. 'Faith, neither great, nor out of indiscretion,
The young men, out of heat——

Enter Demetrius, Leontius, *and* Lieutenant.

Ant. I guess the manner.
Lord. The prince, an't like your grace.
Ant. You're welcome home, sir!
Come, no more sorrow! I have heard your fortune,
And I myself have try'd the like. Clear up, man;
I will not have you take it thus. If I doubted
Your fear had lost, and that you had turn'd your [back to 'em,
Basely besought their mercies——
Leon. No, no, by this hand, sir,
We fought like honest and tall men.
Ant. I know't, Leontius.—Or, if I thought
Neglect of rule, having his counsel with you,
Or too vain-glorious appetite of fame,
Your men forgot and scatter'd——
Leon. None of these, sir:
He shew'd himself a noble gentleman,
Every way apt to rule.
Ant. These being granted,
Why should you think you have done an act so heinous,
That nought but discontent dwells round about you?
I have lost a battle—
Leon. Ay, and fought it hard too.
Ant. With as much means as man——
Leon. Or devil could urge it.
Ant. Twenty to one of our side now.
Leon. Turn tables;
Beaten like dogs again, like owls; you take it
To heart for flying but a mile before 'em;
And, to say truth, 'twas no flight, neither, sir;
'Twas but a walk, a handsome walk. I've tumbled
With this old body, beaten like a stock-fish,
And stuck with arrows like an arming quiver.
Blooded and bang'd, almost a day before 'em,

And glad I have got off then. Here's a mad shaver;
He fights his share, I'm sure, whene'er he comes
Yet I have seen him trip it tightly too, [to't;
And cry, "The devil take the hindmost ever!"
Lieut. I learnt it of my betters.
Leon. Boudge at this?
Ant. Has fortune but one face?
Lieut. In her best vizard,
Methinks, she looks but lousily.
Ant. 'Chance, though she faint now,
And sink below our expectations,
Is there no hope left strong enough to buoy her?
Dem. 'Tis not, this day I fled before the enemy,
And lost my people, left mine honour murder'd,
My maiden honour, never to be ransom'd;
Which, to a noble soul, is too, too sensible,
Afflicts me with this sadness; most of these
Time may turn straight again, experience perfect,
And new swords cut new ways to nobler fortunes.
Oh, I have lost——
Ant. As you are mine, forget it:
I do not think it loss.
Dem. Oh, sir, forgive me!
I have lost my friends, those worthy souls bred with me;
I have lost myself, they were the pieces of me;
I have lost all arts, my schools are taken from me,
Honour and arms, no emulation left me!
I lived to see these men lost, look'd upon it;
These men that twined their loves to mine, their virtues!
Oh, shame of shames! I saw, and could not save 'em!
This carries sulphur in't, this burns and boils me,
And, like a fatal tomb, bestrides my memory!
Ant. This was hard fortune; but if alive, and taken,
They shall be ransom'd, let it be at millions.
Dem. They are dead, they are dead!
Lieut. When would he weep for me thus?
I may be dead and powder'd.
Leon. Good prince, grieve not:
We are not certain of their deaths: The enemy,
Though he be hot, and keen, yet holds good quar-
What noise is this? [ter.——

Great shout within. Enter Gentlemen.

Lieut. He does not follow us?
Give me a steeple-top!
Leon. They live, they live, sir!
Ant. Hold up your manly face. They live;
Dem. These are the men! [they're here, son.
1 *Gent.* They are; and live to honour you.
Dem. How 'scaped ye, noble friends? methought
Even in the jaws of death. [I saw ye
2 *Gent.* Thanks to our folly,
That spurr'd us on. We were indeed hedged round in't;
And even beyond the hand of succour beaten,
Unhorsed, disarm'd: And what we look'd for then, sir,
Let such poor weary souls that hear the bell knoll,
And see the grave a digging, tell.
Dem. For Heaven's sake,
Delude mine eyes no longer! How came ye off?
1 *Gent.* Against all expectation. The brave Seleucus,
I think, this day enamour'd on your virtue,
When through the troops he saw you shoot like lightning,
And at your manly courage all took fire;
And after that, the misery we fell to,
The never-certain fate of war, considering,
As we stood all before him, fortune's ruins,
Nothing but death expecting, a short time
He made a stand upon our youths and fortunes.
Then with an eye of mercy inform'd his judgment,
How yet unripe we were, unblown, unharden'd,
Unfitted for such fatal ends; he cry'd out to us,
"Go, gentlemen, commend me to your master,
To the most high and hopeful prince Demetrius;
Tell him, the valour that he shew'd against me
This day, the virgin valour, and true fire,
Deserves even from an enemy this courtesy,
Your lives, and arms; freely I'll give 'em: Thank
And thus we are return'd, sir. [him."
Leon. 'Faith, 'twas well done;
'Twas bravely done. Was't not a noble part, sir?
Lieut. Had I been there, up had I gone, I am sure on't.
These noble tricks, I ne'er durst trust 'em yet.
Leon. Let me not live, an 'twere not a famed honesty;
It takes me such a tickling way! Now would I wish, Heaven,
But even the happiness, even that poor blessing,
For all the sharp afflictions thou hast sent me,
But even i' th' head o' th' field to take Seleucus:
I should do something memorable.—Fy! sad still?
1 *Gent.* Do you grieve we are come off?
Dem. Unransom'd, was it?
2 *Gent.* It was, sir.
Dem. And with such a fame to me?
Said you not so?
Leon. You have heard it.
Dem. Oh, Leontius!
Better I had lost 'em all, myself had perish'd,
And all my father's hopes!
Leon. Mercy upon you!
What ail you, sir? Death, do not make fools on's!
Neither go to church, nor tarry at home?
That's a fine hornpipe.
Ant. What's now your grief, Demetrius?
Dem. Did he not beat us twice?
Leon. He beat a pudding! beat us but once.
Dem. He has beat me twice, and beat me to a
Beat me to nothing! [coward;
Lieut. Is not the devil in him?
Leon. I pray it be no worse.
Dem. Twice conquer'd me!
Leon. Bear witness, all the world, I am a dunce here.
Dem. With valour first he struck me, then with honour.
That stroke, Leontius, that stroke! dost thou not feel it?
Leon. Whereabouts was it? for I remember nothing yet.
Dem. All these gentlemen that were his prisoners——
Leon. Yes; he set 'em free, sir, with arms and
Dem. There, there; now thou hast it! [honour.
At mine own weapon, courtesy, he has beaten me.
At that I was held a master in, he has cow'd me;
Hotter than all the dint o' th' fight he has charged me!
Am I not now a wretched fellow? Think on't;
And when thou hast examin'd all ways honourable,
And find'st no door left open to requite this,
Conclude I am a wretch, and was twice beaten!

Ant. I have observed your way, and understand
And equal love it as Demetrius. [it,
My noble child, thou shalt not fall in virtue;
I and my power will sink first! You, Leontius,
Wait for a new commission. You shall out again,
And instantly; you shall not lodge this night here;
Not see a friend, nor take a blessing with you,
Before you be i' th' field. The enemy is up still,
And still in full design: Charge him again, son,
And either bring home that again thou hast lost
Or leave thy body by him. [there,
Dem. You raise me!
And now I dare look up again, Leontius.
Leon. Ay, ay, sir; I am thinking, who we shall take of 'em,
To make all straight; and who we shall give to the
What say'st thou now, Lieutenant? [devil.——
Lieut. I say nothing.
Lord, what ail I, that I have no mind to fight now?
I find my constitution mightily alter'd,
Since I came home: I hate all noises too,
Especially the noise of drums. I am now as well
As any living man; why not as valiant?
To fight now, is a kind of vomit to me;
It goes against my stomach.
Dem. Good sir, presently;
You cannot do your son so fair a favour.
Ant. 'Tis my intent: I'll see you march away too.
Come, get your men together presently, Leontius,
And press where please you, as you march.
Leon. We go, sir.
Ant. Wait you on me: I'll bring you to your
And then to fortune give you up. [command,
Dem. You love me! [*Exeunt* ANT. *and* DEM.
Leon. Go, get the drums; beat round, Lieute-
Lieut. Hark you, sir; [nant!
I have a foolish business, they call marriage——
Leon. After the wars are done.
Lieut. The party stays, sir;
I have given the priest his money too: All my
My father and my mother—— [friends, sir,
Leon. Will you go forward?
Lieut. She brings a pretty matter with her.
Leon. Half a dozen bastards?
Lieut. Some forty, sir——
Leon. A goodly competency!
Lieut. I mean, sir, pounds a-year. I'll dispatch the matter;
'Tis but a night or two; I'll overtake you, sir.
Leon. The two old legions? yes. Where lies the horse quarter?
Lieut. And if it be a boy, I'll even make bold, sir——
Leon. Away wi' your whore, a plague o' your whore! you damn'd rogue,
Now you are cured and well, must you be clicketing?
Lieut. I have broke my mind to my ancient; in my absence—
He's a sufficient gentleman.
Leon. Get forward!
Lieut. Only receive her portion!
Leon. Get you forward;
Else I'll bang you forward.
Lieut. Strange, sir, a gentleman,
And an officer, cannot have the liberty
To do the office of a man.
Leon. Shame light on thee!
How came this whore into thy head?
Lieut. This whore, sir?
'Tis strange, a poor whore——
Leon. Do not answer me!
Troop, troop away! Do not name this whore again,
Or think there is a whore——
Lieut. That's very hard, sir.
Leon. For, if thou dost, look to't; I'll have thee gelded!
I'll walk you out before me! Not a word more!
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—*A Room in the House of* MENIPPUS.

Enter LEUCIPPE *and* Governess.

Leu. You are the mistress of the house, you say,
Where this young lady lies?
Gov. For want of a better.
Leu. You may be good enough for such a purpose.
When was the prince with her? Answer me directly.
Gov. Not since he went a-warring.
Leu. Very well then.
What carnal copulation are you privy to
Between these two?—Be not afraid; we are women,
And may talk thus amongst ourselves; no harm in't.
Gov. No, sure, there's no harm in't, I conceive that;
But truly, that I ever knew the gentlewoman
Otherwise given, than a hopeful gentlewoman——
Leu. You'll grant me, the prince loves her?
Gov. There I am with you;
And, the gods bless her, promises her mightily.
Leu. Stay there awhile. And gives her gifts?
Gov. Extremely;
And truly makes a very saint of her.
Leu. I should think now,
(Good woman, let me have your judgment with me;
I see 'tis none of the worst—Come, sit down by me,)
That these two cannot love so tenderly——
Gov. Being so young as they are too——
Leu. You say well!
But that, methinks, some further promises——
Gov. Yes, yes;
I have heard the prince swear he would marry her.
Leu. Very well still. They do not use to fall out?
Gov. The tenderest chickens to one another!
They cannot live an hour asunder.
Leu. I have done then;
And be you gone. You know your charge, and do it.
You know whose will it is: If you transgress it,
That is, if any have access, or see her,
Before the king's will be fulfill'd——
Gov. Not the prince, madam?
Leu. You'll be hang'd if you do it, that I'll assure you.
Gov. But, ne'ertheless, I'll make bold to obey
Leu. Away, and to your business then! [you.
Gov. 'Tis done, madam. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*The Garden of the Palace.*

Enter ANTIGONUS *and* MENIPPUS.

Ant. Thou hast taken wondrous pains; but yet, Menippus,
You understand not of what blood and country?
Men. I labour'd that, but cannot come to know it.
A Greek, I am sure, she is; she speaks this lan-
Ant. Is she so excellent handsome? [guage.
Men. Most enticing.
Ant. Sold for a prisoner?
Men. Yes, sir; some poor creature.
Ant. And he loves tenderly?
Men. They say extremely.
Ant. 'Tis well prevented then. Yes, I perceiv'd it:
When he took leave now, he made a hundred stops,
Desired an hour, but half an hour, a minute;
Which I with anger cross'd. I knew his business;
I knew 'twas she he hunted on. This journey, man,
I beat out suddenly, for her cause intended,
And would not give him time to breathe. When
Men. This morning, sir. [comes she?
Ant. Lodge her to all delight then;
For I would have her try'd to the test: I know,
She must be some crack'd coin, not fit his traffick;
Which, when we have found, the shame will make him leave her;
Or we shall work a nearer way: I'll bury him,
And with him all the hopes I have cast upon him,
Ere he shall dig his own grave in that woman.
You know which way to bring her: I'll stand close there,
To view her as she passes. And, do you hear, Menippus,
Observe her with all sweetness; humour her;
'Twill make her lie more careless to our purposes.
Away, and take what helps you please.
Men. I am gone, sir. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*The Lodgings of* CELIA.

Enter CELIA *and* Governess.

Celia. Governess, from whom was this gown sent me?
Pr'ythee, be serious, true: I will not wear it else.
It is a handsome one.
Gov. As though you know not?
Celia. No, 'faith:
But I believe for certain too—yet I wonder,
Because it was his caution, this poor way,
Still to preserve me from the curious searchings
Of greedy eyes.
Gov. You have it: does it please you?
Celia. 'Tis very rich, methinks, too. Pr'ythee, tell me.
Gov. From one that likes you well. Never look coy, lady;
These are no gifts to be put off with poutings.
Celia. Poutings, and gifts? Is it from any stranger?
Gov. You are so curious, that there is no talk
What if it be, I pray you? [to you.
Celia. Unpin, good governess;
Quick, quick!
Gov. Why, what's the matter?
Celia. Quick, good governess!
Fy on't, how beastly it becomes me! poorly!
A trick put in upon me? Well said, governess!
I vow, I would not wear it—Out! it smells musty.
Are these your tricks? now I begin to smell it;
Abominable musty! Will you help me?
The prince will come again——
Gov. You are not mad, sure?
Celia. As I live, I'll cut it off! A pox upon it!
For, sure, it was made for that use. Do you bring me liveries?
Stales to catch kites? Dost thou laugh too, thou base woman?
Gov. I cannot chuse, if I should be hang'd.
Celia. Abuse me,
And then laugh at me too?
Gov. I do not abuse you:
Is it abuse, to give him drink that's thirsty?
You want clothes; is it such a heinous sin, I be-
To see you stored? [seech ye,
Celia. There is no greater wickedness
Than this way.
Gov. What way?
Celia. I shall curse thee fearfully,
If thou provok'st me further: And take heed,
My curses never miss. [woman;
Gov. Curse him that sent it.
Celia. Tell but his name——
Gov. You dare not curse him.
Celia. Dare not?
By this fair light——
Gov. You are so full of passion——
Celia. Dare not be good? be honest? dare not curse him?
Gov. I think you dare not; I believe so.
Celia. Speak him!
Gov. Up with your valour then, up with it
And take your full charge. [bravely,
Celia. If I do not, hang me!
Tell but his name.
Gov. 'Twas prince Demetrius sent it:
Now, now, give fire, kill him i' th' eye, now, lady.
Celia. Is he come home?
Gov. It seems so. But your curse now!
Celia. You do not lie, I hope.
Gov. You dare not curse him.
Celia. Pr'ythee, do not abuse me! Is he come home indeed?
For I would now with all my heart believe thee.
Gov. Nay, you may chuse. Alas, I deal for strangers,
That send you scurvy, musty gowns; stale liveries!
I have my tricks!
Celia. 'Tis a good gown; a handsome one;
I did but jest. Where is he?
Gov. He that sent it——
Celia. How? he that sent it? Is't come to that again?
Thou canst not be so foolish. Pr'ythee, speak out;
I may mistake thee.
Gov. I said, he that sent it—— [thus?
Celia. Curse o' my life! why dost thou vex me
I know thou mean'st Demetrius; dost thou not?
I charge thee speak truth! If it be any other——
Thou know'st the charge he gave thee, and the justice

His anger will inflict, if e'er he know this;
As know he shall, he shall, thou spiteful woman,
Thou beastly woman! and thou shalt know too
And feel too sensible, I am no ward, [late too,
No stale stuff for your money-merchants that sent it!
Who dare send me, or how durst thou, thou——
Gov. What you please:
For this is ever the reward of service.
The prince shall bring the next himself.
Celia. 'Tis strange,
That you should deal so peevishly! Beshrew you,
You have put me in a heat.
Gov. I am sure you have kill'd me;
I ne'er receiv'd such language: I can but wait upon you,
And be your drudge; keep a poor life to serve you.
Celia. You know my nature is too easy, governess;
And you know now, I am sorry too. How does he?
Gov. Oh, God, my head!
Celia. Pr'ythee, be well, and tell me,
Did he speak of me since he came? Nay, see now!
If thou wilt leave this tyranny—Good, sweet governess,
Did he but name his Celia? Look upon me!
Upon my faith, I meant no harm! Here, take this,
And buy thyself some trifles. Did he, good wench?
Gov. He loves you but too dearly.
Celia. That's my good governess!
Gov. There's more clothes making for you.
Celia. More clothes?
Gov. More;
Richer and braver; I can tell you that news;
And twenty glorious things.
Celia. To what use, sirrah?
Gov. You are too good for our house now: We, poor wretches,
Shall lose the comfort of you.
Celia. No, I hope not.
Gov. For ever lose you, lady.
Celia. Lose me? wherefore?
I hear of no such thing.
Gov. 'Tis sure, it must be so:
You must shine now at court! such preparation,
Such hurry, and such hanging rooms——
Celia. To th' court, wench?
Was it to th' court, thou saidst?
Gov. You'll find it so.
Celia. Stay, stay; this cannot be.
Gov. I say it must be.
I hope to find you still the same good lady.
Celia. To th' court? This stumbles me. Art sure for me, wench,
This preparation is? [*Aside.*
Gov. She is perilous crafty;
I fear, too honest for us all too.—Am I sure I live?
Celia. To th' court? this cannot down: What should I do there?
Why should he on a sudden change his mind thus,
And not make me acquainted?—(Sure he loves me!)—
His vow was made against it, and mine with him;
At least while this king lived. He will come hither,
And see me, ere I go?
Gov. Would some wise woman [*Aside.*
Had her in working!—That I think he will not,
Because he means with all joy there to meet you.
You shall hear more within this hour.
Celia. A courtier?
What may that meaning be? Sure, he will see me
If he be come; he must. Hark you, good governess;
What age is the king of?
Gov. He's an old man, and full of business.
Celia. I fear too full, indeed. What ladies are there?
I would be loth to want good company.
Gov. Delicate young ladies, as you would desire;
And, when you are acquainted, the best company!
Celia. 'Tis very well. Pr'ythee, go in: let's talk more.
For, though I fear a trick, I'll bravely try it.
Gov. I see he must be cunning, knocks this doe down. [*Aside.*
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*A Place near the Field of Battle.*

Enter LIEUTENANT *and* LEONTIUS. *Drums within.*

Leon. You shall not have your will, sirrah! Are you running?
Have you gotten a toy in your heels? Is this a season,
When honour pricks you on, to prick your ears up
After your whore, your hobby-horse?
Lieut. Why, look ye now!
What a strange man are you? Would you have a man fight
At all hours all alike?
Leon. Do but fight something,
But half a blow, and put thy stomach to't:
Turn but thy face, and do but make mouths at 'em.
Lieut. And have my teeth knock'd out? I thank you heartily!
You are my dear friend!
Leon. What a devil ails thee?
Dost long to be hang'd?
Lieut. 'Faith, sir, I make no suit for't:
But rather than I would live thus out of charity,
Continually in brawling——
Leon. Art thou not he
(I may be cozen'd)——
Lieut. I shall be discover'd.
Leon. That, in the midst of thy most hellish pains,
When thou wert crawling-sick, didst aim at wonders?
When thou wert mad with pain?
Lieut. You have found the cause out;
I had ne'er been mad to fight else. I confess, sir,
The daily torture of my side, that vex'd me,
Made me as daily careless what became of me,
'Till a kind sword there wounded me, and eased me;
'Twas nothing in my valour fought. I am well now,
And take some pleasure in my life: Methinks, now,
It shews as mad a thing to me to see you scuffle,
And kill one another foolishly for honour,
As 'twas to you to see me play the coxcomb.
Leon. And wilt thou ne'er fight more?
Lieut. I' th' mind I am in.
Leon. Nor ne'er be sick again?
Lieut. I hope I shall not.
Leon. Pr'ythee be sick again; pr'ythee, I beseech thee,
Be just so sick again.
Lieut. I'll just be hang'd first.
Leon. If all the arts that are can make a cholic,
(Therefore look to't!) or if imposthumes (mark me!)
As big as footballs——
Lieut. Deliver me!
Leon. Or stones of ten pound weight i' th' kidnies,
Through ease and ugly diets, may be gather'd,

I'll feed you up myself, sir; I'll prepare you!
You cannot fight, unless the devil tear you?
You shall not want provocations; I'll scratch you;
I'll have thee have the tooth-ach, and the head-ach——
Lieut. Good colonel, I'll do any thing!
Leon. No, no, nothing!
Then will I have thee blown with a pair of smiths' bellows,
(Because you shall be sure to have a round gale with you)
Fill'd full of oil of devil, and aqua-fortis;
And let these work; these may provoke.
Lieut. Good, colonel!
Leon. A coward in full blood? Pr'ythee be plain with me;
Will roasting do thee any good?
Lieut. Nor basting neither, sir.
Leon. Marry, that goes hard.

Enter First Gentleman.

1 *Gent.* Where are you, colonel?
The prince expects you, sir: he has hedged the enemy
Within a straight, where all the hopes and valours
Of all men living cannot force a passage:
He has 'em now.
Leon. I knew all this before, sir;
I chalk'd him out his way. But, do you see that thing there?
Lieut. Nay, good sweet colonel! I'll fight a little.
Leon. That thing!
1 *Gent.* What thing! I see the brave Lieutenant.
Leon. Rogue, what a name hast thou lost?
Lieut. You may help it;
Yet you may help't: I'll do you any courtesy!
I know you love a wench well.

Enter Second Gentleman.

Leon. Look upon him.
Do you look too.
2 *Gent.* What should I look on?
I come to tell you the prince stays your direction:
We have 'em now i' the coop, sir.
Leon. Let 'em rest there,
And chew upon their miseries. But look first——
Lieut. I cannot fight, for all this.
Leon. Look on this fellow!
2 *Gent.* I know him; 'tis the valiant brave lieutenant.
Leon. Canst thou hear this, and play the rogue? Steal off!
Quickly, behind me quickly, neatly do it!
And rush into the thickest of the enemy,
And if thou kill'st but two——
Lieut. You may excuse me;
'Tis not my fault: I dare not fight.
Leon. Be ruled yet;
I'll beat thee on; go, wink and fight! A plague upon your sheep's heart!
2 *Gent.* What's all this matter?
1 *Gent.* Nay, I cannot shew you.
Leon. Here's twenty pound, go but smell to 'em.
Lieut. Alas, sir,
I have taken such a cold, I can smell nothing.
Leon. I can smell a rascal, a rank rascal!
Fy, how he stinks, stinks like a tired jade!
2 *Gent.* What, sir?
Leon. Why, that, sir; do not you smell him?
2 *Gent.* Smell him?
Lieut. I must endure.
Leon. Stinks like a dead dog, carrion!
There's no such damnable smell under Heaven,
As the faint sweat of a coward. Will you fight yet?
Lieut. Nay, now I defy you; you have spoke the worst
You can of me; and if every man should take
What you say to the heart, God ha' mercy!
Leon. God ha' mercy, with all my heart! here I forgive thee;
And, fight, or fight not, do but go along with us,
And keep my dog.
Lieut. I love a good dog naturally.
1 *Gent.* What's all this stir, lieutenant?
Lieut. Nothing, sir,
But a slight matter of argument.
Leon. Pox take thee!
Sure, I shall love this rogue, he's so pretty a coward.—
Come, gentlemen, let's up now, and if Fortune
Dare play the slut again, I'll never more sain her.—
Come, play-fellow, come! pr'ythee, come up come, chicken!
I have a way shall fit yet. A tame knave!
Come, look upon us.
Lieut. I'll tell you who does best, boys.
[*Exeunt*

SCENE IV.—*The Capital.—A State-Room in the Palace, with a Gallery.*

Enter Antigonus *and* Menippus, *above.*

Men. I saw her coming out.
Ant. Who waits upon her?
Men. Timon, Charinthus, and some other gentlemen
By me appointed.
Ant. Where's your wife?
Men. She's ready
To entertain her here, sir; and some ladies
Fit for her lodgings.
Ant. How shews she in her trim now?
Men. Oh, most divinely sweet.
Ant. Pr'ythee, speak softly.
How does she take her coming?
Men. She bears it bravely;
But what she thinks—For Heaven sake, sir preserve me!
If the prince chance to find this——
Ant. Peace, you old fool;
She thinks to meet him here?
Men. That's all the project.
Ant. Was she hard to bring?
Men. No, she believed it quickly,
And quickly made herself fit. The gown a little,
And those new things she has not been acquainted with,
At least in this place, where she lived a prisoner,
Troubled and stirr'd her mind. But believe me sir,
She has worn as good, they sit so apted to her;
And she is so great a mistress of disposure.
Here they come now: But take a full view of her.

Enter Celia, Timon, Charinthus, *and* Gentlemen.

Ant. How cheerfully she looks! How she salutes all!
And how she views the place! She is very young sure.

That was an admirable smile, a catching one;
The very twang of Cupid's bow sung to it!
She has two-edged eyes; they kill o' both sides.
Men. She makes a stand, as though she would [speak.
Ant. Be still then.
Celia. Good gentlemen, trouble yourselves no further;
I had thought, sure, to have met a noble friend [here.
Tim. You may meet many, lady.
Celia. Such as you are,
I covet few or none, sir.
Char. Will you walk this way, [lady.
And take the sweets o' th' garden? cool and close,
Celia. Methinks, this open air's far better.—
Tend ye that way?— [*Aside.*
Pray, where's the woman came along?
Char. What woman?
Celia. The woman of the house I lay at.
Tim. Woman?
Here was none came along, sure.
Celia. Sure I am catch'd then.—
'Pray, where's the prince?
Char. He will not be long from you.
We are his humble servants.
Celia. I could laugh now,
To see how finely I am cozen'd: Yet I fear not;
For, sure, I know a way to 'scape all dangers. [*Aside.*
Tim. Madam, your lodgings lie this way.
Celia. My lodgings?
For heaven's sake, sir, what office do I bear here?
Tim. The great commander of all hearts.

Enter LEUCIPPE *and* Ladies.

Celia. You have hit it:
I thank your sweet-heart for it! Who are these [now?
Char. Ladies, that come to serve you.
Celia. Well considered.—
Are you my servants?
Lady. Servants to your pleasures.
Celia. I dare believe ye, but I dare not trust ye!
Catch'd with a trick? well, I must bear it patiently.— [*Aside.*
Methinks, this court's a neat place; all the people
Of so refined a size——
Tim. This is no poor rogue.
Leu. Were it a paradise, to please your fancy,
And entertain the sweetness you bring with you—
Celia. Take breath; you're fat, and many words may melt you.—
This is three bawds beaten into one. Bless me, Heaven, [*Aside.*
What shall become of me? I am i' the pitfall.
On my conscience, this is the old viper,
And all these little ones creep every night
Into her belly.—Do you hear, plump servant,
And you, my little sucking ladies? you
Must teach me (for I know you are excellent at carriage)
How to behave myself; for I am rude yet.
But, you say, the prince will come?
Lady. 'Will fly to see you.
Celia. For, look you, if a great man, say the [king now,
Should come and visit me——
Men. She names you.
Ant. Peace, fool!
Celia. And offer me a kindness, such a kind- [ness——
Leu. Ay, such a kindness!
Celia. True, lady, such a kindness:
What shall that kindness be now?
Leu. A witty lady!
Learn, little ones, learn.
Celia. Say it be all his favour——
Leu. And a sweet saying 'tis.
Celia. And I grow peevish?
Leu. You must not be neglectful.
Celia. There's the matter,
There's the main doctrine now, and I may miss it.
Or a kind handsome gentleman?
Leu. You say well.
Celia. They'll count us basely bred.
Leu. Not freely nurtured.
Celia. I'll take thy counsel.
Leu. 'Tis an excellent woman!
Celia. I find a notable volume here, a learned one.
Which way? For I would fain be in my chamber;
In truth, sweet ladies, I grow weary. Fie!
How hot the air beats on me!
Lady. This way, madam.
Celia. Now, by mine honour, I grow wondrous faint too.
Leu. Your fans, sweet gentlewomen, your fans!
Celia. Since I am fool'd, [*Aside.*
I'll make myself some sport, though I pay dear for't. [*Exit.*
Men. You see now what a manner of woman [she is, sir.
Ant. Thou art an ass!
Men. Is this a fit love for the prince?
Ant. A coxcomb!
Now, by my crown, a dainty wench, a sharp wench,
And a matchless spirit! How she jeer'd 'em!
How carelessly she scoff'd 'em! Use her nobly.
I would I had not seen her! Wait anon,
And then you shall have more to trade upon. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—*The Camp of* DEMETRIUS *on the Frontiers.*

Enter LEONTIUS *and the two* Gentlemen.

Leon. We must keep a round and a strong watch to-night;
The prince will not charge the enemy till the morning:
But for the trick I told you for this rascal,
This rogue, that health and strong heart makes a [coward——
1 *Gent.* Ay, if it take.
Leon. Ne'er fear it; the prince has it,
And if he let it fall, I must not know it;
He will suspect me presently: But you two
May help the plough.
2 *Gent.* That he is sick again?
Leon. Extremely sick; his disease grown in- [curable;
Never yet found, nor touch'd at.

Enter LIEUTENANT.

2 *Gent.* Well, we have it;
And here he comes.
Leon. The prince has been upon him:
What a flatten face he has now! It takes, believe [it.
How like an ass he looks!
Lieut. I feel no great pain;
At least, I think I do not; yet I feel sensibly,
I grow extremely faint. How cold I sweat now!
Leon. So, so, so!
Lieut. And now 'tis even too true; I feel a pricking,

A pricking, a strange pricking. How it tingles!
And as it were a stitch too. The prince told me,
And every one cried out I was a dead man:
I had thought I had been as well——
Leon. Upon him now, boys;
And do it most demurely.
1 *Gent.* How now, Lieutenant?
Lieut. I thank ye, gentlemen.
1 *Gent.* 'Life, how looks this man!
How dost thou, good Lieutenant?
2 *Gent.* I ever told you
This man was never cured; I see it too plain now.
How do you feel yourself? you look not perfect.
How dull his eye hangs!
1 *Gent.* That may be discontent. [now
2 *Gent.* Believe me, friend, I would not suffer
The tithe of those pains this man feels—Mark his forehead!
What a cloud of cold dew hangs upon't!
Lieut. I have it,
Again I have it; how it grows upon me!
A miserable man I am!
Leon. Ha, ha, ha! A miserable man thou shalt be.
This is the tamest trout I ever tickled. [*Aside.*

Enter two Physicians.

1 *Phy.* This way he went.
2 *Phy.* 'Pray Heaven, we find him living!
He's a brave fellow; 'tis pity he should perish thus.
1 *Phy.* A strong-hearted man, and of a notable
Lieut. Oh, oh! [sufferance.
1 *Gent.* How now? how is it, man?
Lieut. Oh, gentlemen,
Never so full of pain——
2 *Gent.* Did I not tell you?
Lieut. Never so full of pain, gentlemen.
1 *Phy.* He is here;—
How do you, sir?
2 *Phy.* Be of good comfort, soldier;
The prince has sent us to you.
Lieut. Do you think I may live?
2 *Phy.* He alters hourly, strangely.
1 *Phy.* Yes, you may live: But——
Leon. Finely butted, doctor!
1 *Gent.* Do not discourage him.
1 *Phy.* He must be told truth;
'Tis now too late to trifle.

Enter Demetrius *and* Gentlemen.

2 *Gent.* Here the prince comes.
Dem. How now, gentlemen?
2 *Gent.* Bewailing, sir, a soldier;
And one, I think, your grace will grieve to part
But every living thing—— [with.
Dem. 'Tis true, must perish;
Our lives are but our marches to our graves.—
How dost thou now, Lieutenant?
Lieut. 'Faith, 'tis true, sir;
We are but spans, and candles' ends.
Leon. He's finely mortified.
Dem. Thou art heart-whole yet, I see. He alters strangely,
And that space too; I saw it this morning in him,
When he, poor man, I dare swear——
Lieut. No, believe't, sir,
I never felt it.
Dem. Here lies the pain now: How he is
1 *Phy.* The imposthume, [swell'd!
Fed with a new malignant humour now,
Will grow to such a bigness, 'tis incredible;
The compass of a bushel will not hold it.
And with such a hell of torture it will rise too—
Dem. Can you endure me touch it?
Lieut. Oh, I beseech you, sir!
I feel you sensibly ere you come near me.
Dem. He's finely wrought. [*Aside.*]—He must be cut, no cure else,
And suddenly; you see how fast he blows out.
Lieut. Good master doctor, let me be beholden
I feel I cannot last—— [to you:
2 *Phy.* For what, Lieutenant?
Lieut. But even for half a dozen cans of good wine,
That I may drink my will out; I faint hideously.
Dem. Fetch him some wine; and, since he must go, gentlemen,
Why, let him take his journey merrily.

Enter Servant, *with wine.*

Lieut. That's even the nearest way.
Leon. I could laugh dead now! [*Aside.*
Dem. Here, off with that.
Lieut. These two I give your grace; [*Drinks.*
A poor remembrance of a dying man, sir;
And, I beseech you, wear 'em out.
Dem. I will, soldier.
These are fine legacies.
Lieut. Among the gentlemen,
Even all I have left; I am a poor man, naked,
Yet something for remembrance; four a-piece, gentlemen:
And so my body—where you please. [*Drinks.*
Leon. 'Twill work.
Lieut. I make your grace my executor, and, I beseech you,
See my poor will fulfilled: Sure, I shall walk else.
Dem. As full as they can be fill'd, here's my
1 *Gent.* The wine will tickle him. [hand, soldier.
Lieut. I would hear a drum beat,
But to see how I could endure it.
Dem. Beat a drum there! [*Drum within.*
Lieut. Oh, heavenly music! I would hear one
I am very full of pain. [sing to't.
Dem. Sing? 'tis impossible.
Lieut. Why, then I would drink a drum-full.
Where lies the enemy?
2 *Gent.* Why, here, close by.
Leon. Now he begins to muster.
Lieut. And dare he fight?
Dare he fight, gentlemen?
1 *Phy.* You must not cut him;
He's gone then in a moment: All the hope left is,
To work his weakness into sudden anger,
And make him raise his passion above his pain,
And so dispose him on the enemy:
His body then, being stirr'd with violence,
Will purge itself, and break the sore.
Dem. 'Tis true, sir.
1 *Phy.* And then, my life for his——
Lieut. I will not die thus.
Dem. But he is too weak to do——
Lieut. Die like a dog!
2 *Phy.* Ay, he's weak; but yet he's heart-whole.
Lieut. Hem!
Dem. An excellent sign.
Lieut. Hem!
Dem. Stronger still, and better.
Lieut. Hem, hem! Ran, tan, tan, tan, tan! [*Exit.*

1 *Phy.* Now he's i' th' way on't.
Dem. Well, go thy ways; thou wilt do something, certain.
Leon. And some brave thing, or let mine ears [be cut off.
He's finely wrought.
Dem. Let's after him.
Leon. I pray, sir.
But how this rogue, when this cloud's melted in [him,
And all discover'd——
Dem. That's for an after-mirth. Away, away, away! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.—*The Field of Battle.*

Enter Seleucus, Lysimachus, Ptolemy *and* Soldiers.

Sel. Let no man fear to die: We love to sleep all,
And death is but the sounder sleep. All ages,
And all hours call us; 'tis so common, easy,
That little children tread those paths before us.
We are not sick, nor our souls press'd with sorrows,
Nor go we out like tedious tales, forgotten.
High, high we come, and hearty to our funerals,
And, as the sun that sets, in blood let's fall.
Lysim. 'Tis true, they have us fast, we cannot 'scape 'em,
Nor keeps the brow of Fortune one smile for us.
Dishonourable ends we can 'scape though,
And, worse than those, captivities: We can die;
And dying nobly, though we leave behind us
Those clods of flesh, that are too massy burthens,
Our living souls fly crown'd with living conquests!
Ptol. They have begun; fight bravely, and fall bravely;
And may that man that seeks to save his life now,
By price, or promise, or by fear falls from us,
Never again be blest with name of soldier!

Enter a Soldier.

Sel. How now? Who charged first? I seek a [brave hand
To set me off in death.
Sold. We are not charged, sir;
The prince lies still.
Sel. How comes this 'larum up then?
Sold. There is one desperate fellow, with the devil in him,
(He never durst do this else) has broke into us,
And here he bangs ye two or three before him,
There five or six; ventures upon whole companies.
Ptol. And is not seconded?
Sold. Not a man follows.
Sel. Nor cut a' pieces?
Sold. Their wonder yet has stay'd 'em.
Sel. Let's in and see this miracle.
Ptol. I admire it! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.—*Another part of the same.*

Enter Leontius *and* Gentlemen.

Leon. Fetch him off, fetch him off! I am sure he's clouted.
Did I not tell you how 'twould take?
1 *Gent.* 'Tis admirable!

Enter Lieutenant, *with colours in his hand, pursuing three or four* Soldiers.

Lieut. Follow that blow, my friend! there's at your coxcombs!
I fight to save me from the surgeons' miseries.
Leon. How the knave curries 'em!
Lieut. You cannot, rogues,
Till you have my diseases, fly my fury.
Ye bread-and-butter rogues, do ye run from me?
An my side would give me leave, I would so hunt ye,
Ye porridge-gutted slaves, ye veal-broth boobies!

Enter Demetrius, Physicians, *and* Gentlemen.

Leon. Enough, enough, Lieutenant! thou hast [done bravely.
Dem. Mirror of man!
Lieut. There's a flag for you, sir:
I took it out o' th' shop, and never paid for't.
I'll to 'em again; I am not come to th' text yet.
Dem. No more, my soldier. Beshrew my heart, he is hurt sore.
Leon. Hang him, he'll lick all those whole.
1 *Phy.* Now will we take him,
And cure him in a trice.
Dem. Be careful of him.
Lieut. Let me live but two years, and do what you will with me:
I never had but two hours yet of happiness.
Pray ye, give me nothing to provoke my valour;
For I am even as weary of this fighting——
2 *Phy.* You shall have nothing. Come to the prince's tent,
And there the surgeons presently shall search you;
Then to your rest.
Lieut. A little handsome litter
To lay me in, and I shall sleep.
Leon. Look to him.
Dem. I do believe a horse begot this fellow;
He never knew his strength yet.—They are our own.
Leon. I think so; I am cozen'd else. I would but see now
A way to fetch these off, and save their honours.
Dem. Only their lives.
Leon. Pray you, take no way of peace now,
Unless it be with infinite advantage.
Dem. I shall be ruled. Let the battles now [move forward;
Ourself will give the signal.——

Enter Trumpet *and* Herald.

Now, Herald, what's your message?
Her. From my masters
This honourable courtesy, a parley
For half an hour; no more, sir.
Dem. Let 'em come on;
They have my princely word.

Enter Seleucus, Lysimachus, Ptolemy, Attendants, *and* Soldiers.

Her. They are here to attend you.
Dem. Now, princes, your demands?
Sel. Peace, if it may be
Without the too much tainture of our honour.
Peace; and we'll buy it too.
Dem. At what price?
Lysim. Tribute.
Ptol. At all the charge of this war.
Leon. That will not do.
Sel. Leontius, you and I have served together,
And run through many a fortune with our swords,
Brothers in wounds and health; one meat has fed us;
One tent a thousand times from cold night covered us;
Our loves have been but one; and, had we died then,

One monument had held our names and actions:
Why do you set upon your friends such prices,
And sacrifice to giddy Chance such trophies?
Have we forgot to die? or are our virtues
Less in afflictions constant, than our fortunes?
You are deceived, old soldier.
Leon. I know your worths,
And thus low bow in reverence to your virtues.
Were these my wars, or led my power in chief here,
I knew then how to meet your memories:
They are my king's employments; this man fights now,
To whom I owe all duty, faith, and service;
This man, that fled before ye. Call back that,
That bloody day again, call that disgrace home,
And then an easy peace may sheath our swords up.
I am not greedy of your lives and fortunes,
Nor do I gape ungratefully to swallow you.
Honour, the spur of all illustrious natures,
That made you famous soldiers, and next kings,
And not ambitious envy, strikes me forward.
Will you unarm, and yield yourselves his prisoners?
Sel. We never knew what that sound meant: No gyves
Shall ever bind this body, but embraces;
Nor weight of sorrow here, till earth fall on me.
Leon. Expect our charge then.
Lysim. 'Tis the nobler courtesy!
And so we leave the hand of Heaven to bless us!
Dem. Stay! Have you any hope?
Sel. We have none left us,
But that one comfort of our deaths together:
Give us but room to fight.
Leon. Win it, and wear it.
Ptol. Call from the hills those companies hang o'er us
Like bursting clouds, and then break in, and take us.
Dem. Find such a soldier will forsake advantage,
And we'll draw off. To shew I dare be noble,
And hang a light out to you in this darkness,
(The light of peace!) give up those cities, forts,
And all those frontier-countries, to our uses.
Sel. Is this the peace? traitors to those that feed us,
Our gods and people, give our countries from us?
Lysim. Begin the knell; it sounds a great deal sweeter.
Ptol. Let loose your servant Death!
Sell. Fall Fate upon us,
Our memories shall never stink behind us! [*Going.*
Dem. Seleucus! great Seleucus!
Sold. The prince calls, sir.
Dem. Thou stock of nobleness and courtesy,
Thou father of the war!
Leon. What means the prince now?
Dem. Give me my standard here.
Lysim. His anger's melted.
Dem. You gentlemen that were his prisoners,
And felt the bounty of that noble nature,
Lay all your hands, and bear these colours to him,
The standard of the kingdom. Take it, soldier!
Ptol. What will this mean?
Dem. Thou hast won it; bear it off;
And draw thy men home whilst we wait upon thee.
Sel. You shall have all our countries.
Lysim. Ptol. All, by Heaven, sir.
Dem. I will not have a stone, a bush, a bramble:
No, in the way of courtesy, I'll start you.——
Draw off, and make a lane through all the army,
That these, that have subdued us, may march through us.
Sel. Sir, do not make me surfeit with such goodness;
I'll bear your standard for you, follow you.——
Dem. I swear it shall be so; march through me fairly,
And thine be this day's honour, great Seleucus!
Ptol. Mirror of noble minds!
Dem. Nay, then you hate me.
[*Exeunt with drums and shouts.*
Leon. I cannot speak now!
Well, go thy ways! at a sure piece o' bravery
Thou art the best! These men are won by th' necks now.
I'll send a post away. [*Exit.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*The Capital. An Apartment in the Palace.*

Enter ANTIGONUS *disguised, and* MENIPPUS.

Ant No aptness in her?
Men. Not an immodest motion;
And yet she is as free, and, when she is courted,
Makes as wild witty answers——
Ant. This more fires me!
I must not have her thus.
Men. We cannot alter her.
Ant. Have you put the youths upon her?
Men. All that know any thing,
And have been studied how to catch a beauty;
But like so many whelps about an elephant——
The prince is coming home, sir.
Ant. I hear that too;
But that's no matter. Am I alter'd well?
Men. Not to be known, I think, sir.
Ant. I must see her.

Enter Two Gentlemen.

1 *Gent.* I offer'd all I had, all I could think of,
I try'd her through all the points o' th' compass, I think.
2 *Gent.* She studies to undo the court, to plant
The enemy to our age, Chastity. [here
She is the first that e'er balk'd a close arbour,
And the sweet contents within: She hates curl'd heads too;
And setting up of beards she swears is idolatry.
1 *Gent.* I never knew so fair a face so froze;
Yet she would make one think——
2 *Gent.* True, by her carriage;
For she's as wanton as a kid, to th' outside,
As full of mocks and taunts. I kiss'd her hand too,
Walk'd with her half an hour.
1 *Gent.* She heard me sing,
And sung herself too; she sings admirably;
But still, when any hope was, as 'tis her trick
To minister enough of those, then presently,
With some new flam or other, nothing to the matter,
And such a frown as would sink all before her,
She takes her chamber. Come, we shall not be the last fools.

2 *Gent.* Not by a hundred, I hope; 'tis a strange
Ant. This screws me up still higher. [wench.
Enter CELIA *and* Ladies.
Men. Here she comes, sir.
Ant. Then, be you gone, and take the women
And lay those jewels in her way. [with you:
[*Exeunt all but* CELIA *and* ANT.
Celia. If I stay longer,
I shall number as many lovers as Laïs did.
How they flock after me! Upon my conscience,
I have had a dozen horses given me this morning:
I'll even set up a troop, and turn she-soldier.
A good discrete wench now, that were not hide-bound,
Might raise a fine estate here, and suddenly:
For these warm things will give their souls——I can go no where,
Without a world of offerings to my excellence:
I am a queen, a goddess, I know not what;
And no constellation in all Heaven, but I outshine
And they have found out now I have no eyes [it.
Of mortal lights; but certain influences,
Strange virtuous lightnings, human nature starts at;
And I can kill my twenty in a morning,
With as much ease now——Ha! what are these? new projects?
Where are my honourable ladies? Are you out, too?
Nay, then I must buy the stock; send me good carding!
I hope the prince's hand be not in this sport:
I have not seen him yet, cannot hear from him,
And that, that troubles me: All these were recreations,
Had I but his sweet company to laugh with me.
What fellow's that? Another apparition?
This is the loving'st age! I should know that face;
Sure, I have seen't before; not long since neither.
Ant. She sees me now.—Oh, Heaven, a most rare creature! [*Aside.*
Celia. Yes, 'tis the same: I'll take no notice of
But, if I do not fit you, let me fry for't. [you;
Is all this cackling for your egg? [*Sees the jewels.*]
They are fair ones,
Excellent rich, no doubt, too; and may stumble
A good staid mind; but I can go thus by 'em.—
My honest friend, do you set off these jewels?
Ant. Set 'em off, lady?
Celia. I mean, sell 'em here, sir.
Ant. She's very quick. [*Aside.*]—For sale they are not meant, sure.
Celia. For sanctity, I think, much less. Good even, sir.
Ant. Nay, noble lady, stay: 'Tis you must wear 'em:
Never look strange, they are worthy your best
Celia. Did you speak to me? [beauty.
Ant. To you, or to none living:
To you they're sent, to you they're sacrificed.
Cel. I'll never look a horse i' th' mouth that's given:
I thank you, sir: I'll send one to reward you.
Ant. Do you never ask who sent 'em?
Celia. Never, I';
Nor never care. If it be an honest end,
That end's the full reward, and thanks but slubber
If it be ill, I will not urge the acquaintance. [it:
Ant. This has a soul indeed.—Pray, let me tell you!
Celia. I care not if you do, so you do it hand-
And not stand picking of your words. [somely,
Ant. The king sent 'em.
Celia. Away, away! thou art some foolish fellow!
And now, I think, thou hast stole 'em too. The king sent 'em?
Alas, good man! Wouldst thou make me believe
He has nothing to do with things of these worths,
But wantonly to fling 'em? He's an old man,
A good old man, they say, too. I dare swear,
Full many a year ago he left these gambols.
Here, take your trinkets.
Ant. Sure, I do not lie, lady.
Celia. I know thou liest extremely, damnably:
Thou hast a lying face!
Ant. I was never thus rattled. [*Aside.*
Celia. But, say, I should believe: Why are these sent me?
And why art thou the messenger? Who art thou?
Ant. Lady, look on 'em wisely, and then consider
Who can send such as these, but a king only?
And, to what beauty can they be oblations,
But only yours! For me, that am the carrier,
'Tis only fit, you know I am his servant,
And have fulfill'd his will.
Celia. You are short and pithy.
What must my beauty do for these?
Ant. Sweet lady,
You cannot be so hard of understanding,
When a king's favour shines upon you gloriously,
And speaks his love in these——
Celia. Oh, then, love's the matter;
Sir-reverence Love! Now I begin to feel you:
And I should be the king's whore; a brave title!
And go as glorious as the sun; oh, brave still!
The chief commandress of his concubines,
Hurried from place to place to meet his pleasures!
Ant. A devilish subtle wench; but a rare spirit. [*Aside.*
Celia. And when the good old sponge had suck'd my youth dry,
And left some of his royal aches in my bones;
When time shall tell me I have plough'd my life up,
And cast long furrows in my face to sink me——
Ant. You must not think so, lady.
Celia. Then can these, sir,
These precious things, the price of youth and beauty,
This shop here of sin-offerings, set me off again?
Can it restore me chaste, young, innocent?
Purge me to what I was? add to my memory
An honest and a noble fame? The king's device!
The sin's as universal as the sun is,
And lights an universal torch to shame me.
Ant. Do you hold so slight account of a great
That all knees bow to purchase? [king's favour,
Celia. Pr'ythee, peace!
If thou knew'st how ill-favouredly thy tale becomes
And what ill root it takes—— [thee,
Ant. You will be wiser.
Celia. Could the king find no shape to shift his pandar into,
But reverend age? and one so like himself too?
Ant. She has found me out. [*Aside.*
Celia. Cozen the world with gravity!
Pr'ythee, resolve me one thing; does the king love
Ant. I think he does. [thee?
Celia. It seems so, by thy office:
He loves thy use, and, when that's ended, hates
Thou seem'st to me a soldier. [thee.

Ant. Yes, I am one.
Celia. And hast fought for thy country?
Ant. Many a time.
Celia. May be, commanded too?
Ant. I have done, lady.
Celia. Oh, wretched man, below the state of pity!
Canst thou forget thou wert begot in honour?
A free companion for a king? A soldier?
Whose nobleness dare feel no want but enemies?
Canst thou forget this, and decline so wretchedly,
To eat the bread of bawdry? of base bawdry?
Feed on the scum of sin? Fling thy sword from thee,
Dishonour to the noble name that nursed thee!
Go, beg diseases! Let them be thy armours!
Thy fights the flames of lust, and their foul issues.
Ant. Why then, I am a king, and mine own speaker. [*Throws off his disguise.*
Celia. And I as free as you, mine own disposer.
There, take your jewels; let 'em give them lustres
That have dark lives and souls: Wear 'em your-
You'll seem a devil else. [self, sir;
Ant. I command you, stay.
Celia. Be just, I am commanded.
Ant. I will not wrong you.
Celia. Then thus low falls my duty. [*Kneels.*
Ant. Can you love me?
Say "ay," and all I have——
Celia. I cannot love you;
Without the breach of faith, I cannot hear you.
You hang upon my love like frosts on lilies.
I can die, but I cannot love! You're answer'd.
[*Exit.*
Ant. I must find apter means; I love her truly.
[*Exit.*

SCENE II.—*Before the Palace.*

Enter DEMETRIUS, LEONTIUS, LIEUTENANT, Gentlemen, Soldiers, *and* Host.

Dem. Hither, do you say, she is come?
Host. Yes, sir, I'm sure on't:
For, whilst I waited on you, putting my wife in trust,
I know not by what means, but the king found her,
And hither she was brought. How, or to what
Dem. My father found her? [end—
Host. So my wife informs me.
Dem. Leontius, 'pray draw off the soldiers:
I would a while be private.
Leon. Fall off, gentlemen!
The prince would be alone.
[*Exeunt* LEON. LIEUT. Gentlemen, *and* Soldiers.
Dem. Is he so cunning?
There is some trick in this, and you must know it,
And be an agent too; which, if it prove so——
Host. Pull me to pieces, sir.
Dem. My father found her?
My father brought her hither? Went she willingly?
Host. My wife says full of doubts.
Dem. I cannot blame her.
No more. There is no trust, no faith in mankind!

Enter ANTIGONUS, MENIPPUS, LEONTIUS, *and* Soldiers.

Ant. Keep her close up; he must not come to see her.—
You are welcome nobly now! welcome home, gentlemen!
You have done a courteous service on the enemy,
Has tied his faith for ever; you shall find it.—
You are not now in's debt, son. Still your sa
Leontius, what's the matter? [looks?—
Leon. 'Truth, sir, I know not;
We have been merry since we went.
Lieut. I feel it.
Ant. Come, what's the matter now? Do yo
want money?——
Sure he has heard o' th' wench. [*Aside*
Dem. Is that a want, sir?
I would fain speak to your grace.
Ant. You may do freely.
Dem. And not deserve your anger?
Ant. That you may too.
Dem. There was a gentlewoman, and som
time my prisoner,
Which I thought well of, sir. Your grace conceive
me?
Ant. I do indeed, and with much grief conceiv
you;
With full as much grief as your mother bare you.
There was such a woman: 'Would I might as wel
There was no such Demetrius. [sa
Dem. She was virtuous,
And therefore not unfit my youth to love her.
She was as fair——
Ant. Her beauty I'll proclaim too,
To be as rich as ever reign'd in woman;
But how she made that good, the devil knows.
Dem. She was—Oh, Heaven!
Ant. The hell to all thy glories,
Swallow'd thy youth, made shipwreck of thin
She was a devil! [honour
Dem. You are my father, sir.
Ant. And since you take a pride to shew you
follies,
I'll muster 'em, and all the world shall view 'em.
Leon. What heat is this? The king's eyes speak
his anger.
Ant. Thou hast abused thy youth, drawn to th
fellowship,
Instead of arts and arms, a woman's kisses,
The subtilties and soft heats of a harlot.
Dem. Good sir, mistake her not.
Ant. A witch, a sorceress!
(I tell thee but the truth; and hear, Demetrius!)
Which has so dealt upon thy blood with charms,
Devilish and dark; so lock'd up all thy virtues;
So pluck'd thee back from what thou sprung's
from, glorious——
Dem. Oh, Heaven, that any tongue but hi
durst say this!
That any heart durst harbour it!—Dread father,
If for the innocent the gods allow us
To bend our knees——
Ant. Away! thou art bewitch'd still;
Though she be dead, her power still lives upo
thee.
Dem. Dead! dead! Oh, sacred sir! Dead, did
Ant. She is dead, fool. [you say?
Dem. It is not possible. Be not so angry.
Say she is fall'n under your sad displeasure,
Or any thing but dead. Say she is banish'd;
Invent a crime, and I'll believe it, sir.
Ant. Dead by the law: We found her hell, and
her;
I mean her charms and spells, for which she
perish'd.
And she confess'd she drew thee to thy ruin;
And purposed it, purposed my empire's overthrow.

Dem. But is she dead? was there no pity, sir?
If her youth erred, was there no mercy shown her?
Did you look on her face when you condemned her?
Ant. I look'd into her heart, and there she was hideous.
Dem. Can she be dead? Can virtue fall untimely?
Ant. She's dead; deservingly she died.
Dem. I have done then.—
Oh, matchless sweetness, whither art thou vanish'd?
Oh, thou fair soul of all thy sex, what paradise
Hast thou enrich'd and bless'd?—I am your son, sir,
And to all you shall command, stand most obedient:
Only a little time I must entreat you,
To study to forget her; 'twill not be long, sir,
Nor I long after it.—Art thou dead, Celia?
Dead, my poor wench? My joy pluck'd green with violence?
Oh, fair sweet flower, farewell! Come, thou destroyer,
Sorrow, thou melter of the soul, dwell with me!
Dwell with me, solitary thoughts, tears, cryings!
Nothing, that loves the day, love me, or seek me!
Nothing, that loves his own life, haunt about me!
And, Love, I charge thee, never charm mine eyes
Nor ne'er betray a beauty to my curses: [more,
For I shall curse all now, hate all, forswear all,
And all the brood of fruitful Nature vex at;
For she is gone that was all, and I nothing!
[*Exeunt* DEM. *and* Gent.
Ant. This opinion must be maintain'd.
Men. It shall be, sir.
Ant. Let him go; I can at mine own pleasure
Draw him to th' right again. Wait you instructions;
And see the soldier paid, Leontius.
Once more, you're welcome home all!
All. Health to your majesty! [*Exeunt* ANT. *&c.*
Leon. Thou went'st along the journey; how canst thou tell?
Host. I did; but I am sure 'tis so: Had I stay'd behind,
I think this had not proved.
Leon. A wench the reason?
Lieut. Who's that talks of a wench there?
Leon. All this discontent
About a wench?
Lieut. Where is this wench, good colonel?
Leon. Pr'ythee, hold thy peace! Who calls thee to council?
Lieut. Why, if there be a wench——
Leon. 'Tis fit thou know her,
That I'll say for thee; and as fit thou'rt for her,
Let her be mew'd or stopt.

Enter two Gentlemen.

How is it, gentlemen?
1 *Gent.* He's wondrous discontent; he'll speak to no man.
2 *Gent.* He has taken his chamber close, admits no entrance:
Tears in his eyes, and cryings-out.
Host. 'Tis so, sir;
And now I wish myself half-hang'd ere I went this journey.
Leon. What is this woman?
Lieut. Ay!
Host. I cannot tell you,
But handsome as Heaven.
Lieut. She's not so high, I hope, sir.
Leon. Where is she?
Lieut. Ay, that would be known.
Leon. Why, sirrah——
Host. I cannot show ye neither;
The king has now disposed of her.
Leon. There lies the matter.
Will he admit none to come to comfort him?
1 *Gent.* Not any near, nor, let 'em knock their hearts out,
'Will never speak.
Lieut. 'Tis the best way, if he have her;
For, look you, a man would be loth to be disturb'd in's pastime;
'Tis every good man's case.
Leon. 'Tis all thy living.—
We must not suffer this, we dare not suffer it;
For, when these tender souls meet deep afflictions,
They are not strong enough to struggle with 'em,
But drop away as snow does from a mountain,
And, in the torrent of their own sighs, sink themselves.
I will, and must speak to him.
Lieut. So must I too:
He promised me a charge.
Leon. Of what? of children?
Upon my conscience, thou hast a double company,
And all of thine own begetting, already.
Lieut. That's all one;
I'll raise 'em to a regiment, and then command 'em:
When they turn disobedient, unbeget 'em,
Knock 'em o' th' head, and put in new.
Leon. A rare way!
But, for all this, thou art not valiant enough
To dare to see the prince now?
Lieut. Do you think he's angry?
1 *Gent.* Extremely vex'd.
2 *Gent.* To the endang'ring of any man comes near him.
1 *Gent.* Yet, if thou couldst but win him out, whate'er thy suit were,
Believe it granted presently.
Leon. Yet thou must think, though,
That in the doing he may break upon you;
And——
Lieut. If he do not kill me——
Leon. There's the question.
Lieut. For half a dozen hurts——
Leon. Art thou so valiant?
Lieut. Not absolutely so, neither:—No, it cannot be;
I want my imposthumes, and my things about me;
Yet, I'll make danger, colonel.
Leon. 'Twill be rare sport,
Howe'er it take. Give me thy hand! If thou dost this,
I'll raise thee up a horse-troop, take my word for't.
Lieut. What may be done by human man——
Leon. Let's go then.
1 *Gent.* Away, before he cool; he will relapse else.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*A Room in the Palace.*

Enter ANTIGONUS, MENIPPUS, *and* LEUCIPPE.

Ant. Will she not yield?
Leu. For all we can urge to her.
I swore you would marry her; she laugh'd extremely,
And then she rail'd like thunder.
Ant. Call in the magician!
I must and will obtain her; I am ashes else.

Enter Magician, *with a bowl.*

Are all the philters in? charms, powder, roots?
Mag. They are all in; and now I only stay
The invocation of some helping spirits.

Ant. To your work then, and dispatch.
Mag. Sit still, and fear not.
Leu. I shall ne'er endure these sights.
Ant. Away with the woman!
Go, wait without.
Leu. When the devil's gone, pray call me. [*Exit.*
Ant. Be sure you make it powerful enough.
Mag. Pray doubt not. [*He conjures.*

A SONG.

Rise from the shades below,
All you that prove
The helps of looser love!
Rise, and bestow
Upon this cup, whatever may compel,
By powerful charm, and unresisted spell,
A heart unwarm'd to melt in love's desires!
Distil into this liquor all your fires,
Heats, longings, tears;
But keep back frozen fears;
That she may know, that has all power defied,
Art is a power that will not be denied.

Enter Spirits, *who dance about the Bowl, and sing this Answer.*

I obey, I obey;
And am come to view the day;
Brought along all may compel,
All the earth has, and our hell.
Here's a little, little flower;
This will make her sweat an hour,
Then into such flames arise,
A thousand joys will not suffice:
Here's the powder of the moon,
With which she caught Endymion:
The powerful tears that Venus cried,
When the boy Adonis died:
Here's Medea's charm, with which
Jason's heart she did bewitch:
Omphale this spell put in,
When she made the Libyan spin:
This dull root, pluck'd from Lethe flood,
Purges all pure thoughts, and good.
These I stir thus, round, round, round,
Whilst our light feet beat the ground.
[*The Spirits disappear.*

Mag. Now, sir, 'tis full; and whosoever drinks
Shall violently dote upon your person, [this,
And never sleep nor eat, unsatisfied.
So many hours 'twill work, and work with violence;
And, those expired, 'tis done. You have my art, sir.
Ant. See him rewarded liberally.——Leucippe!

Enter LEUCIPPE.

Here, take this bowl, and when she calls for wine next,
Be sure you give her this, and see her drink it.
Delay no time when she calls next!
Leu. I shall, sir.
Ant. Let none else touch it, on your life.
Leu. I'm charged, sir.
Ant. Now, if she have an antidote art, let her 'scape me. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*The Hall, with a Door to the Apartment of* DEMETRIUS.

Enter LEONTIUS, LIEUTENANT, *and* Gentlemen.

1 *Gen.* There is the door, Lieutenant, if you dare do any thing.
Leon. Here's no man waits.
1 *Gen.* He has given a charge that none shall,
Nor none shall come within the hearing of him.
Dare you go forward?
Lieut. Let me put on my skull first:
My head's almost beaten into the pap of an apple
And are there no guns i' th' door?
Leon. The rogue will do it:
And yet I know he has no stomach to't.
Lieut. What loop-holes are there, when I knock for stones?
For those may pepper me:—I can perceive none.
Leon. How he views the fortification!
Lieut. Farewell, gentlemen!
If I be kill'd——
Leon. We'll see thee buried bravely.
Lieut. Away! how should I know that then?—I'll knock softly.
'Pray Heaven he speak in a low voice now, to comfort me:
I feel I have no heart to't.—[*Knocks.*]—Is't well gentlemen?
Colonel, my troop!
Leon. A little louder.
Lieut. Stay, stay:
Here is a window; I will see; stand wide.
By heaven, he's charging of a gun!
Leon. There's no such matter:
There's nobody in this room.
Lieut. Oh, 'twas a fire shovel.
Now I'll knock louder. If he say, "Who's there?"
As sure he has so much manners, then will I answer him
So finely and demurely. My troop, colonel! [*Knocks louder*
1 *Gent.* Knock louder, fool! he hears not.
Lieut. You fool, do you:
Do, an you dare now.
1 *Gent.* I do not undertake it.
Lieut. Then hold your peace, and meddle with your own matters
Leon. Now he will knock. [LIEUT. *knocks louder*
Lieut. Sir, sir! will't please you hear, sir?
Your grace!—I'll look again. What's that?
Leon. He's there now.
Lord! how he stares! I ne'er yet saw him thus altered
Stand now, and take the troop.
Lieut. 'Would I were in't,
And a good horse under me!—I must knock again [*Knocks*
The devil's at my fingers' ends. He comes now.
Now, colonel, if I live——
Leon. The troop's thine own, boy.

Enter DEMETRIUS, *with a Pistol.*

Dem. What desperate fool, ambitious of his ruin——
Lieut. Your father would desire you, sir, to come to dinner.
Dem. Thou art no more. [*Presents the pistol*
Lieut. Now, now, now, now! [*Falls*
Dem. Poor coxcomb!
Why do I aim at thee? [*Fires it, and exit*
Leon. His fear has kill'd him.

Enter LEUCIPPE, *with the bowl.*

2 *Gent.* I protest he's almost stiff: Bend him and rub him!
Hold his nose close!—You, if you be a woman,
Help us a little! Here's a man near perish'd.
Leu. Alas, alas, I have nothing here about me.
Look to my bowl! I'll run in presently,

And fetch some water. Bend him, and set him upwards.
A goodly man! [*Exit.*
Leon. Here's a brave heart! He's warm again.
Leave us i' th' lurch so, sirrah! [You shall not
2 *Gent.* Now he breathes too.
Leon. If we'd but any drink to raise his spirits—
What's that i' th' bowl? Upon my life, good
She would not own it else. [liquor;
1 *Gent.* He sees.
Leon. Look up, boy;
And take this cup, and drink it off; I'll pledge thee.
Guide it to his mouth. He swallows heartily.
2 *Gent.* Oh, fear and sorrow's dry: 'Tis off.
Leon. Stand up, man.
Lieut. Am I not shot?
Leon. Away with him, and cheer him.
Thou hast won thy troop.
Lieut. I think I won it bravely.
Leon. Go; I must see the prince; he must not live thus;
And let me hear an hour hence from ye.
Well, sir—— [*Exeunt* Gent. *and* Lieut.

Enter Leucippe, *with water.*

Leu. Here, here! Where's the sick gentleman?
Leon. He's up, and gone, lady.
Leu. Alas, that I came so late.
Leon. He must still thank you;
You left that in a cup here did him comfort.
Leu. That in the bowl?
Leon. Yes, truly, very much comfort;
He drank it off, and after it spoke lustily.
Leu. Did he drink it all?
Leon. All off.
Leu. The devil choke him!
I am undone! He has twenty devils in him.—
Undone for ever!—Left he none? [*Looks at the bowl.*
Leon. I think not.
Leu. No, not a drop. What shall become of me now?
Had he no where else to swoon?—A vengeance swoon him!
Undone, undone, undone!—Stay, I can lie yet,
And swear too, at a pinch; that's all my comfort.
Look to him; I say look to him, and but mark what follows. [*Exit.*

Enter Demetrius.

Leon. What a devil ails the woman? Here comes the prince again,
With such a sadness on his face, as Sorrow,
Sorrow herself but poorly imitates.
Sorrow of sorrows on that heart that caused it! [*Retires.*
Dem. Why might she not be false and treacherous to me,
And found so by my father? She was a woman;
And many a one of that sex, young and fair,
As full of faith as she, have fallen, and foully.
Leon. It is a wench. Oh that I knew the circumstance!
Dem. Why might not, to preserve me from this
She having lost her honour, and abused me, [ruin,
My father change the forms o' th' coins, and exe-
His anger on a fault she ne'er committed, [cute
Only to keep me safe? Why should I think so?
She never was to me, but all obedience,
Sweetness and love.
Leon. How heartily he weeps now!
I have not wept these thirty years and upward;
But now, if I should be hang'd, I can't hold from it:
It grieves me to the heart. [*Comes forward.*
Dem. Who's that that mocks me?
Leon. A plague of him that mocks you! I grieve truly,
Truly and heartily, to see you thus, sir:
And, if it lay in my power, gods are my witness,
Whoe'er he be that took your sweet peace from
I am not so old yet, nor want I spirit—— [you,
Dem. No more of that; no more, Leontius:
Revenges are the gods'; our part is sufferance!
Farewell! I shall not see thee long.
Leon. Good sir,
Tell me the cause: I know there is a woman in't.
D'you hold me faithful? Dare you trust your
Sweet prince, the cause? [soldier?
Dem. I must not, dare not tell it;
And, as thou art an honest man, enquire not.
Leon. Will you be merry then?
Dem. I am wondrous merry.
Leon. 'Tis wondrous well. You think now this becomes you.
Shame on't! it does not, sir; it shews not handsomely.
If I were thus, you'd swear I were an ass straight,
A wooden ass! Whine for a wench!
Dem. Pr'ythee leave me.
Leon. I will not leave you for a tit——
Dem. Leontius!
Leon. For that you may have any where for
And a dear pennyworth too. [sixpence;
Dem. Nay, then you're troublesome.
Leon. Not half so troublesome as you are to yourself, sir.
Was that brave heart made to pant for a placket,
And now i' th' Dog-days too, when nothing dare love?
That noble mind, to melt away and moulder
For a hey-nonny-nonny? Would I had a glass here,
To shew you what a pretty toy you're turn'd to.
Dem. My wretched fortune!
Leon. Will you but let me know her?
I'll once turn bawd: Go to, they're good men's offices,
And not so contemptible as we take 'em for:
And if she be above ground, and a woman,
I ask no more! I'll bring her o' my back, sir;
By this hand I will—and I had as lief bring the devil—
I care not who she be, nor where I have her—
And in your arms, or the next bed, deliver her,
Which you think fittest: And, when you have danced your galliard——
Dem. Away, and fool to them are so affected!—
Oh, thou art gone, and all my comfort with thee!—
Wilt thou do one thing for me?
Leon. All things i' th' world, sir,
Of all dangers.
Dem. Swear!
Leon. I will.
Dem. Come near me no more, then—
Leon. How?
Dem. Come no more near me:
Thou art a plague-sore to me. [*Exit.*
Leon. Give you good even, sir!
If you be suffer'd thus, we shall have fine sport.—
I will be sorry yet.

Enter two Gentlemen.

1 *Gent.* How now? how does he?
Leon. Nay, if I tell you, hang me, or any man else
That has his nineteen wits. He has the bots, I think;
He groans, and roars, and kicks.
2 *Gent.* Will he speak yet?
Leon. Not willingly:
Shortly, he will not see a man. If ever
I look'd upon a prince so metamorphosed,
So juggled into I know not what, shame take me!
This 'tis to be in love.
1 *Gent.* Is that the cause on't?
Leon. What is it not the cause of, but bear-beatings?
And yet it stinks much like it. Out upon't!
What giants and what dwarfs, what owls and apes,
What dogs and cats it makes us! Men that are possess'd with it,
Live as if they had a legion of devils in 'em,
And every devil of a several nature;
Nothing but hey-pass, re-pass. Where's the Lieutenant?
Has he gathered up the end on's wits again?
1 *Gent.* He is alive: But, you that talk of wonders,
Shew me but such a wonder as he is now.
Leon. Why, he was ever at the worst a wonder.
2 *Gent.* He's now most wonderful: a blazer now, sir.
Leon. What ails the fool? And what star reigns
We have such prodigies? [now, gentlemen,
2 *Gent.* 'Twill 'pose your heaven-hunters.
He talks now of the king, no other language,
And with the king, as he imagines, hourly.
Courts the king, drinks to the king, dies for the king, [colours.
Buys all the pictures of the king, wears the king's
Leon. Does he not lie i' th' King-street too?
1 *Gent.* He's going thither.
Makes prayers for the king in sundry languages,
Turns all his proclamations into metre;
Is really in love with the king most dotingly,
And swears Adonis was a devil to him.
A sweet king, a most comely king, and such a king—
2 *Gent.* Then down on's marrow-bones; "oh, excellent king,"——
Thus he begins, "Thou light and life of creatures,
Angel-eyed king, vouchsafe at length thy favour;"——
And so proceeds to incision. What think you of this sorrow?
1 *Gent.* 'Will as familiarly kiss the king's horses
As they pass by him—Ready to ravish his foot-
Leon. Why, this is above *Ela!* [men.
But how comes this?
1 *Gent.* Nay, that's to understand yet;
But thus it is, and this part but the poorest.
'Twould make a man leap o'er the moon to see
Act these. [him
2 *Gent.* With sighs as though his heart would
Cry like a breeched boy; not eat a bit. [break;
Leon. I must go see him presently;
For this is such a gig—For certain, gentlemen,
The fiend rides on a fiddle-stick.
2 *Gent.* I think so.
Leon. Can you guide me to him? For half an
To see the miracle. [hour I'm his,
1 *Gent.* We sure shall start him. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—*An Apartment in the Same.*

Enter Antigonus, *in splendid apparel, and* Leucippe.

Ant. Are you sure she drank it?
Leu. Now must I lie most confidently.—— [*Aside.*
Yes, sir, she has drank it off.
Ant. How works it with her?
Leu. I see no alteration yet.
Ant. There will be;
For he's the greatest artist living made it.
Where is she now?
Leu. She is ready to walk out, sir.
Ant. Stark mad, I know she will be.
Leu. So I hope, sir.
Ant. She knows not of the prince?
Leu. Of no man living.
Ant. How do I look? how do my clothes become
I am not very grey. [me?
Leu. A very youth, sir:
Upon my maidenhead, as smug as April.
Heaven bless that sweet face! 'twill undo a thousand:
Many a soft heart must sob yet, ere that wither.
Your grace can give content enough.
Ant. I think so.

Enter Celia, *with a book.*

Leu. Here she comes, sir.
Ant. How shall I keep her off me?
Go, and perfume the room; make all things ready.
[*Exit* Leu.
Celia. No hope yet of the prince! no comfort of him!
They keep me mew'd up here, as they mew mad folks,
No company but my afflictions.— [*Sees the King.*
This royal devil again! Strange how he haunts me!
How like a poison'd potion his eyes fright me!
He has made himself handsome too.
Ant. Do you look now, lady?
You'll leap anon.
Celia. Curl'd and perfum'd! I smell him.
He looks on's legs too: sure he'll cut a caper.
God-a-mercy, dear December!
Ant. Oh, do you smile now?
I knew it would work with you.—Come hither,
Celia. Sir! [pretty one.
Ant. I like those court'sies well. Come hither, and kiss me.
Celia. I am reading, sir, of a short treatise here,
That's call'd the Vanity of Lust: Has your grace seen it?
He says here, that an old man's loose desire
Is like the glow-worm's light the apes so wonder'd at;
Which, when they gather'd sticks and laid upon't,
And blew, and blew, turn'd tail, and went out presently.
And, in another place, he calls their loves
Faint smells of dying flowers, carry no comforts;
They're doting stinking fogs; so thick and muddy,
Reason, with all his beams, cannot beat through 'em.

Ant. How's this? Is this the potion?—You but
I know you love me. [fool still!
Celia. As you're just and honest,
I know I love and honour you; admire you.
Ant. This makes against me, fearfully against me.
Celia. But, as you bring your power to persecute me,
Your traps to catch mine innocence, to rob me,
As you lay out your lusts to overwhelm me,
Hell never hated good as I hate you, sir:
And I dare tell it to your face. What glory,
Now, after all your conquests got, your titles,
The ever-living memories raised to you,
Can my defeat be? my poor wreck, what triumph?
And, when you crown your swelling cups to fortune,
What honourable tongue can sing my story?
Be as your emblem is, a glorious lamp
Set on the top of all, to light all perfectly:
Be as your office is, a god-like justice,
Into all shedding equally your virtues!
Ant. She has drench'd me now; now I admire her goodness!
So young, so nobly strong, I never tasted.
Can nothing in the power of kings persuade you?
Celia. No, nor that power command me.
Ant. Say I should force you?
I have it in my will.
Celia. Your will's a poor one;
And, though it be a king's will, a despised one;
Weaker than infant's legs, your will's in swaddling clouts.
A thousand ways my will has found to check you:
A thousand doors to 'scape you. I dare die, sir;
As suddenly I dare die, as you can offer. [me,
Nay, say you had your will, say you had ravish'd
Perform'd your lust, what had you purchased by it?
What honour won? Do you know who dwells above, sir,
And what they have prepared for men turn'd devils?
Did you ne'er hear their thunder? Start and tremble,
Death sitting on your blood; when their fires visit us,
Will nothing wring you then, do you think? Sit hard here?
And like a snake curl round about your conscience,
Biting and stinging? Will you not roar too late then?
Then, when you shake in horror of this villainy,
Then will I rise a star in Heaven, and scorn you!
Ant. Lust, how I hate thee now, and love this sweetness!
Will you be my queen? can that price purchase you?
Celia. Not all the world. I am a queen already,
Crown'd by his love, I must not lose for fortune:
I can give none away, sell none away, sir,
Can lend no love, am not mine own exchequer;
For in another's heart my hope and peace lie.
Ant. Your fair hands, lady! For yet I am not pure enough
To touch these lips. In that sweet peace you spoke of,
Live now for ever, and I to serve your virtues!
Celia. Why, now you shew a god! now I kneel to you! [*Kneels.*
This sacrifice of virgin's joy send to you!
Thus I hold up my hands to Heav'n that touch'd you,
And pray eternal blessings dwell about you!
Ant. Virtue commands the stars.—Rise, more than virtue!
Your present comfort shall be now my business.
Celia. All my obedient service wait upon you.
[*Exeunt severally.*

SCENE VI.—*The Court of the Palace.*

Enter LEONTIUS, Gentlemen, *and* LIEUTENANT.

Leon. Hast thou clean forgot the wars?
Lieut. Pr'ythee hold thy peace.
1 *Gent.* His mind's much elevated now.
Leon. It seems so.
Sirrah!
Lieut. I am so troubled with this fellow!
Leon. He'll call me rogue anon.
1 *Gent.* 'Tis ten to one else.
Lieut. Oh, king, that thou knew'st I loved thee, how I loved thee!
And where, Oh, king, I barrel up thy beauty!
Leon. He cannot leave his sutler's trade: he
Lieut. Oh, never, king—— [wooes in't.
Leon. By this hand, when I consider——
Lieut. My honest friend, you are a little saucy.
1 *Gent.* I told you, you would have it.
Lieut. When mine own worth——
Leon. Is flung into the balance, and found
Lieut. And yet a soldier—— [nothing.
Leon. And yet a saucy one.
Lieut. One that has follow'd thee——
Leon. Fair and far off.
Lieut. Fought for thy grace——
Leon. 'Twas for some grief: You lie, sir!
Lieut. He's the son of a whore denies this!
Will that satisfy you?
Leon. Yes, very well.
Lieut. Shall then that thing that honours thee——
How miserable a thing soever, yet a thing still;
And though a thing of nothing, thy thing ever—
Leon. Here's a new thing.
2 *Gent.* He's in a deep dump now.
Leon. I'll fetch him out on't.—When's the king's birth-day?
Lieut. Whene'er it be, that day I'll die with ringing:
And there's the resolution of a lover! [*Exit.*
Leon. A goodly resolution! Sure, I take it,
He is bewitch'd, or mop'd, or his brains melted.
Could he find nobody to fall in love with but the
The good old king? to dote upon him too! [king,
Stay! now I remember what the fat woman warn'd
Bade me remember, and look to him too. [me;
I'll hang if she have not a hand in this: He's
Go after him; I pity the poor rascal: [conjured.
In the mean time, I'll wait occasion
To work upon the prince.
2 *Gent.* Pray do that seriously.
[*Exeunt severally.*

SCENE VII.—*An Apartment in the Palace.*

Enter ANTIGONUS, MENIPPUS, *and* Lords.

Lord. He's very ill.
Ant. I'm very sorry for't;

And much asham'd I have wrong'd his innocence.
Menippus, guide her to the prince's lodgings;
There leave her to his love again.
Men. I'm glad, sir.
Lord. He'll speak to none.
Ant. Oh, I shall break that silence.
Be quick! take fair attendance.
Men. Yes, sir, presently. [*Exit.*
Ant. He'll find his tongue, I warrant you; his
I send a physic will not fail. [health too:
Lord. Fair work it!
Ant. We hear the princes mean to visit us,
In way of truce.
Lord. 'Tis thought so.
Ant. Come, let's in then,
And think upon the noblest ways to meet 'em.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VIII.—*The Court before the Lodgings of* DEMETRIUS.

Enter LEONTIUS.

Leon. There's no way now to get in; all the light stopt too;
Nor can I hear a sound of him. Pray Heaven,
He use no violence! I think he has more soul,
Stronger, and I hope nobler. 'Would I could but see once
This beauty he groans under, or come to know
But any circumstance.—What noise is that there?
I think I heard him groan. Here are some coming;
A woman too; I'll stand aloof, and view 'em.

Enter MENIPPUS, CELIA, *and* Lords.

Celia. Well, some of ye have been to blame in this point;
But I forgive ye. The king might have pick'd out
Some fitter woman to have tried his valour. [too,
Men. 'Twas all to the best meant, lady.
Celia. I must think so;
For how to mend it now—He's here, you tell me?
Men. He is, madam; and the joy to see you only
Will draw him out.
Leon. I know that woman's tongue;
I think I have seen her face too: I'll go nearer.
If this be she, he has some cause of sorrow.
'Tis the same face; the same most excellent woman!
Celia. This should be Lord Leontius: I remem-
Leon. Lady, I think you know me. [ber him.
Celia. Speak soft, good soldier!
I do, and know you worthy, know you noble:
Know not me yet openly, as you love me;
But let me see you again; I'll satisfy you.
I'm wondrous glad to see those eyes.
Leon. You have charged me.
Celia. You shall know where I am.
Leon. I will not off yet:
She goes to knock at's door. This must be she
The fellow told me of; right glad I'm on't.
He will bolt now for certain.
Celia. Are you within, sir?—
[*Knocks at the window.*
I'll trouble you no more: I thank your courtesy.
'Pray, leave me now.
All. We rest your humble servants!
[*Exeunt* MEN., *&c.*
Celia. So, now my gyves are off. Pray Heaven he be here!—
Master! my royal sir! do you hear who calls you?
Love! my Demetrius!

Leon. These are pretty quail-pipes;
The cock will crow anon.
Celia. Can you be drowsy,
When I call at your window?
Leon. I hear him stirring:
Now he comes wondering out.

Enter DEMETRIUS.

Dem. 'Tis Celia's sound, sure!
The sweetness of that tongue draws all hearts to it.
There stands the shape too!
Leon. How he stares upon her!
Dem. Ha! do mine eyes abuse me?
'Tis she, the living Celia!—Your hand, lady!
Celia. What should this mean?
Dem. The very self-same Celia——
Celia. How do you, sir?
Dem. Only turn'd brave.
I heard you were dead, my dear one. Complete!
She is wondrous brave; a wondrous gallant courtier!
Celia. How he surveys me round! Here has been foul play.
Dem. How came she thus?
Celia. It was a kind of death, sir,
I suffer'd in your absence, mew'd up here,
And kept conceal'd I know not how.
Dem. 'Tis likely.
How came you hither, Celia? Wondrous gallant!
Did my father send for you?
Celia. So they told me, sir,
And on command too.
Dem. I hope you were obedient?
Celia. I was so ever.
Dem. And you were bravely used?
Celia. I wanted nothing.——
My maidenhead to a mote i' th' sun, he's jealous;
I must now play the knave with him, though I die for't;
'Tis in my nature. [*Aside.*
Dem. Her very eyes are alter'd!
Jewels, and rich ones too, I never saw yet——
And what were those came for you?
Celia. Monstrous jealous: [*Aside.*
Have I lived at the rate of these scorn'd questions?
They seem'd of good sort, gentlemen.
Dem. Kind men?
Celia. They were wondrous kind; I was much beholding to 'em.
There was one Menippus, sir.
Dem. Ha?
Celia. One Menippus;
A notable merry lord, and a good companion.
Dem. And one Charinthus too?
Celia. Yes, there was such a one.
Dem. And Timon?
Celia. 'Tis most true.
Dem. And thou most treacherous!
My father's bawds, by Heaven! they never miss
And were these daily with you? [course.
Celia. Every hour, sir.
Dem. And was there not a lady, a fat lady?
Celia. Oh, yes; a notable good wench.
Dem. The devil fetch her!
Celia. 'Tis even the merriest wench——
Dem. Did she keep with you too?
Celia. She was all in all; my bed-fellow, eat
Brought me acquainted. [with me,
Dem. You are well known here then?
Celia. There is no living here a stranger, I think.
Dem. How came you by this brave gown?

Celia. This is a poor one:
Alas, I have twenty richer. Do you see these jewels?
Why, they're the poorest things, to those are sent
And sent me hourly too! [me,
Dem. Is there no modesty,
No faith, in this fair sex?
Leon. What will this prove too?
For yet, with all my wits, I understand not.
Dem. Come hither! Thou art dead indeed, lost,
All that I left thee, fair and innocent, [tainted!
Sweet as thy youth, and carrying comfort in't;
All that I hoped for virtuous, is fled from thee,
Turn'd black and bankrupt!
Leon. By'r lady, this cuts shrewdly.
Dem. Thou'rt dead, for ever dead! Sin's surfeit slew thee;
Th' ambition of those wanton eyes betray'd thee.
Go from me, grave of honour! Go, thou foul one,
Thou glory of thy sin! Go, thou despised one!
And, where there is no virtue, nor no virgin;
Where chastity was never known nor heard of;
Where nothing reigns but impious lust and looseness;
Go thither, child of blood, and sing my doting!
Celia. You do not speak this seriously, I hope,
I did but jest with you. [sir:
Dem. Look not upon me!
There is more hell in those eyes than hell harbours;
And, when they flame, more torments!
Celia. Dare you trust me?
You durst once, even with all you had, your love,
By this fair light, I'm honest. [sir.
Dem. Thou subtle Circe,
Cast not upon the maiden light eclipses;
Curse not the day!
Celia. Come, come, you shall not do this.
How fain you would seem angry now, to fright me:
You are not in the field among your enemies.
Come, I must cool this courage.
Dem. Out, thou impudence,
Thou ulcer of thy sex! When I first saw thee,
I drew into mine eyes mine own destruction,
I pull'd into my heart that sudden poison,
That now consumes my dear content to cinders.
I am not now Demetrius; thou hast changed me:
Thou, woman, with thy thousand wiles, hast changed me;
Thou, serpent, with thy angel-eyes, hast slain me!
And where, before I touch'd on this fair ruin,
I was a man, and reason made and moved me,
Now one great lump of grief I grow and wander.
Celia. And, as you're noble, do you think I did this?
Dem. Put all thy devil's wings on, and fly from me!
Celia. I will go from you, never more to see you;
I will fly from you, as a plague hangs o'er me;
And, through the progress of my life hereafter,
Wherever I shall find a fool, a false man,
One that ne'er knew the worth of polish'd virtue,
A base suspector of a virgin's honour,
A child that flings away the wealth he cry'd for,
Him will I call Demetrius; that fool, Demetrius,
That madman, a Demetrius; and that false man,
The prince of broken faiths, even Prince Demetrius!
You think now I should cry and kneel down to you,
Petition for my peace: Let those that feel here
The weight of evil, wait for such a favour:
I am above your hate, as far above it,
In all the actions of an innocent life,
As the pure stars are from the muddy meteors.
Cry, when you know your folly; howl and curse then,
Beat that unmanly breast, that holds a false heart,
When you shall come to know whom you have flung from you.
Dem. 'Pray you stay a little.
Celia. Not your hopes can alter me!
Then, let a thousand black thoughts muster in you,
And with those enter in a thousand dotings;
Those eyes be never shut, but drop to nothing;
My innocence for ever haunt and fright you;
Those arms together grow in folds; that tongue,
That bold bad tongue, that barks out these disgraces,
When you shall come to know how nobly virtuous
I have preserved my life, rot, rot within you!
Dem. What shall I do?
Celia. Live a lost man for ever!
Go, ask your father's conscience what I suffer'd,
And through what seas of hazards I sailed through;
Mine honour still advanced in spite of tempests;
Then, take your leave of love, and confess freely
You were ne'er worthy of this heart that served you:
And so farewell, ungrateful! [*Exit.*
Dem. Is she gone?
Leon. I'll follow her, and will find out this matter. [*Exit.*

Enter ANTIGONUS *and* Lords.

Ant. Are you pleased now? Ha' you got your
Have I restored you that? [heart again?
Dem. Sir, even for Heaven sake,
And sacred Truth sake, tell me how you found her?
Ant. I will, and in few words. Before I tried her,
'Tis true, I thought her most unfit your fellowship,
And fear'd her too; which fear begot that story
I told you first: But since, like gold I touch'd her.
Dem. And how, dear sir——
Ant. Heaven's holy light's not purer.
The constancy and goodness of all women,
That ever lived to win the names of worthy,
This noble maid has doubled in her honour.
All promises of wealth, all art to win her,
And by all tongues employed, wrought as much on
As one may do upon the sun at noon-day [her
By lighting candles up. Her shape is heavenly,
And, to that heavenly shape, her thoughts are angels.
Dem. Why did you tell me, sir——
Ant. 'Tis true I err'd in't:
But, since I made a full proof of her virtue,
I find a king too poor a servant for her.
Love her, and honour her; in all observe her.
She must be something more than time yet tells
And certain I believe him bless'd enjoys her. [her;
I would not lose the hope of such a daughter,
To add another empire to my honour. [*Exit.*
Dem. Oh, wretched state! to what end shall I turn me?
And where begins my penance? Now, what service
Will win her love again? My death must do it:
And if that sacrifice can purge my follies,
Be pleased, oh, mighty Love, I die thy servant! [*Exit.*

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*An Apartment in the House of* Celia.

Enter Leontius *and* Celia.

Leon. I know he does not deserve you; he has used you poorly:
And to redeem himself——
Celia. Redeem?
Leon. I know it——
There's no way left.
Celia. For Heaven's sake, do not name him,
Do not think on him, sir; he's so far from me
In all my thoughts now, methinks I never knew [him.
Leon. But yet I would see him again.
Celia. No, never, never!
Leon. I do not mean to lend him any comfort,
But to afflict him; so to torture him,
That even his very soul may shake within him;
To make him know, though he be great and power-
'Tis not within his aim to deal dishonourably, [ful,
And carry it off, and with a maid of your sort.
Celia. I must confess, I could most spitefully afflict him;
Now, now, I could whet my anger at him;
Now, arm'd with bitterness, I could shoot through
I long to vex him! [him:
Leon. And do it home, and bravely.
Celia. Were I a man——
Leon. I'll help that weakness in you:
I honour you, and serve you.
Celia. Not only to disclaim me,
When he had seal'd his vows in Heaven, sworn to me,
And poor believing I became his servant;
But, most maliciously, to brand my credit,
Stain my pure name!
Leon. I would not suffer it.
See him I would again; and, to his teeth too,
(Od's precious!) I would ring him such a lesson—
Celia. I have done that already.
Leon. Nothing, nothing;
It was too poor a purge. Besides, by this time
He has found his fault, and feels the hells that follow it.
That, and your urged-on anger to the highest—
Why, 'twill be such a stroke——
Celia. Say, he repent then,
And seek with tears to soften? I'm a woman,
A woman that have loved him, sir, have honour'd
I am no more. [him;
Leon. Why you may deal thereafter.
Celia. If I forgive him, I am lost.
Leon. Hold there then;
The sport will be, to what a poor submission——
But keep you strong.
Celia. I would not see him.
Leon. Yes; you shall ring his knell.
Celia. How if I kill him?
Leon. Kill him? why, let him die.
Celia. I know 'tis fit so:
But why should I, that loved him once, destroy him?
Oh, had he 'scaped this sin, what a brave gentleman——
Leon. I must confess, had this not fallen, a nobler,
A handsomer, the whole world had not shew'd you:
And, to his making, such a mind——
Celia. 'Tis certain:
But all this I must now forget.
Leon. You shall not,
If I have any art. [*Aside.*]—Go up, sweet lady,
And trust my truth.
Celia. But, good sir, bring him not.
Leon. I would not for the honour you are born to;
But you shall see him, and neglect him too, and scorn him.
Celia. You will be near me then?
Leon. I will be with you.—
Yet there's some hope to stop this gap; I'll work hard. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*An Apartment in the Palace.*

Enter Antigonus, Menippus, *two* Gentlemen, Lieutenant, *and* Lords.

Ant. But is it possible this fellow took it?
2 *Gent.* It seems so, by the violence it wrought
Yet now the fit's even off. [with;
Men. I beseech your grace——
Ant. Nay, I forgive thy wife with all my heart,
And am right glad she drank it not herself,
And more glad that the virtuous maid escap'd it;
I would not for the world 't had hit: But that this soldier,
(Lord, how he looks!) that he should take this
Can he make rhymes too? [vomit!
2 *Gent.* He has made a thousand, sir,
And plays the burden to 'em on a Jew's-trump.
Ant. He looks as though he were bepist.—Do you love me, sir?
Lieut. Yes, surely; even with all my heart.
Ant. I thank you;
I am glad I have so good a subject.
But, pray you tell me, how much did you love me,
Before you drank this matter?
Lieut. Even as much
As a sober man might; and a soldier
That your grace owes just half a year's pay to.
Ant. Well remember'd.
And did I seem so young and amiable to you?
Lieut. Methought you were the sweetest youth—
Ant. That's excellent!
Lieut. Ay truly, sir; and ever as I thought on
I wish'd, and wish'd—— [you,
Ant. What didst thou wish, I prythee?
Lieut. Even that I had been a wench of fifteen
A handsome wench, sir. [for you;
Ant. Why, God-a-mercy, soldier!
I seem not so now to thee?
Lieut. Not all out;
And yet I have a grudging to your grace still.
Ant. Thou wast ne'er in love before?
Lieut. Not with a king,
And hope I shall ne'er be again. Truly, sir,
I have had such plunges, and such bickerings,
And, as it were, such runnings a-tilt within me!
For, whatsoever it was provoked me toward you—
Ant. God-a-mercy, still!
Lieut. I had it with a vengeance;
It play'd his prize.
Ant. I would not have been a wench then,
Though of this age.
Lieut. No, sure, I should have spoil'd you.

Ant. Well, go thy ways. Of all the lusty lovers
That e'er I saw—Wilt have another potion?
Lieut. If you will be another thing, have at you.
Ant. Ha, ha, ha!
Give me thy hand; from henceforth thou'rt my
Do bravely; I'll love thee as much. [soldier.
Lieut. I thank you;
But, if you were mine enemy, I would not wish it
I beseech your grace, pay me my charge. [you.
2 *Gent.* That's certain, sir;
He has bought up all that e'er he found was like you,
Or any thing you have loved, that he could purchase;
Old horses that your grace had ridden blind, and founder'd;
Dogs, rotten hawks, and, which is more than all this,
Has worn your grace's gauntlet in his bonnet.
Ant. Bring in your bills: Mine own love shall be satisfy'd;
And, sirrah, for this potion you have taken,
I'll point you out a portion you shall live on.
Men. 'Twas the best draught that e'er you
Lieut. I hope so. [drank.
Ant. Are the princes come to th' court?
Men. They are all, and lodged, sir.
Ant. Come then, make ready for their entertainment;
Which presently we'll give.—Wait you on me, sir.
Lieut. I shall love drink the better whilst I live, boys! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*A Room in the House of* CELIA.

Enter DEMETRIUS *and* LEONTIUS.

Dem. Let me but see her, dear Leontius;
Let me but die before her!
Leon. 'Would that would do it.
If I knew where she lay now, with what honesty
(You having flung so main a mischief on her,
And on so innocent and sweet a beauty)
Dare I present your visit?
Dem. I'll repent all,
And with the greatest sacrifice of sorrow,
That ever lover made.
Leon. 'Twill be too late, sir:
I know not what will become of you.
Dem. You can help me.
Leon. It may be, to her sight: What are you nearer?
She has sworn she will not speak to you, look upon you;
And, to love you again, oh, she cries out, and thunders,
She had rather love——There is no hope.
Dem. Yes, Leontius,
There is a hope; which, though it draw no love to
At least will draw her to lament my fortune; [it,
And that hope shall relieve me.
Leon. Hark you, sir, hark you!
Say I should bring you——
Dem. Do not trifle with me!
Leon. I will not trifle—both together bring you—
You know the wrongs you have done?
Dem. I do confess 'em.
Leon. And if you should then jump into your fury,
And have another quirk in your head——
Dem. I'll die first!
Leon. You must say nothing to her; for 'tis certain,
The nature of your crime will admit no excuse.
Dem. I will not speak; mine eyes shall tell my penance.
Leon. You must look wondrous sad too.
Dem. I need not look so;
I'm truly Sadness' self.
Leon. That look will do it.
Stay here; I'll bring her to you instantly:
But take heed how you bear yourself. Sit down there;
The more humble you are, the more she'll take compassion.
Women are perilous things to deal upon! [*Exit.*
Dem. What shall become of me? To curse my fortune,
Were but to curse my father; that's too impious:
But, under whatsoever fate I suffer,
Bless, I beseech thee, Heaven, her harmless goodness!

Enter LEONTIUS *and* CELIA.

Leon. Now arm yourself.
Celia. You have not brought him?
Leon. Yes, 'faith;
And there he is: You see in what poor plight too.
Now you may do your will, kill him, or save him.
Celia. I will go back.
Leon. I will be hang'd then, lady!
Are you a coward now?
Celia. I cannot speak to him.
Dem. Oh me!
Leon. There was a sigh to blow a church down.
So, now their eyes are fix'd; the small shot plays;
They'll come to the battery anon.
Celia. He weeps extremely.
Leon. Rail at him now.
Celia. I dare not.
Leon. I am glad on't.
Celia. Nor dare believe his tears.
Dem. You may, blest beauty;
For those thick streams that troubled my repent-
Are crept out long ago. [ance,
Leon. You see how he looks.
Celia. What have I to do how he looks? how look'd he then,
When with a poison'd tooth he bit mine honour?
It was your counsel too, to scorn and slight him.
Leon. Ay, if you saw fit cause: and you confess'd too,
Except this sin, he was the bravest gentleman,
The sweetest, noblest—I take nothing from you,
Nor from your anger; use him as you please;
For, to say truth, he has deserved your justice.
But still consider what he has been to you.
Celia. 'Pray do not blind me thus.
Dem. Oh, gentle mistress,
If there were any way to expiate
A sin so great as mine, by intercession,
By prayers, by daily tears, by dying for you,
Oh, what a joy would close these eyes that love you!
Leon. They say, women have tender hearts; I
I'm sure mine melts. [know not;
Celia. Sir, I forgive you heartily,
And all your wrong to me I cast behind me,
And wish you a fit beauty to your virtues:
Mine is too poor. In peace I part thus from you!
I must look back.—Gods keep your grace!—He's here still. [*Points to her heart, and exit.*

Dem. She has forgiven me.
Leon. She has directed you:
Up, up, and follow like a man; away, sir!
She look'd behind her twice. Her heart dwells here, sir;
You drew tears from her too; she cannot freeze thus.
The door's set open too:—Are you a man?
Are you alive? do you understand her meaning?
Have you blood and spirit in you?
Dem. I dare not trouble her.
Leon. Nay, an you will be nipt i' th' head with nothing,
Walk whining up and down—"I dare not, cannot."
Strike now or never! Faint heart—you know what, sir.
Be govern'd by your fear, and quench your fire out!
A devil on't! stands this door ope for nothing?
So, get ye together, and be naught.—Now, to secure all,
Will I go fetch out a more sovereign plaister.
[*Exeunt severally.*

SCENE IV.—*An Apartment in the Palace.*

Enter ANTIGONUS, SELEUCUS, LYSIMACHUS, PTOLEMY, LIEUTENANT, Gentlemen, *and* Lords.

Ant. This peace is fairly made.
Sel. Would your grace wish us
To put in more? Take what you please, we yield it:
The honour done us by your son constrains it,
Your noble son.
Ant. It is sufficient, princes.
And, now we're one again, one mind, one body,
And one sword shall strike for us.
Lys. Let prince Demetrius
But lead us on (for we are his vow'd servants)
Against the strength of all the world we'll buckle.
Ptol. And ev'n from all that strength we'll catch at victory.
Sel. Oh, had I now recover'd but the fortune
I lost in Antioch, when mine uncle perish'd!
But that were but to surfeit me with blessings.
Lys. You lost a sweet child there.
Sel. Name it no more, sir;
This is no time to entertain such sorrows.—
Will your majesty do us the honour we may see
And wait upon him? [the prince,

Enter LEONTIUS.

Ant. I wonder he stays from us.—
How now, Leontius? Where's my son?
Sel. Brave captain!
Lys. Old valiant sir!
Leon. Your graces are welcome!—
Your son, an't please you, sir, is new cashier'd yonder,
Cast from his mistress' favour; and such a coil there is,
Such fending, and such proving! She stands off,
And will by no means yield to composition:
He offers any price, his body to her.
Sel. She is a hard lady denies that caution.
Leon. And now they whine, and now they rave:
'Faith, princes,
'Twere a good point of charity to piece 'em;
For less than such a power will do just nothing:
And if you mean to see him, there it must be,
For there will he grow, till he be transplanted.
Sel. 'Beseech your grace, let's wait upon you thither,
That I may see that beauty dares deny him,
That scornful beauty.
Ptol. I should think it worse now;
Ill brought-up beauty.
Ant. She has too much reason for't;
Which, with too great a grief, I shame to think of.
But we'll go see this game.
Lys. Rather this wonder.
Ant. Be you our guide, Leontius. Here's a new peace. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—*A Room in the House of* CELIA.

Enter DEMETRIUS *and* CELIA.

Celia. Thus far you shall persuade me; still to honour you,
Still to live with you, sir, or near about you;
For, not to lie, you have my first and last love:
But since you have conceived an evil against me,
An evil that so much concerns your honour,
That honour aim'd by all at for a pattern;
And though there be a false thought, and confess'd too,
And much repentance fallen in showers to purge it;
Yet, while that great respect I ever bore you,
Dwells in my blood, and in my heart that duty;
Had it but been a dream, I must not touch you.
Dem. Oh, you will make some other happy!
Celia. Never;
Upon this hand, I'll seal that faith.
Dem. We may kiss:
Put not those out o' th' peace too.
Celia. Those I'll give you,
So there you will be pleased to pitch your *ne ultra*;
I will be merry with you, sing, discourse with you,
Be your poor mistress still: In truth, I love you!

Enter LEONTIUS, ANTIGONUS, SELEUCUS, LYSIMACHUS, PTOLEMY, LIEUTENANT, *and* Gentlemen.

Dem. Stay! who are these?
Lys. A very handsome lady.
Leon. As e'er you saw.
Sel. 'Pity her heart's so cruel.
Lys. How does your grace?—He stands still; will not hear us.
Ptol. We come to serve you, sir, in all our fortunes.
Lys. He bows a little now; he's strangely alter'd.
Sel. Ha! pray you a word, Leontius! pray you a word with you,
Lysimachus! You both knew mine Enanthe,
I lost in Antioch, when the town was taken,
Mine uncle slain; Antigonus had the sack on't.
Lys. Yes, I remember well the girl.
Sel. Methinks now, [*Pulls out a picture.*
That face is wondrous like her. I have her picture:
The same, but more years on her; the very same.
Lys. A cherry to a cherry is not liker.
Sel. Look on her eyes.
Leon. Most certain she is like her:
Many a time have I dandled her in these arms, sir;
And I hope who will more.
Ant. What's that ye look at, princes?
Sel. This picture, and that lady, sir.
Ant. Ha! they are near;
They only err in time.
Lys. Did you mark that blush there?
That came the nearest.

Sel. I must speak to her.
Leon. You'll quickly be resolved.
Sel. Your name, sweet lady?
Celia. Enanthe, sir: And this to beg your blessing. [*Kneels.*
Sel. Do you know me?
Celia. If you be the king Seleucus,
I know you are my father.
Sel. Peace a little!
Where did I lose you?
Celia. At the sack of Antioch,
Where my good uncle died, and I was taken,
By a mean soldier taken: By this prince,
This noble prince, redeem'd from him again,
Where ever since I have remain'd his servant.
Sel. My joys are now too full! Welcome, Enanthe!
Mine own, my dearest, and my best Enanthe!
Dem. And mine too desperate!
Sel. You shall not think so;
This is a peace indeed.
Ant. I hope it shall be,
And ask it first.
Sel. Most royal sir, you have it.
Dem. I once more beg it thus. [*Kneels.*
Sel. You must not be denied, sir.
Celia. By me, I am sure he must not, sure he shall not:
Kneeling I give it too; kneeling I take it; [*Kneels.*
And, from this hour, no envious spite e'er part us!
All. The gods give happy joys! all comforts to you!
Dem. My new Enanthe!
Ant. Come, beat all the drums up,
And all the noble instruments of war!
Let 'em fill all the kingdom with their sounds;
And those the brazen arch of Heaven break through,
While to the temple we conduct these two.
Leon. May they be ever loving, ever young,
And, ever worthy of those lines they sprung,
May their fair issues walk with time along!
Lieut. And hang a coward now! and there's my song. [*Exeunt.*

EPILOGUE,

SPOKEN BY THE LIEUTENANT.

I am not cured yet throughly; for, believe,
I feel another passion that may grieve;
All over me I feel it too: And now
It takes me cold, cold, cold; I know not how.
As you are good men, help me; a carouse
May make me love you all, all here i' th' house,
And all that come to see me, dotingly.
Now lend your hands; and for your courtesy,
The next employment I am sent upon,
I'll swear you are physicians, the wars none.

THE FAITHFUL SHEPHERDESS.

TO THAT NOBLE AND TRUE LOVER OF LEARNING,

SIR WALTER ASTON,

KNIGHT OF THE BATH.

Sir, I must ask your patience, and be true.
This play was never liked, unless by few
That brought their judgments with 'em; for, of late,
First the infection, then the common prate
Of common people, have such customs got,
Either to silence plays, or like them not.
Under the last of which this interlude
Had fall'n for ever, prest down by the rude,
That like a torrent, which the moist south feeds,
Drowns both before him the ripe corn and weeds:
Had not the saving sense of better men
Redeem'd it from corruption. Dear sir, then,
Among the better souls, be you the best,
In whom, as in a centre, I take rest
And proper being; from whose equal eye
And judgment nothing grows but purity.
Nor do I flatter, for, by all those dead,
Great in the muses, by Apollo's head,
He that adds any thing to you, 'tis done
Like his that lights a candle to the sun:
Then be, as you were ever, yourself still,
Moved by your judgment, not by love or will,
And when I sing again, (as who can tell
My next devotion to that holy well?)
Your goodness to the muses shall be all
Able to make a work heroical.

Given to your service,

JOHN FLETCHER.

TO THE INHERITOR OF ALL WORTHINESS,

SIR WILLIAM SCIPWITH.

ODE.

If, from servile hope or love,
I may prove
But so happy to be thought for
Such a one, whose greatest ease
Is to please,
Worthy sir, I've all I sought for.

For no itch of greater name,
Which some claim
By their verses, do I show it
To the world; nor to protest
'Tis the best;——
These are lean faults in a poet;——
Nor to make it serve to feed
At my need,
Nor to gain acquaintance by it,
Nor to ravish kind attornies
In their journies,
Nor to read it after diet.

Far from me are all these aims,
Fittest frames
To build weakness on, and pity.
Only to yourself, and such
Whose true touch
Makes all good, let me seem witty.

The admirer of your virtues,

JOHN FLETCHER.

TO THE PERFECT GENTLEMAN,

SIR ROBERT TOWNESEND.

If the greatest faults may crave
Pardon where contrition is,
Noble sir, I needs must have
A long one; for a long amiss.
If you ask me, "How is this?"
Upon my faith, I'll tell you frankly
You love above my means to thank ye.

Yet, according to my talent,
As sour fortune loves to use me,
A poor shepherd I have sent,
In home-spun gray for to excuse me,
And may all my hopes refuse me,
But when better comes ashore,
You shall have better, newer, more.

Till when, like our desperate debtors,
Or our three-piled sweet protesters,
I must please you in bare letters,
And so pay my debts, like jesters;
Yet I oft have seen good feasters,
Only for to please the palate,
Leave great meat and choose a sallad.

All yours,

JOHN FLETCHER.

TO THE READER.

If you be not reasonably assured of your knowledge in this kind of poem, lay down the book, or read this, which I would wish had been the Prologue. It is a pastoral tragi-comedy, which the people seeing when it was played, having ever a singular gift in defining, concluded to be a play of country-hired shepherds, in grey cloaks, with cur-tailed dogs in strings, sometimes laughing together, and sometimes killing one another; and, missing Whitsun-ales, cream, wassel, and morris-dances, began to be angry. In their error I would not have you fall, lest you incur their censure. Understand, therefore, a pastoral to be a representation of shepherds and shepherdesses with their actions and passions, which must be such as may agree with their natures, at least not exceeding former fictions and vulgar traditions; they are not to be adorned with any art, but such improper ones as nature is said to bestow, as singing and poetry; or such as experience may teach them, as the virtues of herbs and fountains, the ordinary course of the sun, moon and stars, and such like. But you are ever to remember shepherds to be such as all the ancient poets, and modern, of understanding, have received them: that is, the owners of flocks, and not hirelings. A tragi-comedy is not so called in respect of mirth and killing, but in respect it wants deaths, which is enough to make it no tragedy, yet brings some near it, which is enough to make it no comedy, which must be a representation of familiar people, with such kind of trouble as no life be questioned; so that a god is as lawful in this as in a tragedy, and mean people as in a comedy. Thus much I hope will serve to justify my poem, and make you understand it; to teach you more for nothing, I do not know that I am in conscience bound.

John Fletcher.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Perigot, *a Shepherd in Love with* Amoret.
Thenot, *a Shepherd in Love with* Clorin.
Daphnis, *a Modest Shepherd.*
Alexis, *a Wanton Shepherd.*
God *of a River.*
Satyr.
Priest.
Old Shepherd.
A sullen discontented Shepherd.
Shepherds.

Amoret, *the Faithful Shepherdess, in Love with* Perigot.
Clorin, *a Holy Shepherdess.*
Amarillis, *a Shepherdess in Love with* Perigot.
Cloe, *a wanton Shepherdess.*
Shepherdesses.

SCENE—Thessaly.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*A Wood.*

Enter Clorin, *having buried her* Love *in an Arbour.*

Clorin. Hail, holy earth, whose cold arms do
The truest man that ever fed his flocks [embrace
By the fat plains of fruitful Thessaly!
Thus I salute thy grave; thus do I pay
My early vows and tribute of mine eyes
To thy still-loved ashes; thus I free
Myself from all ensuing heats and fires
Of love; all sports, delights, and jolly games
That shepherds hold full dear, thus put I off.
Now no more shall these smooth brows be girt
With youthful coronals, and lead the dance;
No more the company of fresh fair maids
And wanton shepherds be to me delightful,
Nor the shrill pleasing sound of merry pipes
Under some shady dell, when the cool wind
Plays on the leaves: All be far away,
Since thou art far away, by whose dear side
How often have I sat crown'd with fresh flowers
For summer's queen, whilst every shepherd's boy
Puts on his lusty green, with gaudy hook,
And hanging scrip of finest cordevan.
But thou art gone, and these are gone with thee,
And all are dead but thy dear memory;
That shall out-live thee, and shall ever spring
Whilst there are pipes, or jolly shepherds sing.
And here will I, in honour of thy love,
Dwell by thy grave, forgetting all those joys
That former times made precious to mine eyes;
Only remembering what my youth did gain
In the dark, hidden virtuous use of herbs:
That will I practise, and as freely give
All my endeavours, as I gain'd them free.
Of all green wounds I know the remedies
In men or cattle, be they stung with snakes,
Or charm'd with powerful words of wicked art,
Or be they love-sick, or through too much heat
Grown wild or lunatic, their eyes or ears
Thicken'd with misty film of dulling rheum;
These I can cure, such secret virtue lies
In herbs, applied by a virgin's hand.
My meat shall be what these wild woods afford,
Berries, and chestnuts, plantanes, on whose cheeks
The sun sits smiling, and the lofty fruit [pine;
Pull'd from the fair head of the straight-grown
On these I'll feed with free content and rest,
When night shall blind the world, by thy side blest.

Enter a Satyr, *with a Basket of Fruit.*

Sat. Through yon same bending plain
That flings his arms down to the main,
And through these thick woods, have I run,
Whose bottom never kiss'd the sun
Since the lusty spring began,
All to please my master Pan,
Have I trotted without rest
To get him fruit; for at a feast
He entertains, this coming night,
His paramour, the Syrinx bright.—
But, behold a fairer sight! [*Seeing* Clorin.

By that heavenly form of thine,
Brightest fair, thou art divine,
Sprung from great immortal race
Of the gods; for in thy face
Shines more awful majesty,
Than dull weak mortality
Dare with misty eyes behold,
And live! Therefore on this mould,
Lowly do I bend my knee,
In worship of thy deity.
Deign it, goddess, from my hand,
To receive whate'er this land
From her fertile womb doth send
Of her choice fruits; and but lend
Belief to that the Satyr tells:
Fairer by the famous wells,
To this present day ne'er grew,
Never better nor more true.
Here be grapes, whose lusty blood
Is the learned poets' good,
Sweeter yet did never crown
The head of Bacchus; nuts more brown
Than the squirrel's teeth that crack them;
Deign, oh, fairest fair, to take them.
For these black-eyed Driope
Hath oftentimes commanded me
With my clasped knee to climb:
See how well the lusty time
Hath deck'd their rising cheeks in red,
Such as on your lips is spread.
Here be berries for a queen,
Some be red, some be green;
These are of that luscious meat,
The great god Pan himself doth eat:
All these, and what the woods can yield,
The hanging mountain or the field,
I freely offer, and ere long
Will bring you more, more sweet and strong;
Till when humbly leave I take,
Lest the great Pan do awake,
That sleeping lies in a deep glade,
Under a broad beech's shade:
I must go, I must run
Swifter than the fiery sun. [*Exit.*

Clo. And all my fears go with thee.
What greatness or what private hidden power
Is there in me, to draw submission
From this rude man and beast? Sure I am mortal:
The daughter of a shepherd; he was mortal,
And she that bore me mortal: Prick my hand
And it will bleed; a fever shakes me, and
The self-same wind that makes the young lambs shrink,
Makes me a-cold: My fear says I am mortal.
Yet I have heard (my mother told it me,
And now I do believe it) if I keep
My virgin flower uncropt, pure, chaste, and fair,
No goblin, wood-god, fairy, elfe, or fiend,
Satyr, or other power that haunts the groves,
Shall hurt my body, or by vain illusion
Draw me to wander after idle fires;
Or voices calling me in dead of night,
To make me follow, and so tole me on
Through mire and standing pools, to find my ruin:
Else, why should this rough thing, who never knew
Manners, nor smooth humanity, whose heats
Are rougher than himself, and more mis-shapen,
Thus mildly kneel to me? Sure there's a power
In that great name of virgin, that binds fast
All rude uncivil bloods, all appetites
That break their confines: Then, strong Chastity,
Be thou my strongest guard, for here I'll dwell
In opposition against fate and hell!
[*She retires into the arbour.*

SCENE II.—*A rural Scene near a Village.*

Enter an old Shepherd, *with four* Shepherds *and four* Shepherdesses, *amongst the rest* PERIGOOT *and* AMORET.

Old Shep. Now we have done this holy festival
In honour of our great god and his rites
Perform'd, prepare yourselves for chaste
And uncorrupted fires; that as the priest,
With powerful hand, shall sprinkle on your brows
His pure and holy water, ye may be
From all hot flames of lust and loose thoughts free.
Kneel, shepherds, kneel; here comes the priest of Pan.

Enter Priest.

Priest. Shepherds, thus I purge away
[*Sprinkles them with water.*
Whatsoever this great day,
Or the past hours, gave not good,
To corrupt your maiden blood.
From the high rebellious heat
Of the grapes, and strength of meat,
From the wanton quick desires,
They do kindle by their fires,
I do wash you with this water;
Be you pure and fair hereafter!
From your livers and your veins,
Thus I take away the stains.
All your thoughts be smooth and fair;
Be ye fresh and free as air.
Never more let lustful heat
Through your purged conduits beat,
Or a plighted troth be broken,
Or a wanton verse be spoken
In a shepherdess's ear;
Go your ways, ye are all clear.
[*They rise, and sing in praise of* PAN.

THE SONG.

Sing his praises that doth keep
Our flocks from harm,
Pan, the father of our sheep;
And arm in arm
Tread we softly in a round,
While the hollow neighb'ring ground
Fills the music with her sound.

Pan, oh, great god Pan, to thee
Thus do we sing:
Thou that keep'st us chaste and free,
As the young spring,
Ever be thy honour spoke,
From that place the morn is broke,
To that place day doth unyoke! [*Exeunt.*

Peri. [*Detaining* AMORET.] Stay, gentle Amoret, thou fair-brow'd maid,
Thy shepherd prays thee stay, that holds thee dear,
Equal with his soul's good.

Amo. Speak; I give
Thee freedom, shepherd, and thy tongue be still
The same it ever was; as free from ill
As he whose conversation never knew
The court or city: Be thou ever true.

Peri. When I fall off from my affection,
Or mingle my clean thoughts with foul desires,
First, let our great god cease to keep my flocks,

That being left alone without a guard,
The wolf, or winter's rage, summer's great heat,
And want of water, rots, or what to us
Of ill is yet unknown, fall speedily,
And in their general ruin let me go!

Amo. I pray thee, gentle shepherd, wish not so;
I do believe thee; 'Tis as hard for me
To think thee false, and harder, than for thee
To hold me foul.

Peri. Oh, you are fairer far
Than the chaste blushing morn, or that fair star
That guides the wandering seaman through the deep;
Straighter than straightest pine upon the steep
Head of an aged mountain; and more white
Than the new milk we strip before day-light
From the full-freighted bags of our fair flocks;
Your hair more beauteous than those hanging locks
Of young Apollo.

Amo. Shepherd, be not lost;
You are sail'd too far already from the coast
Of our discourse.

Peri. Did you not tell me once
I should not love alone, I should not lose
Those many passions, vows, and holy oaths,
I have sent to Heaven? Did you not give your hand,
Even that fair hand, in hostage? Do not then
Give back again those sweets to other men,
You yourself vow'd were mine.

Amo. Shepherd, so far as maiden's modesty
May give assurance, I am once more thine,
Once more I give my hand; be ever free
From that great foe to faith, foul jealousy!

Peri. I take it as my best good; and desire,
For stronger confirmation of our love,
To meet this happy night in that fair grove,
Where all true shepherds have rewarded been
For their long service: Say, sweet, shall it hold?

Amo. Dear friend, you must not blame me if I
A doubt of what the silent night may do, [make
Coupled with this day's heat, to move your blood:
Maids must be fearful. Sure you have not been
Wash'd white enough; for yet I see a stain
Stick in your liver: Go and purge again.

Peri. Oh, do not wrong my honest simple truth!
Myself and my affections are as pure
As those chaste flames that burn before the shrine
Of the great Dian: Only my intent
To draw you thither, was to plight our troths
With interchange of mutual chaste embraces,
And ceremonious tying of our souls:
For to that holy wood is consecrate
A virtuous well, about whose flow'ry banks
The nimble-footed fairies dance their rounds,
By the pale moon-shine, dipping oftentimes
Their stolen children, so to make them free
From dying flesh, and dull mortality:
By this fair fount hath many a shepherd sworn,
And given away his freedom, many a troth
Been plight, which neither envy, nor old time
Could ever break, with many a chaste kiss given,
In hope of coming happiness.
By this fresh fountain, many a blushing maid
Hath crown'd the head of her long-loved shepherd
With gaudy flowers, whilst he happy sung
Lays of his love, and dear captivity;
There grow all herbs fit to cool looser flames
Our sensual parts provoke, chiding our bloods,
And quenching by their power those hidden sparks
That else would break out, and provoke our sense
To open fires; so virtuous is that place.
Then, gentle shepherdess, believe, and grant!
In troth, it fits not with that face to scant
Your faithful shepherd of those chaste desires
He ever aim'd at, and——

Amo. Thou hast prevail'd: Farewell! This coming night
Shall crown thy chaste hopes with long-wish'd delight.

Peri. Our great god Pan reward thee for that good
Thou hast given thy poor shepherd! Fairest bud
Of maiden virtues, when I leave to be
The true admirer of thy chastity,
Let me deserve the hot polluted name
Of the wild woodman, or affect some dame
Whose often prostitution hath begot
More foul diseases than e'er yet the hot
Sun bred thorough his burnings, while the Dog
Pursues the raging Lion, throwing fog
And deadly vapour from his angry breath,
Filling the lower world with plague and death!
[*Exit* AMORET.

Enter AMARILLIS.

Amar. Shepherd, may I desire to be believed,
What I shall blushing tell?

Peri. Fair maid, you may.

Amar. Then softly thus: I love thee, Perigot;
And would be gladder to be loved again,
Than the cold earth is in his frozen arms
To clip the wanton spring. Nay, do not start,
Nor wonder that I woo thee! thou that art
The prime of our young grooms, even the top
Of all our lusty shepherds! What dull eye,
That never was acquainted with desire,
Hath seen thee wrestle, run, or cast the stone,
With nimble strength and fair delivery,
And hath not sparkled fire, and speedily
Sent secret heat to all the neighb'ring veins?
Who ever heard thee sing, that brought again
That freedom back was lent unto thy voice?
Then do not blame me, shepherd, if I be
One to be number'd in this company,
Since none that ever saw thee yet were free.

Peri. Fair shepherdess, much pity I can lend
To your complaints; but sure I shall not love.
All that is mine, myself and my best hopes,
Are given already: Do not love him then
That cannot love again; on other men
Bestow those heats, more free, that may return
You fire for fire, and in one flame equal burn.

Amar. Shall I rewarded be so slenderly
For my affection, most unkind of men?
If I were old, or had agreed with art
To give another nature to my cheeks,
Or were I common mistress to the love
Of every swain, or could I with such ease
Call back my love, as many a wanton doth,
Thou might'st refuse me, shepherd; but to thee
I'm only fix'd and set; let it not be
A sport, thou gentle shepherd, to abuse
The love of silly maid!

Peri. Fair soul, you use
These words to little end: For, know, I may
Better call back that time was yesterday,
Or stay the coming night, than bring my love
Home to myself again, or recreant prove.
I will no longer hold you with delays;

This present night I have appointed been
To meet that chaste fair that enjoys my soul
In yonder grove, there to make up our loves.
Be not deceiv'd no longer, choose again;
These neighbouring plains have many a comely swain,
Fresher and freer far than I e'er was;
Bestow that love on them, and let me pass.
Farewell; be happy in a better choice! [*Exit.*

Amar. Cruel, thou hast struck me deader with thy voice,
Than if the angry Heavens with their quick flames
Had shot me through! I must not leave to love,
I cannot: no! I must enjoy thee, boy,
Though the great dangers 'twixt my hopes and that
Be infinite. There is a shepherd dwells
Down by the moor, whose life hath ever shewn
More sullen discontent than Saturn's brow,
When he sits frowning on the births of men;
One that doth wear himself away in loneness,
And never joys, unless it be in breaking
The holy plighted troths of mutual souls;
One that lusts after every several beauty,
But never yet was known to love or like,
Were the face fairer or more full of truth
Than Phœbe in her fulness, or the youth
Of smooth Lyæus; whose nigh-starved flocks
Are always scabby, and infect all sheep
They feed withal; whose lambs are ever last,
And die before their weaning; and whose dog
Looks like his master, lean, and full of scurf,
Not caring for the pipe or whistle. This man may,
If he be well wrought, do a deed of wonder,
Forcing me passage to my long desires:
And here he comes, as fitly to my purpose
As my quick thoughts could wish for.

Enter Sullen Shepherd.

Sull. Shep. Fresh beauty, let me not be thought uncivil,
Thus to be partner of your loneness: 'Twas
My love (that ever-working passion!) drew
Me to this place, to seek some remedy
For my sick soul. Be not unkind, and fair;
For such the mighty Cupid in his doom
Hath sworn to be avenged on; then give room
To my consuming fires, that so I may
Enjoy my long desires, and so allay
Those flames, that else would burn my life away.

Amar. Shepherd, were I but sure thy heart were sound
As thy words seem to be, means might be found
To cure thee of thy long pains; for to me
That heavy youth-consuming misery
The love-sick soul endures, never was pleasing.
I could be well content with the quick easing
Of thee and thy hot fires, might it procure
Thy faith and further service to be sure.

Sull. Shep. Name but that great work, danger, or what can
Be compass'd by the wit or art of man,
And, if I fail in my performance, may
I never more kneel to the rising day!

Amar. Then thus I try thee, shepherd: This same night
That now comes stealing on, a gentle pair
Have promised equal love, and do appoint
To make yon wood the place where hands and hearts
Are to be tied for ever; Break their meeting,
And their strong faith, and I am ever thine.

Sull. Shep. Tell me their names, and if I do not move,
By my great power, the centre of their love
From his fixed being, let me never more
Warm me by those fair eyes I thus adore!

Amar. Come; as we go, I'll tell thee what they are,
And give thee fit directions for thy work. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*Another part of the Wood.*

Enter Cloe.

Cloe. How have I wrong'd the times, or men,
After this holy feast, I pass unknown that thus,
And unsaluted? 'Twas not wont to be
Thus frozen, with the younger company
Of jolly shepherds; 'twas not then held good
For lusty grooms to mix their quicker blood
With that dull humour, most unfit to be
The friend of man, cold and dull Chastity.
Sure I am held not fair, or am too old,
Or else not free enough, or from my fold
Drive not a flock sufficient great to gain
The greedy eyes of wealth-alluring swain:
Yet, if I may believe what others say,
My face has foile enough; nor can they lay,
Justly, too strict a coyness to my charge;
My flocks are many, and the downs as large
They feed upon; then let it ever be
Their coldness, not my virgin modesty,
Makes me complain.

Enter Thenot.

The. Was ever man but I
Thus truly taken with uncertainty?
Where shall that man be found that loves a mind
Made up in constancy, and dares not find
His love rewarded? Here, let all men know,
A wretch that lives to love his mistress so.

Cloe. Shepherd, I pray thee stay! Where hast thou been?
Or whither goest thou? Here be woods as green
As any, air likewise as fresh and sweet
As where smooth Zephyrus plays on the fleet
Face of the curled streams, with flowers as many
As the young spring gives, and as choice as any;
Here be all new delights, cool streams and wells,
Arbours o'ergrown with woodbines; caves, and dells;
Choose where thou wilt, whilst I sit by and sing,
Or gather rushes, to make many a ring
For thy long fingers; tell thee tales of love,
How the pale Phœbe, hunting in a grove,
First saw the boy Endymion, from whose eyes
She took eternal fire that never dies;
How she convey'd him softly in a sleep,
His temples bound with poppy, to the steep
Head of old Latmus, where she stoops each night,
Gilding the mountain with her brother's light,
To kiss her sweetest.

The. Far from me are these
Hot flashes, bred from wanton heat and ease!
I have forgot what love and loving meant.
Rhymes, songs, and merry rounds, that oft are sent
To the soft ear of maid, are strange to me:
Only I live to admire a chastity,
That neither pleasing age, smooth tongue, or gold,
Could ever break upon, so sure the mould

Is, that her mind was cast in; 'tis to her
I only am reserved; she is my form I stir
By, breathe and move; 'tis she, and only she,
Can make me happy, or give misery.
Cloe. Good shepherd, may a stranger crave to know
To whom this dear observance you do owe?
The. You may, and by her virtue learn to square
And level out your life; for to be fair,
And nothing virtuous, only fits the eye
Of gaudy youth, and swelling vanity.
Then know, she's call'd the Virgin of the Grove,
She that hath long since buried her chaste love,
And now lives by his grave, for whose dear soul
She hath vow'd herself into the holy roll
Of strict virginity: 'Tis her I so admire;
Not any looser blood, or new desire. [*Exit.*
Cloe. Farewell, poor swain! thou art not for my bend;
I must have quicker souls, whose words may tend
To some free action: Give me him dare love
At first encounter, and as soon dare prove! [*Sings.*

THE SONG.

Come, shepherds, come!
Come away
Without delay,
Whilst the gentle time doth stay.
Green woods are dumb,
And will never tell to any
Those dear kisses, and those many
Sweet embraces that are given;
Dainty pleasures that would even
Raise in coldest age a fire,
And give virgin blood desire.
Then, if ever,
Now or never,
Come and have it:
Think not I
Dare deny
If you crave it.

Enter DAPHNIS.

Here comes another: Better be my speed,
Thou god of blood! But, certain, if I read
Not false, this is that modest shepherd, he
That only dare salute, but ne'er could be
Brought to kiss any, hold discourse, or sing,
Whisper, or boldly ask that wished thing
We all are born for: one that makes loving faces,
And could be well content to covet graces,
Were they not got by boldness. In this thing
My hopes are frozen; and, but Fate doth bring
Him hither, I would sooner choose
A man made out of snow, and freer use
An eunuch to my ends; but, since he's here,
Thus I attempt him.—[*Comes forward.*] Thou, of men most dear,
Welcome to her, that only for thy sake
Hath been content to live! Here, boldly take
My hand in pledge, this hand, that never yet
Was given away to any; and but sit
Down on this rushy bank, whilst I go pull
Fresh blossoms from the boughs, or quickly cull
The choicest delicates from yonder mead,
To make thee chains or chaplets, or to spread
Under our fainting bodies, when delight
Shall lock up all our senses. How the sight
Of those smooth rising cheeks renew the story
Of young Adonis, when in pride and glory
He lay infolded 'twixt the beating arms
Of willing Venus! Methinks stronger charms
Dwell in those speaking eyes, and on that brow
More sweetness than the painters can allow
To their best pieces! Not Narcissus, he
That wept himself away, in memory
Of his own beauty, nor Silvanus' boy,
Nor the twice-ravish'd maid, for whom old Troy
Fell by the hand of Pyrrhus, may to thee
Be otherwise compared, than some dead tree
To a young fruitful olive.
Daph. I can love,
But I am loth to say so, lest I prove
Too soon unhappy.
Cloe. Happy, thou wouldst say.
My dearest Daphnis, blush not; if the day
To thee and thy soft heats be enemy,
Then take the coming night; fair youth, 'tis free
To all the world. Shepherd, I'll meet thee then
When darkness hath shut up the eyes of men,
In yonder grove: Speak, shall our meeting hold?
Indeed you are too bashful; be more bold,
And tell me *ay*.
Daph. I am content to say so,
And would be glad to meet, might I but pray so
Much from your fairness, that you would be true.
Cloe. Shepherd, thou hast thy wish.
Daph. Fresh maid, adieu!
Yet, one word more; since you have drawn me on
To come this night, fear not to meet alone
That man that will not offer to be ill,
Though your bright self would ask it, for his fill
Of this world's goodness: Do not fear him then,
But keep your 'pointed time. Let other men
Set up their bloods to sale, mine shall be ever
Fair as the soul it carries, and unchaste never. [*Exit.*
Cloe. Yet am I poorer than I was before.
Is it not strange, among so many a score
Of lusty bloods, I should pick out these things,
Whose veins, like a dull river far from springs,
Is still the same, slow, heavy, and unfit
For stream or motion, though the strong winds hit
With their continual power upon his sides?
Oh, happy be your names that have been brides,
And tasted those rare sweets for which I pine!
And far more heavy be thy grief and tine,
Thou lazy swain, that may'st relieve my needs,
Than his, upon whose liver always feeds
A hungry vulture!

Enter ALEXIS.

Alexis. Can such beauty be
Safe in his own guard, and not draw the eye
Of him that passeth on, to greedy gaze,
Or covetous desire, whilst in a maze
The better part contemplates, giving rein
And wished freedom to the labouring vein?
Fairest and whitest, may I crave to know
The cause of your retirement, why you go
Thus all alone? Methinks the downs are sweeter,
And the young company of swains more meeter,
Than these forsaken and untrodden places.
Give not yourself to loneness, and those graces
Hide from the eyes of men, that were intended
To live amongst us swains.
Cloe. Thou art befriended,
Shepherd: In all my life I have not seen
A man, in whom greater contents have been,
Than thou thyself art: I could tell thee more,
Were there but any hope left to restore
My freedom lost. Oh, lend me all thy red,

Thou shame-faced morning, when from Tithon's bed
Thou risest ever maiden!
Alexis. If for me,
Thou sweetest of all sweets, these flashes be,
Speak and be satisfied. Oh, guide her tongue,
My better angel; force my name among
Her modest thoughts, that the first word may be—
Cloe. Alexis, when the sun shall kiss the sea,
Taking his rest by the white Thetis' side,
Meet in the holy wood, where I'll abide
Thy coming, shepherd.
Alexis. If I stay behind,
An everlasting dulness, and the wind,
That as he passeth by shuts up the stream
Of Rhine or Volga, while the sun's hot beam
Beats back again, seize me, and let me turn
To coldness more than ice! Oh, how I burn
And rise in youth and fire! I dare not stay.
Cloe. My name shall be your word.
Alexis. Fly, fly, thou day! [*Exit.*
Cloe. My grief is great if both these boys should fail:
He that will use all winds, must shift his sail.
[*Exit.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*A Pasture.*

Enter an old Shepherd, *with a bell ringing; and the* Priest of Pan *following.*

Priest. Shepherds all, and maidens fair,
Fold your flocks up, for the air
'Gins to thicken, and the sun
Already his great course hath run.
See the dew drops how they kiss
Every little flower that is;
Hanging on their velvet heads,
Like a rope of crystal beads,
See the heavy clouds low falling,
And bright Hesperus down calling
The dead Night from under ground;
At whose rising mists unsound,
Damps and vapours fly apace,
Hovering o'er the wanton face
Of these pastures, where they come,
Striking dead both bud and bloom:
Therefore, from such danger, lock
Every one his loved flock;
And let your dogs lie loose without,
Lest the wolf come as a scout
From the mountain, and, ere day,
Bear a lamb or kid away;
Or the crafty thievish fox
Break upon your simple flocks.
To secure yourselves from these,
Be not too secure in ease;
Let one eye his watches keep,
While the other eye doth sleep;
So you shall good shepherds prove,
And for ever hold the love
Of our great god. Sweetest slumbers,
And soft silence, fall in numbers
On your eye-lids! So, farewell!
Thus I end my evening's knell. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*The Interior of* Clorin's *Arbour.*

Enter Clorin *sorting of herbs.*

Clo. Now let me know what my best art hath done,
Help'd by the great power of the virtuous moon,
In her full light. Oh, you sons of earth,
You only brood, unto whose happy birth
Virtue was given; holding more of nature
Than man, her first-born and most perfect creature,
Let me adore you! you that only can
Help or kill nature, drawing out that span
Of life and breath even to the end of time;
You, that these hands did crop long before prime
Of day, give me your names, and next, your hidden power.
This is the clote, bearing a yellow flower:
And this, black horehound; both are very good
For sheep or shepherd, bitten by a wood
Dog's venom'd tooth; These ramson's branches
Which, stuck in entries, or about the bar [are,
That holds the door, kill all enchantments' charms,
(Were they Medea's verses) that do harms
To men or cattle: These for frenzy be
A speedy and a sovereign remedy,
The bitter wormwood, sage, and marigold;
Such sympathy with man's good they do hold:
This tormentil, whose virtue is to part
All deadly killing poison from the heart:
And, here, Narcissus' root, for swellings best:
Yellow Lysimachus, to give sweet rest
To the faint shepherd, killing, where it comes,
All busy gnats, and every fly that hums:
For leprosy, darnell and celandine,
With calamint, whose virtues do refine
The blood of man, making it free and fair
As the first hour it breath'd, or the best air.
Here, other two; but your rebellious use
Is not for me, whose goodness is abuse;
Therefore, foul standergrass, from me and mine
I banish thee, with lustful turpentine;
You that entice the veins and stir the heat
To civil mutiny, scaling the seat
Our reason moves in, and deluding it
With dreams and wanton fancies, till the fit
Of burning lust be quench'd; by appetite,
Robbing the soul of blessedness and light.
And thou, light vervain too, thou must go after,
Provoking easy souls to mirth and laughter:
No more shall I dip thee in water now,
And sprinkle every post, and every bough,
With thy well-pleasing juice, to make the grooms
Swell with high mirth, and with joy all the rooms.

Enter Thenot.

The. This is the cabin where the best of all
Her sex that ever breath'd, or ever shall
Give heat or happiness to the shepherd's side,
Doth only to her worthy self abide.
Thou blessed star, I thank thee for thy light,
Thou by whose power the darkness of sad night

Is banish'd from the earth, in whose dull place
Thy chaster beams play on the heavy face
Of all the world, making the blue sea smile,
To see how cunningly thou dost beguile
Thy brother of his brightness, giving day
Again from Chaos: whiter than that way
That leads to Jove's high court, and chaster far
Than chastity itself! Thou blessed star
That nightly shines! Thou, all the constancy
That in all women was, or e'er shall be,
From whose fair eye-balls flies that holy fire
That poets style the mother of desire,
Infusing into every gentle breast
A soul of greater price, and far more bless'd
Than that quick power which gives a difference
'Twixt man and creatures of a lower sense.

Clo. Shepherd, how cam'st thou hither to this [place?
No way is trodden; all the verdant grass
The spring shot up, stands yet unbruised here
Of any foot; only the dappled deer,
Far from the feared sound of crooked horn,
Dwells in this fastness.

The. Chaster than the morn,
I have not wander'd, or by strong illusion
Into this virtuous place have made intrusion:
But hither am I come (believe me, fair)
To seek you out, of whose great good the air
Is full, and strongly labours, while the sound
Breaks against heaven, and drives into a stound
Th' amazed shepherd, that such virtue can
Be resident in lesser than a man.

Clo. If any art I have, or hidden skill,
May cure thee of disease or fester'd ill,
Whose grief or greenness to another's eye
May seem unpossible of remedy,
I dare yet undertake it.

The. 'Tis no pain
I suffer through disease, no beating vein
Conveys infection dangerous to the heart.
No part imposthum'd, to be cured by art,
This body holds; and yet a feller grief
Than ever skilful hand did give relief,
Dwells on my soul, and may be heal'd by you,
Fair beauteous virgin!

Clo. Then, shepherd, let me sue
To know thy grief: That man yet never knew
The way to health, that durst not shew his sore.

The. Then, fairest, know, I love you.

Clo. Swain, no more!
Thou hast abused the strictness of this place,
And offer'd sacrilegious foul disgrace
To the sweet rest of these interrèd bones;
For fear of whose ascending, fly at once,
Thou and thy idle passions, that the sight
Of death and speedy vengeance may not fright
Thy very soul with horror.

The. Let me not
(Thou all perfection) merit such a blot
For my true zealous faith.

Clo. Dar'st thou abide
To see this holy earth at once divide,
And give her body up? for sure it will,
If thou pursuest with wanton flames to fill
This hallow'd place; therefore repent and go,
Whilst I with pray'rs appease his ghost below,
That else would tell thee what it were to be
A rival in that virtuous love that he
Embraces yet.

The. 'Tis not the white or red
Inhabits in your cheek that thus can wed
My mind to adoration; nor your eye,
Though it be full and fair, your forehead high,
And smooth as Pelops' shoulder; not the smile
Lies watching in those dimples to beguile
The easy soul; your hands and fingers long,
With veins enamell'd richly; nor your tongue,
Though it spoke sweeter than Arion's harp;
Your hair woven into many a curious warp,
Able in endless error to enfold
The errant soul; not the true perfect mould
Of all your body, which as pure doth shew
In maiden whiteness as the Alpine snow;
All these, were but your constancy away,
Would please me less than a black stormy day
The wretched seaman toiling through the deep.
But, whilst this honour'd strictness you do keep,
Though all the plagues that e'er begotten were
In the great womb of air, were settled here,
In opposition, I would, like the tree,
Shake off those drops of weakness, and be free
Even in the arm of danger.

Clo. Wouldst thou have
Me raise again, fond man, from silent grave,
Those sparks that long ago were buried here,
With my dead friend's cold ashes?

The. Dearest dear,
I dare not ask it, nor you must not grant:
Stand strongly to your vow, and do not faint.
Remember how he loved you, and be still
The same opinion speaks you: Let not will,
And that great god of women, appetite,
Set up your blood again; do not invite
Desire and fancy from their long exile,
To seat them once more in a pleasing smile:
Be like a rock made firmly up 'gainst all
The power of angry Heaven, or the strong fall
Of Neptune's battery; if you yield, I die
To all affection; 'tis that loyalty
You tie unto this grave I so admire:
And yet there's something else I would desire,
If you would hear me, but withal deny.
Oh, Pan, what an uncertain destiny
Hangs over all my hopes! I will retire;
For, if I longer stay, this double fire
Will lick my life up.

Clo. Do, and let time wear out
What art and nature cannot bring about.

The. Farewell thou soul of virtue, and be bless'd
For ever, whilst that here I wretched rest
Thus to myself! Yet grant me leave to dwell
In kenning of this arbour; yon same dell,
O'ertopp'd with mourning cypress and sad yew,
Shall be my cabin, where I'll early rue,
Before the sun hath kiss'd this dew away,
The hard uncertain chance which Fate doth lay
Upon this head.

Clo. The gods give quick release
And happy cure unto thy hard disease! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*The Forest.*

Enter Sullen Shepherd.

Sull. Shep. I do not love this wench that I should meet;
For ne'er did my unconstant eye yet greet
That beauty, were it sweeter or more fair
Than the new blossoms, when the morning air
Blows gently on them, or the breaking light,
When many maiden blushes to our sight

Shoot from its early face: Were all these set
In some neat form before me, 'twould not get
The least love from me; some desire it might,
Or present burning. All to me in sight
Are equal; be they fair, or black, or brown,
Virgin, or careless wanton, I can crown
My appetite with any; swear as oft,
And weep, as any; melt my words as soft
Into a maiden's ears, and tell how long
My heart has been her servant, and how strong
My passions are; call her unkind and cruel;
Offer her all I have to gain the jewel
Maidens so highly prize; then loath, and fly:
This do I hold a blessed destiny!

Enter AMARILLIS.

Amar. Hail, Shepherd! Pan bless both thy flock and thee,
For being mindful of thy word to me.

Sull. Shep. Welcome, fair shepherdess! Thy loving swain
Gives thee the self-same wishes back again;
Who, till this present hour, ne'er knew that eye
Could make me cross mine arms, or daily die
With fresh consumings: Boldly tell me then,
How shall we part their faithful loves, and when?
Shall I belie him to her? shall I swear
His faith is false, and he loves everywhere?
I'll say he mock'd her th' other day to you,
Which will by your confirming shew as true;
For she is of so pure an honesty,
To think, because she will not, none will lie.
Or else to him I'll slander Amoret,
And say, she but seems chaste: I'll swear she met
Me 'mongst the shady sycamores last night,
And loosely offer'd up her flame and sprite
Into my bosom; made a wanton bed
Of leaves and many flowers, where she spread
Her willing body to be press'd by me;
There have I carved her name on many a tree,
Together with mine own. To make this shew
More full of seeming, Hobinal, you know,
Son to the aged shepherd of the glen,
Him I have sorted out of many men,
To say he found us at our private sport,
And rous'd us 'fore our time by his resort;
This to confirm, I've promised to the boy
Many a pretty knack, and many a toy;
As gins to catch him birds, with bow and bolt,
To shoot at nimble squirrels in the holt;
A pair of painted buskins, and a lamb,
Soft as his own locks, or the down of swan.
This have I done to win you, which doth give
Me double pleasure: Discord makes me live.

Amar. Loved swain, I thank you! These tricks might prevail
With other rustic shepherds, but will fail
Even once to stir, much more to overthrow,
His fixed love from judgment, who doth know
Your nature, my end, and his chosen's merit;
Therefore some stronger way must force his spirit,
Which I have found: Give second, and my love
Is everlasting thine.

Sull. Shep. Try me, and prove. [way

Amar. These happy pair of lovers meet straight-
Soon as they fold their flocks up with the day,
In the thick grove bord'ring upon yon hill,
In whose hard side nature hath carved a well,
And, but that matchless spring which poets know,
Was ne'er the like to this: By it doth grow,
About the sides, all herbs which witches use,
All simples good for medicines or abuse,
All sweets that crown the happy nuptial day,
With all their colours; there the month of May
Is ever dwelling, all is young and green;
There's not a grass on which was ever seen
The falling autumn, or cold winter's hand;
So full of heat and virtue is the land
About this fountain, which doth slowly break,
Below yon mountain's foot, into a creek
That waters all the valley, giving fish
Of many sorts, to fill the shepherd's dish.
This holy well (my grandame that is dead,
Right wise in charms, hath often to me said)
Hath power to change the form of any creature,
Being thrice dipp'd o'er the head, into what feature
Or shape 'twould please the letter-down to crave,
Who must pronounce this charm too, which she gave
[*Shewing a scroll.*
Me on her death-bed; told me what, and how,
I should apply unto the patient's brow,
That would be changed, casting them thrice asleep,
Before I trusted them into this deep:
All this she shew'd me, and did charge me prove
This secret of her art, if crost in love.
I'll this attempt! Now, shepherd, I have here
All her prescriptions, and I will not fear
To be myself dipp'd: Come, my temples bind
With these sad herbs, and when I sleep, you find,
As you do speak your charm, thrice down me let,
And bid the water raise me Amoret;
Which being done, leave me to my affair,
And ere the day shall quite itself outwear,
I will return unto my shepherd's arm;
Dip me again, and then repeat this charm,
And pluck me up myself, whom freely take,
And the hottest fire of thine affection slake.

Sull. Shep. And if I fit thee not, then fit not me.
I long the truth of this well's power to see!
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*Another part of the Forest.*

Enter DAPHNIS.

Daph. Here will I stay, for this the covert is
Where I appointed Cloe. Do not miss
Thou bright-eyed virgin! Come, oh come, my fair
Be not abused with fear, nor let cold care
Of honour stay thee from thy shepherd's arm,
Who would as hard be won to offer harm
To thy chaste thoughts, as whiteness from the day,
Or yon great round to move another way.
My language shall be honest, full of truth,
My flames as smooth and spotless as my youth;
I will not entertain that wand'ring thought,
Whose easy current may at length be brought
To a loose vastness.

Alexis. [*Within.*] Cloe!

Daph. 'Tis her voice,
And I must answer.—Cloe!—Oh, the choice
Of dear embraces, chaste and holy strains
Our hands shall give!—I charge you, all my veins,
Through which the blood and spirit take their way,
Lock up your disobedient heats, and stay
Those mutinous desires that else would grow
To strong rebellion! Do not wilder shew
Than blushing modesty may entertain.

Alexis. [*Within.*] Cloe!

Daph. There sounds that blessed name again,
And I will meet it. Let me not mistake;

Enter ALEXIS.

This is some shepherd! Sure I am awake!
What may this riddle mean? I will retire,
To give myself more knowledge.
Alexis. Oh, my fire,
How thou consum'st me! Cloe, answer me!
Alexis, strong Alexis, high and free,
Calls upon Cloe. See, mine arms are full
Of entertainment, ready for to pull
That golden fruit which too, too long hath hung,
Tempting the greedy eye. Thou stay'st too long;
I am impatient of these mad delays!
I must not leave unsought those many ways
That lead into this centre, till I find
Quench for my burning lust. I come, unkind!
[*Exit.*
Daph. Can my imagination work me so much ill,
That I may credit this for truth, and still
Believe mine eyes? or shall I firmly hold
Her yet untainted, and these sights but bold
Illusion? Sure, such fancies oft have been
Sent to abuse true love, and yet are seen,
Daring to blind the virtuous thought with error;
But be they far from me, with their fond terror!
I am resolved my Cloe yet is true.
Cloe. [*Within.*] Cloe!
Daph. Hark! Cloe! Sure this voice is new,
Whose shrillness, like the sounding of a bell,
Tells me it is a woman.—Cloe, tell
Thy blessed name again.
Cloe. [*Within.*] Cloe! Here!
Daph. Oh, what a grief is this to be so near,
And not encounter!

Enter CLOE.

Cloe. Shepherd, we are met.
Draw close into the covert, lest the wet,
Which falls like lazy mists upon the ground,
Soke through your startups.
Daph. Fairest, are you found?
How have we wander'd, that the better part
Of this good night is perish'd? Oh, my heart!
How have I long'd to meet you, how to kiss
Those lily hands, how to receive the bliss
That charming tongue gives to the happy ear
Of him that drinks your language! But I fear
I am too much unmanner'd, far too rude,
And almost grown lascivious, to intrude
These hot behaviours; where regard to fame,
Honour and modesty, a virtuous name,
And such discourse as one fair sister may
Without offence unto the brother say,
Should rather have been tender'd. But, believe,
Here dwells a better temper; do not grieve
Then, ever kindest, that my first salute
Seasons so much of fancy; I am mute
Henceforth to all discourses, but shall be
Suiting to your sweet thoughts and modesty.
Indeed, I will not ask a kiss of you,
No, not to wring your fingers, nor to sue
To those bless'd pair of fixed stars for smiles;
All a young lover's cunning, all his wiles,
And pretty wanton dyings, shall to me
Be strangers; only to your chastity
I am devoted ever.
Cloe. Honest swain,
First let me thank you, then return again
As much of my love.——[*Aside.*] No, thou art too cold,
Unhappy boy; not temper'd to my mould;
Thy blood falls heavy downward; 'tis not fear
To offend in boldness, wins; they never wear
Deserved favours, that deny to take
When they are offer'd freely. Do I wake,
To see a man of his youth, years, and feature,
And such a one as we call goodly creature,
Thus backward? What a world of precious art
Were merely lost, to make him do his part?
But I will shake him off, that dares not hold:
Let men that hope to be beloved be bold!——
Daphnis, I do desire, since we are met
So happily, our lives and fortunes set
Upon one stake, to give assurance now,
By interchange of hands and holy vow,
Never to break again. Walk yon that way,
Whilst I in zealous meditation stray
A little this way: When we both have ended
These rites and duties, by the woods befriended,
And secrecy of night, retire and find
An aged oak, whose hollowness may bind
Us both within his body; thither go;
It stands within yon bottom.
Daph. Be it so. [*Exit.*
Cloe. And I will meet there never more with thee,
Thou idle shamefacedness!
Alexis. [*Within.*] Cloe!
Cloe. 'Tis he
That dare, I hope, be bolder.
Alexis. Cloe!
Cloe. Now,
Great Pan, for Syrinx' sake, bid speed our plough!
[*Exit.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*Part of the Forest, with the holy Well.*

Enter Sullen Shepherd, *carrying* AMARILLIS *asleep.*

Sull. Shep. From thy forehead thus I take
These herbs, and charge thee not awake
Till in yonder holy well,
Thrice with powerful magic spell,
Fill'd with many a baleful word,
Thou hast been dipp'd. Thus, with my cord
Of blasted hemp, by moon-light twined,
I do thy sleepy body bind:
I turn thy head into the east,
And thy feet into the west,
Thy left arm to the south put forth,
And thy right unto the north:
I take thy body from the ground,
In this deep and deadly swound,
And into this holy spring
I let thee slide down by my string.—
[*Lets her down into the well.*
Take this maid, thou holy pit,
To thy bottom; nearer yet;

In thy water pure and sweet,
By thy leave I dip her feet;
Thus I let her lower yet,
That her ankles may be wet;
Yet down lower, let her knee
In thy waters washed be;
There I stop.—Fly away,
Ev'ry thing that loves the day:
Truth, that hath but one face,
Thus I charm thee from this place.
Snakes, that cast your coats for new,
Camelions, that alter hue,
Hares that yearly sexes change,
Proteus altering oft and strange,
Hecatè, with shapes three,
Let this maiden changed be,
With this holy water wet,
To the shape of Amoret.
Cynthia, work thou with my charm!
Thus I draw thee, free from harm,
Up out of this blessed lake.
Rise, both like her, and awake!

[*Draws her out of the well. She awakes in the shape of* Amoret.

Amar. Speak, shepherd, am I Amoret to sight?
Or hast thou miss'd in any magic rite,
For want of which any defect in me
May make our practices discover'd be?

Sull. Shep. By yonder moon, but that I here do stand,
Whose breath hath thus transform'd thee, and whose hand
Let thee down dry, and pluck'd thee up thus wet,
I should myself take thee for Amoret!
Thou art, in clothes, in feature, voice, and hue,
So like, that sense cannot distinguish you.

Amar. Then this deceit, which cannot crossed be,
At once shall lose her him, and gain thee me.
Hither she needs must come, by promise made;
And sure, his nature never was so bad,
To bid a virgin meet him in the wood,
When night and fear are up, but understood
'Twas his part to come first. Being come, I'll say,
My constant love made me come first and stay:
Then will I lead him further to the grove;
But stay you here, and, if his own true love
Shall seek him here, set her in some wrong path,
Which say, her lover lately trodden hath;
I'll not be far from hence. If need there be,
Here is another charm, whose power will free
The dazzled sense, read by the moon-beams clear,
And in my own true shape make me appear.

Enter Perigot.

Sull. Shep. Stand close! Here's Perigot; whose constant heart
Longs to behold her in whose shape thou art.

[*They retire.*

Per. This is the place.—Fair Amoret!—The hour
Is yet scarce come. Here every sylvan power
Delights to be about yon sacred well,
Which they have bless'd with many a powerful spell;
For never traveller in dead of night,
Nor strayed beasts have fallen in, but when sight
Hath fail'd them, then their right way they have [found
By help of them; so holy is the ground.
But I will further seek, lest Amoret
Should be first come, and so stay long unmet.—
My Amoret, Amoret! [*Exit.*

Amar. [*Coming forward.*] Perigot!

Per. [*Within.*] My love!

Amar. I come, my love! [*Exit.*

Sull. Shep. Now she hath got
Her own desires, and I shall gainer be
Of my long-look'd-for hopes, as well as she.
How bright the moon shines here, as if she strove
To shew her glory in this little grove

Enter Amoret.

To some new-loved shepherd! Yonder is
Another Amoret. Where differs this
From that? But that she Perigot hath met,
I should have ta'en this for the counterfeit.
Herbs, woods, and springs, the power that in you lies,
If mortal men could know your properties!

Amo. Methinks it is not night; I have no fear,
Walking this wood, of lion, or of bear,
Whose names at other times have made me quake,
When any shepherdess in her tale spake
Of some of them, that underneath a wood
Have torn true lovers that together stood.
Methinks there are no goblins, and men's talk
That in these woods the nimble fairies walk,
Are fables; such a strong heart I have got,
Because I come to meet with Perigot.—
My Perigot! Who's that? my Perigot?

Sull. Shep. Fair maid!

Amo. Ay me, thou art not Perigot!

Sull. Shep. But I can tell you news of Perigot:
An hour together under yonder tree
He sat with wreathed arms, and call'd on thee,
And said, "Why, Amoret, stay'st thou so long?"
Then starting up, down yonder path he flung,
Lest thou hadst miss'd thy way. Were it day-light,
He could not yet have borne him out of sight.

Amo. Thanks, gentle shepherd; and beshrew my stay,
That made me fearful I had lost my way!
As fast as my weak legs (that cannot be
Weary with seeking him) will carry me,
I'll follow him; and for this thy care of me,
Pray Pan thy love may ever follow thee! [*Exit.*

Sull. Shep. How bright she was, how lovely did she shew!
Was it not pity to deceive her so?
She pluck'd her garments up, and tripp'd away,
And with a virgin innocence did pray
For me that perjured her. Whilst she was here,
Methought the beams of light that did appear
Were shot from her; methought the moon gave none,
But what it had from her. She was alone
With me; if then her presence did so move,
Why did not I essay to win her love?—
She would not sure have yielded unto me?—
Women love only opportunity,
And not the man; or if she had denied,
Alone, I might have forced her to have tried
Who had been stronger. Oh, vain fool, to let
Such bless'd occasion pass! I'll follow yet;
My blood is up; I cannot now forbear.

Enter Alexis *and* Cloe.

I come, sweet Amoret!—Soft, who is here?
A pair of lovers? He shall yield her me:
Now lust is up, alike all women be.

Alexis. Where shall we rest? But for the love of me,
Cloe, I know, ere this would weary be.

Cloe. Alexis, let us rest here, if the place
Be private, and out of the common trace
Of every shepherd; for, I understood,
This night a number are about the wood:
Then let us choose some place, where, out of sight,
We freely may enjoy our stolen delight.
Alexis. Then boldly here, where we shall ne'er be found;
No shepherd's way lies here, 'tis hallow'd ground;
No maid seeks here her strayed cow, or sheep;
Fairies and fawns, and satyrs do it keep:
Then carelessly rest here, and clip and kiss,
And let no fear make us our pleasures miss.
Cloe. Then lie by me; the sooner we begin,
The longer ere the day descry our sin.
Sull. Shep. [*Coming forward.*] Forbear to touch my love; or, by yon flame,
The greatest power that shepherds dare to name,
Here where thou sit'st, under this holy tree,
Her to dishonour, thou shalt buried be!
Alexis. If Pan himself should come out of the lawns,
With all his troops of satyrs and of fawns,
And bid me leave, I swear by her two eyes,
(A greater oath than thine) I would not rise!
Sull. Shep. Then from the cold earth never thou shalt move,
But lose at one stroke both thy life and love.
[*Wounds him with his spear.*
Cloe. Hold, gentle shepherd!
Sull. Shep. Fairest shepherdess,
Come you with me; I do not love you less
Than that fond man, that would have kept you
From me of more desert. [there
Alexis. Oh, yet forbear
To take her from me! Give me leave to die
By her!

The Satyr *enters; the* Sullen Shepherd *runs one way, and* Cloe *another.*

Sat. Now, whilst the moon doth rule the sky,
And the stars, whose feeble light
Give a pale shadow to the night,
Are up, great Pan commanded me
To walk this grove about, whilst he,
In a corner of the wood,
Where never mortal foot hath stood,
Keeps dancing, music, and a feast,
To entertain a lovely guest:
Where he gives her many a rose,
Sweeter than the breath that blows
The leaves; grapes, berries of the best;
I never saw so great a feast.
But, to my charge: Here must I stay,
To see what mortals lose their way,
And by a false fire seeming bright,
Train them in and leave them right,
Then must I watch if any be
Forcing of a chastity;
If I find it, then in haste
Give my wreathed horn a blast,
And the fairies all will run,
Wildly dancing by the moon,
And will pinch him to the bone,
Till his lustful thoughts be gone.
Alexis. Oh, death!
Sat. Back again about this ground;
Sure I hear a mortal sound.—
I bind thee by this powerful spell,
By the waters of this well,
By the glimmering moon-beams bright,
Speak again, thou mortal wight!
Alexis. Oh!
Sat. Here the foolish mortal lies,
Sleeping on the ground. Arise!
The poor wight is almost dead;
On the ground his wounds have bled,
And his clothes foul'd with his blood!
To my goddess in the wood
Will I lead him, whose hands pure
Will help this mortal wight to cure.
[*Exit with* Alexis.

Re-enter Cloe.

Cloe. Since I beheld yon shaggy man, my breast
Doth pant; each bush, methinks, should hide a beast.
Yet my desire keeps still above my fear:
I would fain meet some shepherd, knew I where;
For from one cause of fear I am most free,
It is impossible to ravish me,
I am so willing. Here upon this ground
I left my love, all bloody with his wound;
Yet, till that fearful shape made me begone,
Though he were hurt, I furnish'd was of one;
But now both lost.—Alexis, speak or move,
If thou hast any life; thou art yet my love!—
He's dead, or else is with his little might
Crept from the bank for fear of that ill sprite.—
Then where art thou that struck'st my love? Oh, stay!
Bring me thyself in change, and then I'll say
Thou hast some justice: I will make thee trim
With flowers and garlands that were meant for him;
I'll clip thee round with both mine arms, as fast
As I did mean he should have been embraced.
But thou art fled!—What hope is left for me?
I'll run to Daphnis in the hollow tree,
Who I did mean to mock, though hope be small
To make him bold; rather than none at all,
I'll try him; his heart and my behaviour too,
Perhaps, may teach him what he ought to do.
[*Exit.*

Re-enter Sullen Shepherd.

Sull. Shep. This was the place. 'Twas but my feeble sight,
Mix'd with the horror of my deed, and night,
That shaped these fears, and made me run away,
And lose my beauteous hardly-gotten prey.—
Speak, gentle shepherdess! I am alone,
And tender love for love.—But she is gone
From me, that, having struck her lover dead,
For silly fear left her alone, and fled.
And see, the wounded body is removed
By her of whom it was so well beloved.

Enter Perigot, *and* Amarillis, *in the shape of* Amoret.

But all these fancies must be quite forgot;
I must lie close. Here comes young Perigot,
With subtle Amarillis in the shape
Of Amoret. Pray love, he may not 'scape!
Amar. Beloved Perigot, shew me some place,
Where I may rest my limbs, weak with the chace
Of thee, an hour before thou cam'st at least.
Peri. Beshrew my tardy steps! Here shalt thou rest
Upon this holy bank: No deadly snake
Upon this turf herself in folds doth make;
Here is no poison for the toad to feed;
Here boldly spread thy hands, no venom'd weed

Dares blister them; no slimy snail dare creep
Over thy face when thou art fast asleep:
Here never durst the babbling cuckow spit;
No slough of falling star did ever hit
Upon this bank; let this thy cabin be,
This other, set with violets, for me.
Amar. Thou dost not love me, Perigot.
Peri. Fair maid,
You only love to hear it often said;
You do not doubt.
Amar. Believe me, but I do.
Peri. What, shall we now begin again to woo?
'Tis the best way to make your lover last,
To play with him, when you have caught him fast.
Amar. By Pan I swear, beloved Perigot,
And by yon moon, I think thou lovest me not.
Peri. By Pan I swear—and, if I falsely swear,
Let him not guard my flocks; let foxes tear
My earliest lambs, and wolves, whilst I do sleep,
Fall on the rest; a rot among my sheep!—
I love thee better than the careful ewe
The new-yean'd lamb that is of her own hue;
I dote upon thee more than the young lamb
Doth on the bag that feeds him from his dam.
Were there a sort of wolves got in my fold,
And one ran after thee, both young and old
Should be devour'd, and it should be my strife
To save thee, whom I love above my life.
Amar. How should I trust thee, when I see thee choose
Another bed, and dost my side refuse?
Peri. 'Twas only that the chaste thoughts might be shewn
'Twixt thee and me, although we were alone.
Amar. Come, Perigot will shew his power, that he
Can make his Amoret, though she weary be,
Rise nimbly from her couch, and come to his.
Here, take thy Amoret; embrace, and kiss!
Peri. What means my love?
Amar. To do as lovers should,
That are to be enjoy'd, not to be woo'd.
There's ne'er a shepherdess in all the plain
Can kiss thee with more art; there's none can feign
More wanton tricks.
Peri. Forbear, dear soul, to try
Whether my heart be pure; I'll rather die
Than nourish one thought to dishonour thee.
Amar. Still think'st thou such a thing as chastity
Is amongst women? Perigot, there's none
That with her love is in a wood alone,
And would come home a maid: Be not abused
With thy fond first belief; let time be used.—
Why dost thou rise?
Peri. My true heart thou hast slain!
Amar. Faith, Perigot, I'll pluck thee down again.
Peri. 'Let go, thou serpent, that into my breast
Hast with thy cunning dived!—Art not in jest?
Amar. Sweet love, lie down!
Peri. Since this I live to see,
Some bitter north wind blast my flocks and me!
Amar. You swore you loved, yet will not do my will.
Peri. Oh, be as thou wert once, I'll love thee still.
Amar. I am as still I was, and all my kind;
Though other shows we have, poor men to blind.
Peri. Then here I end all love; and, lest my vain
Belief should ever draw me in again,
Before thy face, that hast my youth misled,
I end my life! My blood be on thy head!
[*Offers to kill himself.*
Amar. Oh, hold thy hands, thy Amoret doth cry.
Peri. Thou counsel'st well; first, Amoret shall die,
That is the cause of my eternal smart!
[*He runs after her.*
Amar. Oh, hold! [*Exit.*
Peri. This steel shall pierce thy lustful heart!
[*Exit.*
[*The* Sullen Shepherd *steps out, and uncharms her.*
Sull. Shep. Up and down, every where,
I strew these herbs, to purge the air:
Let your odour drive hence
All mists that dazzle sense.
Herbs and springs, whose hidden might
Alters shapes, and mocks the sight,
Thus I charge ye to undo
All before I brought ye to!
Let her fly, let her 'scape;
Give again her own shape!

Enter Amarillis, *in her own shape,* Perigot *following with his spear.*

Amar. Forbear, thou gentle swain! thou dost mistake;
She whom thou follow'dst fled into the brake,
And as I cross'd thy way I met thy wrath;
The only fear of which near slain me hath.
Peri. Pardon, fair shepherdess! my rage, and night,
Were both upon me, and beguiled my sight;
But, far be it from me to spill the blood
Of harmless maids that wander in the wood.
[*Exit* Amarillis.

Enter Amoret.

Amo. Many a weary step, in yonder path,
Poor hopeless Amoret twice trodden hath,
To seek her Perigot, yet cannot hear
His voice. My Perigot! She loves thee dear
That calls.
Peri. See yonder where she is! how fair
She shews! and yet her breath infects the air.
Amo. My Perigot!
Peri. Here.
Amo. Happy!
Peri. Hapless! first
It lights on thee: the next blow is the worst.
[*Wounds her.*
Amo. Stay, Perigot! my love! thou art unjust.
Peri. Death is the best reward that's due to lust.
[*Exit* Perigot.
Sull. Shep. Now shall their love be cross'd; for, being struck,
I'll throw her in the fount, lest being took
By some night traveller, whose honest care
May help to cure her.—Shepherdess, prepare
Yourself to die!
Amo. No mercy I do crave:
Thou canst not give a worse blow than I have.
Tell him that gave me this, who loved him too,
He struck my soul, and not my body through.
Tell him, when I am dead, my soul shall be
At peace, if he but think he injured me.
Sull. Shep. In this fount be thy grave. Thou wert not meant
Sure for a woman, thou art so innocent.—
[*Flings her into the well.*
She cannot 'scape, for, underneath the ground,
In a long hollow the clear spring is bound,

'Till on yon side, where the morn's sun doth look,
The struggling water breaks out in a brook. [*Exit.*

The God *of the River riseth with* Amoret *in his arms.*

God. What powerful charms my streams do bring
Back again unto their spring,
With such force, that I their God,
Three times striking with my rod,
Could not keep them in their ranks?
My fishes shoot into the banks;
There's not one that stays and feeds,
All have hid them in the weeds.
Here's a mortal almost dead,
Fallen into my river head,
Hallow'd so with many a spell,
That till now none ever fell.
'Tis a female young and clear,
Cast in by some ravisher.
See, upon her breast a wound,
On which there is no plaister bound.
Yet, she's warm, her pulses beat,
'Tis a sign of life and heat.—
If thou be'st a virgin pure,
I can give a present cure:
Take a drop into thy wound,
From my watry locks, more round
Than orient pearl, and far more pure
Than unchaste flesh may endure.—
See, she pants, and from her flesh
The warm blood gusheth out afresh.
She is an unpolluted maid;
I must have this bleeding staid.
From my banks I pluck this flower
With holy hand, whose virtuous power
Is at once to heal and draw.
The blood returns. I never saw
A fairer mortal. Now doth break
Her deadly slumber:—Virgin, speak.
Amo. Who hath restored my sense, given me new breath,
And brought me back out of the arms of death?
God. I have heal'd thy wounds.
Amo. Ay, me!
God. Fear not him that succour'd thee:
I am this fountain's God! Below
My waters to a river grow,
And 'twixt two banks with osiers set,
That only prosper in the wet,
Through the meadows do they glide,
Wheeling still on every side,
Sometimes winding round about,
To find the evenest channel out.
And if thou wilt go with me,
Leaving mortal company,
In the cool stream shalt thou lie,
Free from harm as well as I:
I will give thee for thy food
No fish that useth in the mud;
But trout and pike, that love to swim
Where the gravel from the brim
Through the pure streams may be seen:
Orient pearl fit for a queen,
Will I give, thy love to win,
And a shell to keep them in:
Not a fish in all my brook
That shall disobey thy look,
But, when thou wilt, come sliding by,
And from thy white hand take a fly.
And to make thee understand
How I can my waves command,
They shall bubble whilst I sing,
Sweeter than the silver string.

THE SONG.

Do not fear to put thy feet
Naked in the river, sweet;
Think not leech, or newt, or toad,
Will bite thy foot, when thou hast trod;
Nor let the water rising high,
As thou wad'st in, make thee cry
And sob; but ever live with me,
And not a wave shall trouble thee!

Amo. Immortal power, that rul'st this holy flood,
I know myself unworthy to be woo'd
By thee, a God! For ere this, but for thee,
I should have shewn my weak mortality.
Besides, by holy oath betwixt us twain,
I am betroth'd unto a shepherd swain,
Whose comely face, I know the gods above
May make me leave to see, but not to love.
God. May he prove to thee as true!
Fairest virgin, now adieu!
I must make my waters fly,
Lest they leave their channels dry,
And beasts that come unto the spring
Miss their morning's watering,
Which I would not; for of late
All the neighbour people sate
On my banks, and from the fold
Two white lambs of three weeks old
Offer'd to my deity:
For which this year they shall be free
From raging floods, that as they pass
Leave their gravel in the grass;
Nor shall their meads be overflown,
When their grass is newly mown.
Amo. For thy kindness to me shewn,
Never from thy banks be blown
Any tree, with windy force,
Cross thy streams, to stop thy course;
May no beast that comes to drink,
With his horns cast down thy brink;
May none that for thy fish do look,
Cut thy banks to dam thy brook;
Barefoot may no neighbour wade
In thy cool streams, wife or maid,
When the spawns on stones do lie,
To wash their hemp, and spoil the fry!
God. Thanks, virgin! I must down again.
Thy wound will put thee to no pain:
Wonder not so soon 'tis gone;
A holy hand was laid upon. [*Exit.*
Amo. And I, unhappy born to be,
Must follow him that flies from me! [*Exit.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*The Forest.*

Enter PERIGOT.

Peri. She is untrue, unconstant, and unkind;
She's gone, she's gone! Blow high, thou north-west wind,
And raise the sea to mountains; let the trees
That dare oppose thy raging fury, leese
Their firm foundation; creep into the earth,
And shake the world, as at the monstrous birth
Of some new prodigy; whilst I constant stand,
Holding this trusty boar-spear in my hand,
And falling thus upon it!
[*Offers to fall on his spear.*

Enter AMARILLIS *running.*

Amar. Stay thy dead-doing hand! thou art too hot
Against thyself. Believe me, comely swain,
If that thou diest, not all the showers of rain
The heavy clouds sent down, can wash away
That foul unmanly guilt the world will lay
Upon thee. Yet thy love untainted stands:
Believe me, she is constant; not the sands
Can be so hardly number'd as she won.
I do not trifle, shepherd; by the moon,
And all those lesser lights our eyes do view,
All that I told thee, Perigot, is true!
Then, be a free man; put away despair
And will to die; smooth gently up that fair,
Dejected forehead; be as when thine eyes
Took the first heat.
Peri. Alas, he double dies
That would believe, but cannot! 'Tis not well
You keep me thus from dying, here to dwell
With many worse companions. But, oh, death!
I am not yet enamour'd of this breath
So much, but I dare leave it; 'tis not pain
In forcing of a wound, nor after-gain
Of many days can hold me from my will:
'Tis not myself, but Amoret, bids kill.
Amar. Stay but a little, little; but one hour;
And if I do not shew thee, through the power
Of herbs and words I have, as dark as night,
Myself turn'd to thy Amoret, in sight,
Her very figure, and the robe she wears,
With tawny buskins, and the hook she bears
Of thine own carving, where your names are set,
Wrought underneath with many a curious fret,
The primrose chaplet, tawdry-lace, and ring,
Thou gavest her for her singing, with each thing
Else that she wears about her, let me feel
The first fell stroke of that revenging steel!
Peri. I am contented, if there be a hope
To give it entertainment, for the scope
Of one poor hour. Go; you shall find me next
Under yon shady beech, even thus perplex'd,
And thus believing.
Amar. Bind, before I go,
Thy soul by Pan unto me, not to do
Harm or outrageous wrong upon thy life,
Till my return.
Peri. By Pan, and by the strife
He had with Phœbus for the mastery,
When golden Midas judged their minstrelsy,
I will not! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*The Grove before* CLORIN'S *Arbour.*

Enter SATYR, *with* ALEXIS, *hurt.*

Sat. Softly gliding as I go,
With this burthen full of woe,
Through still silence of the night,
Guided by the glow-worm's light,
Hither am I come at last.
Many a thicket have I past;
Not a twig that durst deny me,
Not a bush that durst descry me,
To the little bird that sleeps
On the tender spray; nor creeps
That hardy worm with pointed tail,
But if I be under sail,
Flying faster than the wind,
Leaving all the clouds behind,
But doth hide her tender head
In some hollow tree, or bed
Of seeded nettles; not a hare
Can be started from his fare
By my footing; nor a wish
Is more sudden, nor a fish
Can be found with greater ease
Cut the vast unbounded seas,
Leaving neither print nor sound,
Than I, when nimbly on the ground
I measure many a league an hour.
But behold the happy power,
[*Seeing* CLORIN.
That must ease me of my charge,
And by holy hand enlarge
The soul of this sad man, that yet
Lies fast bound in deadly fit.
Heaven and great Pan succour it!—

Enter CLORIN.

Hail, thou beauty of the bower,
Whiter than the paramour
Of my master! Let me crave
Thy virtuous help to keep from grave
This poor mortal, that here lies,
Waiting when the destinies
Will undo his thread of life.
View the wound by cruel knife
Trench'd into him.
Clo. What art thou call'st me from my holy rites,
And, with the feared name of death, affrights
My tender ears? Speak me thy name and will.
Sat. I am the Satyr that did fill
Your lap with early fruit; and will,
When I hap to gather more,
Bring you better and more store.
Yet I come not empty now:
See a blossom from the bough;
But beshrew his heart that pull'd it,
And his perfect sight that cull'd it
From the other springing blooms!
For a sweeter youth the grooms
Cannot shew me, nor the downs,
Nor the many neighbouring towns.
Low in yonder glade I found him;
Softly in mine arms I bound him;
Hither have I brought him sleeping
In a trance, his wounds fresh weeping.

In remembrance such youth may
Spring and perish in a day.
Clo. Satyr, they wrong thee, that do term thee rude;
Though thou be'st outward rough, and tawny-hued,
Thy manners are as gentle and as fair
As his, who brags himself born only heir
To all humanity. Let me see the wound:
This herb will stay the current, being bound
[*Applies herbs to the wound.*
Fast to the orifice, and this restrain
Ulcers and swellings, and such inward pain
As the cold air hath forced into the sore;
This to draw out such putrifying gore
As inward falls.
Sat. Heaven grant it may be good!
Clo. Fairly wipe away the blood:
Hold him gently, till I fling
Water of a virtuous spring
On his temples; turn him twice
To the moon-beams; pinch him thrice;
That the labouring soul may draw
From his great eclipse.
Sat. I saw
His eye-lids moving.
Clo. Give him breath.
All the danger of cold death
Now is vanish'd; with this plaister,
And this unction, do I master
All the fester'd ill that may
Give him grief another day.
Sat. See, he gathers up his sprite,
And begins to hunt for light.
Now he gapes and breathes again:
How the blood runs to the vein
That erst was empty!
Alexis. Oh, my heart!
My dearest, dearest Cloe! Oh, the smart
Runs through my side! I feel some pointed thing
Pass through my bowels, sharper than the sting
Of scorpion.——
Pan, preserve me!—What are you?
Do not hurt me! I am true
To my Cloe, though she fly,
And leave me to this destiny:
There she stands, and will not lend
Her smooth white hand to help her friend.
But I am much mistaken, for that face
Bears more austerity and modest grace,
More reproving and more awe,
Than these eyes yet ever saw
In my Cloe. Oh, my pain
Eagerly renews again!
Give me your help for his sake you love best.
Clo. Shepherd, thou canst not possibly take rest,
'Till thou hast laid aside all heats, desires,
Provoking thoughts that stir up lusty fires,
Commerce with wanton eyes, strong blood, and will
To execute; these must be purged, until
The veins grow whiter; then repent, and pray
Great Pan to keep you from the like decay,
And I shall undertake your cure with ease;
Till when, this virtuous plaister will displease
Your tender sides. Give me your hand, and rise!
Help him a little, Satyr; for his thighs
Yet are feeble.
Alexis. Sure I have lost much blood.
Sat. 'Tis no matter; 'twas not good.
Mortal, you must leave your wooing:
Though there be a joy in doing,
Yet it brings much grief behind it;
They best feel it, that do find it.
Clo. Come, bring him in; I will attend his sore.—
When you are well, take heed you lust no more.
Sat. Shepherd, see what comes of kissing;
By my head, 'twere better missing.—
Brightest, if there be remaining
Any service, without feigning
I will do it; were I set
To catch the nimble wind, or get
Shadows gliding on the green,
Or to steal from the great queen
Of the fairies all her beauty;
I would do it, so much duty
Do I owe those precious eyes.
Clo. I thank thee, honest Satyr. If the cries
Of any other, that be hurt, or ill,
Draw thee unto them, pr'ythee, do thy will
To bring them hither.
Sat. I will; and when the weather
Serves to angle in the brook,
I will bring a silver hook,
With a line of finest silk,
And a rod as white as milk,
To deceive the little fish:
So I take my leave, and wish
On this bower may ever dwell
Spring and summer!
Clo. Friend, farewell! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*Another part of the Forest.*

Enter AMORET, *seeking her Love.*

Amo. This place is ominous; for here I lost
My love, and almost life, and since have cross'd
All these woods over; ne'er a nook or dell,
Where any little bird or beast doth dwell,
But I have sought it; ne'er a bending brow
Of any hill, or glade the wind sings through,
Nor a green bank, or shade where shepherds use
To sit and riddle, sweetly pipe, or choose
Their valentines, that I have missed, to find
My love in. Perigot! Oh, too unkind,
Why hast thou fled me? Whither art thou gone?
How have I wrong'd thee? Was my love alone
To thee worth this scorn'd recompence? 'Tis well;
I am content to feel it: But I tell
Thee, shepherd, and these lusty woods shall hear,
Forsaken Amoret is yet as clear
Of any stranger fire, as Heaven is
From foul corruption, or the deep abyss
From light and happiness! and thou may'st know
All this for truth, and how that fatal blow
Thou gavest me, never from desert of mine
Fell on my life, but from suspect of thine,
Or fury more than madness; therefore, here
Since I have lost my life, my love, my dear,
Upon this cursed place, and on this green
That first divorced us, shortly shall be seen
A sight of so great pity, that each eye
Shall daily spend his spring in memory
Of my untimely fall!

Enter AMARILLIS.

Amar. I am not blind,
Nor is it through the working of my mind
That this shews Amoret. Forsake me, all
That dwell upon the soul, but what men call

Wonder, or, more than wonder, miracle!
For sure, so strange as this, the oracle
Never gave answer of; it passeth dreams
Of madmen's fancy, when the many streams
Of new imaginations rise and fall!
'Tis but an hour since these ears heard her call
For pity to young Perigot! while he,
Directed by his fury, bloodily
Lanch'd up her breast, which bloodless fell and
And, if belief may credit what was told, [cold;
After all this, the Melancholy Swain
Took her into his arms, being almost slain,
And to the bottom of the holy well
Flung her, for ever with the waves to dwell.
'Tis she, the very same: 'tis Amoret,
And living yet; the great powers will not let
Their virtuous love be cross'd.—Maid, wipe away
Those heavy drops of sorrow, and allay
The storm that yet goes high, which, not deprest,
Breaks heart and life, and all, before it rest.
Thy Perigot——

Amo. Where, which is Perigot?

Amar. Sits there below, lamenting much, God wot,
Thee and thy fortune. Go, and comfort him;
And thou shalt find him underneath a brim
Of sailing pines, that edge yon mountain in.

Amo. I go, I run! Heaven grant me I may win
His soul again! [*Exit.*

Enter Sullen Shepherd.

Sull. Shep. Stay, Amarillis, stay!
You are too fleet; 'tis two hours yet to day.
I have perform'd my promise; let us sit
And warm our bloods together, till the fit
Come lively on us.

Amar. Friend, you are too keen:
The morning riseth, and we shall be seen;
Forbear a little.

Sull. Shep. I can stay no longer.

Amar. Hold, shepherd, hold! Learn not to be a wronger
Of your word. Was not your promise laid,
To break their loves first?

Sull. Shep. I have done it, maid.

Amar. No; they are yet unbroken, met again,
And are as hard to part yet, as the stain
Is from the finest lawn.

Sull. Shep. I say, they are
Now at this present parted, and so far,
That they shall never meet.

Amar. Swain, 'tis not so;
For do but to yon hanging mountain go,
And there believe your eyes.

Sull. Shep. You do but hold
Off with delays and trifles. Farewell, cold
And frozen Bashfulness, unfit for men!
Thus I salute thee, virgin! [*Attempts to stay her.*

Amar. And thus, then,
I bid you follow. Catch me, if you can!
[*Exit running.*

Sull. Shep. And, if I stay behind, I am no man!
[*Exit, running after her.*

SCENE IV.—*The banks of a Rivulet in the Forest.*

Enter Perigot.

Peri. Night, do not steal away! I woo thee fet
To hold a hard hand o'er the rusty bit
That guides the lazy team. Go back again,
Boötes, thou that drivest thy frozen wain
Round as a ring, and bring a second night
To hide my sorrows from the coming light!
Let not the eyes of men stare on my face,
And read my falling! Give me some black place
Where never sun-beam shot his wholesome light,
That I may sit and pour out my sad sprite
Like running water, never to be known
After the forced fall and sound is gone!

Enter Amoret, *looking for* Perigot.

Amo. This is the bottom.—Speak, if thou be
My Perigot! Thy Amoret, thy dear, [here,
Calls on thy loved name.

Peri. What art thou, dare
Tread these forbidden paths, where death and care
Dwell on the face of darkness?

Amo. 'Tis thy friend,
Thy Amoret; come hither, to give end
To these consumings. Look up, gentle boy!
I have forgot those pains and dear annoy
I suffer'd for thy sake, and am content
To be thy love again. Why hast thou rent
Those curled locks, where I have often hung
Ribbons, and damask roses, and have flung
Waters distill'd to make thee fresh and gay,
Sweeter than nosegays on a bridal day?
Why dost thou cross thine arms, and hang thy face
Down to thy bosom, letting fall apace,
From those two little heavens, upon the ground,
Showers of more price, more orient, and more round
Than those that hang upon the moon's pale brow?
Cease these complainings, shepherd! I am now
The same I ever was, as kind and free,
And can forgive before you ask of me:
Indeed, I can and will.

Peri. So spoke my fair!
Oh, you great working powers of earth and air,
Water and forming fire, why have you lent
Your hidden virtues to so ill intent?
Even such a face, so fair, so bright of hue,
Had Amoret; such words, so smooth and new,
Came flying from her tongue; such was her eye,
And such the pointed sparkle that did fly
Forth like a bleeding shaft; all is the same,
The robe and buskins, painted hook, and frame
Of all her body. Oh me, Amoret!

Amo. Shepherd, what means this riddle? who hath set
So strong a difference 'twixt myself and me,
That I am grown another? Look, and see
The ring thou gavest me, and about my wrist
That curious bracelet thou thyself didst twist
From these fair tresses. Know'st thou Amoret?
Hath not some newer love forced thee forget
Thy ancient faith?

Peri. Still nearer to my love!
These be the very words she oft did prove
Upon my temper; so she still would take
Wonder into her face, and silent make
Signs with her head and hand, as who would say,
"Shepherd, remember this another day."

Amo. Am I not Amoret? Where was I lost?
Can there be Heaven, and time, and men, and most
Of these unconstant? Faith, where art thou fled?
Are all the vows and protestations dead,
The hands held up, the wishes, and the heart?
Is there no one remaining, not a part

Of all these to be found? Why then, I see
Men never knew that virtue, constancy.
Peri. Men ever were most blessed, till cross fate
Brought love and women forth, unfortunate
To all that ever tasted of their smiles;
Whose actions are all double, full of wiles;
Like to the subtle hare, that 'fore the hounds
Makes many turnings, leaps, and many rounds,
This way and that way, to deceive the scent
Of her pursuers.
Amo. 'Tis but to prevent
Their speedy coming on, that seek her fall;
The hands of cruel men, more bestial,
And of a nature more refusing good
Than beasts themselves, or fishes of the flood.
Peri. Thou art all these, and more than nature meant,
When she created all; frowns, joys, content;
Extreme fire for an hour, and presently
Colder than sleepy poison, or the sea;
Upon whose face sits a continual frost,
Your actions ever driven to the most,
Then down again as low, that none can find
The rise or falling of a woman's mind.
Amo. Can there be any age, or days, or time,
Or tongues of men, guilty so great a crime
As wronging simple maid? Oh, Perigot,
Thou, that wast yesterday without a blot;
Thou, that wast every good, and every thing
That men call blessed: thou, that wast the spring
From whence our looser grooms drew all their best;
Thou, that wast always just, and always blest
In faith and promise; thou, that hadst the name
Of virtuous, given thee, and madest good the same
Even from thy cradle; thou, that wast that all
That men delighted in! Oh, what a fall
Is this, to have been so, and now to be
The only best in wrong and infamy,
And I to live to know this! And by me
That loved thee dearer than mine eyes, or that
Which we esteem'd our honour, virgin state;
Dearer than swallows love the early morn,
Or dogs of chace the sound of merry horn;
Dearer than thou canst love thy new love, if thou [hast
Another, and far dearer than the last:
Dearer than thou canst love thyself, though all
The self-love were within thee that did fall
With that coy swain that now is made a flower,
For whose dear sake Echo weeps many a shower!
And am I thus rewarded for my flame?
Loved worthily to get a wanton's name?
Come, thou forsaken willow, wind my head,
And noise it to the world my love is dead!
I am forsaken, I am cast away,
And left for every lazy groom to say
I was unconstant, light, and sooner lost
Than the quick clouds we see, or the chill frost
When the hot sun beats on it! Tell me yet
Canst thou not love again thy Amoret?
Peri. Thou art not worthy of that blessed name!
I must not know thee; fling thy wanton flame
Upon some lighter blood, that may be hot
With words and feigned passions: Perigot
Was ever yet unstain'd, and shall not now
Stoop to the meltings of a borrow'd brow.
Amo. Then hear me, Heaven, to whom I call for right,
And you fair twinkling stars that crown the night;
And hear me, woods, and silence of this place,
And ye sad hours that move a sullen pace;
Hear me, ye shadows, that delight to dwell
In horrid darkness, and ye powers of hell,
Whilst I breathe out my last! I am that maid,
That yet-untainted Amoret, that play'd
The careless prodigal, and gave away
My soul to this young man, that now dares say
I am a stranger, not the same, more wild;
And thus with much belief I was beguiled.
I am that maid, that have delay'd, denied,
And almost scorn'd the loves of all that tried
To win me, but this swain; and yet confess
I have been wooed by many, with no less
Soul of affection, and have often had
Rings, belts, and cracknels, sent me from the lad
That feeds his flocks down westward: lambs and doves
By young Alexis; Daphnis sent me gloves;
All which I gave to thee: Nor these, nor they
That sent them, did I smile on, or e'er lay
Up to my after-memory. But why
Do I resolve to grieve, and not to die?
Happy had been the stroke thou gavest, if home;
By this time had I found a quiet room
Where every slave is free, and every breast
That living breeds new care, now lies at rest;
And thither will poor Amoret!
Peri. Thou must.
Was ever any man so loth to trust
His eyes as I? or was there ever yet
Any so like as this to Amoret?
For whose dear sake I promise, if there be
A living soul within thee, thus to free
Thy body from it! [*He wounds her again.*
Amo. [*falling.*] So this work hath end!
Farewell, and live! be constant to thy friend
That loves thee next!

Enter SATYR; PERIGOT *runs off.*

Sat. See, the day begins to break,
And the light shoots like a streak
Of subtle fire; the wind blows cold,
While the morning doth unfold;
Now the birds begin to rouse,
And the squirrel from the boughs
Leaps, to get him nuts and fruit;
The early lark, that erst was mute,
Carols to the rising day
Many a note and many a lay:
Therefore here I end my watch,
Lest the wand'ring swain should catch
Harm, or lose himself.
Amo. Ah me!
Sat. Speak again, whate'er thou be.
I am ready; speak, I say:
By the dawning of the day,
By the power of night and Pan,
I enforce thee speak again!
Amo. Oh, I am most unhappy!
Sat. Yet more blood!
Sure these wanton swains are woo'd.
Can there be a hand or heart,
Dare commit so vile a part
As this murder? By the moon,
That hid herself when this was done,
Never was a sweeter face!
I will bear her to the place
Where my goddess keeps; and crave
Her to give her life or grave. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—*The Grove before* CLORIN'S *Arbour.*

Enter CLORIN.

Clo. Here whilst one patient takes his rest
I steal abroad to do another cure.— [secure,
Pardon, thou buried body of my love,
That from thy side I dare so soon remove;
I will not prove inconstant, nor will leave
Thee for an hour alone. When I deceive
My first-made vow, the wildest of the wood
Tear me, and o'er thy grave let out my blood!
I go, by wit, to cure a lover's pain,
Which no herb can; being done, I'll come again.
[*Exit.*

Enter THENOT, *lying down under a tree.*

The. Poor shepherd, in this shade for ever lie,
And seeing thy fair Clorin's cabin, die!
Oh, hapless love, which being answer'd, ends;
And, as a little infant cries and bends
His tender brows, when rolling of his eye
He hath espied something that glisters nigh
Which he would have, yet, give it him, away
He throws it straight, and cries afresh to play
With something else: Such my affection, set
On that which I should loath, if I could get.

Re-enter CLORIN.

Clo. See where he lies! Did ever man but he
Love any woman for her constancy
To her dead lover, which she needs must end
Before she can allow him for her friend,
And he himself must needs the cause destroy
For which he loves, before he can enjoy?
Poor shepherd, Heaven grant I at once may free
Thee from thy pain, and keep my loyalty!—
Shepherd, look up.
The. Thy brightness doth amaze!
So Phœbus may at noon bid mortals gaze;
Thy glorious constancy appears so bright,
I dare not meet the beams with my weak sight.
Clo. Why dost thou pine away thyself for me?
The. Why dost thou keep such spotless constancy?
Clo. Thou holy shepherd, see what, for thy sake,
Clorin, thy Clorin, now dare undertake.
[*He starts up.*
The. Stay there, thou constant Clorin! if there
Yet any part of woman left in thee, [be
To make thee light, think yet before thou speak.
Clo. See, what a holy vow for thee I break:
I, that already have my fame far spread,
For being constant to my lover dead.
The. Think yet, dear Clorin, of your love; how true,
If you had died, he would have been to you.
Clo. Yet all I'll lose for thee——
The. Think but how bless'd
A constant woman is above the rest!
Clo. And offer up myself, here on this ground,
To be disposed by thee.
The. Why dost thou wound
His heart with malice against women more,
That hated all the sex, but thee, before?
How much more pleasant had it been to me
To die, than to behold this change in thee!
Yet, yet return; let not the woman sway!
Clo. Insult not on her now, nor use delay,
Who for thy sake hath ventured all her fame.
The. Thou hast not ventured, but bought certain shame!
Your sex's curse, foul falsehood must and shall,
I see, once in your lives, light on you all.
I hate thee now!—Yet turn!
Clo. Be just to me:
Shall I at once both lose my fame and thee?
The. Thou hadst no fame; that which thou didst like good
Was but thy appetite that sway'd thy blood
For that time to the best: For as a blast
That through a house comes, usually doth cast
Things out of order, yet by chance may come,
And blow some one thing to his proper room;
So did thy appetite, and not thy zeal,
Sway thee by chance to do some one thing well.
Yet turn!
Clo. Thou dost but try me, if I would
Forsake thy dear embraces, for my old
Love's, though he were alive: But do not fear.
The. I do contemn thee now, and dare come near,
And gaze upon thee; for methinks that grace,
Austerity, which sate upon that face,
Is gone, and thou like others! False maid, see,
This is the gain of foul inconstancy! [*Exit.*
Clo. 'Tis done, great Pan; I give thee thanks for it!
What art could not have heal'd, is cured by wit.

Enter THENOT *again.*

The. Will you be constant yet? will you remove
Into the cabin to your buried love?
Clo. No, let me die; but by thy side remain.
The. There's none shall know that thou didst ever stain
Thy worthy strictness, but shalt honour'd be,
And I will lie again under this tree,
And pine and die for thee with more delight,
Than I have sorrow now to know thee light.
Clo. Let me have thee, and I'll be where thou wilt.
The. Thou art of woman's race, and full of guilt.
Farewell, all hope of that sex! Whilst I thought
There was one good, I fear'd to find one naught:
But since their minds I all alike espy,
Henceforth I'll chuse as others, by mine eye!
[*Exit.*
Clo. Blest be ye powers that gave such quick redress,
And for my labours sent so good success!
I rather chuse, though I a woman be,
He should speak ill of all, than die for me. [*Exit.*

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*A Village.*

Enter Priest *and Old* Shepherd.

Priest. Shepherds, rise, and shake off sleep!
See the blushing morn doth peep
Through the windows, while the sun
To the mountain tops is run,
Gilding all the vales below
With his rising flames, which grow
Greater by his climbing still.
Up, ye lazy grooms, and fill
Bag and bottle for the field!
Clasp your cloaks fast, lest they yield
To the bitter north-east wind.
Call the maidens up, and find
Who lay longest, that she may
Go without a friend all day;
Then reward your dogs, and pray
Pan to keep you from decay:
So unfold, and then away!
What, not a shepherd stirring? Sure the grooms
Have found their beds too easy, or the rooms
Fill'd with such new delight, and heat, that they
Have both forgot their hungry sheep and day.
Knock, that they may remember what a shame
Sloth and neglect lays on a shepherd's name.
Old Shep. [*Knocks at several doors.*] It is to little purpose; not a swain
This night hath known his lodging here, or lain
Within these cotes: The woods, or some near town,
That is a neighbour to the bordering down,
Hath drawn them thither, 'bout some lusty sport,
Or spiced wassel-bowl, to which resort
All the young men and maids of many a cote,
Whilst the trim minstrel strikes his merry note.
Priest. God pardon sin!—Shew me the way that leads
To any of their haunts.
Old Shep. This to the meads,
And that down to the woods.
Priest. Then this for me.
Come, shepherd, let me crave your company.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*On one side of the Stage the Interior of* Clorin's *Bower, within it* Alexis *and* Clorin; *before it the Grove. In the background,* Daphnis *and* Cloe *are discovered in a hollow tree. A chaffing-dish of coals in the arbour.*

Clo. Now your thoughts are almost pure,
And your wound begins to cure,
Strive to banish all that's vain,
Lest it should break out again.
Alexis. Eternal thanks to thee, thou holy maid!
I find my former wand'ring thoughts well staid
Through thy wise precepts; and my outward pain,
By thy choice herbs, is almost gone again:
Thy sex's vice and virtue are reveal'd
At once; for what one hurt another heal'd.
Clo. May thy grief more appease!
Relapses are the worst disease.
Take heed how you in thought offend;
So mind and body both will mend.

Enter Satyr, *carrying* Amoret.

Amo. Be'st thou the wildest creature of the wood,
That bear'st me thus away, drown'd in my blood,
And dying, know I cannot injured be;
I am a maid; let that name fight for me!
Sat. Fairest virgin, do not fear
Me, that doth thy body bear,
Not to hurt, but heal'd to be;
Men are ruder far than we.——
See, fair goddess, in the wood
They have let out yet more blood:
Some savage man hath struck her breast,
So soft and white, that no wild beast
Durst have touch'd, asleep, or 'wake;
So sweet, that adder, newt, or snake,
Would have lain from arm to arm,
On her bosom to be warm
All a night, and, being hot,
Gone away, and stung her not.
Quickly clap herbs to her breast.
A man sure is a kind of beast!
Clo. With spotless hand on spotless breast
I put these herbs, to give thee rest:
Which till it heal thee, there will bide,
If both be pure; if not, off slide.——
See, it falls off from the wound!
Shepherdess, thou art not sound;
Full of lust.
Sat. Who would have thought it?
So fair a face!
Clo. Why, that hath brought it.
Amo. For aught I know, or think, these words my last,
Yet, Pan so help me as my thoughts are chaste!
Clo. And so may Pan bless this my cure,
As all my thoughts are just and pure.
Some uncleanness nigh doth lurk,
That will not let my medicines work.—
Satyr, search if thou canst find it.
Sat. Here away methinks I wind it:
Stronger yet.—Oh, here they be;
Here, here, in a hollow tree,
Two fond mortals have I found.
Clo. Bring them out; they are unsound.

The Satyr *brings* Cloe *and* Daphnis *to* Clorin.

Sat. By the fingers thus I wring ye,
To my goddess thus I bring ye;
Strife is vain, come gently in.—
I scented them; they're full of sin.
Clo. Hold, Satyr; take this glass,
Sprinkle over all the place,
Purge the air from lustful breath,
To save this shepherdess from death.
And stand you still whilst I do dress
Her wound, for fear the pain increase.
Sat. From this glass I throw a drop
[*Sprinkling the ground.*
Of crystal water on the top
Of every grass, on flowers a pair:
Send a fume, and keep the air
Pure and wholesome, sweet and bless'd,
'Till this virgin's wound be dress'd.
Clo. Satyr, help to bring her in.
Sat. By Pan, I think she hath no sin,
[*Carries* Amoret *into the bower.*

She is so light.—Lie on these leaves.
Sleep, that mortal sense deceives,
Crown thine eyes, and ease thy pain;
Mayest thou soon be well again!
Clo. Satyr, bring the shepherd near;
Try him, if his mind be clear.
Sat. Shepherd, come.
Daph. My thoughts are pure.
Sat. The better trial to endure.
Clo. In this flame his finger thrust,
Which will burn him if he lust;
But if not, away will turn,
As loth unspotted flesh to burn.—
[*Applies his finger to the flame.*
See, it gives back; let him go.
Farewell, mortal! keep thee so.
[*Exit* DAPHNIS.
Sat. Stay, fair nymph; fly not so fast;
We must try if you be chaste.—
Here's a hand that quakes for fear;
Sure she will not prove so clear.
Clo. Hold her finger to the flame;
That will yield her praise or shame.
Sat. To her doom she dares not stand,
But plucks away her tender hand;
And the taper darting sends
His hot beams at her finger's ends.
Oh, thou art foul within, and hast
A mind, if nothing else, unchaste.
Alexis. Is not that Cloe? 'Tis my love, 'tis she! Cloe, fair Cloe!
Cloe. My Alexis!
Alexis. He.
Cloe. Let me embrace thee.
Clo. Take her hence,
Lest her sight disturb his sense.
[*The* Satyr *leads off* CLOE.
Alexis. Take not her; take my life first!
Cloe. See his wound again is burst!
Keep her near, here in the wood,
Till I have stopt these streams of blood.
Soon again he ease shall find,
If I can but still his mind.
This curtain thus I do display,
To keep the piercing air away.
[*She draws a Curtain before her Bower. The Scene shuts in.*

SCENE III.—*The Pasture.*

Enter Old Shepherd *and* Priest.

Priest. Sure, they are lost for ever! 'Tis in vain
To find them out, with trouble and much pain,
That have a ripe desire, and forward will
To fly the company of all but ill.
What shall be counsell'd now? shall we retire,
Or constant follow still that first desire
We had to find them?
Old Shep. Stay a little while;
For, if the morning's mist do not beguile
My sight with shadows, sure I see a swain:
One of this jolly troop's come back again.

Enter THENOT.

Priest. Dost thou not blush, young shepherd, to be known,
Thus without care leaving thy flocks alone,
And following what desire, and present blood
Shapes out before thy burning sense for good;
Having forgot what tongue hereafter may
Tell to the world thy falling-off, and say
Thou art regardless both of good and shame,
Spurning at virtue, and a virtuous name?
And like a glorious desperate man, that buys
A poison of much price, by which he dies,
Dost thou lay out for lust, whose only gain
Is foul disease, with present age and pain,
And then a grave. These be the fruits that grow
In such hot veins, that only beat to know
Where they may take most ease, and grow ambitious [licious.
Through their own wanton fire, and pride de-
The. Right holy sir, I have not known this night
What the smooth face of mirth was, or the sight
Of any looseness; music, joy, and ease
Have been to me as bitter drugs to please
A stomach lost with weakness, not a game
That I am skill'd at thoroughly: Nor a dame,
Went her tongue smoother than the feet of time,
Her beauty ever living like the rhyme
Our blessed Tityrus did sing of yore;
No, were she more enticing than the store
Of fruitful summer, when the loaden tree
Bids the faint traveller be bold and free;
'Twere but to me like thunder 'gainst the bay,
Whose lightning may enclose, but never stay
Upon his charmed branches; such am I
Against the catching flames of woman's eye.
Priest. Then wherefore hast thou wander'd?
The. 'Twas a vow
That drew me out last night, which I have now
Strictly perform'd, and homewards go to give
Fresh pasture to my sheep, that they may live.
Priest. 'Tis good to hear you, shepherd, if the heart
In this well-sounding music bear his part.
Where have you left the rest?
The. I have not seen,
Since yesternight we met upon this green
To fold our flocks up, any of that train;
Yet have I walk'd those woods round, and have lain
All this same night under an aged tree;
Yet neither wand'ring shepherd did I see,
Or shepherdess, or drew into mine ear
The sound of living thing, unless it were
The nightingale among the thick-leaved spring,
That sits alone in sorrow, and doth sing
Whole nights away in mourning; or the owl,
Or our great enemy, that still doth howl
Against the moon's cold beams.
Priest. Go, and beware
Of after-falling!
The. Father, 'tis my care. [*Exit.*

Enter DAPHNIS.

Old Shep. Here comes another straggler; sure I see
A shame in this young shepherd. Daphnis?
Daph. He.
Priest. Where hast thou left the rest, that should have been,
Long before this, grazing upon the green
Their yet-imprison'd flocks?
Daph. Thou holy man,
Give me a little breathing, 'till I can
Be able to unfold what I have seen:
Such horrour, that the like hath never been
Known to the ear of shepherd. Oh, my heart
Labours a double motion to impart
So heavy tidings! You all know the bower
Where the chaste Cloriu lives, by whose great power

Sick men and cattle have been often cured;
There lovely Amoret, that was assured
To lusty Perigot, bleeds out her life,
Forced by some iron hand and fatal knife;
And, by her, young Alexis.

Enter AMARILLIS, *running.*

Amar. If there be
Ever a neighbour-brook, or hollow tree,
Receive my body, close me up from lust
That follows at my heels! be ever just,
Thou god of shepherds, Pan, for her dear sake
That loves the rivers' brinks, and still doth shake
In cold remembrance of thy quick pursuit!
Let me be made a reed, and ever mute,
Nod to the waters' fall, whilst every blast
Sings through my slender leaves that I was chaste!

Priest. This is a night of wonder!—Amarill',
Be comforted; the holy Gods are still
Revengers of these wrongs.

Amar. Thou blessed man,
Honour'd upon these plains, and loved of Pan,
Hear me, and save from endless infamy,
My yet unblasted flower, virginity!
By all the garlands that have crown'd that head,
By thy chaste office, and the marriage-bed
That still is bless'd by thee; by all the rites
Due to our God, and by those virgin lights
That burn before his altar; let me not
Fall from my former state, to gain the blot
That never shall be purged! I am not now
That wanton Amarillis! here I vow
To Heaven, and thee, grave father, if I may
'Scape this unhappy night, to know the day
A virgin, never after to endure
The tongues, or company of men impure!
I hear him come! save me!

Priest. Retire a while
Behind this bush, till we have known that vile
Abuser of young maidens. [*They retire.*

Enter Sullen Shepherd.

Sull. Shep. Stay thy pace,
Most-loved Amarillis; let the chase
Grow calm and milder; fly me not so fast.
I fear the pointed brambles have unlaced
Thy golden buskins; turn again and see
Thy shepherd follow, that is strong and free,
Able to give thee all content and ease.
I am not bashful, virgin; I can please
At first encounter, hug thee in mine arm,
And give thee many kisses, soft and warm
As those the sun prints on the smiling cheek
Of plums or mellow peaches; I am sleek
And smooth as Neptune, when stern Æolus
Locks up his surly winds, and nimbly thus
Can shew my active youth! Why dost thou fly?
Remember, Amarillis, it was I
That kill'd Alexis for thy sake, and set
An everlasting hate 'twixt Amoret
And her beloved Perigot; 'twas I
That drown'd her in the well, where she must lie
Till time shall leave to be. Then, turn again,
Turn with thy open arms, and clip the swain
That hath perform'd all this; turn, turn, I say!
I must not be deluded.

Priest. [*Coming forward.*] Monster, stay!
Thou that art like a canker to the state
Thou livest and breathest in, eating with debate
Through every honest bosom, forcing still
The veins of any that may serve thy will;
Thou that hast offer'd with a sinful hand
To seize upon this virgin, that doth stand
Yet trembling here!

Sull. Shep. Good holiness, declare
What had the danger been, if being bare
I had embraced her; tell me by your art,
What coming wonders would that sight impart?

Priest. Lust, and a branded soul.

Sull. Shep. Yet tell me more;
Hath not our mother Nature, for her store
And great encrease, said it is good and just,
And wills that every living creature must
Beget his like?

Priest. You're better read than I,
I must confess, in blood and lechery.—
Now to the bower, and bring this beast along,
Where he may suffer penance for his wrong.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*The Forest.*

Enter PERIGOT, *with his hand bloody.*

Peri. Here will I wash it in the Morning's dew,
Which she on every little grass doth strew
In silver drops against the sun's appear:
'Tis holy water, and will make me clear.—
My hand will not be cleansed. My wronged love,
If thy chaste spirit in the air yet move,
Look mildly down on him that yet doth stand
All full of guilt, thy blood upon his hand;
And though I struck thee undeservedly,
Let my revenge on her that injured thee
Make less a fault which I intended not,
And let these dew-drops wash away my spot!—
It will not cleanse. Oh, to what sacred flood
Shall I resort, to wash away this blood?
Amidst these trees the holy Clorin dwells,
In a low cabin of cut boughs, and heals
All wounds: To her I will myself address,
And my rash faults repentantly confess;
Perhaps she'll find a means, by art or prayer,
To make my hand, with chaste blood stained, fair:
That done, not far hence, underneath some tree
I'll have a little cabin built, since she,
Whom I adored, is dead; there will I give
Myself to strictness, and like Clorin live! [*Exit.*

SCENE V.—*The Grove before* CLORIN'S *Dwelling, with the Interior of it on one side of the Stage;* CLORIN *sitting in the Bower,* AMORET *sitting on the one side of her,* ALEXIS *and* CLOE *on the other; the* Satyr *standing by.*

Clo. Shepherd, once more your blood is staid.
Take example by this maid,
Who is heal'd ere you be pure;
So hard it is lewd lust to cure.
Take heed then how you turn your eye
On these other lustfully.
And, shepherdess, take heed lest you
Move his willing eye thereto:
Let no wring, nor pinch, nor smile
Of yours, his weaker sense beguile!
Is your love yet true and chaste,
And for ever so to last?

Alexis. I have forgot all vain desires,
All looser thoughts, ill-temper'd fires.
True love I find a pleasant fume,
Whose moderate heat can ne'er consume.

Cloe. And I a new fire feel in me,
Whose chaste flame is not quench'd to be.
Clo. Join your hands with modest touch,
And for ever keep you such!

Enter PERIGOT, *on the outside of the Bower.*

Peri. Yon is her cabin; thus far off I'll stand,
And call her forth; for my unhallow'd hand
I dare not bring so near yon sacred place.—
Clorin, come forth, and do a timely grace
To a poor swain!
Clo. What art thou that dost call;
Clorin is ready to do good to all:
Come near!
Peri. I dare not.
Clo. Satyr, see
Who it is that calls on me.
Sat. [*Coming out of the Bower.*] There at hand some swain doth stand,
Stretching out a bloody hand.
Peri. Come, Clorin, bring thy holy waters clear,
To wash my hand.
Clo. [*Comes forth.*] What wonders have been here
To-night! Stretch forth thy hand, young swain,
Wash and rub it, whilst I rain
Holy water.
Peri. Still you pour,
But my hand will never scour.
Clo. Satyr, bring him to the bower.
We will try the sovereign power
Of other waters.
Sat. Mortal, sure
'Tis the blood of maiden pure
That stains thee so!

The Satyr *leadeth him to the Bower, where he espies* AMORET, *and kneels down before her.*

Peri. Whate'er thou be,
Be'st thou her sprite, or some divinity,
That in her shape thinks good to walk this grove,
Pardon poor Perigot!
Amo. I am thy love,
Thy Amoret, for evermore thy love!
Strike once more on my naked breast, I'll prove
As constant still. Oh, could'st thou love me yet,
How soon could I my former griefs forget!
Peri. So over-great with joy that you live, now
I am, that no desire of knowing how
Doth seize me. Hast thou still power to forgive?
Amo. Whilst thou hast power to love, or I to live.
More welcome now, than hadst thou never gone
Astray from me!
Peri. And when thou lovest alone,
And not I [thee], death, or some ling'ring pain
That's worse, light on me!
Clo. Now your stain
Perhaps will cleanse thee; once again.
See, the blood that erst did stay,
With the water drops away.
All the powers again are pleased,
And with this new knot are appeased.
Join your hands, and rise together,
Pan be bless'd that brought you hither!

Enter Priest *and* Old Shepherd.

Clo. Go back again, whate'er thou art; unless
Smooth maiden thoughts possess thee, do not press
This hallow'd ground.—Go, Satyr, take his hand,
And give him present trial.
Sat. Mortal, stand,
Till by fire I have made known
Whether thou be such a one
That may'st freely tread this place.
Hold thy hand up.—Never was
[*Applying the* Priest's *hand to the flame.*
More untainted flesh than this.
Fairest, he is full of bliss.
Clo. Then boldly speak, why dost thou seek this place?
Priest. First, honour'd virgin, to behold thy face,
Where all good dwells that is; next, for to try
The truth of late report was given to me:
Those shepherds that have met with foul mischance,
Through much neglect, and more ill governance,
Whether the wounds they have may yet endure
The open air, or stay a longer cure;
And lastly, what the doom may be shall light
Upon those guilty wretches, through whose spite
All this confusion fell: for to this place,
Thou holy maiden, have I brought the race
Of these offenders, who have freely told,
Both why, and by what means, they gave this bold
Attempt upon their lives.
Clo. Fume all the ground,
And sprinkle holy water; for unsound
And foul infection 'gins to fill the air.—
It gathers yet more strongly; take a pair

[*The* Satyr *sprinkles the arbour with water, and then perfumes it with frankincense.*

Of censors fill'd with frankincense and myrrh,
Together with cold camphire: Quickly stir
Thee, gentle Satyr; for the place begins
To sweat and labour with th' abhorred sins
Of those offenders. Let them not come nigh,
For full of itching flame and leprosy
Their very souls are, that the ground goes back,
And shrinks to feel the sullen weight of black
And so unheard-of venom.—Hie thee fast,
Thou holy man; and banish from the chaste
These manlike monsters; let them never more
Be known upon these downs, but long before
The next sun's rising, put them from the sight
And memory of every honest wight.
Be quick in expedition, lest the sores
Of these weak patients break into new gores.
[*Exit* Priest.
Peri. My dear, dear Amoret, how happy are
Those blessed pairs, in whom a little jar
Hath bred an everlasting love, too strong
For time, or steel, or envy to do wrong!
How do you feel your hurts? Alas, poor heart,
How much I was abused! Give me the smart,
For it is justly mine.
Amo. I do believe.
It is enough, dear friend; leave off to grieve,
And let us once more, in despite of ill,
Give hands and hearts again.
Peri. With better will
Than e'er I went to find in hottest day
Cool crystal of the fountain, to allay
My eager thirst. May this band never break;
Hear us, oh, Heaven!
Amo. Be constant.
Peri. Else Pan wreak,
With double vengeance, my disloyalty;
Let me not dare to know the company
Of men, or any more behold those eyes!
Amo. Thus, shepherd, with a kiss, all envy dies.

Re-enter Priest.

Priest. Bright maid, I have perform'd your will; the swain
n whom such heat and black rebellions reign
Hath undergone your sentence, and disgrace:
Only the maid I have reserved, whose face
Shews much amendment; many a tear doth fall
n sorrow of her fault: Great fair, recall
Your heavy doom, in hope of better days,
Which I dare promise; once again upraise
Her heavy spirit, that near drowned lies
n self-consuming care that never dies.

Clo. I am content to pardon; call her in.
The air grows cool again, and doth begin
To purge itself: How bright the day doth shew
After this stormy cloud!—Go, Satyr, go,
And with this taper boldly try her hand:
f she be pure and good, and firmly stand
To be so still, we have perform'd a work
Worthy the gods themselves.

[*Exit* Satyr, *and re-enter with* Amarillis.

Sat. Come forward, maiden; do not lurk,
Nor hide your face with grief and shame;
Now or never get a name
That may raise thee, and re-cure
All thy life that was impure.
Hold your hand unto the flame;

[*Holds her hand to the flame.*

If thou be'st a perfect dame,
Or hast truly vow'd to mend,
This pale fire will be thy friend.—
See the taper hurts her not!
Go thy ways; let never spot
Henceforth seize upon thy blood:
Thank the gods, and still be good!

Clo. Young shepherdess, now you are brought again
To virgin state, be so, and so remain
To thy last day, unless the faithful love
Of some good shepherd force thee to remove;
Then labour to be true to him, and live
As such a one that ever strives to give
A blessed memory to after-time;
Be famous for your good, not for your crime.—
Now, holy man, I offer up again
These patients, full of health, and free from pain:
Keep them from after-ills; be ever near
Unto their actions; teach them how to clear
The tedious way they pass through, from suspect;
Keep them from wronging others, or neglect
Of duty in themselves; correct the blood
With thrifty bits, and labour; let the flood,
Or the next neighbouring spring, give remedy
To greedy thirst and travail, not the tree
That hangs with wanton clusters; let not wine,
Unless in sacrifice, or rites divine,
Be ever known of shepherds; have a care,
Thou man of holy life! Now do not spare
Their faults through much remissness, nor forget
To cherish him, whose many pains and sweat
Hath given increase, and added to the downs.
Sort all your shepherds from the lazy clowns,
That feed their heifers in the budded brooms:
Teach the young maidens strictness, that the grooms
May ever fear to tempt their blowing youth;
Banish all compliment, but single truth,
From every tongue, and every shepherd's heart;
Let them still use persuading, but no art:
Thus, holy Priest, I wish to thee and these,
All the best goods and comforts that may please!

All. And all those blessings Heaven did ever give,
We pray upon this bower may ever live.

Priest. Kneel, every shepherd, while with powerful hand
I bless your after-labours, and the land
You feed your flocks upon. Great Pan defend you
From misfortune, and amend you,
Keep you from those dangers still,
That are follow'd by your will;
Give ye means to know at length
All your riches, all your strength
Cannot keep your foot from falling
To lewd lust, that still is calling
At your cottage, till his power
Bring again that golden hour
Of peace and rest to every soul.
May his care of you controul
All diseases, sores, or pain,
That in after-time may reign,
Either in your flocks or you;
Give you all affections new,
New desires, and tempers new,
That ye may be ever true!
Now rise and go; and, as ye pass away,
Sing to the God of Sheep that happy lay
That honest Dorus taught ye; Dorus, he
That was the soul and god of melody.

[*They sing, and strew the ground with flowers.*

THE SONG.

All ye woods, and trees, and bowers,
All ye virtues and ye powers
That inhabit in the lakes,
In the pleasant springs or brakes,
Move your feet
To our sound,
Whilst we greet
All this ground,
With his honour and his name
That defends our flock from blame.

He is great, and he is just,
He is ever good, and must
Thus be honour'd. Daffadillies,
Roses, pinks, and loved lillies,
Let us fling,
Whilst we sing,
Ever holy,
Ever holy,
Ever honour'd, ever young!
Thus great Pan is ever sung!

[*Exeunt.*

Sat. Thou divinest, fairest, brightest,
Thou most powerful maid, and whitest,
Thou most virtuous and most blessed,
Eyes of stars, and golden tressed
Like Apollo! tell me, sweetest,
What new service now is metest
For the Satyr? Shall I stray
In the middle air, and stay
The sailing rack, or nimbly take
Hold by the moon, and gently make
Suit to the pale queen of night
For a beam to give thee light?
Shall I dive into the sea,
And bring thee coral, making way

Through the rising waves that fall
In snowy fleeces? Dearest, shall
I catch thee wanton fawns, or flies
Whose woven wings the summer dyes
Of many colours? get thee fruit,
Or steal from Heaven old Orpheus' lute?
All these I'll venture for, and more,
To do her service all these woods adore.

Clo. No other service, Satyr, but thy watch
About these thicks, lest harmless people catch
Mischief or sad mischance.

Sat. Holy virgin, I will dance
Round about these woods as quick
As the breaking light, and prick
Down the lawns, and down the vales
Faster than the windmill-sails.
So I take my leave, and pray
All the comforts of the day,
Such as Phœbus' heat doth send
On the earth, may still befriend
Thee and this arbour!

Clo. And to thee,
All thy master's love be free! [*Exeunt omnes.*

THE MAD LOVER.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

ASTORAX, *King of Paphos.*
MEMNON, *the General, and the Mad Lover.*
POLYDORE, *Brother to* MEMNON, *beloved of* CALIS.
EUMENES, POLYBIUS, PELIUS, } *Three Captains.*
CHILAX, *an old merry Soldier, Lieutenant to* MEMNON.
SIPHAX, *a Soldier, in Love with the* Princess.
STREMON, *a Soldier that can Sing.*
DEMAGORAS, *Servant to the* General.
A Gentleman.
Chirurgeon.
Fool.
Picus, *a Page.*
Boy *of Stremon.*
Another, belonging to the Priestess.
Lords *and* Courtiers.
Soldiers.

CALIS, *Sister to the* King.
CLEANTHE, *Sister to* SIPHAX.
LUCIPPE, *one of the* Princess's *Women.*
VENUS.
Priestess *of* VENUS, *an old Wanton.*
A Nun.
CLOE, *a Camp Baggage.*

SCENE,—PAPHOS.

PROLOGUE.

To please all is impossible, and to despair,
Ruins ourselves, and damps the writer's care:
'Would we knew what to do, or say, or when
To find the minds here equal with the men:
But we must venture; now to sea we go,
Fair fortune with us, give us room, and blow;
Remember, ye're all venturers; and in this play
How many twelve-pences ye have stow'd this day:
Remember, for return of your delight, [spite.
We launch, and plough through storms of fear and
Give us your fore-winds fairly, fill our wings,
And steer us right; and, as the sailor sings,
Loaden with wealth, on wanton seas, so we
Shall make our home-bound voyage cheerfully;
And you, our noble merchants, for your treasure,
Share equally the fraught—we run for pleasure.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*The Audience Chamber in the Palace.*

Flourish. Enter KING ASTORAX, CALIS, CLEANTHE, LUCIPPE, Courtiers, *and* Gentlewomen, *at one door: at the other,* EUMENES.

Eum. Health to my sovereign!
King. Eumenes, welcome!
Welcome to Paphos, soldier! to our love!
And that fair health you wish us, through the camp
May it disperse itself, and make all happy!
How does the general, the valiant Memnon?
And how his wars, Eumenes?
Eum. The gods have given you, royal sir, a soldier,
Better ne'er sought a danger; more approved
In way of war, more master of his fortunes,
Expert in leading 'em; in doing valiant,
In following all his deeds to victories,
And holding fortune certain there.
King. Oh, soldier,
Thou speak'st a man indeed; a general general;
A soul conceived a soldier.
Eum. Ten set battles,
Against the strong usurper Diocles,
(Whom long experience had begot a leader,
Ambition raised too mighty) hath your Memnon
Won, and won gloriously, distress'd and shook him,
Even from the head of all his hopes, to nothing.
In three, he beat the thunder-bolt his brother,
Forced him to wall himself up: There not safe,
Shook him with warlike engines like an earthquake,
Till, like a snail, he left his shell, and crawl'd
By night and hideous darkness to destruction,
Disarm'd for ever rising more: Twelve castles,
Some thought impregnable; towns twice as many;
Countries, that, like the wind, knew no command
But savage wildness, hath this general,
With loss of blood and youth, through storms and
Call'd to your fair obedience. [tempests,
King. Oh, my soldier,
That thou wert now within my arms! [*Drums within.*] What drums
Are those that beat, Eumenes?
Eum. His, my sovereign;

Himself i' th' head of conquest drawing home,
An old man now, to offer up his glories,
And endless conquest at your shrine.
King. Go all,
And entertain him with all ceremony;
We'll keep him now a courtier.
Eum. Sir, a strange one;
'Pray God his language bear it. By my life, sir,
He knows no compliment, nor curious casting
Of words into fit places ere he speak 'em:
He can say, "Fight well, fellow, and I'll thank thee:
He that must eat, must fight; bring up the rear there!"
Or "charge that wing of horse home!" [*Flourish.*
King. Go to, go to!
Valiant and wise are twins, sir.

Enter MEMNON, CHILAX, POLYBIUS, PELIUS, *with a train of* Courtiers *and* Soldiers.

Welcome, welcome!
Welcome, my fortunate and famous general!
High in thy prince's favour, as in fame,
Welcome to peace, and Paphos!
Mem. Thank your grace!
And 'would to God my dull tongue had that sweetness
To thank you as I should; but pardon me,
My sword and I speak roughly, sir: Your battles,
I dare well say, I have fought well; for I bring you
That lazy end you wish for, peace, so fully,
That no more name of war is: Who now thinks
Sooner or safer these might have been ended,
Begin 'em if he dare again; I'll thank him.
Soldier and soldier's mate these twenty-five years,
At length your general, (as one whose merit
Durst look upon no less) I have waded through
Dangers would damp these soft souls but to hear of.
The maidenheads of thousand lives hang here, sir.
[*Pointing to his sword.*
Since which time, prince, I know no court but martial,
No oily language, but the shock of arms,
No dalliance but with death; no lofty measures,
But weary and sad marches, cold and hunger,
'Larums at midnight Valour's self would shake at;
Yet I ne'er shrunk: Balls of consuming wildfire,
That lick'd men up like lightning, have I laugh'd at,
And toss'd 'em back again like children's trifles.
Upon the edges of my enemies' swords
I have marched like whirlwinds; Fury at this hand waiting,
Death at my right, Fortune my forlorn hope:
When I have grappled with Destruction,
And tugg'd with pale-faced Ruin, night and mischief,
Frighted to see a new day break in blood!
And every where I conquer'd, and for you, sir;
Mothers have wanted wombs to make me famous,
And blown Ambition, dangers. Those that grieved you,
I have taken order for i' th' earth: Those fools
That shall hereafter——
King. No more wars, my soldier:
We must now treat of peace, sir.
[*He takes* MEMNON *aside, and talks with him.*
Cle. How he talks,
How gloriously!
Calis. A goodly-timber'd fellow;
Valiant, no doubt.
Cle. If valour dwell in vaunting.
In what a phrase he speaks, as if his actions
Could be set off in nothing but a noise.
Sure he has a drum in's mouth.
Calis. I wonder, wenches,
How he would speak to us.
Cle. Nothing but 'larum,
Tell us whose throat he cut, shew us his sword,
And bless it for sure biting.
Lucip. An't like your grace,
I do not think he knows us, what we are,
Or to what end; for I have heard his followers
Affirm he never saw a woman that exceeded
A sutler's wife yet, or, in execution,
Old bed-rid beldames, without teeth or tongues,
That would not fly his fury. How he looks!
Cle. This way devoutly.
Calis. Sure his lordship 's viewing
Our fortifications.
Lucip. If he mount at me,
I may chance choak his battery.
Calis. Still his eye
Keeps quarter this way: Venus grant his valour
Be not in love!
Cle. If he be, presently
Expect a herald and a trumpet with you,
To bid you render; we two perdues pay for't else.
King. I'll leave you to my sister and these ladies,
To make your welcome fuller. My good soldier,
We must now turn your sternness into courtship.
When you have done there, to your fair repose, sir!
I know you need it, Memnon.—Welcome, gentlemen! [*Exit. A flourish.*
Lucip. Now he begins to march. Madam, the van's yours;
Keep your ground sure; 'tis for your spurs.
Mem. Oh, Venus!
[*He kneels amazed and silently before* CALIS.
Calis. How he stares on me!
Cle. Knight him, madam, knight him;
He'll grow to the ground else.
Eum. Speak, sir; 'tis the princess.
Polyb. You shame yourself; speak to her.
Calis. Rise and speak, sir.
You are welcome to the court, to me, to all, sir!
Lucip. Is he not deaf?
Calis. The gentleman's not well.
Eum. Fy, noble general!
Lucip. Give him fresh air; his colour goes.—How do you?
The princess will be glad, sir——
Mem. Peace, and hear me.
Cle. Command a silence there.
Mem. I love thee, lady.
Calis. I thank your lordship heartily: Proceed, sir.
Lucip. Lord, how it stuck in's stomach, like a surfeit!
Cle. It breaks apace now from him, God be thanked.
What a fine-spoken man he is!
Lucip. A choice one;
Of singular variety in carriage!
Cle. Yes, and I warrant you he knows his distance.
Mem. With all my heart I love thee.
Calis. A hearty gentleman!
And I were e'en an arrant beast, my lord,
But I loved you again.
Mem. Good lady, kiss me.
Cle. Ay marry, Mars, there thou camest close up to her.
Calis. Kiss you at first, my lord? 'Tis no fair fashion;

Our lips are like rose-buds; blown with men's breaths,
They lose both sap and savour; there's my hand,
Eum. Fy, fy, my lord! this is too rude. [sir.
Mem. Unhand me!
Consume me if I hurt her.—Good sweet lady,
Let me but look upon thee.
Calis. Do.
Mem. Yet!
Calis. Well, sir,
Take your full view.
Lucip. Bless your eyes, sir.
Calis. Mercy!
Is this the man they talk'd of for a soldier,
So absolute and excellent? Oh, the gods,
If I were given to that vanity
Of making sport with men for ignorance,
What a most precious subject had I purchased?—
Speak for him, gentlemen, some one that knows
What the man ails, and can speak sense.
Cle. Sure, madam,
This fellow has been a rare hare-finder:
See how his eyes are set.
Calis. Some one go with me;
I'll send him something for his head. Poor gen-
He's troubled with the staggers. [tleman,
Lucip. Keep him dark,
He will run march-mad else; the fumes of battles
Ascend into his brains.
Cle. Clap to his feet
An old drum head, to draw the thunder down-ward.
Calis. Look to him, gentlemen.—Farewell, lord! I am sorry
We cannot kiss at this time; but, believe it,
We'll find an hour for all.—God keep my children
From being such sweet soldiers!—Softly, wenches,
Lest we disturb his dream.
[*Exeunt* CALIS *and* Ladies.
Eum. Why, this is monstrous.
Polyb. A strange forgetfulness, yet still he holds it.
Pel. Though he ne'er saw a woman of great
Before this day, yet methinks 'tis possible [fashion
He might imagine what they are, and what
Belongs unto 'em; mere report of others——
Eum. Pish,
His head had other whimsies in't.—My lord!
'Death, I think you're struck dumb. My good
Polyb. Sir! [lord general!
Mem. That I do love you, madam; and so love
An't like your grace—— [you,
Pel. He has been studying this speech.
Eum. Who do you speak to, sir?
Mem. Why, where's the lady,
The woman, the fair woman?
Polyb. Who?
Mem. The princess,
Give me the princess.
Eum. Give you counsel rather
To use her like a princess. Fy, my lord!
How have you borne yourself, how nakedly
Laid your soul open, and your ignorance,
To be a sport to all! Report and honour
Drew her to do you favours, and you bluntly,
Without consideration what, or who she was,
Neither collecting reason, nor distinction——
Mem. Why, what did I, my masters?
Eum. All that shews
A man unhandsome, undigested dough.
Mem. Did not I kneel unto her?
Eum. Dumb and senseless,
As though you had been cut out for your father's tomb,
Or stuck a land-mark. When she spoke unto you,
Being the excellence of all our island,
You stared upon her as you had seen a monster.
Mem. Was I so foolish? I confess, Eumenes,
I never saw before so brave an outside.
But did I kneel so long?
Eum. 'Till they laugh'd at you.
And, when you spoke, I am ashamed to tell you
What 'twas, my lord; how far from order.
Bless me! Is't possible the wild noise of war,
And what she only teaches, should possess you?
Knowledge to treat with her, and full discretion,
Being at flood still in you: And in peace,
And manly conversation, smooth and civil,
Where gracefulness and glory twin together,
Thrust yourself out an exile? Do you know, sir,
What state she carries? what great obedience
Waits at her beck continually?
Mem. She ne'er commanded
An hundred thousand men, as I have done,
Nor ne'er won battle. Say I would have kiss'd her.
Eum. There was a dainty offer too, a rare one!
Mem. Why, she's a woman, is she not?
Eum. She is so.
Mem. Why, very well; what was she made for then?
Is she not young and handsome, bred to breed?
Do not men kiss fair women? if they do,
If lips be not unlawful ware, why, a princess
Is got the same way that we get a beggar,
Or I am cozen'd; and the self-same way
She must be handled ere she get another.
That's rudeness, is it not?
Pel. To her 'tis held so,
And rudeness in that high degree——
Mem. 'Tis reason;
But I will be more punctual. Pray what thought she?
Eum. Her thoughts were merciful, but she laugh'd at you,
Pitying the poorness of your compliment,
And so she left you. Good sir, shape yourself
To understand the place and noble persons
You live with now.
Polyb. Let not those great deserts
The king hath laid up of you, and the people,
Be blasted with ill-bearing!
Eum. The whole name
Of soldier then will suffer.
Mem. She's a sweet one.
And, good sirs, leave your exhortations;
They come untimely to me; I have brains
That beat above your reaches: She's a princess,
That's all; I have kill'd a king, that's greater.
Come, let's to dinner; if the wine be good,
You shall perceive strange wisdom in my blood.
[*Exeunt all but* CHILAX.
Chi. Well, would thou wert i' th' wars again, old Memnon!
There thou would'st talk to th' purpose, and the proudest
Of all these court camelions would be glad
To find it sense too. Plague of this dead peace,
This bastard-breeding, lousy, lazy idleness!
Now we must learn to pipe, and pick our livings
Out of old rotten ends. These twenty-five years
I have served my country, lost my youth and blood,

Exposed my life to dangers more than days;
Yet, let me tell my wants, I know their answers:
"The king is bound to right me," they, good people,
"Have but from hand to mouth." Look to your wives,
Your young trim wives, your high-day wives, your marchpanes;
For, if the soldiers find not recompence,
(As yet there's none a hatching, I believe,)
You men of wares, the men of wars will nick ye;
For starve nor beg they must not. My small means
Are gone *in fumo*; here to raise a better—
Unless it be with lying, or dog-flattering,
At which our nation's excellent, observing dog-days,
When this good lady broils and would be basted
By that good lord, or such like moral learnings—
Is here impossible: Well, I'll rub among 'em;
If any thing for honesty be gotten,
Though't be but bread and cheese, I can be satis-
If otherwise the wind blow, stiff as I am [fied:
Yet I shall learn to shuffle. There's an old lass
That shall be nameless, yet alive, my last hope,
Has often got me my pocket full of crowns.
If all fail—

Enter Fool *and* Page.

Jack-Daws, are you alive still? Then
I see the coast clear, when fools and boys can
Page. Brave lieutenant! [prosper.
Fool. Hail to the man of worship!
Chi. You are fine, sirs,
Most passing fine at all points.
Fool. As you see, sir,
Home-bred and handsome; we cut not out our clothes, sir,
At half-sword, as your tailors do, and pink 'em
With pikes and partizans; we live retired, sir,
Gentleman-like, and jealous of our honours.
Chi. Very fine Fool, and fine Boy; peace plays with you
As the wind plays with feathers, dances you;
You grind with all gusts, gallants.
Page. We can bounce, sir,
(When you soldadoes bend i' th' hams) and frisk too.
Fool. When twenty of your trip-coats turn their tippets,
And your cold sallads, without salt or vinegar,
Lie wambling in your stomachs; hemp and hob-nails
Will bear no price now, hangings and old harness
Are like to over-run us.
Page. Whores and hot-houses—
Fool. Surgeons and syringes, ring out your sance-bells.
Page. Your jubilee, your jubilee!
Fool. Proh Deum!
How our St. Georges will bestride the dragons,
The red and ramping dragons!
Page. Advance it, Fool.
Fool. But then the sting i' th' tail, boy.
Page. Tanto melior;
For so much the more danger, the more honour.
Chi. You're very pleasant with our occupation, gentlemen;
Which, very like, amongst these fiery serpents,
May light upon a blind-worm of your blood,
A mother or a sister.

Fool. Mine's past saddle,
You should be sure of her else: But say, Sir Huon,
Now the drum's dubb's [done], and the sticks turn'd bed-staves.
All the old foxes hunted to their holes,
The iron age return'd to Erebus,
And *Honorificabilitudinitatibus*
Thrust out o' th' kingdom by the head and shoul-
What trade do you mean to follow? [ders,
Chi. That's a question.
Fool. Yes, and a learned question, if you mark
Consider, and say on. [it.
Chi. Fooling, as thou dost;
That's the best trade, I take it.
Fool. Take it straight then,
For fear your fellows be before you: hark ye, lieutenant,
Fooling's the thing, the thing worth all your
When all's done, you must fool, sir. [fightings;
Chi. Well, I must then.
Fool. But do you know what fooling is? true fooling?
The circumstances that belong unto it?
For every idle knave that shews his teeth,
Wants and would live, can juggle, tumble, fiddle,
Make a dog-face, or can abuse his fellow,
Is not a fool at first dash; you shall find, sir,
Strange turnings in this trade; to fool is nothing,
As fooling has been; but to fool the fair way,
The new way, as the best men fool their friends;
For all men get by fooling, merely fooling,
Desert does nothing; valiant, wise, virtuous,
Are things that walk by without bread or breeches.
Chi. I partly credit that.
Fool. Fine wits, fine wits, sir!
There's the young boy, he does well in his way too,
He could not live else in his master's absence;
He ties a lady's garters so, so prettily!
Say his hand slip, but say so.
Chi. Why, let it slip then.
Fool. 'Tis ten to one the body shall come after,
And he that works deserves his wages.
Chi. That's true.
Fool. He riddles finely to a waiting-gentle-woman,
Expounds dreams like a prophet, dreams himself
And wishes all dreams true; they cry amen, [too,
And there's a memorandum: He can sing too,
Bawdy enough to please old ladies: He lies rarely,
Pawns ye a suit of clothes at all points fully;
Can pick a pocket if you please, or casket;
Lisps when he lists to catch a chamber-maid,
And calls his hostess mother; these are things now,
If a man mean to live; [not] to fight and swagger,
Beaten about the ears with bawling sheepskins,
Cut to the soul for summer: Here an arm lost,
And there a leg; his honourable head
Seal'd up in salves and cerecloths, like a packet,
And so sent over to an hospital:
Stand there, charge there, swear there, whore there, dead there;
And all this sport for cheese and chines of dog-flesh,
And money when two Wednesdays meet together,
Where to be lousy is a gentleman,
And he that wears a clean shirt has his shrowd on—
Chi. I'll be your scholar, come, if I like fooling.
Fool. You cannot choose but like it; fight you one day,
I'll fool another; when your surgeon's paid,

And all your leaks stopt, see whose slops are
I'll have a shilling for a can of wine, [heaviest;
When you shall have two sergeants for a counter.
Boy. Come, learn of us, lieutenant; hang your
We'll find you cooler wars. [iron up;
Chi. Come, let's together;
I'll see your tricks, and as I like 'em——[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*Another Apartment in the same.*

Enter MEMNON, EUMENES, POLYBIUS, *and* PELIUS.

Mem. Why were there not such women in the
Prepared to make me know 'em? [camp then,
Eum. 'Twas no place, sir.
Polyb. Why should they live in tumults? they
Soft, and of sober natures. [are creatures
Mem. Could not your wives,
Your mothers, or your sisters, have been sent for
To exercise upon?
Eum. We thank your lordship.
Pel. But do you mean——
Mem. I do mean—
Pel. What, sir?
Mem. To see her,
And see thee hang'd too, an thou anger'st me,
And thousands of your throats cut. Get ye from me!
Ye keep a-prating of your points of manners,
And fill my head with lousy circumstances,
(Better have ballads in't) your courtly worships,
How to put off my hat; you, how to turn me;
And you, forsooth, to blow my nose discretely.
Let me alone; for I will love her, see her,
Talk to her, and mine own way.
Eum. She's the princess.
Mem. Why, let her be the devil! I have spoke
When thunder durst not check me. I must love;
I know she was a thing kept for me.
Eum. And I know, sir,
Though she were born yours, yet your strange be-
And want—— [haviour,
Mem. Thou liest!
Eum. I do not.
Mem. Ha!
Eum. I do not lie, sir.
I say, you want fair language; nay, 'tis certain
You cannot say good-morrow.
Mem. Ye dog-whelps,
The proudest of your prating tongnes——
[*Draws.*
Eum. Do, kill us,
Kill us for telling truth. For my part, general,
I would not live to see men make a may-game
Of him I have made a master: Kill us quickly,
Then you may——
Mem. What?
Eum. Do what you list, draw your sword childishly
Upon your servants that are bound to tell you.
I am weary of my life.
Polyb. And I.
Pel. And all, sir.
Eum. Go to the princess, make her sport, cry
"I am the glorious man of war!" [to her,
Mem. Pray ye, leave me.
I am sorry I was angry; I'll think better.
Pray, no more words.
Eum. Good sir.
Mem. Nay then——
Pel. We are gone, sir.
[*Exeunt* EUMENES, POLYBIUS, *and* PELIUS.

Enter CALIS, LUCIPPE, *and* CLEANTHE.

Calis. How came he hither? See, for Heaven's sake, wenches,
What faces, and what postures, he puts on.
I do not think he's perfect.
[MEMNON *walks aside, full of strange gestures.*
Cle. If your love
Have not betray'd his little wits, he's well enough;
As well as he will be.
Calis. Mark how he muses.
Lucip. He has a battalia now in's brains. He
Have at ye, harpers! [draws out; now
Cle. See, see, there the fire falls.
Lucip. Look what an alphabet of faces he runs through.
Cle. Oh, love, love, how amorously thou look'st
In an old rusty armour.
Calis. I'll away,
For by my troth I fear him.
Lucip. Fear the gods, madam,
And never care what man can do: This fellow,
With all his frights about him, and his furies,
His 'larums, and his launces, swords, and targets,
Nay, case him up in armour cap-a-pie,
Yet, durst I undertake, within two hours,
If he durst charge, to give him such a shake,
Should shake his valour off, and make his shanks
Cle. For shame! no more. [to ach.
Calis. He muses still.
Cle. The devil——
Why should this old dried timber, chopt with thunder——
Calis. Old wood burns quickest.
Lucip. Out, you would say, madam;
Give me a green stick that may hold me heat,
And smoke me soundly too. He turns, and sees you.
Cle. There's no avoiding now; have at you;
[MEMNON *comes to her.*
Mem. Lady,
The more I look upon you—— [*Stays her.*
Cle. The more you may, sir.
Calis. Let him alone.
Mem. I would desire your patience.
The more, I say, I look, the more—— [*Stays her.*
Lucip. My fortune.
'Tis very apt, sir.
Mem. Women, let my fortune
And me alone, I wish you.—Pray come this way;
And stand you still there, lady.
Calis. Leave the words, sir,
And leap into the meaning.
Mem. Then again
I tell you, I do love you.
Calis. Why?
Mem. No questions;
Pray, no more questions. I do love you infinitely.
Why do you smile? Am I ridiculous?
Calis. [*Aside.*] I am monstrous fearful.—No, I joy you love me.
Mem. Joy on then, and be proud on't; I do love you.—
Stand still; do not trouble me, you women!—
He loves you, lady, at whose feet have kneel'd
Princes to beg their freedoms; he whose valour
Has over-run whole kingdoms.

Calis. That makes me doubt, sir,
'Twill over-run me too.
Mem. He whose sword——
Cle. Talk not so big, sir; you will fright the [princess.
Mem. Ha!
Lucip. No, forsooth.
Calis. I know you have done wonders.
Mem. I have, and will do more and greater, braver;
And, for your beauty, miracles. Name that king-
And take your choice—— [dom,
Calis. Sir, I am not ambitious.
Mem. You shall be; 'tis the child of glory. She that I love,
Whom my desires shall magnify, time story,
And all the empires of the earth.
Cle. I would fain ask him——
Lucip. Pr'ythee be quiet: he will beat us both
Cle. What will you make me then, sir? [else.
Mem. I will make thee—
Stand still and hold thy peace!—I have a heart, lady——
Calis. You were a monster else.
Mem. A loving heart;
A truly loving heart.
Calis. Alas, how came it?
Mem. I would you had it in your hand, sweet
To see the truth it bears you. [lady,
Calis. Do you give it——
Lucip. That was well thought upon.
Cle. 'Twill put him to't, wench.
Calis. And you shall see I dare accept it, sir,
Take't in my hand and view it: If I find it
A loving and a sweet heart, as you call it,
I am bound, I am.
Mem. No more; I'll send it to you;
As I have honour in me, you shall have it.
Cle. Handsomely done, sir; and perfumed, by
The weather's warm, sir. [all means;
Mem. With all circumstance.
Lucip. A napkin wrought most curiously—
Mem. Divinely.
Cle. Put in a goblet of pure gold.
Mem. Yes, in jacinth,
That she may see the spirits through.
Lucip. You have greased him
For chewing love again in haste.
Cle. If he should do it—
Calis. If Heaven should fall we should have larks: He do it!
Cle. See, how he thinks upon't.
Calis. He'll think these three years,
Ere he prove such an ass. I liked his offer:
There was no other way to put him off else.
Mem. I will do it. Lady, expect my heart.
Calis. I do, sir.
Mem. Love it; for 'tis a heart that——and so I leave you. [*Exit.*
Cle. Either he is stark mad,
Or else, I think, he means it.
Calis. He must be stark mad,
Or he will never do it: 'Tis vain-glory
And want of judgment that provokes this in him;
Sleep and society cure all. His heart?
No, no, good gentleman! there's more belongs to't:
Hearts are at higher prices. Let's go in,
And there examine him a little better.
Shut all the doors behind, for fear he follow;
I hope I have lost a lover, and am glad on't.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*The Apartment of* MEMNON.

Enter MEMNON.

Mem. 'Tis but to die. Dogs do it, ducks with dabbling,
Birds sing away their souls, and babies sleep 'em.
Why do I talk of that is treble vantage?
For, in the other world, she's bound to have me;
Her princely word is past: My great desert too
Will draw her to come after presently;
'Tis justice, and the gods must see it done too.
Besides, no brother, father, kindred, there
Can hinder us; all languages are alike too.
There love is ever lasting, ever young,
Free from diseases, agues, jealousies,
Bawds, beldames, painters, purgers. Die? 'tis nothing:
Men drown themselves for joy to draw in juleps,
When they are hot with wine; in dreams we do it;
And many a handsome wench that loves the sport
Gives up her soul so in her lover's bosom. [well,
But I must be incised first, cut and open'd,
My heart, (and handsomely) ta'en from me: stay there!
Dead once—Stay! let me think again! Who do I know there?—
For else to wander up and down unwaited on,
And unregarded in my place and project,
Is for a sowter's soul, not an old soldier's.
My brave old regiments—ay, there it goes—
That have been kill'd before me,—right!

Enter CHILAX.

Chi. He's here,
And I must trouble him.
Mem. Then those I have conquer'd,
To make my train full,——
Chi. Sir!
Mem. My captains then——
Chi. Sir, I beseech you——
Mem. For to meet her there,
Being a princess, and a king's sole sister,
With great accommodation, must be cared for.
Chi. Weigh but the soldiers' poverty.
Mem. Mine own troop first,
For they shall die.
Chi. How? what's this?
Mem. Next——
Chi. Shall I speak louder?—Sir!
Mem. A square battalia——
Chi. You do not think of us.
Mem. Their armours gilded,——
Chi. Good noble sir!
Mem. And round about such engines
Shall make hell shake.
Chi. You do not mock me?
Mem. For, sir,
I will be strong as brave.

Chi. You may consider;
You know we have served you long enough.
Mem. No soldier
That ever landed on the bless'd Elyzium
Did or shall march, as I will.
Chi. 'Would you would march, sir,
Up to the king, and get us——
Mem. King nor Keiser
Shall equal me in that world.
Chi. What a devil ails he?
Mem. Next, the rare beauties of those towns I fired—
Chi. I speak of money, sir.
Mem. Ten thousand coaches,——
Chi. Oh, pounds, sir, pounds. I beseech your lordship,
Let coaches run out of your remembrance.
Mem. In which the wanton cupids, and the graces,
Drawn with the western winds, kindling desires;—
And then our poets:——
Chi. Then our pay.
Mem. For, Chilax, when the triumph comes; the princess
Then, for I'll have a Heaven made,——
Chi. Bless your lordship!
Mem. Stand still, sir.
Chi. So I do.
Mem. And in it——
Chi. 'Death, sir,
You talk you know not what!
Mem. Such rare devices!
Make me, I say, a Heaven.
Chi. I say so too, sir.
Mem. For here shall run a constellation,—
Chi. And there a pissing-conduit.
Mem. Ha!
Chi. With wine, sir.
Mem. A sun there in his height, there such a planet!
Chi. But where's our money? where runs that?
Mem. Ha!
Chi. Money,
Money, an't like your lordship.
Mem. Why, all the carriage
Shall come behind; the stuff, rich hangings, trea-
Or, say we have none— [sure;
Chi. I may say so truly,
For hang me if I have a groat. I have served well,
And like an honest man: I see no reason——
Mem. Thou must needs die, good Chilax.
Chi. Very well, sir.
Mem. I will have honest, valiant souls about me;
I cannot miss thee.
Chi. Die?
Mem. Yes, die; and Pelius,
Eumenes, and Polybius; I shall think
Of more within these two hours.
Chi. Die, sir?
Mem. Ay, sir;
And you shall die.
Chi. When, I beseech your lordship?
Mem. To-morrow see you do die.
Chi. A short warning.
'Troth, sir, I am ill prepared.
Mem. I die myself then;
Besides, there's reason——
Chi. Oh!
Mem. I pray thee tell me,
For thou art a great dreamer——
Chi. I can dream, sir,
If I eat well and sleep well.
Mem. Was it never
By dream or apparition open'd to thee——
Chi. He's mad. [*Aside.*
Mem. What the other world was, or Elyzium?
Didst never travel in thy sleep?
Chi. To taverns,
When I was drunk o'er night; or to a wench;
There's an Elyzium for you, a young lady
Wrapt round about you like a snake! Is that it?
Or if that strange Elyzium that you talk of
Be where the devil is, I have dream'd of him,
And that I have had him by the horns, and rid him:
He trots the dagger out o' th' sheath.
Mem. Elyzium,
The blessed fields, man!
Chi. I know no fields blessed,
But those I have gain'd by. I have dream'd I have
In Heaven too. [been
Mem. There, handle that place; that's Elyzium.
Chi. Brave singing, and brave dancing, and rare
Mem. All full of flowers. [things.
Chi. And pot-herbs.
Mem. Bowers for lovers,
And everlasting ages of delight.
Chi. I slept not so far.
Mem. Meet me on those banks
Some two days hence.
Chi. In dream, sir?
Mem. No; in death, sir.
And there I muster all, and pay the soldier.
Away, no more, no more!
Chi. God keep your lordship!
This is fine dancing for us.

Enter SIPHAX.

Sip. Where's the general?
Chi. There's the old sign of Memnon: where the soul is
You may go look, as I have.
Sip. What's the matter.
Chi. Why, question him and see; he talks of devils,
Hells, heavens, princes, powers, and potentates.
You must to th' pot too.
Sip. How?
Chi. Do you know Elyzium?
A tale he talks the wild-goose chase of.
Sip. Elyzium?
I have read of such a place.
Chi. Then get you to him,
Ye are as fine company as can be fitted;
Your worship's fairly met. [*Exit.*
Sip. Mercy upon us,
What ails this gentleman?
Mem. Incision——
Sip. How his head works!
Mem. Between two ribs;
If he cut short, or mangle me, I'll take him
And twirl his neck about.
Sip. Now gods defend us!
Mem. In a pure cup transparent, with a writing
To signify——
Sip. I never knew him thus:
Sure he's bewitch'd, or poison'd.
Mem. Who's there?
Sip. I, sir.
Mem. Come hither. Siphax?
ow does your lordship?

Mem. Well, God-a-mercy, soldier, very well;
But pr'ythee tell me——
Sip. Any thing I can, sir.
Mem. What durst thou do to gain the rarest beauty
The world has?
Sip. That the world has? 'tis worth doing.
Mem. Is it so? but what doing bears it?
Sip. Why, any thing; all dangers it appears to.
Mem. Name some of those things; do.
Sip. I would undertake, sir,
A voyage round about the world.
Mem. Short, Siphax.
A merchant does it to spice pots of ale.
Sip. I would swim in armour.
Mem. Short still; a poor jade
Loaden will take a stream, and stem it strongly
To leap a mare.
Sip. The plague I durst.
Mem. Still shorter;
I'll cure it with an onion.
Sip. Surfeits.
Mem. Short still;
They are often physics for our healths, and help us.
Sip. I would stand a breach.
Mem. Thine honour bids thee, soldier:
'Tis shame to find a second cause.
Sip. I durst, sir,
Fight with the fellest monster.
Mem. That's the poorest;
Man was ordain'd their master. Durst you die, sir?
Sip. How? die, my lord!
Mem. Die, Siphax; take thy sword,
And come by that door to her? There's a price
To buy a lusty love at.
Sip. I am well content, sir,
To prove no purchaser.
Mem. Away, thou world-worm!
Thou win a matchless beauty!
Sip. 'Tis to lose it, sir;
For, being dead, where's the reward I reach at?
The love I labour for?
Mem. There it begins, fool.
Thou art merely cozen'd; for the loves we now know
Are but the heats of half an hour, and hated
Desires stirr'd up by Nature to increase her;
Licking of one another to a lust;
Coarse and base appetites, earth's mere inheritors,
And heirs of idleness and blood: Pure love,
That that the soul affects, and cannot purchase
While she is loaden with our flesh; that love, sir,
Which is the price of honour, dwells not here;
Your ladies' eyes are lampless to that virtue;
That beauty smiles not on a cheek wash'd over,
Nor scents the sweets of ambers: Below, Siphax,
Below us in the other world, Elyzium,
Where is no more dying, no despairing, mourning;
Where all desires are full, deserts down loaden:
There, Siphax, there, where loves are ever living!
Sip. Why do we love in this world then?
Mem. To preserve it,
The Maker lost his work else; but mark, Siphax,
What issues that love bears.
Sip. Why, children, sir.——
I never heard him talk thus; thus divinely
And sensible before. [*Aside.*
Mem. It does so, Siphax;
Things, like ourselves, as sensual, vain, unvented
Bubbles, and breaths of air; got with an itching
As blisters are, and bred, as much corruption
Flows from their lives, sorrow conceives and shapes 'em,
And oftentimes the death of those we love most.
The breeders bring them to the world to curse 'em;
Crying they creep amongst us like young cats;
Cares and continual crosses keeping with 'em,
They make time old to tend them, and experience
An ass, they alter so: They grow, and goodly;
Ere we can turn our thoughts, like drops of water
They fall into the main, are known no more:
This is the love of this world. I must tell thee,
For thou art understanding,——
Sip. What you please, sir.
Mem. And as a faithful man—nay, I dare trust thee—
I love the princess. [
Sip. There, 'tis that has fired him; [*Aside*
I knew he had some inspiration.—
But does she know it, sir?
Mem. Yes, marry does she;
I have given my heart unto her.
Sip. If you love her——
Mem. Nay, understand me; my heart taken from me,
Out of my body, man, and so brought to her.
How lik'st thou that brave offer? There's the love
I told thee of, and after death the living!
She must in justice come, boy, ha?
Sip. Your heart, sir?
Mem. Ay, so, by all means, Siphax.
Sip. He loves roast well,
That eats the spit.
Mem. And since thou'rt come thus fitly,
I'll do it presently, and thou shalt carry it;
For thou canst tell a story, and describe it.
And I conjure thee, Siphax, by thy gentry,
Next by the glorious battles we have fought in,
By all the dangers, wounds, heats, colds, distresses
Thy love next, and obedience, nay, thy life——
Sip. But one thing, first, sir: If she pleased to grant it,
Could you not love her here, and live? Consider.
Mem. Ha? Yes, I think I could.
Sip. 'Twould be far nearer;
Besides, the sweets here would induce the last love
And link it in.
Mem. Thou say'st right; but our ranks here
And bloods are bars between us; she must stand
As I perceive she does. [off to
Sip. Desert and duty
Make even all, sir.
Mem. Then the king, though I
Have merited as much as man can, must not let he
So many princes covetous of her beauty.
I would with all my heart,—but 'tis impossible.
Sip. Why, say she marry after?
Mem. No, she dares not;
The gods dare not do ill; come.
Sip. Do you mean it?
Mem. Lend me thy knife, and help me off.
Sip. For Heaven sake,
Be not so stupid mad, dear general!
Mem. Dispatch, I say.
Sip. As you love that you look for,
Heaven and the blessed life——
Mem. Hell take thee, coxcomb!
Why dost thou keep me from it? Thy knife, I say
Sip. [*Kneels.*] Do but this one thing, on my knees I beg it,
Stay but two hours till I return again.
For I will to her, tell her all your merits,

Your most unvalued love, and last your danger;
If she relent, then live still, and live loving,
Happy, and high in favour: if she frown——
Mem. Shall I be sure to know it?
Sip. As I live, sir,
My quick return shall either bring you fortune,
Or leave you to your own fate.
Mem. Two hours?
Sip. Yes, sir.
Mem. Let it be kept.—Away! I will expect it.
[*Exeunt* Mem. *and* Sip.

SCENE II.—*The Court of the Palace.*

Enter Chilax, Fool, *and* Page.

Chi. You dainty wits! Two of ye to a cater,
To cheat him of a dinner?
Page. Ten at court, sir,
Are few enough; they are as wise as we are.
Chi. Hang ye, I'll eat at any time, and any where;
I never make that part of want. Preach to me
What ye can do, and when ye list!
Fool. Your patience;
'Tis a hard day at court, a fish day.
Chi. So it seems, sir,
The fins grow out of thy face.
Fool. And to purchase
This day the company of one dear custard,
Or a mess of Rice ap Thomas, needs a main wit.
Beef we can bear before us, lined with brewis,
And tubs of pork; vociferating veals,
And tongues that ne'er told lie yet.
Chi. Line thy mouth with 'em.
Fool. Thou hadst need, and great need, for these finny fish days
The officers' understandings are so phlegmatic,
They cannot apprehend us.
Chi. That's great pity,
For you deserve it, and, being apprehended,
The whip to boot.—Boy, what do you so near me?
I dare not trust your touch, boy.

Enter Stremon *and his* Boy.

Page. As I am virtuous!
What, thieves amongst ourselves?
Chi. Stremon!
Stre. Lieutenant!
Chi. Welcome ashore, ashore!
Fool. What, Monsieur Music?
Stre. My fine fool!
Page. Fellow Crack! why, what a consort
Are we now bless'd withal?
Fool. Fooling and fiddling.
Nay, and we live not now, boys—What new songs, sirrah?
Stre. A thousand, man, a thousand.
Fool. Itching airs,
Alluding to the old sport?
Stre. Of all sizes.
Fool. And how does small Tim Treble here, the heart on't?
Boy. To do you service.
Fool. Oh, Tim! the times, the times, Tim!
Stre. How does the general?
And next, what money's stirring?
Chi. For the general,
He's here; but such a general! The time's changed, Stremon;
He was the liberal general, and the loving,
The feeder of a soldier, and the father;
But now become the stupidest.
Stre. Why, what ails he?
Chi. Nay, if a horse knew,—and his head's big enough,—
I'll hang for't. Didst thou ever see a dog
Run mad o' th' tooth-ach? Such another toy
Is he now; so he glotes, and grins, and bites.
Fool. Why, hang him quickly,
And then he cannot hurt folks.
Chi. One hour raving,
Another smiling, not a word the third hour.
I tell thee, Stremon, he has a stirring soul;
Whatever it attempts, or labours at,
Would wear out twenty bodies in another.
Fool. I'll keep it out of me, for mine's but buckram;
He would bounce that out in two hours.
Chi. Then he talks
The strangest and the maddest stuff from reason,
Or any thing you offer.—Stand thou there;
I'll shew thee how he is, for I'll play Memnon,
The strangest general that e'er thou heardst of.
Stremon!
Stre. My lord!
Chi. Go presently, and find me
A black horse with a blue tail; bid the blank cornet
Charge through the sea, and sink the navy.—Softly!
Our souls are things not to be wakened in us
With 'larums, and loud bawlings; for in Elysium,
Stilness and quietness, and sweetness, sirrah,
I will have, for it much concerns mine honour;
Such a strong reputation for my welcome
As all the world shall say—For, in the forefront,
So many on white unicorns, next them
My gentlemen, my cavaliers and captains,
Ten deep, and trapp'd with tenter-hooks, to take
Of all occasions! for Friday cannot fish out the end I aim at: Tell me of Diocles,
And what he dares do! Dare he meet me naked?
Thunder in this hand; in his left—Fool!
Fool. Yes, sir.
Chi. Fool, I would have thee fly i' th' air, fly swiftly
To that place where the sun sets, there deliver—
Fool. Deliver? What, sir?
Chi. This, sir, this, you slave, sir!—[*All laugh.*
'Death, ye rude rogues, ye scarabs! [*Seizes the* Fool.
Fool. Hold, for Heaven's sake,
Lieutenant, sweet lieutenant!
Chi. I have done, sir.
Page. You have wrung his neck off.
Chi. No, boy; 'tis the nature
Of this strange passion, when it hits, to hale people
Along by the hair, to kick 'em, break their heads.
Fool. Do you call this acting? was your part to beat me?
Chi. Yes, I must act all that he does.
Fool. Plague act you!
I'll act no more.
Stre. 'Tis but to shew, man.
Fool. Then, man,
He should have shew'd it only, and not done it;
I am sure he beat me beyond action.—
Gouts o' your heavy fist!
Chi. I'll have thee to him;
Thou hast a fine wit, fine fool, and canst play rarely.
He'll hug thee, boy, and stroke thee.
Fool. I'll to the stocks first,
Ere I be stroked thus.
Stre. But how came he, Chilax?
Chi. I know not that.

Stre. I'll to him.
Chi. He loves thee well,
And much delights to hear thee sing; much taken
He has been with thy battle songs.
Stre. If music
Can find his madness, I'll so fiddle him,
That out it shall by th' shoulders.
Chi. My fine fiddler,
He'll firk you, an you take not heed too.—'Twill be rare sport [*Aside.*
To see his own trade triumph over him;
His lute laced to his head, for creeping hedges;
For money, there's none stirring.—Try, good Stremon,
Now what your silver sound can do; our voices
Are but vain echoes.
Stre. Something shall be done
Shall make him understand all. Let's to the tavern;
I have some few crowns left yet: my whistle wet once,
I'll pipe him such a paven—— [
Chi. Hold thy head up;
I'll cure it with a quart of wine. Come, coxcomb,
Come, boy! take heed of napkins.
Fool. You would no more acting?
Chi. No more, chicken.
Fool. Go then. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*The Entrance to the Park of the Palace.*

Enter SIPHAX *at one side, and a* Gentleman *at the other.*

Sip. God save you, sir! Pray, how might I see the princess?
Gent. Why, very fitly, sir; she's even now ready
To walk out this way into th' park. Stand there,
You cannot miss her sight, sir.
Sip. I much thank you. [*Exit* Gentleman.

Enter CALIS, LUCIPPE, *and* CLEANTHE.

Calis. Let's have a care, for I'll assure ye,
I would not meet him willingly again; [wenches,
For, though I do not fear him, yet his fashion
I would not be acquainted much with.
Cle. Gentle lady,
You need not fear; the walks are view'd, and empty?
But methinks, madam, this kind heart of his——
Lucip. Is slow a-coming.
Sip. [*Aside.*] Keep me, ye bless'd angels!
What killing power is this!
Calis. Why, dost thou look for't?
Dost think he spoke in earnest?
Lucip. Methinks, madam,
A gentleman should keep his word; and to a lady,
A lady of your excellencies!
Calis. Out, fool!
Send me his heart? What should we do with 't? dance it?
Lucip. Dry it, and drink it for the worms.
Calis. Who's that?
What man stands there?
Cle. Where?
Calis. There.
Cle. A gentleman,
Which I beseech your grace to honour so much,
As know him for your servant's brother.
Calis. Siphax?
Cle. The same, an't please your grace.—What does he here? [*Aside.*
Upon what business? and I ignorant?
Calis. He's grown a handsome gentleman.—Good Siphax,
You're welcome from the wars! 'Would you with us, sir?
Pray speak your will.—He blushes.—Be not fearful;
I can assure you, for your sister's sake, sir—
There's my hand on it.
Cle. Do you hear, sir?
Calis. Sure these soldiers
Are all grown senseless.
Cle. Do you know where you are, sir?
Calis. Tongue-tied!
He looks not well too; by my life, I think——
Cle. Speak, for shame, speak!
Lucip. A man would speak.
Calis. These soldiers
Are all dumb saints.—Consider, and take time, sir.—
Let's forward, wenches, come; his palate's down.
Lucip. Dare these men charge i' th' face of fire and bullets,
And hang their heads down at a handsome woman?
Good master Mars, that's a foul fault.
[*Exeunt* CALIS *and* LUCIPPE.
Cle. Fy, beast!
No more my brother!
Sip. Sister, honour'd sister!
Cle. Dishonour'd fool!
Sip. I do confess——
Cle. Fy on thee!
Sip. But stay till I deliver——
Cle. Let me go;
I am ashamed to own thee.
Sip. Fare you well then!
You must ne'er see me more.
Cle. Why? Stay, dear Siphax!
My anger's past; I'll hear you speak.
Sip. Oh, sister!
Cle. Out with it, man!
Sip. Oh, I have drank my mischief.
Cle. Ha! what?
Sip. My destruction;
In at mine eyes I have drank it. Oh, the princess!
The rare sweet princess!
Cle. How, fool, the rare princess!
Was it the princess that thou saidst?
Sip. The princess.
Cle. Thou dost not love her, sure? thou darest not!
Sip. Yes,
By Heaven!
Cle. Yes, by Heaven? I know thou darest not.
The princess? 'Tis thy life, the knowledge of it;
Presumption that will draw into it all thy kindred,
And leave 'em slaves and succourless. The princess?
Why, she's a sacred thing, to see and worship,
Fixed from us as the sun is, high, and glorious,
To be adored, not doted on. Desire things possible,
Thou foolish young man; nourish not a hope
Will hale thy heart out.
Sip. 'Tis my destiny,
And I know both disgrace and death will quit it,
If it be known.
Cle. Pursue it not then, Siphax;

Get thee good wholesome thoughts may nourish thee;
Go home and pray.
Sip. I cannot.
Cle. Sleep then, Siphax,
And dream away thy doting.
Sip. I must have her,
Or you no more your brother. Work, Cleanthe;
Work, and work speedily, or I shall die, wench.
Cle. Die then; I dare forget. Farewell!
Sip. Farewell, sister;
Farewell for ever! See me buried.
Cle. Stay;
Pray, stay!—He's all my brothers.—No way, Siphax?
No other woman?
Sip. None, none; she, or sinking.
Cle. Go, and hope well; my life I'll venture for thee,
And all my art; a woman may work miracles.
No more! Pray heartily against misfortunes,
For much I fear a main one.
Sip. I shall do it. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*A Grove near the* TEMPLE OF VENUS.

Enter a Priestess of Venus and a Boy.

Priest. Find him by any means; and, good child, tell him
He has forgot his old friend. Give him this;
And say, this night, without excuse or business,
As ever he may find a friend, come to me;
He knows the way, and how. Be gone!
Boy. I gallop. [*Exit.*

Enter CLEANTHE.

Cle. I have been looking you.
Priest. The fair Cleanthe!—
What may your business be?
Cle. Oh, holy mother,
Such business, of such strange weight! Now or never,
As you have loved me, as you do or may do,
When I shall find a fit time——
Priest. If by my means
Your business may be fitted—you know me,
And how I am tied unto you—be bold, daughter,
To build your best hopes.
Cle. Oh, but 'tis a strange one;
Stuck with as many dangers——
Priest. There's the working;
Small things perform themselves, and give no pleasures.
Be confident, through death I'll serve you.
Cle. Here. [*Offers a purse.*
Priest. Fy! no corruption.
Cle. Take it; it is yours;
Be not so spiced; 'tis good gold,
And goodness is no gall to th' conscience.
I know you have ways to vent it: You may hold it.
Priest. I'll keep it for you. When?
Cle. To-morrow morning
I'll visit you again; and, when occasion
Offers itself,——
Priest. Instruct me, and have at you.
Cle. Farewell till then! Be sure.
Priest. As your own thoughts, lady.
Cle. 'Tis a main work, and full of fear.
Priest. Fools only
Make their effects seem fearful. Farewell, daughter! [*Exit* CLEANTHE.
This gold was well got for my old tough soldier;
Now I shall be his sweet again.—What business
Is this she has a-foot? Some lusty lover
Beyond her line; the young wench would fain piddle;
A little to revive her must be thought of;
'Tis even so, she must have it. But how by my means,
A devil, can she drive it? I that wait still
Before the goddess, giving oracle,
How can I profit her? 'Tis her own project,
And if she cast it false, her own fault be it.
[*Exit.*

SCENE II.—*Antechamber to* MEMNON'S *Apartment.*

Enter POLYDORE, EUMENES, STREMON, POLYBIUS, *and* PELIUS.

Polyd. Why, this is utter madness.
Eum. Thus it is, sir.
Polyd. Only the princess' sight?
Polyb. All we can judge at.
Polyd. This must be look'd to timely.
Eum. Yes, and wisely.
Polyd. He does not offer at his life?
Eum. Not yet, sir,
That we can hear of.
Polyd. Noble gentlemen,
Let me entreat your watches over him;
Ye cannot do a worthier work.
Pel. We came, sir,
Provided for that service.
Polyd. Where is Chilax?
Stre. A little busy, sir.
Polyd. Are the Fool and Boy here?
Stre. They are, sir.

Enter MEMNON.

Polyd. Let 'em be still so; and as they find his humours——
Eum. Now you may behold him.
Polyd. Stand close, and work no noise.
By his eyes, now, gentlemen,
I guess him full of anger.
Eum. Be not seen there.
[*They retire to one side of the stage.*
Mem. The hour's past long ago; he's false and fearful,——
Coward go with thy caitiff soul, thou cur-dog!
Thou cold clod, wild-fire warm thee!—monstrous fearful;
I know the slave shakes but to think on't.
Polyd. Who's that?
Eum. I know not, sir.
Mem. But I shall catch you, rascal;
Your mangy soul is not immortal here, sir;
You must die, and we must meet; we must, mag-
Be sure we must! For not a nook of hell, [got,

Not the most horrid pit, shall harbour thee;
The devil's tail shall not hide thee, but I'll have thee:
And how I'll use thee! Whips and firebrands,
Toasting thy tail against a flame of wildfire,
And basting it with brimstone, shall be nothing,
Nothing at all! I'll teach you to be treacherous!
Was never slave so swinged since hell was hell,
As I will swinge thy slave's soul; and be sure on't.
Polyd. Is this imagination, or some circumstance?
For 'tis extreme strange.
Eum. So is all he does, sir.
Mem. 'Till then I'll leave you.—Who's there? Where's the surgeon?
Demagoras!

Enter DEMAGORAS.

Dem. My lord!
Mem. Bring me the surgeon;
And wait you too.

[*Exit* DEM. *and re-enters with the* Surgeon.

Polyd. What would he with a surgeon?
Eum. Things mustering in his head: Pray mark.
Mem. Come hither.
Have you brought your instruments?
Sur. They are within, sir.
Mem. Put to the doors a while there. You can incise
To a hair's breadth, without defacing?
Sur. Yes, sir.
Mem. And take out fairly from the flesh?
Sur. The least thing.
Mem. Well, come hither then. Take off my doublet.
For, look you, surgeon, I must have you cut
My heart out here, and handsomely.—Nay, stare not,
Nor do not start: I'll cut your throat else, surgeon!
Come, swear to do it.
Sur. Good sir——
Mem. Sirrah, hold him; [*To* DEMAGORAS.
I'll have but one blow at his head.
Sur. I'll do it.
Why, what should we do living after you, sir?
We'll die before you, if you please.
Mem. No, no!
Sur. Living? hang living!—Is there ne'er a cat-hole
Where I may creep through? 'Would I were i' th' Indies! [*Aside.*
Mem. Swear then, and after my death presently,
To kill yourselves and follow, as ye are honest,
As ye have faiths, and loves to me!
Dem. We'll do it.
Eum. [*To* POLYDORE.] Pray, do not stir yet; we are near enough
To run between all dangers.
Mem. Here I am, sir.
Come, look upon me, view the best way boldly;
Fear nothing, but cut home. If your hand shake, sirrah,
Or any way deface my heart i' th' cutting,
Make the least scratch upon it; but draw it whole,
Excellent fair, shewing at all points, surgeon,
The honour and the valour of the owner,
Mixed with the most immaculate love I send it,
(Look to't!) I'll slice thee to the soul.
Sur. Ne'er fear, sir,
I'll do it daintily.—'Would I were out once. [*Aside.*
Mem. I will not have you smile, sirrah, when you do it,
As though you cut a lady's corn; 'tis scurvy:
Do me it, as thou dost thy prayers, seriously.
Sur. I'll do it in a dump, sir.
Mem. In a dog, sir!
I'll have no dumps, nor dumplins. Fetch your tools,
And then I'll tell you more.
Sur. If I return
To hear more, I'll be hang'd for't. [*Aside.*
Mem. Quick, quick!
Dem. Yes, sir——
With all the heels we have.

[*Exeunt* Surgeon *and* DEMAGORAS.

Eum. Yet stand.
Polyd. He'll do it.
Eum. He cannot, and we here.
Mem. Why when, ye rascals,
Ye dull slaves? Will you come, sir? Surgeon, syringe,
Dog-leech, shall I come fetch you?
Polyd. Now I'll to him.——
God save you, honour'd brother!
Mem. My dear Polydore,
Welcome from travel, welcome! And how do you?
Polyd. Well, sir; 'would you were so.
Mem. I am, I thank you.
You are a better'd man much; I the same still,
An old rude soldier, sir.
Polyd. Pray, be plain, brother,
And tell me but the meaning of this vision,
For, to me, it appears no more; so far
From common course and reason.
Mem. Thank thee, Fortune!
At length I have found the man, the man must do it,
The man in honour bound!
Polyd. To do what?
Mem. Hark,
For I will bless you with the circumstance
Of that weak shadow that appear'd.
Polyd. Speak on, sir.
Mem. It is no story for all ears.

[*Walks with him, and whispers to him.*

Polyd. The princess?
Mem. Peace, and hear all.
Polyd. How?
Eum. Sure 'tis dangerous,
He starts so at it.
Polyd. Your heart? Do you know, sir—
Mem. Yes; pray thee be softer.
Polyd. Me to do it?
Mem. Only reserved, and dedicated.
Polyd. For shame, brother!
Know what you are; a man.
Mem. None of your Athens,
Good sweet sir, no philosophy! Thou feel'st not
The honourable end, fool.
Polyd. I am sure I feel
The shame and scorn that follow. Have you served thus long,
The glory of your country in your conquests,
The envy of your neighbours in your virtues,
Ruled armies of your own, given laws to nations,
Beloved and fear'd as far as Fame has travell'd,
Call'd the most fortunate and happy Memnon,
To lose all here at home, poorly to lose it?
Poorly, and pettishly, ridiculously,
To fling away your fortune? Where's your wisdom?
Where's that you govern'd others by, discretion?
Does your rule lastly hold upon yourself? Fy, brother!
How are you fallen? Get up into your honour,

The top-branch of your bravery, and, from thence,
Look and lament how little Memnon seems now.
Mem. Hum! 'Tis well spoken; but dost thou think, young scholar,
The tongues of angels from my happiness
Could turn the end I aim at? No, they cannot.
This is no book-case, brother. Will you do it?
Use no more art: I am resolved.
Polyd. You may, sir,
Command me to do any thing that's honest,
And for your noble end: But this, it carries——
Mem. You shall not be so honour'd; live an ass still,
And learn to spell for profit: Go, go study!
Eum. [*Aside to* Pol.] You must not hold him up so; he is lost then. [turnspits.
Mem. Get thee to school again, and talk of
And find the natural cause out why a dog [ing,
Turns thrice about ere he lie down: There's learn-
Polyd. Come; I will do it now: 'Tis brave;
And now allow the reason. [I find it,
Mem. Oh, do you so, sir?
Do you find it current?
Polyd. Yes, yes; excellent.
Mem. I told you.
Polyd. I was foolish: I have here too
The rarest way to find the truth out. Hark you!
You shall be ruled by me.
Mem. I will be: But——
Polyd. I reach it;
If the worst fall, have at the worst; we'll both go.
But two days, and 'tis thus.—[*Whispers him.*]
Mem. 'Twill do well so. [Ha?
Polyd. Then is't not excellent? do you con-
Mem. 'Twill work for certain. [ceive it?
Polyd. Oh, 'twill tickle her;
And you shall know then by a line.
Mem. I like it:
But let me not be fool'd again.
Polyd. Doubt nothing:
You do me wrong then. Get you in there private,
As I have taught you. Basta!
Mem. Work.
Polyd. I will do. [*Exit* Memnon.
Eum. Have you found the cause?
Polyd. Yes, and the strangest, gentlemen,
That e'er I heard of; anon I'll tell you.—Stremon,
Be you still near him to affect his fancy,
And keep his thoughts off: Let the Fool and Boy
Stay him, they may do some pleasure too.—Eumenes, [brought,
What if he had a wench, a handsome whore
Rarely dress'd up, and taught to state it?
Eum. Well, sir.
Polyd. His cause is merely heat.—And made
It were the princess, mad for him? [believe
Eum. I think
'Twere not amiss.
Polyb. And let him kiss her?
Polyd. What else?
Pel. I'll be his bawd, an't please you; young and wholesome,
I can assure you, he shall have.
Eum. 'Faith, let him. [a little;
Polyd. He shall; I hope 'twill help him. Walk
I'll tell you how his case stands, and my project,
In which you must be mourners; but, by all means,
Stir not you from him, Stremon.
Stre. On our lives, sir. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*Before a House near the* Temple of Venus.

Enter Priestess *and* Chilax.

Priest. Oh, you're a precious man! two days in
And never see your old friend? [town,
Chi. Pr'ythee, pardon me!
Priest. And, in my conscience, if I had not sent—
Chi. No more; I would ha' come; I must.
Priest. I find you;
God-a-mercy Want! You never care for me,
But when your slops are empty.
Chi. Ne'er fear that, wench;
'Shall find good current coin still. Is this the old
Priest. Have you forgot it? [house?
Chi. And the door still standing
That goes into the temple?
Priest. Still.
Chi. The robes too,
That I was wont to shift in here?
Priest. All here still.
Chi. Oh, you tough rogue, what troubles have I trotted through!
What fears and frights! Every poor mouse a monster
That I heard stir, and every stick I trod on
A sharp sting to my conscience.
Priest. 'Las, poor conscience!
Chi. And all to liquor thy old boots, wench.
Priest. Out, beast!
Chi. To new-carine thy carcase; that's the truth on't.
How does thy keel? does it need nailing? a tither
When all thy linen's up; and a more yare——
Priest. Fy, fy, sir!
Chi. Ne'er stemm'd the straights.
Priest. How you talk!
Chi. I am old, wench,
And talking to an old man 's like a stomacher;
It keeps his blood warm.
Priest. But, pray tell me——
Chi. Any thing.
Priest. Where did the boy meet with you! At a wench, sure?
At one end of a wench, a cup of wine, sure?
Chi. Thou know'st I am too honest.
Priest. That's your fault;
And that the surgeon knows.
Chi. Then, farewell!
I will not fail you soon.
Priest. You shall stay supper;
I have sworn you shall; by this, you shall! [*Kisses him.*
Chi. I will, wench;
But, after supper, for an hour, my business——
Priest. And but an hour?
Chi. No, by this kiss; that ended,
I will return, and all night in thine arms, wench—
Priest. No more; I take your meaning. Come, 'tis supper time. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*The Apartment of* Calis *in the Palace.*

Enter Calis, Cleanthe, *and* Lucippe.

Calis. Thou art not well.
Cle. Your grace sees more a great deal
Than I feel.—Yet I lie. Oh, brother! [*Aside.*

Calis. Mark her;
Is not the quickness of her eye consumed, wench?
The lively red and white?
Lucip. Nay, she is much alter'd,
That on my understanding; all her sleeps, lady,
Which were as sound and sweet——
Cle. Pray, do not force me,
Good madam, where I am not, to be ill.
Conceit's a double sickness; on my faith, your
Is mere mistaken in me. [highness
Calis. I am glad on't.
Yet this I have ever noted, when thou wast thus,
It still fore-run some strange event: My sister
Died when thou wast thus last!—Hark, hark, ho!
[*A dead march within of drums and sackbuts.*
What mournful noise is this comes creeping forward?
Still it grows nearer, nearer; do you hear it?

Enter POLYDORE, EUMENES, POLYBIUS, *and* PELIUS, *mourning.*

Lucip. It seems some soldier's funeral: See, it [enters.
Calis. What may it mean?
Polyd. The gods keep you, fair Calis!
Calis. This man can speak, and well. He stands and views us;
'Would I were ne'er worse look'd upon. How humbly
His eyes are cast now to the earth! Pray mark him,
And mark how rarely he has rank'd his troubles.
See, now he weeps; they all weep; a sweeter
I never look'd upon, nor one that braver [sorrow
Became his grief.—Your will with us?
Polyd. Great lady——
[*Takes out a cup from under his cloak.*
Excellent beauty!
Calis. He speaks handsomely.
What a rare rhetorician his grief plays!
That stop was admirable.
Polyd. See, see, thou princess,
Thou great commander of all hearts——
Calis. I have found it.
Oh, how my soul shakes!
Polyd. See, see the noble heart
Of him that was the noblest! See, and glory
(Like the proud god himself) in what thou hast purchased:
Behold the heart of Memnon!—Does it start you?
Calis. Good gods, what has his wildness done?
Polyd. Look boldly;
You boldly said you durst. Look, wretched woman!
Nay, fly not back, fair folly, 'tis too late now.
Virtue and blooming Honour bleed to death here:
Take it; the legacy of love bequeath'd you,
Of cruel love, a cruel legacy.
What was the will that wrought it then? Can you
Embalm it in your truest tears, if women [weep?
Can weep a truth, or ever sorrow sunk yet
Into the soul of your sex; for 'tis a jewel
The world's worth cannot weigh down: Take it, lady;
And with it all—I dare not curse—my sorrows,
And may they turn to serpents!
Eum. How she looks
Still upon him! See, now a tear steals from her.
Pel. But still she keeps her eye firm.
Polyd. Next, read this. [*Offers a paper.*
But, since I see your spirit somewhat troubled,
I'll do it for you.
Pel. Still she eyes him mainly.

POLYDORE *reads.*

Go, happy heart! for thou shalt lie
Intomb'd in her for whom I die,
Example of her cruelty.

Tell her, if she chance to chide
Me for slowness, in her pride,
That it was for her I died.

If a tear escape her eye,
'Tis not for my memory,
But thy rites of obsequy.

The altar was my loving breast,
My heart the sacrificed beast,
And I was myself the priest.

Your body was the sacred shrine,
Your cruel mind the power divine,
Pleased with hearts of men, not kine.

Eum. Now it pours down.
Polyd. I like it rarely.—Lady!
Eum. How greedily she swallows up his lan- [guage!
Pel. Her eye inhabits on him.
Polyd. Cruel lady,
Great as your beauty scornful! had your power
But equal poise on all hearts, all hearts perished;
But Cupid has more shafts than one, more flames too;
And now he must be open-eyed, 'tis justice:
Live to enjoy your longing? live and laugh at
The losses and the miseries we suffer;
Live to be spoken when your cruelty
Has cut off all the virtue from this kingdom,
Turn'd honour into earth, and faithful service——
Calis. I swear his anger's excellent.
Polyd. Truth, and most tried love,
Into disdain and downfall.—
Calis. Still more pleasing.
Polyd. Live then, I say, famous for civil slaughters,
Live and lay out your triumphs, gild your glories,
Live, and be spoken, "This is she, this lady,
This goodly lady, yet most killing beauty,
This with the two-edged eyes, the heart for hardness
Outdoing rocks; and coldness, rocks of crystal;
This with the swelling soul, more coy of courtship
Than the proud sea is when the shores embrace him."
Live till the mothers find you, read your story,
And sow their barren curses on your beauty;
'Till those that have enjoy'd their loves despise you,
'Till virgins pray against you, old age find you,
And, even as wasted coals glow in their dying,
So may the gods reward you in your ashes!
But, you're the sister of my king; more prophecies
Else I should utter of you; true loves and loyal
Bless themselves ever from you! So I leave you.
[*Going.*
Calis. Pr'ythee be angry still, young man: good fair sir,
Chide me again.—What would this man do pleased,
That in his passion can bewitch souls!—Stay.
Eum. Upon my life she loves him.
Calis. Pray stay.
Polyd. No.
Calis. I do command you.
Polyd. No, you cannot, lady,
I have a spell against you, Faith and Reason.
You are too weak to reach me: I have a heart too,
But not for hawk's meat, lady.
Calis. Even for charity,
Leave me not thus afflicted: You can teach me—

Polyd. How can you preach that charity to others,
That in your own soul are an atheist,
Believing neither power nor fear? I trouble you.
The gods be good unto you!
Calis. Amen! [*She swoons.*
Lucip. Lady!
Cle. Oh, royal madam!—Gentlemen, for Heaven sake! [*They return.*
Polyd. Give her fresh air; she comes again: away, sirs,
And here stand close till we perceive the working.
Eum. You have undone all.
[*They retire to one side of the stage.*
Polyd. So I fear.
Pel. She loves you.
Eum. And then all hope's lost this way.
Polyd. Peace! She rises.
Cle. Now for my purpose, Fortune!
Calis. Where's the gentleman?
Lucip. Gone, madam.
Calis. Why gone?
Lucip. He has dispatch'd his business.
Calis. He came to speak with me.
Cle. He did.
Calis. He did not,
For I had many questions.
Lucip. On my faith, madam,
He talk'd a great while to you.
Calis. Thou conceivest not;
He talk'd not as he should do.—Oh my heart!
Away with that sad sight. [*Pointing to the cup.*]
—Didst thou ever love me?
Lucip. Why do you make that question?
Calis. If thou didst,
Run, run, wench, run. Nay, see how thou stirr'st!
Lucip. Whither?
Calis. If 'twere for any thing to please thyself,
Thou wouldst run to the devil: But I am grown—
Cle. Fy, lady!
Calis. I ask none of your fortunes, nor your loves,
None of your bent desires I slack; ye are not
In love with all men, are ye? one, for shame,
You'll leave your honour'd mistress. Why do ye stare so?
What is that you see about me? tell me.—
Lord, what am I become? I am not wild, sure;
Heaven keep that from me! Oh, Cleanthe, help me,
Or I am sunk to death!
Cle. You have offended,
And mightily; Love is incensed against you,
And therefore take my counsel: To the temple,
For that's the speediest physic; before the goddess
Give your repentant prayers; ask her will,
And from the oracle attend your sentence:
She's mild and merciful.
Calis. I will. Oh, Venus!
Even as thou lovest thyself——
Cle. [*Apart.*] Now for my fortune.
[*Exeunt* CALIS, CLEANTHE, *and* LUCIPPE.
Polyd. What shall I do?
Pel. Why, make yourself.
Polyd. I dare not;
No, gentlemen, I dare not be a villain,
Though her bright beauty would entice an angel.
I will to th' king, my last hope.—Get him a woman,
As we before concluded; and, as ye pass,
Give out the Spartans are in arms, and terrible;
And let some letters to that end be feign'd too,
And sent to you; some posts too to the general;
And let me work. Be near him still.
Eum. We will, sir.
Polyd. Farewell, and pray for all! Whate'er I
Do it, and hope a fair end. [will ye,
Eum. The gods speed ye! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—*An Antechamber in the House of* MEMNON.

Enter STREMON, Fool, Page, *and* Servants.

Serv. He lies quiet.
Stre. Let him lie; and, as I told ye,
Make ready for this show. He has divers times
Been calling upon Orpheus to appear,
And shew the joys—Now I will be that Orpheus;
And, as I play and sing, like beasts and trees
I would have you shaped, and enter: Thou a dog, Fool,—
I have sent about your suits—the Boy a bush,
An ass you, you a lion.
Fool. I a dog?
I'll fit you for a dog. Bow wow!
Stre. 'Tis excellent.
Steal in, and make no noise.
Fool. Bow wow!
Stre. Away, rogue! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.—*The House of the Priestess, next to the Temple.*

Enter Priestess *and* CHILAX.

Priest. Good sweet friend, be not long.
Chi. Thou think'st each hour ten
Till I be ferreting.
Priest. You know I love you.
Chi. I will not be above an hour: Let thy robe
And the door be kept. [be ready,
[CLEANTHE *knocks within.*
Priest. Who knocks there? Yet more business?

Enter CLEANTHE.

Chi. Have you more pensioners?—The princess' woman!
Nay, then, I'll stay a little: what game's a-foot now? [*Retires apart.*
Cle. Now is the time. [*Whispers to the* Priestess.
Chi. A rank bawd, by this hand, too;
She grinds o' both sides: Hey, boys!
Priest. How? your brother Siphax?
Loves he the princess?
Cle. Deadly; and you know
He is a gentleman, descended nobly.
Chi. But a rank knave as ever piss'd. [*Aside.*
Cle. Hold, mother; [*Gives a purse.*
Here's more gold, and some jewels.
Chi. Here's no villainy! [*Aside.*
I am glad I came to th' hearing.
Priest. Alas, daughter,
What would you have me do?
Chi. Hold off, you old whore!
There's more gold coming; all's mine, all. [*Aside.*
Cle. Do you shrink now?
Did you not promise faithfully? and told me,
Through any danger——
Priest. Any I can wade through.
Cle. You shall and easily; the sin not seen neither.

Here's for a better stole, and a new veil, mother:
[*Gives a purse.*
Come, you shall be my friend. If all hit——
Chi. Hang me! [*Aside.*
Cle. I'll make you richer than the goddess.
Priest. Say then;
I'm yours. What must I do?
Cle. I' th' morning,
But very early, will the princess visit
The temple of the goddess, being troubled
With strange things that distract her: From the oracle
(Being strongly too in love) she will demand
The goddess' pleasure, and a man to cure her.
That oracle you give: Describe my brother;
You know him perfectly.
Priest. I have seen him often.
Cle. And charge her take the next man she shall meet with,
When she comes out: You understand me?
Priest. Well!
Cle. Which shall be he attending. This is all,
And easily without suspicion ended;
Nor none dare disobey, 'tis Heaven that does it,
And who dares cross it then, or once suspect it?
The venture is most easy.
Priest. I will do it.
Cle. As you shall prosper—
Priest. As I shall prosper!
Cle. Take this too, and farewell! But, first, hark hither.
Chi. What a young whore's this to betray her mistress!
A thousand cuckolds shall that husband be
That marries thee, thou art so mischievous.
I'll put a spoke among your wheels. [*Aside.*
Cle. Be constant!
Priest. 'Tis done.
Chi. I'll do no more at drop-shot then. [*Exit.*
Priest. Farewell, wench! [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*An Apartment in the House of* MEMNON.

Enter a Servant *and* STREMON, *at the door.*

Serv. He stirs, he stirs.
Stre. Let him; I'm ready for him;
He shall not this day perish, if his passions
May be fed with music. Are they ready?

Enter MEMNON.

Serv. All, all. See where he comes.
Stre. I'll be straight for him. [*Exit.*

Enter EUMENES, POLYBIUS, *and* PELIUS.

Serv. How sad he looks, and sullen! Here are the captains: [*They stand close.*
My fear's past now.
Mem. Put case, i' th' other world
She do not love me neither? I am old, 'tis certain—
Eum. His spirit is a little quieter. [*Apart.*
Mem. My blood lost, and my limbs stiff; my embraces
Like the cold stubborn bark's, hoary and heatless;
My words worse: My fame only, and achievements,
(Which are my strength, my blood, my youth, my fashion)
Must woo her, win her, wed her;—that's but wind,
And women are not brought to bed with shadows.
I do her wrong, much wrong; she's young and blessed,
Sweet as the spring, and as his blossoms tender,
And I a nipping north-wind, my head hung
With hails, and frosty icicles: Are the souls so too,
When they depart hence, lame, and old, and loveless?
No, sure; 'tis ever youth there; Time and Death
Follow our flesh no more; and that forced opinion
That spirits have no sexes, I believe not.
There must be love, there is love.

Enter STREMON, *like* Orpheus, *and his* Boy *like* Charon.

What art thou?

SONG.

Orph. Orpheus I am, come from the deeps below,
To thee, fond man, the plagues of love to shew:
To the fair fields where loves eternal dwell
There's none that come, but first they pass through hell:
Hark, and beware! unless thou hast loved, ever
Beloved again, thou shalt see those joys never.

Hark, how they groan that died despairing!
Oh, take heed then!
Hark how they howl for over-daring!
All these were men.

They that be fools, and die for fame,
They lose their name;
And they that bleed,
Hark how they speed!

Now in cold frosts, now scorching fires
They sit, and curse their lost desires:
Nor shall these souls be free from pains and fears,
Till women waft them over in their tears.

Mem. How! should I know my passage is denied me,
Or which of all the devils dare—— [
Eum. This song
Was rarely form'd to fit him. [*Apart.*

SONG.

Orph. Charon, oh, Charon,
Thou wafter of the souls to bliss or bane!
Cha. Who calls the ferryman of hell?
Orph. Come near,
And say who lives in joy, and who in fear.
Cha. Those that die well, eternal joy shall follow;
Those that die ill, their own foul fate shall swallow.
Orph. Shall thy black bark those guilty spirits stow
That kill themselves for love?
Cha. Oh, no, no, no.
My cordage cracks when such great sins are near;
No wind blows fair, nor I myself can steer.
Orph. What lovers pass, and in Elysium reign?
Cha. Those gentle loves that are beloved again.
Orph. This soldier loves, and fain would die to win;
Shall he go on?
Cha. No, 'tis too foul a sin.
He must not come aboard; I dare not row;
Storms of despair and guilty blood will blow.
Orph. Shall time release him, say?
Cha. No, no, no, no.
Nor time nor death can alter us, nor prayer:
My boat is Destiny; and who then dare,
But those appointed, come aboard? Live still,
And love by reason, mortal, not by will.

Orph. And when thy mistress shall close up thine eyes——
Cha. Then come aboard, and pass.
Orph. Till when, be wise.
Cha. Till when, be wise.

Eum. How still he sits! I hope this song has settled him.
Polyb. He bites his lip, and rolls his fiery eyes
I fear, for all this—— [yet.
Pel. Stremon, still apply to him.
Stre. Give me more room then. Sweetly strike,
Such strains as old earth moves at! [divinely,
[*Continues as* Orpheus.
"The power I have over both beast and plant;
Thou man alone feel'st miserable want. [*Music.*
Strike, you rare spirits that attend my will,
And lose your savage wildness by my skill.

Enter the Fool, *and* Servants, *disguised in a masque of Beasts and Trees, and dance.*

This lion was a man of war that died,
As thou wouldst do, to gild his lady's pride:
This dog, a fool, that hung himself for love:
This ape, with daily hugging of a glove,
Forgot to eat, and died: This goodly tree,
An usher that still grew before his lady,
Wither'd at root: This, for he could not woo,
A grumbling lawyer: This pyed bird, a page,
That melted out because he wanted age:
Still these lie howling on the Stygian shore,
Oh, love no more, oh, love no more!"
[*Exit* Memnon.

Eum. He steals off silently, as though he would sleep.
No more; but all be near him; feed his fancy,
Good Stremon, still: This may lock up his folly;
Yet, Heaven knows, I much fear him. Away, softly!
[*Exeunt* Polyb. *and* Pel.
Fool. Did I not do most doggedly?
Stre. Most rarely.
Fool. He's a brave man. When shall we dog
Page. Untie me first, for God's sake. [again?
Fool. Help the boy;
He's in a wood, poor child! Good honey Stremon,
Let's have a bear-baiting; you shall see me play
The rarest for a single dog! at head all;
And, if I do not win immortal glory,
Play dog play devil!
Stre. Peace for this time!
Fool. Pr'ythee
Let's sing him a black santis; then let's all howl
In our own beastly voices. Tree, keep your time.
Untie there.—Bow, wow, wow!
Stre. Away, ye ass, away!
Fool. Why, let us do something
To satisfy the gentleman; he's mad,—
A gentleman-like humour, and in fashion,—
And must have men as mad about him.
Stre. Peace,
And come in quickly; 'tis ten to one else
He'll find a staff to beat a dog. No more words;
I'll get you all employment. Soft, soft! in, all!
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*The Street.*

Enter Chilax *and* Cloe.

Chi. When camest thou over, wench?
Cloe. But now this evening,
And have been ever since looking out Siphax;
I' th' wars, he would have look'd me. Sure he has gotten
Some other mistress?
Chi. A thousand, wench, a thousand;
They are as common here as caterpillars
Among the corn; they eat up all the soldiers.
Cloe. Are they so hungry? Yet, by their leave, Chilax,
I'll have a snatch too.
Chi. Dost thou love him still, wench?
Cloe. Why should I not? He had my maidenhead,
And all my youth.
Chi. Thou art come the happiest,
In the most blessed time, sweet wench, the fittest,
If thou dar'st make thy fortune! By this light, Cloe—
And so I'll kiss thee: And, if thou wilt but let me—
For 'tis well worth a kindness——
Cloe. What should I let you?
Chi. Enjoy thy minikin.
Cloe. Thou art still old Chilax.
Chi. Still, still, and ever shall be. If, I say,
Thou wo't strike the stroke—I cannot do much
Cloe. Nor much good. [harm, wench.
Chi. Siphax shall be thy husband,
Thy very husband, woman; thy fool, thy cuckold,
Or what thou wilt make him.
Cloe. I am overjoy'd,
Ravish'd, clean ravish'd with this fortune! Kiss me,
Or I shall lose myself. My husband, said you?
Chi. Said I? and will say, Cloe; nay, and do it,
And do it home too; peg thee as close to him
As birds are with a pin to one another:
I have it, I can do it. Thou want'st clothes too,
And he'll be hanged, unless he marry thee,
Ere he maintain thee: Now he has ladies, courtiers,
More than his back can bend at, multitudes;
We are taken up for threshers. Will you bite?
Cloe. Yes.
Chi. And let me——
Cloe. Yes, and let you——
Chi. What?
Cloe. Why, that you wot of.
Chi. The turn, the good turn?
Cloe. Any turn; the roach turn.
Chi. That's the right turn; for that turns up the
I cannot stay; take your instructions, [belly.
[*Gives money.*
And something toward household. Come! whatever
I shall advise you, follow it exactly,
And keep your times I 'point you; for, I'll tell you,
A strange way you must wade through.
Cloe. Fear not me, sir.
Chi. Come then, and let's dispatch this modicum,
For I have but an hour to stay, a short one;
Besides, more water for another mill,
An old weak over-shot, I must provide for.
There's an old nunnery at hand.
Cloe. What's that?
Chi. A bawdy-house.
Cloe. A pox consume it!
Chi. If the stones 'tis built on
Were but as brittle as the flesh lives in it,
Your curse came handsomely! Fear not; there's ladies,
And other good sad people, your pink'd citizens,
That think no shame to shake a sheet there:—
Come, wench! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*Another Street.*

Enter CLEANTHE *and* SIPHAX.

Cle. A soldier, and so fearful?
Sip. Can you blame me,
When such a weight lies on me?
Cle. Fy upon you!
I tell you you shall have her, have her safely,
And for your wife, with her own will.
Sip. Good sister——
Cle. What a distrustful man are you! To-mor-
To-morrow morning—— [row,
Sip. Is it possible?
Can there be such a happiness?
Cle. Why, hang me
If then you be not married! If to-morrow night
You do not——
Sip. Oh, dear sister——
Cle. What you would do,
What you desire to do—lie with her—devil!
What a dull man are you!
Sip. Nay, I believe now.
And shall she love me?
Cle. As her life, and stroke you.
Sip. Oh, I will be her servant.
Cle. 'Tis your duty.
Sip. And she shall have her whole will.
Cle. Yes, 'tis reason;
She is a princess, and by that rule boundless.
Sip. What would you be? for I would have you, sister,
Choose some great place about us: As her woman
Is not so fit.
Cle. No, no, I shall find places.
Sip. And yet to be a lady of her bed-chamber,
I hold not so fit neither. Some great title,
Believe it, shall be look'd out.
Cle. You may; a duchess,
Or such a toy; a small thing pleases me, sir.
Sip. What you will, sister. If a neighbour prince,
When we shall come to reign——
Cle. We shall think on't.
Be ready at the time, and in that place too,
And let me work the rest; within this half hour
The princess will be going; 'tis almost morning.
Away, and mind your business!
Sip. Fortune bless us! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*A Hall in the Palace.*

Enter King, POLYDORE, *and* Lords.

Polyd. I do beseech your grace to banish me!
King. Why, gentleman, is she not worthy marriage?
Polyd. Most worthy, sir, where worth again shall meet her;
But, I, like thick clouds, sailing slow and heavy,
Although by her drawn higher, yet shall hide her.
I dare not be a traitor: and 'tis treason
But to imagine—As you love your honour——
King. 'Tis her first maiden doting, and, if
I know it kills her. [cross'd,
1 *Lord.* How knows your grace she loves him?
King. Her woman told me all, (beside his story)
Her maid Lucippe; on what reason too,
And 'tis beyond all but enjoying.
Polyd. Sir,
Even by your wisdom, by that great discretion
You owe to rule and order——
2 *Lord.* This man's mad, sure.
To plead against his fortune!
1 *Lord.* And the king too,
Willing to have it so.
Polyd. By those dead princes,
From whose descents you stand a star admired at,
Lay not so base allay upon your virtues!
Take heed, for honour's sake, take heed! The
No wise man ever planted by the rose, [bramble
It cankers all her beauty; nor the vine,
When her full blushes court the sun, dares any
Choke up with wanton ivy.—Good my lords,
Who builds a monument, the basis jasper,
And the main body brick?
2 *Lord.* You wrong your worth;
You are a gentleman descended nobly.
1 *Lord.* In both bloods truly noble.
King. Say you were not,
My will can make you so.
Polyd. No, never, never!
'Tis not descent, nor will of princes does it;
'Tis virtue, which I want, 'tis temperance;
Man, honest man! Is't fit your majesty
Should call my drunkenness, my rashness, brother?
Or such a blessed maid my breach of faith,
(For I am most lascivious) and fell angers
(In which I am also mischievous) her husband?
Oh, gods preserve her: I am wild as winter,
Ambitious as the devil: out upon me!
I hate myself, sir. If you dare bestow her
Upon a subject, you have one deserves her.
King. But him she does not love: I know your meaning.—
This young man's love unto his noble brother
Appears a mirror.—What must now be done, lords?
For I am gravel'd: If she have not him,
She dies for certain; if his brother miss her,
Farewell to him, and all our honours!
1 *Lord.* He is dead, sir,—
Your grace has heard of that?—and strangely.
King. No,
I can assure you, no; there was a trick in't:
Read that, and then know all. [*Gives him a paper.*]
What ails the gentleman?
[POLYDORE *is sick on the sudden.*
Hold him.—How do you, sir?
Polyd. Sick on the sudden,
Extremely ill, wond'rous ill.
King. Where did it take you?
Polyd. Here in my head, sir, and my heart. For Heaven sake——
King. Conduct him to his chamber presently,
And bid my doctors——
Polyd. No, I shall be well, sir.
I do beseech your grace, even for the gods' sake,
Remember my poor brother! I shall pray then—
King. Away, he grows more weaker still.—I'll do it,
Or Heaven forget me ever! [POLYDORE *is led out.*
Now your counsels,
For I am at my wit's end.—What with you, sir?

Enter Messenger *with a letter.*

Mess. Letters from warlike Pelius.
King. Yet more troubles?—— [*Reads.*
The Spartans are in arms, and like to win all:
Supplies are sent for, and the general.—
This is more cross than t'other! Come, let's to him;

For he must have her ('tis necessity)
Or we must lose our honours. Let's plead all,
(For more than all is needful) shew all reason,
If love can hear o' that side: If she yield,
We have fought best, and won the noblest field.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—MEMNON'S *Apartment.*

Enter EUMENES, STREMON, POLYBIUS, *and* PELIUS.

Pel. I have brought the wench; a lusty wench,
And somewhat like the princess.
Eum. 'Tis the better; let's see her;
And go you in and tell him that her grace
Is come to visit him. [*Exit* PELIUS.] How sleeps he, Stremon?
Stre. He cannot; only thinks, and calls on Polydore;
Swears he will not be fool'd; sometimes he rages,
And sometimes sits and muses. [*Exit* STREMON.

Enter Courtezan *and* PELIUS.

Eum. He's past all help, sure,—
How do you like her?
Polyb. By the mass, a good round virgin;
And, at first sight, resembling. She's well cloth'd [too.
Eum. But is she sound?
Pel. Of wind and limb, I warrant her.
Eum. You are instructed, lady?
Court. Yes; and know, sir,
How to behave myself, ne'er fear.
Eum. Polybius,
Where did he get this vermin?
Polyb. Hang him, badger!
There's not a hole free from him; whores and [whores' mates
Do all pay him obedience.
Eum. Indeed, i' th' war
His quarter was all whore, whore upon whore,
And lined with whore.—Beshrew me, 'tis a fair whore.
Polyb. She has smock'd away her blood; but fair or foul,
Or blind or lame, that can but lift her leg up,
Comes not amiss to him: he rides like a nightmare,
All ages, all religions.
Eum. Can you state it?
Court. I'll make a shift.
Eum. He must lie with you, lady.
Court. Let him; he's not the first man I have [lain with,
Nor shall not be the last.

Enter MEMNON.

Pel. He comes; no more words;
She has her lesson throughly. How he views her!
Eum. Go forward now; so! bravely; stand!
Mem. Great lady,
How humbly I am bound——
Court. You shall not kneel, sir.
Come, I have done you wrong. Stand up, my soldier;
And thus I make amends. [*Kisses him.*
Eum. A plague confound you!
Is this your state?
Pel. 'Tis well enough.
Mem. Oh, lady,
Your royal hand, your hand, my dearest beauty,
Is more than I must purchase! Here, divine one,
I dare revenge my wrongs.—Ha!
Polyb. A damn'd foul one.
Eum. The lees of bawdy pruins, mourning [gloves!
All spoil'd, by Heaven.
Mem. Ha! who art thou?
Polyb. A shame on you,
You clawing scabby whore!
Mem. I say, who art thou?
Eum. Why, 'tis the princess, sir.
Mem. The devil, sir!
'Tis some rogue thing.
Court. If this abuse be love, sir,
Or, I, that laid aside my modesty——
Eum. So far thou'lt never find it.
Mem. Do not weep;
For, if you be the princess, I will love you,
Indeed I will, and honour you, fight for you:
Come, wipe your eyes.—By Heaven, she stinks,—Who art thou?—
Stinks like a poison'd rat behind a hanging,—
Woman, who art thou?—like a rotten cabbage!
Pel. You're much to blame, sir: 'tis the princess.
Mem. How!
She the princess?
Eum. And the loving princess.
Polyb. Indeed, the doting princess.
Mem. Come hither once more;
The princess smells like morning's breath, pure amber,
Beyond the courted Indies in her spices.——
Still a dead rat, by Heaven! Thou art a princess?
Eum. What a dull whore is this!
Mem. I'll tell you presently;
For, if she be a princess, as she may be,
And yet stink too, and strongly, I shall find her.
Fetch the Numidian lion I brought over:
If she be sprung from royal blood, the lion,
He'll do you reverence; else——
Court. I beseech your lordship——
Eum. He'll tear her all to pieces.
Court. I am no princess, sir.
Mem. Who brought thee hither?
Pel. If you confess, we'll hang you.
Court. Good my lord——
Mem. Who art thou, then?
Court. A poor retaining whore, sir,
To one of your lordship's captains,
Mem. Alas, poor whore!
Go; be a whore still, and stink worse. Ha, ha, ha! [*Exit* Courtezan.
What fools are these, and coxcombs! [*Exit* MEMNON.
Eum. I am right glad yet,
He takes it with such lightness.
Polyb. Methinks his face too,
Is not so clouded as it was. How he looks!
Eum. Where's your dead rat?
Pel. The devil dine upon her!
Lions? Why, what a medicine had he gotten
To try a whore!

Enter STREMON.

Stre. Here's one from Polydore stays to speak with ye.
Eum. With whom?
Stre. With all. Where has the general been?
He's laughing to himself extremely.
Eum. Come,
I'll tell thee how; I'm glad yet he's so merry.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*The* TEMPLE OF VENUS. *Night.*

Enter CHILAX *and* Priestess.

Chi. What lights are those that enter there?
Still nearer?
Plague o' your rotten itch! do you draw me hither
Into the temple, to betray me? Was there no
To satisfy your sin in—Gods forgive me! [place
Still they come forward.
Priest. Peace, you fool! I have found it:
'Tis the young princess, Calis.
Chi. 'Tis the devil,
To claw us for our catterwauling.
Priest. Retire softly.—
I did not look for you these two hours, lady.
Beshrew your haste!—That way. [*To* CHILAX.
Chi. That goes to the altar,
You old blind beast!
Priest. I know not; any way.
Still they come nearer. I'll in to the oracle.
Chi. That's well remember'd; I'll in with you.
Priest. Do. [*Exeunt.*

Enter CALIS, LUCIPPE, CLEANTHE, *and her train, with lights, singing.*

SONG.

Oh, fair sweet goddess, queen of loves,
Soft and gentle as thy doves,
Humble-eyed, and ever ruing
Those poor hearts, their loves pursuing!
Oh, thou mother of delights,
Crowner of all happy nights,
Star of dear content and pleasure,
Of mutual loves the endless treasure!
Accept this sacrifice we bring,
Thou continual youth and spring,
Grant this lady her desires,
And every hour we'll crown thy fires.

Enter a Nun.

Nun. You about her, all retire,
Whilst the princess feeds the fire.
When your devotions ended be
To the oracle I'll attend ye.
[*Exit* Nun, *and draws the curtain close to* CALIS.

SCENE II.—*The Street.*

Enter STREMON *and* EUMENES.

Stre. He will abroad.
Eum. How does his humour hold him?
Stre. He's now grown wond'rous sad, weeps often too,
Talks of his brother to himself, starts strangely.
Eum. Does he not curse?
Stre. No.
Eum. Nor break out in fury,
Offering some new attempt?
Stre. Neither. "To the temple,"
Is all we hear of now: What there he will do——
Eum. I hope repent his folly; let's be near him.
Stre. Where are the rest?
Eum. About a business
Concerns him mainly; if Heaven cure this madness,
He's man for ever, Stremon.
Stre. Does the king know it?
Eum. Yes, and much troubled with it; he's
To seek his sister out. [now gone
Stre. Come, let's away then. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*The Temple. A dark Recess, with a Curtain half-drawn, where the Priestess is sitting at the Oracle, and* CHILAX, *having put on the Robe of the Priestess.*

Enter Nun, *who opens the Curtain to* CALIS.

Nun. Peace to your prayers, lady! Will it please
To pass on to the oracle? [you
Calis. Most humbly.
Chi. Do you hear that?
Priest. Yes; lie close.
Chi. A wildfire take you!
What shall become of me? I shall be hanged now!
Is this a time to shake? a halter shake you!
Come up and juggle, come.
Priest. I'm monstrous fearful!
Chi. Up, you old gaping oyster, up and answer!
A mouldy mange upon your chops! You told me
I was safe here till the bell rung.
Priest. I was prevented,
And did not look these three hours for the princess.
Chi. Shall we be taken?
Priest. Speak, for love's sake, Chilax!
I cannot, nor I dare not.
Chi. I'll speak treason,
For I had as lieve be hanged for that——
Priest. Good Chilax!
Chi. Must it be sung or said! What shall I tell
They're here; here now, preparing. ['em?
Priest. Oh, my conscience!
Chi. Plague o' your spur-galled conscience! does it tire now,
Now when it should be toughest? I could make thee——
Priest. Save us! we're both undone else.
Chi. Down, you dog then!
Be quiet, and be staunch too; no inundations.—
Nun. Here kneel again; and Venus grant your
Calis. Oh, divinest star of Heaven, [wishes!
Thou, in power above the seven:
Thou sweet kindler of desires,
Till they grow to mutual fires:
Thou, oh gentle queen, that art
Curer of each wounded heart:
Thou, the fuel and the flame;
Thou, in Heaven, and here the same:
Thou, the wooer, and the woo'd:
Thou, the hunger and the food:
Thou, the prayer, and the pray'd;
Thou, what is, or shall be said:
Thou, still young, and golden tressed,
Make me by thy answer blessed!
Chi. When?
Priest. Now speak handsomely, and small by
I have told you what. [all means;
Chi. But I'll tell you a new tale.
Now for my neck-verse.—I have heard thy pray'rs,
And mark me well. [*In a disguised voice.*

Loud thunder, and then Music. VENUS *descends.*

Nun. The goddess is displeased much;
The temple shakes and totters: She appears.
Bow, lady, bow! [CALIS *kneels.*

Venus. Purge me the temple round,
And live by this example henceforth sound.
Virgin, I have seen thy tears,
Heard thy wishes, and thy fears:
Thy holy incense flew above,
Hark, therefore, thy doom in love:
Had thy heart been soft at first,
Now thou hadst allay'd thy thirst;
Had thy stubborn will but bended,
All thy sorrows here had ended;
Therefore, to be just in love,
A strange fortune thou must prove;
And, for thou hast been stern and coy,
A dead love thou shalt enjoy.

Calis. Oh, gentle goddess!

Venus. Rise, thy doom is said;
And fear not, I shall please thee with the dead.
[*Ascends.*

Nun. Go up into the temple, and there end
Your holy rites; the goddess smiles upon you.
[*Exeunt* Calis *and* Nun.

SCENE IV.—*The Area before the Temple.*

Enter Chilax, *in the Robe of the Priestess.*

Chi. I'll no more oracles, nor miracles,
Nor no more church-work; I'll be drawn and hanged first.
Am not I torn a-pieces with the thunder?
'Death, I can scarce believe I live yet!
It gave me on the buttocks a cruel, a huge bang!
I had as lieve ha' had 'em scratch'd with dog-whips.
Be quiet henceforth, now ye feel the end on't,
I would advise ye, my old friend; the good gentlewoman
Is strucken dumb, and there her grace sits mumping
Like an old ape eating a brawn. Sure the good goddess
Knew my intent was honest, to save the princess,
And how we young men are enticed to wickedness
By these lewd women; I had paid for't else too.
I am monstrous holy now, and cruel fearful.
Oh, 'twas a plaguy thump, charged with a vengeance!
'Would I were well at home! The best is, 'tis not day.—

Enter Siphax, *walks softly over the Stage, and goes in.*

Who's that? ha! Siphax? I'll be with you anon,
You shall be oracled, I warrant you, [sir.
And thunder'd too, as well as I; your lordship
Must needs enjoy the princess? yes.—Ha! torches?

Enter Memnon, Eumenes, Stremon, *and two* Servants *carrying torches.*

And Memnon coming this way? He's dog-mad,
And ten to one appearing thus unto him,
He worries me. I must go by him.

Eum. Sir?

Mem. Ask me no further questions.—What art thou?
How dost thou stare? Stand off! Nay look upon me,
I do not shake, nor fear thee. [*Draws his sword.*

Chi. He will kill me:
This is for church-work.

Mem. Why dost thou appear now?
Thou wert fairly slain. I know thee, Diocles,
And know thine envy to mine honour: But——

Chi. Stay, Memnon,
I am a spirit, and thou canst not hurt me.

Eum. This is the voice of Chilax.

Stre. What makes he thus?

Chi. 'Tis true that I was slain in field, but foully,
By multitudes, not manhood: Therefore, mark me.
I do appear again to quit mine honour,
And on thee single.

Mem. I accept the challenge.
Where?

Chi. On the Stygian banks.

Mem. When?

Chi. Four days hence.

Mem. Go, noble ghost, I will attend.

Chi. I thank you.

Stre. You have saved your throat, and handsomely: Farewell, sir. [*Exit* Chilax.

Mem. Sing me the battle of Pelusium,
In which this worthy died.

Eum. This will spoil all,
And make him worse than e'er he was. Sit down, sir,
And give yourself to rest. [Stremon *sings.*

SONG.

Arm, arm, arm, arm! the scouts are all come in.
Keep your ranks close, and now your honours win.
Behold from yonder hill the foe appears;
Bows, bills, glaves, arrows, shields, and spears;
Like a dark wood he comes, or tempest pouring;
Oh, view the wings of horse the meadows scouring.
The van-guard marches bravely. Hark, the drums,
Dub, dub.
They meet, they meet, and now the battle comes.
See how the arrows fly,
That darken all the sky;
Hark how the trumpets sound,
Hark how the hills rebound!
Tara, tara.
Hark how the horse charge! in boys, boys in!
The battle totters; now the wounds begin;
Oh, how they cry,
Oh, how they die!
Room for the valiant Memnon arm'd with thunder!
See how he breaks the ranks asunder.
They fly, they fly! Eumenes has the chase,
And brave Polybius makes good his place.
To the plains, to the woods,
To the rocks, to the floods,
They fly for succour. Follow, follow, follow!
Hark how the soldiers hollow! Hey, hey!
Brave Diocles is dead,
And all his soldiers fled,
The battle's won, and lost,
That many a life has cost.

Mem. Now forward to the temple. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Chilax.

Chi. Are you gone?
How have I 'scaped this morning? By what
Sure I'm ordain'd for some brave end. [miracle?

Enter Cloe, *disguised as the Princess.*

Cloe. How is it?

Chi. Come; 'tis as well as can be.

Cloe. But is it possible
This should be true you tell me?

Chi. 'Tis most certain.

Cloe. Such a gross ass to love the princess?

Chi. Peace?
Pull your robe close about you. You are perfect
In all I taught you?

Cloe. Sure.
Chi. Gods give thee good luck!
'Tis strange my brains should still be beating knavery,
For all these dangers; but they are needful mischiefs,
And such as are nuts to me, and I must do 'em.
You will remember me?
Cloe. By this kiss, Chilax!
Chi. No more of that; I fear another thunder.
Cloe. We are not i' th' temple, man.

Enter SIPHAX.

Chi. Peace! here he comes.
Now to our business handsomely. Away now!
[*Exit with* CLOE.
Sip. 'Twas sure the princess, for he kneel'd unto her,
And she look'd every way: I hope the oracle
Has made me happy; me I hope she look'd for.
Fortune, I will so honour thee! Love, so adore thee!

Re-enter CHILAX *and* CLOE, *at the other side.*

She's here again; looks round about, again too;
'Tis done, I know 'tis done! 'Tis Chilax with her,
And I shall know of him.—Who's that?
Chi. Speak softly:
The princess from the oracle.
Sip. She views me;
By heaven she beckons me!
Chi. Come near, she would have you.
Sip. Oh, royal lady! [*Kisses her hand.*
Chi. She wills you read that; for, belike, she's bound to silence
For such a time. She's wondrous gracious to you.
[*Gives a paper to* SIPHAX.
Sip. Heaven make me thankful!
Chi. She would have you read it.
Sip. [*Reads.*] "Siphax, the will of Heaven hath cast me on thee
To be thy wife, whose will must be obey'd:
Use me with honour, I shall love thee dearly,
And make thee understand thy worths hereafter.
Convey me to a secret ceremony,
That both our hearts and loves may be united;
And use no language, till before my brother
We both appear, where I will shew the oracle;
For till that time I'm bound, I must not answer."
Oh, happy I!
Chi. You're a made man.
Sip. But, Chilax,
Where are her women?
Chi. None but your grace's sister—
Because she would have it private to the world
Knows of this business. [yet—
Sip. I shall thank thee, Chilax;
Thou art a careful man.
Chi. Your grace's servant.
Sip. I'll find a fit place for thee.
Chi. If you will not,
There's a good lady will. She points you forward;
Away, and take your fortune; not a word, sir.—
So; you are greased, I hope.
[*Exeunt* SIPHAX *and* CLOE.

Enter STREMON, Fool, *and* Page.

Stremon, Fool, Picus!
Where have you left your lord?
Stre. I' th' temple, Chilax.
Chi. Why are you from him?
Stre. Why, the king is with him,
And all the lords.
Chi. Is not the princess there too?
Stre. Yes: And the strangest coil amongst 'em —She weeps bitterly;
The king entreats, and frowns; my lord, like autumn,
Drops off his hopes by handfuls; all the temple
Sweats with this agony.
Chi. Where's young Polydore?
Stre. Dead, as they said, o' th' sudden.
Chi. Dead?
Stre. For certain;
But not yet known abroad.
Chi. There's a new trouble.
A brave young man he was; but we must all die.
Stre. Did not the general meet you this morning
Like a tall stallion-nun?
Chi. No more o' that, boy.
Stre. You had been ferreting.
Chi. That's all one.—Fool!
My master Fool, that taught my wits to traffick,
What has your wisdom done? How have you profited?
Out with your audit: Come, you are not empty;
Put out mine eye with twelve-pence, do, you shaker.
[*Takes out his purse, and shakes it.*
What think you of this shaking? Here's wit, coxcomb!
Ha, boys? ha, my fine rascals? here's a ring.
How right they go!
Fool. Oh, let me ring the fore-bell.
Chi. And here are thumpers, chequins, golden
Wit, wit, ye rascals! [rogues:
Fool. I have a sty here, Chilax.
Chi. I have no gold to cure it, not a penny,
Not one cross, cavalier: We are dull soldiers,
Gross heavy-headed fellows; fight for victuals!
Fool. Why, you are the spirits of the time.
Chi. By no means.
Fool. The valiant, fiery!
Chi. Fy, fy! no.
Fool. Be-lee me, sir.
Chi. I would I could, sir.
Fool. I will satisfy you.
Chi. But I will not content you.—[*To the* Page.]—Alas, poor boy,
Thou shew'st an honest nature; weep'st for thy master?
There's a red rogue, to buy thee handkerchiefs.
[*Gives him a piece of gold.*
Fool. He was an honest gentleman I have lost too.
Chi. You have indeed, your labour, Fool.—But, Stremon,
Dost thou want money too? No virtue living?
No firking out at fingers' ends?
Stre. It seems so.
Chi. Will ye all serve me?
Stre. Yes, when you are lord-general;
For less I will not go.
Chi. There's gold for thee then;
Thou hast a soldier's mind.—Fool!
Fool. Here, your first man.
Chi. I will give thee for thy wit, (for 'tis a fine
A dainty diving wit) hold up!—just nothing. [wit,
Go, graze i' th' commons; yet I am merciful.——
There's sixpence: Buy a saucer, steal an old gown,

And beg i' th' temple for a prophet.—Come away, boys!
Let's see how things are carried. Fool, up, sirrah;
You may chance get a dinner. Boy, your preferment
I'll undertake; for your brave master's sake,
You shall not perish.
Fool. Chilax!
Chi. Please me well, Fool,
And you shall light my pipes. Away to th' temple!
But stay: the king is here: Sport upon sport, boys.

Enter King, Lords, SIPHAX *kneeling;* CLOE *with a veil.*

King. What would you have, captain?
Speak suddenly, for I am wond'rous busy.
Sip. A pardon, royal sir.
King. For what?
Sip. For that,
Which was heaven's will, should not be mine alone,
My marrying with this lady. [sir:
King. It needs no pardon,
For marriage is no sin.
Sip. Not in itself, sir;
But in presuming too much: Yet, Heaven knows,
So does the oracle that cast it on me,
And——the princess, royal sir.
King. What princess?
Sip. Oh, be not angry, my dread king! your sister.
King. My sister! she's i' th' temple, man.
Sip. She is here, sir.
Lord. The captain's mad! she's kneeling at the altar.
King. I know she is.—With all my heart, good captain,
I do forgive ye both: Be unveil'd, lady.
[*Puts off her veil.*
Will you have more forgiveness? The man's frantic.
Come, let's go bring her out.—God give you joy,
Sip. How! Cloe? my old Cloe? [sir.
[*Exeunt* King, Lords.
Cloe. Even the same, sir.
Chi. Gods give your manhood much content!
Stre. The princess
Looks something musty since her coming over.
Fool. 'Twere good you would brush her over.
Sip. Fools and fiddlers
Make sport at my abuse too!
Fool. Oh, 'tis the nature
Of us fools to make bold with one another;
But you are wise, brave sir.
Chi. Cheer up your princess.
Believe it, sir, the king will not be angry;
Or, say he were; why, 'twas the oracle:
The oracle, an't like your grace; the oracle.
Stre. And who, most mighty Siphax——
Sip. With mine own whore?
Cloe. With whom else should you marry; speak your conscience,
Will you transgress the law of arms, that ever
Rewards the soldier with his own sins?
Sip. Devils!
Cloe. You had my maidenhead, my youth, my
Is it not justice, then? [sweetness;
Sip. I see it must be;
But, by this hand, I'll hang a lock upon thee.
Cloe. You shall not need; my honesty shall do it.
Sip. If there be wars in all the world——
Cloe. I'll with you;
For you know I have been a soldier.
Come, curse on!
Sip. When I need another oracle——
Chi. Send for me, Siphax; I'll fit you with a
And so, to both your honours—— [princess.
Fool. And your graces——
Sip. The devil grace you all!
Cloe. God-a-mercy, Chilax!
Chi. Shall we laugh half an hour now?
Stre. No, the king comes.
And all the train.
Chi. Away, then; our act 's ended. [*Exeunt.*

Enter King, CALIS, MEMNON, CLEANTHE, Lords, *and* Courtezan.

King. You know he does deserve you, loves you dearly;
You know what bloody violence he had used
Upon himself, but that his brother cross'd it;
You know the same thoughts still inhabit in him,
And covet to take birth: Look on him, lady;
The wars have not so far consumed him yet,
Cold age disabled him, or sickness sunk him,
To be abhorr'd: Look on his honour, sister;
That bears no stamp of time, nor wrinkles on it;
No sad demolishment, nor death can reach it:
Look with the eyes of Heaven, that nightly waken
To view the wonders of the glorious Maker,
And not the weakness: Look with your virtuous
And then clad royally in all his conquests, [eyes;
His matchless love hung with a thousand merits,
Eternal youth attending, fame and fortune;
Time and oblivion vexing at his virtues,
He shall appear a miracle: Look on our dangers,
Look on the public ruin.
Calis. Oh, dear brother!
King. Fy! let us not, like proud and greedy
Gain to give off again: This is our sea, [waters,
And you, his Cynthia, govern him; take heed:
His floods have been as high and full as any,
And gloriously now he's got up to girdle
The kingdoms he hath purchased. Noble sister,
Take not your virtue from him; oh, take heed
We ebb not now to nothing; take heed, Calis!
Calis. The will of Heaven (not mine) which must not alter,
And my eternal doom, for aught I know,
Is fix'd upon me. Alas, I must love nothing;
Nothing that loves again must I be bless'd with!
The gentle vine climbs up the oak, and clips him,
And when the stroke comes, yet they fall together.
Death, death must I enjoy, and live to love him!
Oh, noble sir.
Mem. Those tears are some reward yet:
Pray, let me wed your sorrows.
Calis. Take 'em, soldier;
They are fruitful ones; lay but a sigh upon 'em,
And straight they will conceive to infinites:
I told you what you would find 'em.
Eum. [*Within*]. Room before there!

A hearse is brought in, upon which POLYDORE *is laid, covered, and seemingly dead;* EUMENES, POLYBIUS, *and* PELIUS *following.*

King. How now? what's this? more drops to
Whose body's this? [th' ocean?
Eum. The noble Polydore:
This speaks his death. [*Showing a letter.*
Mem. My brother dead?

Calis. Oh, goddess!
Oh, cruel, cruel Venus! here's my fortune.
King. Read, captain.
Mem. Read aloud —Farewell, my follies!
Polyb. [*Reading.*] "To the excellent princess Calis.
Be wise as you are beauteous; love with judgment,
And look with clear eyes on my noble brother;
Value desert and virtue, they are jewels
Fit for your worth and wearing. Take heed, lady;
The gods reward ingratitude most grievous.
Remember me no more; or, if you must,
Seek me in noble Memnon's love; I dwell there.
I durst not live because I durst not wrong him.
I can no more; make me eternal happy
With looking down upon your loves. Farewell!"
Mem. And didst thou die for me——
King. Excellent virtue!
What will you now do?
Calis. Dwell for ever here, sir.
[*Kneels before the hearse.*
Mem. For me, dear Polydore? oh, worthy young man!
Oh, love, love, love! Love above recompense!
Infinite love, infinite honesty!—
Good lady, leave; you must have no share here;
Take home your sorrows: Here's enough to store me,
Brave glorious griefs! Was ever such a brother?
Turn all the stories over in the world yet,
And search through all the memories of mankind,
And find me such a friend! He has outdone all,
Outstripp'd 'em sheerly; all, all: thou hast, Polydore!
To die for me? Why, as I hope for happiness,
'Twas one o' the rarest-thought-on things, the bravest,
And carried beyond compass of our actions.
I wonder how he hit it; a young man too,
In all the blossoms of his youth and beauty,
In all the fulness of his veins and wishes,
Woo'd by that paradise, that would catch Heaven!
It startles me extremely. Thou bless'd ashes,
Thou faithful monument, where love and friendship
Shall, while the world is, work new miracles!
Calis. Oh, let me speak too!
Mem. No, not yet.—Thou man,
(For we are but man's shadows) only man——
I have not words to utter him.—Speak, lady;
I'll think a while.
Calis. The goddess grants me this yet,
I shall enjoy thee dead: no tomb shall hold thee
But these two arms, no trickments but my tears:
Over thy hearse my sorrows, like sad arms,
Shall hang for ever: On the toughest marble
Mine eyes shall weep thee out an epitaph:
Love at thy feet shall kneel, his smart bow broken;
Faith at thy head, Youth and the Graces mourners.
Oh, sweet young man!
King. Now I begin to melt too.
Mem. Have you enough yet, lady? Room for a gamester!
To my fond love, and all those idle fancies,
A long farewell! Thou diedst for me, dear Polydore;
To give me peace, thou hast eternal glory!—
I stay and talk here! I will kiss thee first,
And now I'll follow thee. [*Offers to kill himself.*
Polyd. [*Rises.*] Hold, for Heaven's sake!
Mem. Ha! does he live? Dost thou deceive me?
Polyd. Thus far;
Yet for your good and honour.
King. Now, dear sister——
Calis. The oracle is ended: noble sir,
Dispose me now as you please.
Polyd. You are mine, then?
Calis. With all the joys that may be!
Polyd. Your consent, sir!
King. You have it freely.
Polyd. Walk along with me then,
And, as you love me, love my will.
[*Leads her to* MEMNON.
Calis. I will so.
Polyd Here, worthy brother, take this virtuous princess;
You have deserved her nobly; she will love you:
And when my life shall bring you peace, as she
Command it, you shall have it. [does,
Mem. Sir, I thank you.
King. I never found such goodness in such years.
Mem. Thou shalt not over-do me, though I die for't.
Oh, how I love thy goodness, my best brother!
You have given me here a treasure to enrich me,
Would make the worthiest king alive a beggar:
What may I give you back again?
Polyd. Your love, sir. [love,
Mem. And you shall have it, even my dearest
My first, my noblest love: Take her again, sir;
She's yours, your honesty has over-run me.
She loves you; lov'st her not?—Excellent princess,
Enjoy thy wish; and now, get generals.
Polyd. As you love Heaven, love him.—She's only yours, sir.
Mem. As you love Heaven, love him.—She's
My lord the king—— [only yours, sir.—
Polyd. He will undo himself, sir,
And must without her perish: Who shall fight
Who shall protect your kingdom? [then?
Mem. Give me hearing,
And, after that, belief. Were she my soul,
(As I do love her equal) all my victories,
And all the living names I have gain'd by war,
And loving him, that good, that virtuous good man,
That only worthy of the name of brother,
I would resign all freely. 'Tis all love
To me, all marriage rites, the joy of issues,
To know him fruitful, that has been so faithful!
King. This is the noblest difference—Take your choice, sister.
Calis. I see they are so brave, and noble both,
I know not which to look on.
Polyd. Choose discreetly,
And Virtue guide you! There all the world, in one
Stands at the mark. [man,
Mem. There all man's honesty,
The sweetness of all youth.
Calis. Oh, gods!
Mem. My armour!—
By all the gods, she's yours!—My arms, I say!
And, I beseech your grace, give me employment:
That shall be now my mistress, there my courtship.
King. You shall have anything.
Mem. Virtuous lady,
Remember me, your servant now.—Young man,
You cannot over-reach me in your goodness.—
Oh, Love! how sweet thou look'st now, and how gentle!
I should have slubber'd thee, and stain'd thy
Your hand, your hand, sir! [beauty.

King. Take her, and Heaven bless her!
Mem. So.
Polyd. 'Tis your will, sir, nothing of my merit;
And, as your royal gift, I take this blessing.
Calis. And I from Heaven, this gentleman.—
Thanks, goddess!
Mem. So, you are pleased now, lady?
Calis. Now or never.
Mem. My cold stiff carcase would have frozen you.—
Wars, wars!
King. You shall have wars.
Mem. My next brave battle
I dedicate to your bright honour, sister:
Give me a favour, that the world may know
I am your soldier.
Calis. This, and all fair fortunes!
[*Gives him a scarf.*
Mem. And he that bears this from me, must strike boldly. [CLEANTHE *kneeling.*
Calis. I do forgive thee. Be honest; no more, wench.
King. Come, now to revels. This blest day shall prove
The happy crown of noble faith and love.
[*Exeunt.*

EPILOGUE.

HERE lies the doubt now; let our plays be good,
Our own care sailing equal in this flood,
Our preparations new, new our attire,
Yet here we are becalm'd still, still i' th' mire,
Here we stick fast: Is there no way to clear
This passage of your judgment, and our fear?
No mitigation of that law? Brave friends,
Consider we are yours, made for your ends;
And everything preserves itself; each will,
If not perverse and crooked, utters still
The best of that it ventures in. Have care,
Even for your pleasure's sake, of what we are,
And do not ruin all; you may frown still,
But 'tis the nobler way to check the will.

THE LOYAL SUBJECT.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

GREAT DUKE *of Moscovia.*
ARCHAS, *the* LOYAL SUBJECT, *General of the Moscovites.*
THEODORE, *Son to* ARCHAS, *Colonel; valorous, but impatient.*
BRISKIE, *disguised under the name of* PUTSKIE, *a Captain, Brother to* ARCHAS.
YOUNG ARCHAS, *Son to* ARCHAS, *disguised as a Woman, under the name of* ALINDA.
BURRIS, *an honest Lord, the* Duke's *Favourite.*
BOROSKIE, *a malicious seducing Counsellor to the* Duke.
Ancient *to* ARCHAS, *a stout merry Soldier.*
Soldiers.
Gentlemen.
Guard.
Servants.
Messengers, *or* Posts.

OLYMPIA, *Sister to the* Duke.
HONORA, VIOLA, } *Daughters of* ARCHAS.
PETESCA, Ladies, } *Servants to* OLYMPIA.
Bawd, *a Court-Lady.*

SCENE,—MOSCOW, AND THE NEIGHBOURING COUNTRY.

PROLOGUE.

WE need not, noble gentlemen, to invite
Attention, pre-instruct you who did write
This worthy story, being confident
The mirth join'd with grave matter, and intent
To yield the hearers profit with delight,
Will speak the maker: And to do him right
Would ask a genius like to his: the age
Mourning his loss, and our now-widowed stage
In vain lamenting. I could add, so far
Behind him the most modern writers are,
That when they would commend him, their best praise
Ruins the buildings which they strive to raise
To his best memory. So much a friend
Presumes to write, secure 't will not offend
The living, that are modest; with the rest,
That may repine, he cares not to contest.
This debt to Fletcher paid: it is profess'd
By us the actors, we will do our best
To send such favouring friends, as hither come
To grace the scene, pleased and contented home.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—MOSCOW. *A Street.*

Enter THEODORE *and* PUTSKIE.

Theod. Captain, your friend 's preferr'd; the princess has her;
Who, I assure myself, will use her nobly.
A pretty sweet one 'tis, indeed.
Puts. Well bred, sir,
I do deliver that upon my credit,
And of an honest stock.
Theod. It seems so, captain,
And no doubt will do well.
Puts. Thanks to your care, sir.—
But tell me, noble colonel, why this habit
Of discontent is put on through the army?
And why your valiant father, our great general,
The hand that taught to strike, the love that led
Why he, that was the father of the war, [all,
He that begot, and bred the soldier,
Why he sits shaking of his arms, like autumn,
His colours folded, and his drums cased up?
The tongue of war for ever tied within us?
Theod. It must be so. Captain, you are a stranger,
But of a small time here a soldier,
Yet that time shews you a right good and great one,
Else I could tell you, hours are strangely alter'd:
The young duke has too many eyes upon him,
Too many fears 'tis thought too; and, to nourish
Maintains too many instruments. [those,
Puts. Turn their hearts,
Or turn their heels up, Heaven! 'Tis strange it
The old duke loved him dearly. [should be;
Theod. He deserved it;
And were he not my father, I durst tell you,
The memorable hazards he has run through,

eserved of this man too; highly deserved too:
ad they been less, they had been safer, Putskie,
nd sooner reach'd regard.
Puts. There you struck sure, sir.
Theod. Did I never tell thee of a vow he made,
ome years before the old duke died?
Puts. I have heard you
peak often of that vow; but how it was,
r to what end, I never understood yet.
Theod. I'll tell thee then, and then thou wilt find the reason.
he last great muster, ('twas before you served here,)
efore the last duke's death, whose honour'd bones
ow rest in peace, this young prince had the ordering
o crown his father's hopes) of all the army:
Vho, to be short, put all his power to practice,
ashion'd and drew 'em up: But, alas, so poorly,
o raggedly and loosely, so unsoldier'd,
he good duke blush'd, and call'd unto my father,
Vho then was general: "Go, Archas, speedily,
nd chide the boy before the soldiers find him;
tand thou between his ignorance and them;
ashion their bodies new to thy direction;
hen draw thou up, and shew the prince his errors!"
ly sire obey'd, and did so; with all duty
nform'd the prince, and read him all directions:
his bred distaste, distaste grew up to anger,
nd anger into wild words broke out thus:
Well, Archas, if I live but to command here,
o be but duke once, I shall then remember.
shall remember truly (trust me I shall),
nd, by my father's hand"—the rest his eyes spoke.
o which my father answer'd, somewhat moved
nd with a vow he seal'd it: "Royal sir, [too,
ince, for my faith and fights, your scorn and
nly pursue me; if I live to that day, [anger
hat day so long expected to reward me,
y his so-ever-noble hand you swore by,
nd by the hand of justice, never arms more
hall rib this body in, nor sword hang here, sir.
he conflicts I will do you service then in,
hall be repentant prayers." So they parted.
he time is come; and now you know the wonder.
Puts. I find a fear too, which begins to tell me,
he duke will have but poor and slight defences,
f his hot humour reign, and not his honour.
ow stand you with him, sir?
Theod. A perdue captain,
ull of my father's danger.
Puts. He has raised a young man,
hey say a slight young man (I know him not)
or what desert?
Theod. Believe it, a brave gentleman,
Worthy the duke's respect, a clear sweet gentleman,
nd of a noble soul. Come, let's retire us,
nd wait upon my father, who within this hour
ou will find an alter'd man.
Puts. I am sorry for't, sir. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*An Apartment in the Palace.*

Enter OLYMPIA, PETESCA, *and* Gentlewoman.

Olym. Is't not a handsome wench?
Gent. She is well enough, madam:
I have seen a better face, and a straighter body;
And yet she is a pretty gentlewoman.
Olym. What thinkest thou, Petesca?
Pet. Alas, madam, I have no skill; she has a black eye,
Which is of the least too, and the dullest water:
And when her mouth was made, for certain, madam,
Nature intended her a right good stomach.
Olym. She has a good hand.
Gent. 'Tis good enough to hold fast,
And strong enough to strangle the neck of a lute.
Olym. What think you of her colour?
Pet. If it be her own,
'Tis good black blood; right weather-proof, I warrant it.
Gent. What a strange pace she has got!
Olym. That's but her breeding.
Pet. And what a manly body! methinks she looks
As though she'd pitch the bar, or go to buffets.
Gent. Yet her behaviour's utterly against it,
For methinks she is too bashful.
Olym. Is that hurtful?
Gent. Even equal to too bold: either of 'em, madam,
May do her injury when time shall serve her.
Olym. You discourse learnedly. Call in the wench.— [*Exit* Gentlewoman.
What envious fools are you! Is the rule general,
That women can speak handsomely of none,
But those they are bred withal?
Pet. Scarce well of those, madam,
If they believe they may outshine 'em any way:
Our natures are like oil, compound us with any thing,
Yet still we strive to swim o' th' top. Suppose there were here now,
Now in this court of Moscow, a stranger-princess,
Of blood and beauty equal to your excellence,
As many eyes and services stuck on her;
What would ye think?
Olym. I would think she might deserve it.
Pet. Your grace shall give me leave not to believe you!
I know you are a woman and so humour'd.
I'll tell you, madam; I could then get more gowns on you,
More caps and feathers, more scarfs, and more silk stockings,
With rocking you asleep with nightly railings
Upon that woman, than if I had nine lives
I could wear out. By this hand, you would scratch her eyes out.
Olym. Thou art deceived, fool. Now let your own eyes mock you.

Enter Gentlewoman *and* Young ARCHAS, *disguised as a woman, bearing the name of* ALANDA.

Come hither, girl.—Hang me, an she be not a handsome one!
Pet. I fear 'twill prove indeed so.
Olym. Did you e'er serve yet
In any place of worth?
Y. Arch. No, royal lady.
Pet. Hold up your head; fy!
Olym. Let her alone; stand from her.
Y. Arch. It shall be now,
Of all the blessings my poor youth has pray'd for,
The greatest and the happiest to serve you;
And, might my promise carry but that credit

To be believed, because I am yet a stranger,
Excellent lady, when I fall from duty,
From all the service that my life can lend me,
May everlasting misery then find me!
Olym. [*To* PETESCA.] What think ye now?—
I do believe and thank you;
And sure I shall not be so far forgetful,
To see that honest faith die unrewarded.
What must I call your name?
Y. Arch. Alinda, madam.
Olym. Can you sing?
Y. Arch. A little, when my grief will give me leave, lady.
Olym. What grief canst thou have, wench? Thou art not in love?
Y. Arch. If I be, madam, 'tis only with your goodness;
For yet I never saw that man I sigh'd for.
Olym. Of what years are you?
Y. Arch. My mother oft has told me,
That very day and hour this land was bless'd
With your most happy birth, I first saluted
This world's fair light. Nature was then so busy,
And all the graces, to adorn your goodness,
I stole into the world poor and neglected.
Olym. Something there was, when I first look'd upon thee,
Made me both like and love thee; now I know it,
And you shall find that knowledge shall not hurt
I hope you are a maid? [you.
Y. Arch. I hope so too, madam;
I am sure for any man. And were I otherwise,
Of all the services my hopes could point at,
I durst not touch at yours.

Flourish. Enter Duke, BURRIS, *and* Gentlemen.

Pet. The great-duke, madam.
Duke. Good morrow, sister!
Olym. A good day to your highness!
Duke. I am come to pray you use no more persuasions
For this old stubborn man; nay, to command you:
His sail is swell'd too full; he's grown too insolent,
Too self-affected, proud: Those poor slight services
He has done my father, and myself, have blown
To such a pitch, he flies to stoop our favours. [him
Olym. I am sorry, sir: I ever thought those
Both great and noble. [services
Bur. However, may it please you
But to consider 'em a true heart's servants,
Done out of faith to you, and not self-fame;
But to consider, royal sir, the dangers,
When you have slept secure, the midnight tempests,
That, as he march'd, sung through his aged locks:
When you have fed at full, the wants and famines;
The fires of Heaven, when you have found all tem-
Death, with his thousand doors—— [perate;
Duke. I have consider'd;
No more! And that I will have, shall be.
Olym. For the best,
I hope all still.
Duke. What handsome wench is that there?
Olym. My servant, sir.
Duke. Pr'ythee observe her, Burris.
Is she not wondrous handsome? speak thy free-
Bur. She appears no less to me, sir. [dom.
Duke. Of whence is she?
Olym. Her father, I am told, is a good gentleman,
But far off dwelling: Her desire to serve me
Brought her to th' court, and here her friends have left her.
Duke. She may find better friends. You are welcome, fair one!
[Young ARCHAS *kneels. The* Duke *kisses him.*
I have not seen a sweeter. By your lady's leave:
Nay, stand up, sweet; we'll have no superstition.
You have got a servant; you may use him kindly,
And he may honour you. Good morrow, sister.
[*Exeunt* Duke, BURRIS, *and* Gentlemen.
Olym. Good morrow to your grace! How the wench blushes!
How like an angel now she looks!
Gent. At first jump, [*Apart to* PETESCA.
Jump into the duke's arms? We must look to you,
Indeed we must; the next jump we are journeymen.
Pet. I see the ruin of our hopes already;
'Would she were at home again, milking her father's cows.
Gent. I fear she'll milk all the great courtiers
Olym. This has not made you proud? [first.
Y. Arch. No, certain, madam.
Olym. It was the duke that kiss'd you.
Y. Arch. 'Twas your brother,
And therefore nothing can be meant but honour.
Olym. But, say he love you?
Y. Arch. That he may with safety:
A prince's love extends to all his subjects.
Olym. But, say in more particular?
Y. Arch. Pray fear not:
For Virtue's sake deliver me from doubts, lady.
'Tis not the name of king, nor all his promises,
His glories, and his greatness, stuck about me,
Can make me prove a traitor to your service:
You are my mistress and my noble master,
Your virtues my ambition, and your favour
The end of all my love, and all my fortune:
And, when I fail in that faith——
Olym. I believe thee——
Come, wipe your eyes—I do. Take you example!
Pet. I would her eyes were out. [*Aside.*
Gent. If the wind stand in this door,
We shall have but cold custom: Some trick or
And speedily! [other,
Pet. Let me alone to think on't.—
Olym. Come, be you near me still.
Y. Arch. With all my duty. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*An open Place before the Palace.*

Enter ARCHAS, THEODORE, PUTSKIE, ANCIENT, *and* Soldiers, *carrying his armour piece-meal, his colours wound up, and his drums in cases.*

Theod. This is the heaviest march we e'er trod, captain.
Puts. This was not wont to be: These honour'd pieces,
The fiery god of war himself would smile at,
Buckled upon that body, were not wont thus,
Like relics, to be offer'd to long rust,
And heavy-eyed oblivion brood upon 'em.
Archas. There set 'em down: And, glorious War, farewell!
Thou child of honour and ambitious thoughts,
Begot in blood, and nursed with kingdoms' ruins;
Thou golden danger, courted by thy followers
Through fires and famines; for one title from thee
Prodigal mankind spending all his fortunes;

A long farewell I give thee! Noble arms,
You ribs for mighty minds, you iron houses,
Made to defy the thunder-claps of fortune,
Rust and consuming time must now dwell with ye!
And thou, good sword, that knew'st the way to conquest,
Upon whose fatal edge despair and death dwelt,
That, when I shook thee thus, fore-shew'd destruction,
Sleep now from blood, and grace my monument:
Farewell, my eagle! when thou flew'st, whole armies
Have stoop'd below thee: At passage I have seen
Ruffle the Tartars, as they fled thy fury; [thee
And bang 'em up together, as a tassel,
Upon the stretch, a flock of fearful pigeons.
I yet remember when the Volga curl'd,
The aged Volga, when he heav'd his head up,
And raised his waters high, to see the ruins,
The ruins our swords made, the bloody ruins;
Then flew this bird of honour bravely, gentlemen.
But these must be forgotten: So must these too,
And all that tend to arms, by me for ever.
Take 'em, you holy men; my vow take with 'em,
Never to wear 'em more: Trophies I give 'em,
And sacred rites of war, to adorn the temple:
There let 'em hang, to tell the world their master
Is now devotion's soldier, fit for prayer.
Why do ye hang your heads? Why look ye sad,
I am not dying yet. [friends?

Theod. You are indeed to us, sir.

Puts. Dead to our fortunes, general.

Archas. You'll find a better,
A greater, and a stronger man to lead you,
And to a stronger fortune. I am old, friends,
Time and the wars together make me stoop, gentlemen,
Stoop to my grave: My mind unfurnish'd too;
Empty and weak as I am. My poor body,
Able for nothing now but contemplation,
And that will be a task too to a soldier.
Yet, had they but encouraged me, or thought well
Of what I have done, I think I should have ventured
For one knock more; I should have made a shift yet
To have broke one staff more, handsomely, and have died
Like a good fellow, and an honest soldier,
In the head of ye all, with my sword in my hand,
And so have made an end of all with credit.

Theod. Well, there will come an hour, when all
These secure slights—— [these injuries,

Archas. Ha! no more of that, sirrah;
Not one word more of that, I charge you!

Theod. I must speak, sir:
And may that tongue forget to sound your service,
That's dumb to your abuses!

Archas. Understand, fool,
That voluntary I sit down.

Theod. You are forced, sir,
Forced for your safety: I too well remember
The time and cause, and I may live to curse 'em,
You made this vow; and whose unnobleness,
Indeed forgetfulness of good——

Archas. No more!
As thou art mine, no more!

Theod. Whose doubts and envies——
But the devil will have his due.

Puts. Good gentle colonel!

Theod. And though disgraces, and contempt of
Reign now, the wheel must turn again. [honour

Archas. Peace, sirrah!
Your tongue's too saucy. Do you stare upon me?
Down with that heart, down suddenly, down with it;
Down with that disobedience; tie that tongue up!

Theod. Tongue?

Archas. Do not provoke me to forget my vow, sirrah,
And draw that fatal sword again in anger.

Puts. For Heaven's sake, colonel!

Archas. Do not let me doubt
Whose son thou art, because thou canst not suffer:
Do not play with mine anger; if thou dost,
By all the loyalty my heart holds——

Theod. I have done, sir;
Pray pardon me.

Archas. I pray you be worthy of it.
Beshrew your heart, you have vex'd me.

Theod. I am sorry, sir.

Archas. Go to; no more of this; be true and honest!
I know you are man enough; mould it to just ends,
And let not my disgraces—Then I am miserable,
When I have nothing left me but thy angers.

Flourish. Enter Duke, Burris, Boroskie, Attendants *and* Gentlemen.

Puts. An't please you, sir, the duke.

Duke. Now, what's all this?
The meaning of all this ceremonious emblem?

Archas. Your grace should first remember——

Bor. There's his nature. [*Apart to the* Duke.

Duke. I do, and shall remember still that injury,
That at the muster; where it pleas'd your greatness
To laugh at my poor soldiership, to scorn it;
And, more to make me seem ridiculous,
Took from my hands my charge.

Burris. Oh, think not so, sir.

Duke. And in my father's sight.

Archas. Heaven be my witness,
I did no more (and that with modesty,
With love and faith to you) than was my warrant,
And from your father seal'd: Nor durst that rudeness,
And impudence of scorn fall from my 'haviour;
I ever yet knew duty.

Duke. We shall teach you!
I well remember too, upon some words I told you,
Then at that time, some angry words you answered,
If ever I were duke, you were no soldier.
You have kept your word, and so it shall be to you;
From henceforth I dismiss you; take your ease, sir.

Archas. I humbly thank your grace; this wasted body,
Beaten and bruised with arms, dried up with troubles,
Is good for nothing else but quiet now, sir,
And holy prayers; in which, when I forget
To thank high Heaven for all your bounteous favours,
May that be deaf, and my petitions perish!

Bor. What a smooth humble cloak he has cas'd his pride in,
And how he has pull'd his claws in! there's no [trusting—

Burris. Speak for the best.

Bor. Believe I shall do ever.

Duke. To make you understand, we feel not yet
Such dearth of valour and experience,
Such a declining age of doing spirits,

That all should be confined within your excellence,
And you, or none, be honoured; take, Boroskie,
The place he has commanded, lead the soldier;
A little time will bring thee to his honour,
Which has been nothing but the world's opinion,
The soldier's fondness, and a little fortune,
Which I believe his sword had the least share in.
Theod. Oh, that I durst but answer now!
Puts. Good colonel!
Theod. My heart will break else.—Royal sir, I know not
What you esteem men's lives, whose hourly labours,
And loss of blood, consumptions in your service,
Whose bodies are acquainted with more miseries
(And all to keep you safe) than dogs or slaves are,
His sword the least share gained?
Duke. You will not fight with me?
Theod. No, sir, I dare not;
You are my prince, but I dare speak to you,
And dare speak truth, which none of their ambitions
That be informers to you, dare once think of;
Yet truth will now but anger you; I am sorry for't,
And so I take my leave.
Duke. Even when you please, sir.
Archas. Sirrah, see me no more!
[*Exit* THEODORE.
Duke. And so may you too:
You have a house i' th' country; keep you there, sir,
And, when you have rul'd yourself, teach your son
For this time I forgive him. [manners:
Archas. Heaven forgive all;
And to your grace a happy and long rule here!—
And you, lord general, may your fights be prosperous!
In all your course may Fame and Fortune court you!
Fight for your country, and your prince's safety;
Boldly, and bravely face your enemy,
And when you strike, strike with that killing virtue,
As if a general plague had seized before you;
Danger, and doubt, and labour cast behind you;
And then come home an old and noble story!
Burris. A little comfort, sir.
Duke. As little as may be.
Farewell! you know your limit.
[*Exeunt* Duke, BOROSKIE, *&c.*
Burris. Alas, brave gentleman!
Archas. I do, and will observe it suddenly.
My grave; ay, that's my limit; 'tis no new thing,
Nor that can make me start, or tremble at it,
To buckle with that old grim soldier now:
I have seen him in his sourest shapes, and dreadfull'st;
Ay, and I thank my honesty, have stood him:
That audit's cast.—Farewell, my honest soldiers!
Give me your hands. Farewell! farewell, good Ancient!
(A stout man, and a true) thou art come in sorrow.
Blessings upon your swords, may they ne'er fail ye!
You do but change a man; your fortune's constant;
That by your ancient valours is tied fast still;
Be valiant still, and good: And when ye fight next,
When flame and fury make but one face of horror,
When the great rest of all your honour's up,
When you would think a spell to shake the enemy,
Remember me; my prayers shall be with ye:
So, once again, farewell!
Puts. Let's wait upon you.
Archas. No, no, it must not be; I have now left
A single fortune to myself, no more, [me
Which needs no train, nor compliment. Good captain,
You are an honest and a sober gentleman,
And one I think has loved me.
Puts. I am sure on't.
Archas. Look to my boy; he's grown too headstrong for me;
And if they think him fit to carry arms still,
His life is theirs. I have a house i' th' country,
And when your better hours will give you liberty,
See me: You shall be welcome. Fortune to ye!
[*Exit.*
Anc. I'll cry no more, that will do him no good,
And 'twill but make me dry, and I have no money.
I'll fight no more, and that will do them harm;
And if I can do that, I care not for money.
I could have curs'd reasonable well, and I have had the luck too
To have 'em hit sometimes. Whosoe'er thou art,
That, like a devil, didst possess the duke
With these malicious thoughts, mark what I say to thee;
A plague upon thee! that's but the preamble.
A Sold. Oh, take the pox too.
Anc. They'll cure one another:
I must have none but kills, and those kill stinking.
Or, look ye, let the single pox possess them,
Or pox upon pox.
Puts. That's but ill i' th' arms, sir.
Anc. 'Tis worse i' th' legs; I would not wish it else:
And may those grow to scabs as big as mole-hills,
And twice a-day, the devil with a curry-comb
Scratch 'em, and scrub 'em! I warrant him he has
Sold. May he be ever lousy! ['em
Anc. That's a pleasure,
The beggar's lechery; sometimes the soldier's:
May he be ever lazy, stink where he stands,
And maggots breed in's brains!
2 *Sold.* Ay, marry, sir,
May he fall mad in love with his grandmother,
And kissing her, may her teeth drop into his mouth,
And one fall cross his throat; then let him gargle!

Enter a Post.

Puts. Now, what's the matter?
Post. Where's the duke, pray, gentlemen?
Puts. Keep on your way, you cannot miss.
Post. I thank you. [*Exit.*
Anc. If he be married, may he dream he's cuckold,
And when he wakes believe, and swear he saw it,
Sue a divorce, and after find her honest;
Then in a pleasant pig-sty, with his own garters,
And a fine running knot, ride to the devil!
Puts. If these would do——
Anc. I'll never trust my mind more,
If all these fail.
1 *Sold.* What shall we do now, captain?
For by this honest hand I'll be torn a-pieces,
Unless my old general go, or some that love him,
And love us equal too, before I fight more.
I can make a shoe yet, and draw it on too,
If I like the leg well.
Anc. Fight? 'tis likely!
No, there will be the sport, boys, when there's need on's.
They think the other crown will do, will carry us,
And the brave golden coat of captain Cankro
Boroskie! What a noise his very name carries!
'Tis gun enough to fright a nation,

He needs no soldiers; if he do, for my part
I promise ye he's like to seek 'em; so I think you think too,
And all the army. No, honest, brave old Archas,
We cannot so soon leave thy memory,
So soon forget thy goodness: He that does,
The scandal and the scum of arms be counted!
Puts. You much rejoice me; now you have hit my meaning.
I durst not press ye till I found your spirits:
Continue thus!
Anc. I'll go and tell the duke on't.

Enter Second Post.

Puts. No, no, he'll find it soon enough, and fear it,
When once occasion comes.—Another packet!
From whence, friend, come you?
2 *Post.* From the borders, sir.
Puts. What news, sir, I beseech you?
2 *Post.* Fire and sword, gentlemen;
The Tartar's up, and with a mighty force
Comes forward, like a tempest; all before him
Burning and killing.
Anc. Brave boys! brave news, boys!
2 *Post.* Either we must have present help——
Anc. Still braver!
2 *Post.* Where lies the duke?
Sold. He's there.
2 *Post.* 'Save ye, gentlemen! [*Exit.*
Anc. We are safe enough, I warrant thee.
Now the time's come.
Puts. Ay, now 'tis come indeed;
And now stand firm, boys, and let 'em burn on merrily.
Anc. This city would make a marvellous fine bon-fire:
'Tis old dry timber, and such wood has no fellow.
2 *Sold.* Here will be trim piping anon and whining,
Like so many pigs in a storm, when they hear the news once.

Enter Boroskie *and a* Servant *passing.*

Puts. Here's one has heard it already. Room for the general!
Bor. Say I am fall'n exceeding sick o' th' sudden,
And am not like to live. [*Exeunt.*
Puts. If you go on, sir;
For they will kill you certainly; they look for you.
Anc. I see your lordship's bound; take a suppository.
'Tis I, sir; a poor cast flag of yours. The foolish Tartars,
They burn and kill, an't like your honour; kill us,
Kill with guns, with guns, my lord; with guns, sir!
What says your lordship to a chick in sorrel sops?
Puts. Go, go thy ways, old True-penny! thou hast but one fault;
Thou art even too valiant.—Come, to th' army, gentlemen,
And let's make them acquainted. [*Exeunt.*
Soldiers. Away; we are for you.

SCENE IV.—*A Room in the Palace.*

Enter Young Archas *as* Alinda, Petesca, *and* Gentlewoman.

Y. Arch. Why, whither run ye, fools! will ye leave my lady?
Pet. The Tartar comes, the Tartar comes!
Y. Arch. Why, let him;
I had thought ye had feared no men. Upon my conscience,
You have tried their strengths already; stay, for shame!
Pet. Shift for thyself, Alinda. [*Exit with* Gentlewoman.
Y. Arch. Beauty bless ye!
Into what groom's feather-bed will ye creep now,
And there mistake the enemy? Sweet youths ye are,
And of a constant courage: Are you afraid of foining?

Enter Olympia.

Olym. Oh, my good wench, what shall become of us?
The posts come hourly in, and bring new danger;
The enemy is past the Volga, and bears hither,
With all the blood and cruelty he carries:
My brother now will find his fault.
Y. Arch. I doubt me,
Somewhat too late too, madam. But pray fear not;
All will be well, I hope. Sweet madam, shake not.
Olym. How cam'st thou by this spirit? our sex tremble.
Y. Arch. I am not unacquainted with these dangers,
And you shall know my truth; for, ere you perish,
A hundred swords shall pass through me; 'tis but dying,
And, madam, we must do it; the manner's all.
You have a princely birth, take princely thoughts to you,
And take my counsel too: Go presently,
With all the haste you have (I will attend you)
With all the possible speed, to old lord Archas;
He honours you; with all your art persuade him,
('Twill be a dismal time else) woo him hither,
But hither, madam; make him see the danger;
For your new general looks like an ass;
There's nothing in his face but loss.
Olym. I'll do it:
And thank thee, sweet Alinda! Oh, my jewel,
How much I am bound to love thee! By this hand, wench,
If thou wert a man—— [*Exeunt.*
Y. Arch. I would I were to fight, for you.
But haste, dear madam.
Olym. I need no spurs, Alinda.

SCENE V.—*Another in the Same.*

Enter Duke, *two* Posts, Attendants, *and* Gentlemen.

Duke. The lord-general sick now? Is this a time
For men to creep into their beds? What's become,
Of my lieutenant? [Post,
Post. Beaten, an't please your grace,
And all his forces sparkled.

Enter a Gentleman.

Duke. That's but cold news,—
How now; what good news? are the soldiers ready?
Gent. Yes, sir; but fight they will not, nor stir from that place
They stand in now, unless they have lord Archas
To lead 'em out: They rail upon this general,
And sing songs of him, scurvy songs, to worse tunes:
And much they spare not you, sir. Here, they swear,

They'll stand and see the city burnt, and dance about it,
Unless lord Archas come, before they fight for't:
It must be so, sir.
Duke. I could wish it so too;
And to that end I have sent lord Burris to him:
But all, I fear, will fail; we must die, gentlemen,
And one stroke we'll have for't.

Enter BURRIS.

What bring'st thou, Burris?
Burris. That I am loth to tell; he will not come, sir.
I found him at his prayers; there, he tells me,
The enemy shall take him, fit for Heaven:
I urged to him all our dangers, his own worths,
The country's ruin; nay, I kneel'd and pray'd him;
He shook his head, let fall a tear, and pointed
Thus with his finger to the ground; a grave
I think he meant; and this was all he answer'd.
Your grace was much to blame. Where's the new [general?
Duke. He's sick, poor man.
Burris. He's a poor man indeed, sir.
Your grace must needs go to the soldiers.
Duke. They
Have sent me word they will not stir; they rail at me,
And all the spite they have—[*Shouts within.*]—What shout is that there?
Is the enemy come so near?

Enter ARCHAS, OLYMPIA, *and Young* ARCHAS *as* ALINDA.

Olym. I have brought him, sir;
At length I have woo'd him thus far.
Duke. Happy sister!
Oh, blessed woman!
Olym. Use him nobly, brother;
You never had more need.—And, gentlemen,
All the best powers ye have to tongues turn presently,
To winning and persuading tongues: All my art,
Only to bring him hither, I have utter'd;
Let it be yours to arm him.—And, good my lord, [*To* ARCHAS.
Though I exceed the limit you allow'd me,
Which was the happiness to bring you hither,
And not to urge you farther; yet, see your country,
Out of your own sweet spirit now behold it:
Turn round, and look upon the miseries
Of every side, the fears; oh, see the dangers;
We find 'em soonest, therefore hear me first, sir.
Duke. Next, hear your prince: You have said you loved him, Archas,
And thought your life too little for his service.
Think not your vow too great now, now the time is,
And now you are brought to th' test; touch right now, soldier,
Now shew the manly pureness of thy mettle;
Now, if thou beest that valued man, that virtue,
That great obedience, teaching all, now stand it.
What I have said forgive, my youth was hasty;
And what you said yourself forget, you were angry.
If men could live without their faults, they were gods, Archas.—
He weeps, and holds his hands up: To him, Burris!
Burris. You have shewed the prince his faults;
And, like a good chirurgeon, you have laid
That to 'em makes 'em smart; he feels it,
Let 'em not fester now, sir; your own honour,
The bounty of that mind, and your allegiance,
('Gainst which I take it, Heaven gives no command, sir,
Nor seals no vow) can better teach you now
What you have to do, than I, or this necessity.
Only this little's left; would you do nobly,
And in the eye of honour truly triumph?
Conquer that mind first, and then men are nothing.
Y. Arch. Last, a poor virgin kneels: For love's sake, general;
If ever you have loved, for her sake, sir;
For your own honesty, which is a virgin;
Look up, and pity us! Be bold and fortunate.
You are a knight, a good and noble soldier,
And when your spurs were given you, your sword buckled,
Then were you sworn for virtue's cause, for beauty's,
For chastity, to strike: Strike now, they suffer;
Now draw your sword, or else you are recreant,
Only a knight i' th' heels, i' th' heart a coward:
Your first vow Honour made, your last but Anger.
Archas. How like my virtuous wife this thing looks, speaks—too?
So would she chide my dulness. Fair one, I thank you.
My gracious sir, your pardon, next your hand;
Madam, your favour, and your prayers; gentlemen,
Your wishes and your loves; and, pretty sweet one,
A favour for your soldier!
Olym. Give him this, wench.
Y. Arch. Thus do I tie on victory. [*Ties a scarf on his arm.*
Archas. My armour,
My horse, my sword, my tough staff, and my fortune!
And, Olin, now I come to shake thy glory.
Duke. Go, brave and prosperous; our loves go with thee!
Olym. Full of thy virtue, and our prayers attend thee!
Burris, &c. Loaden with victory, and we to honour thee!
Y. Arch. Come home the son of honour, and I'll serve you. [*Exeunt*

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*The Court of the Palace.*

Enter DUKE, BURRIS, *and two* Gentlemen.

Duke. No news of Archas yet?
Burris. But now, an't please you,
A post came in; letters he brought none with him,
But this deliver'd: He saw the armies join,
The game of blood begun; and by our general,
Who never was acquainted but with conquest,
So bravely fought, he saw the Tartars shaken,
And there he said he left 'em.
Duke. Where's Boroskie?

1 *Gent.* He's up again, an't please you.
Burris. Sir, methinks
This news should make you lightsome, bring joy to you;
It strikes our hearts with general comfort. Gone? [*Exit* DUKE.
What should this mean? so suddenly? He's well?
2 *Gent.* We see no other.
1 *Gent.* 'Would the rest were well too,
That put these starts into him!
Burris. I'll go after him.
2 *Gent.* 'Twill not be fit, sir; he has some secret in him,
He would not be disturb'd in. Know you any thing
Has cross'd him since the general went?
Burris. Not any;
If there had been, I am sure I would have found it:
Only I have heard him oft complain for money;
Money he says he wants.
1 *Gent.* It may be that then.
Burris. To him that has so many ways to raise it,
And those so honest, it cannot be.

Enter DUKE *and* BOROSKIE.

1 *Gent.* He comes back,
And lord Boroskie with him.
Burris. There the game goes.
I fear some new thing hatching.
Duke Come hither, Burris.
Go, see my sister, and commend me to her,
And to my little mistress give this token;
Tell her I'll see her shortly.
Burris. Yes, I shall sir.
Duke. Wait you without—[*Exeunt* BURRIS *and* Gentlemen.]—I would yet try him further.
Bor. 'Twill not be much amiss. Has your grace heard yet
Of what he has done i' th' field?
Duke. A post but now
Came in, who saw 'em join, and has deliver'd,
The enemy gave ground before he parted.
Bor. 'Tis well.
Duke. Come, speak thy mind, man. 'Tis not for fighting.
And noise of war, I keep thee in my bosom;
Thy ends are nearer to me; from my childhood
Thou brought'st me up, and, like another nature,
Made good all my necessities. Speak boldly.
Bor. Sir, what I utter will be thought but envy,
(Though I intend, high Heaven knows, but your honour)
When vain and empty people shall proclaim me—
Good sir, excuse me.
Duke. Do you fear me for your enemy?
Speak, on your duty.
Bor. Then I must, and dare, sir.
When he comes home, take heed the court receive him not,
Take heed he meet not with their loves and praises;
That glass will shew him ten times greater, sir,
(And make him strive to make good that proportion)
Than e'er his fortune bred him; he is honourable,
At least I strive to understand him so,
And of a nature, if not this way poisoned,
Perfect enough, easy, and sweet; but those are soon seduced, sir.
He's a great man, and what that pill may work,
Prepared by general voices of the people,
Is the end of all my counsel. Only this, sir;
Let him retire a while; there's more hangs by it
Than you know yet: There if he stand a while well,
But till the soldier cool—whom, for their service
You must pay now most liberally, most freely,
And shower yourself into 'em; 'tis the bounty
They follow with their loves, and not the bravery—
Duke. But where's the money?—[*Enter two* Gentlemen.]—How now?
2 *Gent.* Sir, the colonel,
Son to the lord Archas, with most happy news
Of the Tartar's overthrow, without here
Attends your grace's pleasure.
Bor. Be not seen, sir.
He's a bold fellow; let me stand his thunders;
To th' court he must not come. No blessing here,
No face of favour, if you love your honour! [sir,
Duke. Do what you think is meetest; I'll retire, sir. [*Exit.*
Bor. Conduct him in, sir.—[*Enter* THEODORE.] Welcome, noble colonel.
Theod. That's much from your lordship: Pray where is the duke?
Bor. We hear you have beat the Tartar.
Theod. Is he busy, sir?
Bor. Have ye taken Olin yet?
Theod. I would fain speak with him.
Bor. How many men have ye lost?
Theod. Does he lie this way?
Bor. I am sure you fought it bravely.
Theod. I must see him.
Bor. You cannot yet, you must not. What's your commission?
Theod. No gentlemen o' th' chamber here?
Bor. Why, pray you, sir,
Am not I fit to entertain your business?
Theod. I think you are not, sir; I am sure you shall not.
I bring no tales nor flatteries: In my tongue, sir,
I carry no forked stings.
Bor. You keep your bluntness.
Theod. You are deceived; it keeps me: I had felt else
Some of your plagues ere this. But, good sir,
I have business to the duke. [trifle not;
Bor. He is not well, sir,
And cannot now be spoke withal.
Theod. Not well, sir?
How would he ha' been, if we had lost? Not well, sir?
I bring him news to make him well: His enemy,
That would have burnt his city here, and your house too,
Your brave gilt house, my lord, your honour's hangings,
Where all your ancestors, and all their battles,
Their silk and golden battles, are deciphered;
That would not only have abused your buildings,
Your goodly buildings, sir, and have drunk dry your butteries,
Purloined your lordship's plate, the duke bestowed on you,
For turning handsomely o' th' toe, and trimm'd your virgins,
Trimm'd 'em of a new cut, an't like your lordship,
'Tis ten to one, your wife too, and the curse is
You had had no remedy against these rascals,
No law, an't like your honour;—would have kill'd you too,
And roasted you, and eaten you, ere this time:
Notable knaves, my lord, unruly rascals;
These youths have we tied up, put muzzles on 'em,
And pared their nails, that honest civil gentlemen,

And such most noble persons as yourself is,
May live in peace, and rule the land with a twine
These news I bring. [thread.
Bor. And were they thus deliver'd you?
Theod. My lord, I am no pen-man, nor no orator;
My tongue was never oil'd, with "Here, an't like ye,
There, I beseech you:" Weigh, I am a soldier,
And truth I covet only, no fine terms, sir;
I come not to stand treating here; my business
Is with the duke, and of such general blessing—
Bor. You have overthrown the enemy; we know it,
And we rejoice in't: ye have done like honest
You have done handsomely and well. [subjects,
Theod. But well, sir?
But handsomely and well? What, are we jugglers?
I'll do all that in cutting up a capon.
But handsomely and well? Does your lordship take us
For the duke's tumblers? We have done bravely,
Ventured our lives like men. [sir,
Bor. Then bravely be it.
Theod. And for as brave rewards we look, and
We have sweat and bled for't, sir. [graces;
Bor. And you may have it,
If you will stay the giving. Men that thank themselves first
For any good they do, take off the lustre,
And blot the benefit.
Theod. Are these the welcomes,
The bells that ring out our rewards? Pray heartily,
Early and late, there may be no more enemies;
Do, my good lord, pray seriously, and sigh too;
For, if there be——
Bor. They must be met, and fought with.
Theod. By whom? by you? they must be met and flatter'd.
Why, what a devil ails you to do these things?
With what assurance dare you mock men thus?
You have but single lives, and those I take it
A sword may find too: Why do you dam the duke up?
And choke that course of love, that like a river
Should fill our empty veins again with comforts?
But if you use these knick-knacks,
This fast and loose, with faithful men, and honest,
You'll be the first will find it.

Enter ARCHAS, Soldiers, PUTSKIE, ANCIENT, *and* Others.

Bor. You are too untemperate.
Theod. Better be so, and thief too, than unthankful:
Pray use this old man so, and then we are paid all.—
The duke thanks you for your service, and the court thanks you,
And wonderful desirous they are to see you.
Pray Heaven we have room enough to march for may-games,
Pageants, and bonfires, for your welcome home, sir,
Here your most noble friend the lord Boroskie,
A gentleman too tender of your credit,
And ever in the duke's ear, for your good, sir,
Crazy and sickly yet, to be your servant,
Has leap'd into the open air to meet you.
Bor. The best is, your words wound not.—You are welcome home, sir,
Heartily welcome home; and for your service,
The noble overthrow you gave the enemy,
The duke salutes you too with all his thanks, sir.
Anc. Sure they will now regard us.
Puts. There's a reason:
But, by the changing of the colonel's countenance,
The rolling of his eyes like angry billows,
I fear the wind's not down yet, Ancient.
Archas. Is the duke well, sir?
Bor. Not much unhealthy,
Only a little grudging of an ague,
Which cannot last. He has heard, which makes him fearful,
And loth as yet to give your worth due welcome,
The sickness hath been somewhat hot i' th' army,
Which happily may prove more doubt than danger,
And more his fear than faith; yet, howsoever,
An honest care ——
Archas. You say right, and it shall be;
For though, upon my life, 'tis but a rumour,
A mere opinion, without faith or fear in't;
(For, sir, I thank Heaven, we never stood more healthy,
Never more high and lusty) yet to satisfy,
We cannot be too curious, or too careful
Of what concerns his state, we'll draw away, sir,
And lodge at further distance, and less danger.
Bor. It will be well.
Anc. It will be very scurvy: [*Aside.*
I smell it out, it stinks abominably:
Stir it no more.
Bor. The duke, sir, would have you too,
For a short day or two, retire to your own house,
Whither himself will come to visit you,
And give you thanks.
Archas. I shall attend his pleasure.
Anc. A trick, a lousy trick! So ho, a trick, [boys!
Archas. How now? what's that?
Anc. I thought I had found a hare, sir,
But 'tis a fox, an old fox: shall we hunt him?
Archas. No more such words!
Bor. The soldier's grown too saucy;
You must tie him straiter up.
Archas. I do my best, sir;
But men of free-born minds sometimes will fly out.
Anc. May not we see the duke?
Bor. Not at this time, gentlemen;
Your general knows the cause.
Anc. We have no plague, sir,
Unless it be in our pay, nor no pox neither;
Or, if we had, I hope that good old courtier
Will not deny us place there.
Puts. Certain, my lord,
Considering what we are, and what we have done,
(If not, what need you may have) 'twould be better,
A great deal nobler, and taste honester,
To use us with more sweetness. Men that dig,
And lash away their lives at the cart's tail,
Double our comforts; meat, and their master's thanks too,
When they work well, they have; men of our quality,
When they do well, and venture for't with valour,
Fight hard, lie hard, feed hard, when they come home, sir,
And know these are deserving things, things worthy,
Can you then blame 'em if their minds a little
Be stirr'd with glory? 'Tis a pride becomes 'em,
A little season'd with ambition,
To be respected, reckon'd well, and honour'd,

For what they have done: When to come home thus poorly,
And met with such unjointed joy, so look'd on
As if we had done no more but dress'd a horse well,
So entertain'd as if "I thank ye, gentlemen,
Take that to drink," had power to please a soldier!
Where be the shouts, the bells rung out, the people?
The prince himself?

Archas. Peace!—I perceive your eye, sir,
Is fix'd upon this captain for his freedom;
And happily you find his tongue too forward:
As I am master of the place I carry,
'Tis fit I think so too; but were I this man,
No stronger tie upon me, than the truth
And tongue to tell it, I should speak as he does,
And think, with modesty enough, such saints
That daily thrust their loves and lives through hazards,
And fearless, for their country's peace, march hourly
Through all the doors of death, and know the darkest,
Should better be canoniz'd for their service:
What labour would these men neglect, what danger,
Where honour is? though seated in a billow
Rising as high as Heaven, would not these soldiers,
Like to so many sea-gods, charge up to it?
Do you see these swords? Time's scythe was ne'er so sharp, sir,
Nor ever at one harvest mow'd such handfuls;
Thoughts ne'er so sudden, nor belief so sure,
When they are drawn; and were it not sometimes
I swim upon their angers to allay 'em,
And, like a calm, depress their fell intentions,
They are so deadly sure, Nature would suffer.
And whose are all these glories? why, their prince's,
Their country's, and their friends'! Alas, of all these,
And all the happy ends they bring, the blessings,
They only share the labours: A little joy then,
And outside of a welcome, at an upshot,
Would not have done amiss, sir; but, howsoever,
Between me and my duty no crack, sir,
Shall dare appear: I hope, by my example,
No discontent in them.—Without doubt, gentlemen,
The duke will both look suddenly and truly
On your deserts.—Methinks, 'twere good they were paid, sir.

Bor. They shall be immediately; I stay for money;
And any favour else——

Archas. We are all bound to you;
And so I take my leave, sir. When the duke pleases
To make me worthy of his eyes——

Bor. Which will be suddenly;
I know his good thoughts to you.

Archas. With all duty,
And all humility, I shall attend, sir.

Bor. Once more you are welcome home! These shall be satisfied.

Theod. Be sure we be; and handsomely——

Archas. Wait you on me, sir.

Theod. And honestly: No juggling!

Archas. Will you come, sir? [*Exit.*

Bor. Pray do not doubt.

Theod. We are no boys! [*Exit.*

Enter a Gentleman, *and two or three with money.*

Bor. Well, sir?

Gent. Here's money from the duke, an't please your lordship.

Bor. 'Tis well.

Gent. How sour the soldiers look!

Bor. Is't told?

Gent. Yes; and for every company a double pay,
And the duke's love to all.

Anc. That's worth a ducat.

Bor. You that be officers, see it discharged then.——
Why do not you take it up?

Anc. It is too heavy:
'Body o' me, I have strain'd mine arm.

Bor. Do you scorn it?

Anc. Has your lordship any dice about you?
Sit round, gentlemen,
And come on seven for my share.

Puts. Do you think, sir,
This is the end we fight? can this dirt draw us
To such a stupid tameness, that our service,
Neglected and look'd lamely on, and skew'd at,
With a few honourable words, and this, is righted?
Have not we eyes and ears to hear and see, sir,
And minds to understand, the slights we carry?
I come home old, and full of hurts; men look on me
As if I had got 'em from a whore, and shun me;
I tell my griefs, and fear my wants; I am answer'd,
"Alas, 'tis pity! pray dine with me on Sunday."
These are the sores we are sick of, the mind's maladies,
And can this cure 'em? You should have used us nobly,
And for our doing well, as well proclaim'd us;
To the world's eye, have shew'd and sainted us,
Then you had paid us bravely; then we had shined,
Not in this gilded stuff, but in our glory!
You may take back your money.

Gent. This I fear'd still.

Bor. Consider better, gentlemen.

Anc. Thank your lordship;
And now I'll put on my considering cap.
My lord, that I'm no courtier, you may guess it,
By having no suit to you for this money;
For though I want, I want not this, nor shall not,
While you want that civility to rank it
With those rights we expected; money grows, sir,
And men must gather it; all is not put in one purse:
And that I am no carter, I could never whistle yet:
But that I am a soldier, and a gentleman,
And a fine gentleman, an't like your honour,
And a most pleasant companion, [*Sings.*

All you that are witty,
Come, list to my ditty!

Come, set in, boys!
With your lordship's patience.—[*Song.*]—How do you like my song, my lord?

Bor. Even as I like yourself; "But 'twould be a great deal better,
You would prove a great deal wiser,"—and take this money;
In your own phrase I speak now, sir: And 'tis very well
You have learned to sing; for since you prove so liberal
To refuse such means as this, maintain your voice still;
'Twill prove your best friend.

Anc. 'Tis a singing age, sir,
A merry moon here now; I'll follow it:
Fiddling and fooling now gain more than fighting.

Bor. What is't you blench at? What would you ask? Speak freely.

Sold. And so we dare. A triumph for the general!
Puts. And then an honour special to his virtue!
Anc. That we may be preferred that have served for it,
And cramm'd up into favour like the worshipful;
At least upon the city's charge made drunk
For one whole year; we have done 'em ten years service;
That we may enjoy our lechery without grudging,
And *mine or thine* be nothing, all things equal,
And *catch as catch may* be proclaim'd; that when we borrow,
And have no will to pay again, no law
Lay hold upon us, nor no court controul us!
Bor. Some of these may come to pass; the duke may do 'em,
And no doubt will: The general will find too,
And so will you, if you but stay with patience—
I have no power.
Puts. Nor will. Come, fellow-soldiers!
Bor. Pray be not so distrustful.
Puts. There are ways yet,
And honest ways; we are not brought up statues.
Anc. If your lordship
Have any silk stockings that have holes i' th' heels,
Or ever an honourable cassock that wants buttons,
I could have cured such maladies: Your lordship's custom,
And my good lady's, if the bones want setting
In her old bodice——
Bor. This is disobedience.
Anc. Eightpence a-day, and hard eggs!
Puts. Troop off, gentlemen!
Some coin we have; whilst this lasts, or our credits,
We'll never sell our general's worth for sixpence.
You are beholding to us.
Anc. Fare you well, sir,
And buy a pipe with that. Do you see this scarf, sir?
By this hand I'll cry brooms in't, birchen brooms
Before I eat one bit from your benevolence. [sir,
Now to our old occupations again. By your leave, lord! [*Exeunt.*
Bor. You will bite when ye are sharper; take up the money.—
This love I must remove, this fondness to him,
This tenderness of heart; I have lost my way else.—
There is no sending, man; they will not take it,
They are yet too full of pillage;
They'll dance for't ere't be long. Come, bring it after.

Enter DUKE.

Duke. How now? refused their money?
Bor. Very bravely;
And stand upon such terms, 'tis terrible.
Duke. Where's Archas?
Bor. He's retired, sir, to his house.
According to your pleasure, full of duty
To outward show; but what within——
Duke. Refuse it?
Bor. Most confidently: 'Tis not your revenues
Can feed them, sir, and yet they have found a general
That knows no ebb of bounty; there they eat, sir,
And loath your invitations.
Duke. 'Tis not possible;
He's poor as they.
Bor. You'll find it otherwise.
Pray make your journey thither presently,
And, as you go, I'll open you a wonder.
Good sir, this morning.
Duke. Follow me; I'll do it. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*A Room in the Palace.*

Enter OLYMPIA, BURRIS, Young ARCHAS *as* ALINDA, PETESCA, *and* Gentlewoman.

Olym. But do you think my brother loves her?
Burris. Certain, madam;
He speaks much of her, and sometimes with
Oft wishes she were nobler born. [wonder;
Olym. Do you think him honest?
Burris. Your grace is nearer to his heart than
Upon my life, I hold him so. [I am;
Olym. 'Tis a poor wench,
I would not have her wrong'd: Methinks my brother——
But I must not give rules to his affections;
Yet, if he weigh her worth——
Burris. You need not fear, madam.
Olym. I hope I shall not. Lord Burris,
I love her well; I know not, there is something
Makes me bestow more than a care upon her.
I do not like that ring from him to her,
I mean to women of her way; such tokens
Rather appear as baits, than royal bounties:
I would not have it so.
Burris. You will not find it;
Upon my troth, I think his most ambition
Is but to let the world know he has a handsome mistress.
Will your grace command me any service to him?
Olym. Remember all my duty.
Burris. Blessings crown you!——
What's your will, lady?
Y. Arch. Any thing that's honest;
And, if you think it fits so poor a service,
Clad in a ragged virtue, may reach him,
I do beseech your lordship speak it humbly.
Burris. Fair one, I will; in the best phrase I have too:
And so I kiss your hand. [*Exit.*
Y. Arch. Your lordship's servant.
Olym. Come hither, wench. What art thou doing with that ring?
Y. Arch. I am looking on the posy, madam.
Olym. What is't?
Y. Arch. "The jewel's set within."
Olym. But where the joy, wench,
When that invisible jewel's lost? Why dost thou
What unhappy meaning hast thou? [smile so?
Y. Arch. Nothing, madam;
But only thinking what strange spells these rings
And how they work with some. [have,
Pet. I fear with you too. [*Aside.*
Y. Arch. This could not cost above a crown.
Pet. 'Twill cost you [*Aside.*
The shaving of your crown, if not the washing.
Olym. But he that sent it makes the virtue greater.
Y. Arch. Ay, and the vice too, madam. Good-
How fit 'tis for my finger! [ness bless me,
Gent. No doubt you'll find too, [*Aside.*
A finger fit for you.
Y. Arch. Sirrah, Petesca,

What wilt thou give me for the good that follows this?
But thou hast rings enough; thou art provided.
Heigh ho! what must I do now?
Pet. You'll be taught that,
The easiest part that e'er you learnt, I warrant you.
Y. Arch. Ay me, ay me!
Pet. You will divide too, shortly;
Your voice comes finely forward.
Olym. Come hither, wanton;
Thou art not surely as thou say'st.
Y. Arch. I would not:
But sure there is a witchcraft in this ring, lady;
Lord, how my heart leaps!
Pet. 'Twill go pit-a-pat shortly.
Y. Arch. And now methinks a thousand of the duke's shapes——
Gent. Will no less serve you?
Y. Arch. In ten thousand smiles——
Olym. Heaven bless the wench!
Y. Arch. With eyes that will not be denied to enter;
And such soft sweet embraces—Take it from me:
I am undone else, madam, I am lost else. [*Gives her the ring.*
Olym. What ails the girl?
Y. Arch. How suddenly I am alter'd,
And grown myself again! Do not you feel it?
Olym. Wear that, and I'll wear this: I'll try the strength on't. [*Gives her a ring.*
Y. Arch. How cold my blood grows now! Here's sacred virtue!

When I leave to honour this,
Every hour to pay a kiss;
When each morning I arise,
I forget a sacrifice:
When this figure in my faith,
And the pureness that it hath,
I pursue not with my will,
Nearer to arrive at still—
When I lose, or change this jewel,
Fly me, faith, and Heaven be cruel!

Olym. You have half confirm'd me; keep but that way sure,
And what this charm can do, let me endure. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*The Country-house of* ARCHAS.

Enter ARCHAS, THEODORE, HONORA, *and* VIOLA.

Archas. Carry yourself discreetly, it concerns me;
The duke's come in; none of your froward passions,
Nor no distastes to any. Pr'ythee, Theodore?
By my life, boy, 't will ruin me.
Theod. I have done, sir,
So there be no foul play. He brings along with him——
Archas. What's that to you? Let him bring what please him,
And whom, and how.
Theod. So they mean well.
Archas. Is't fit you be a judge, sirrah?
Theod. 'Tis fit I feel, sir.
Archas. Get a banquet ready,
And trim yourselves up handsomely.
Theod. To what end?
Do you mean to make 'em whores? Hang up a sign then,
And set 'em out to livery.
Archas. Whose son art thou?
Theod. Yours, sir, I hope; but not of your disgraces.
Archas. Full twenty thousand men I have commanded,
And all their minds, with this calm'd all their angers;
And shall a boy, of mine own breed too, of mine own blood,
One crooked stick——
Theod. Pray take your way, and thrive in't:
I'll quit your house. If taint or black dishonour
Light on you, 'tis your own, I have no share in't:
Yet if it do fall out so, as I fear it,
And partly find it too——
Archas. Hast thou no reverence?
No duty in thee?
Theod. This shall shew I obey you;
I dare not stay. I would have shew'd my love too,
And that you ask as duty, with my life, sir,
Had you but thought me worthy of your hazards,
Which Heaven preserve you from, and keep the duke too:
And there's an end of my wishes; God be with you! [*Exit.*
Archas. Stubborn, yet full of that we all love, honesty.

Enter BURRIS.

Lord Burris, where's the duke?
Burris. In the great chamber, sir,
And there stays till he see you. You have a fine house here.
Archas. A poor contented lodge, unfit for his presence;
Yet all the joy it hath——
Burris. I hope a great one,
And for your good, brave sir.
Archas. I thank you, lord:
And now my service to the duke.
Burris. I'll wait on you. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*Another Room in the same.*

Enter DUKE, BOROSKIE, Gentlemen, *and* Attendants.

Duke. May this be credited?
Bor. Disgrace me else,
And never more with favour look upon me.
Duke. It seems impossible.
Bor. It cannot choose, sir,
Till your own eyes behold it; but that it is so,
And that by this means the too-haughty soldier
Has been so cramm'd and fed he cares not for you,
Believe, or let me perish: Let your eye,
As you observe the house, but where I point it
Make stay, and take a view, and then you have found it.
Duke. I'll follow your direction.——

Enter ARCHAS, BURRIS, HONORA, VIOLA, *and* Servant.

Welcome, Archas,
You are welcome home, brave lord! We are come to visit you,
And thank you for your service.
Archas. 'Twas so poor, sir,
In true respect of what I owe your highness,
It merits nothing. [HONORA *and* VIOLA *kneel.*
Duke. Are these fair ones yours, lord?
Archas. Their mother made me think so, sir.
Duke. Stand up, ladies.
Beshrew my heart, they are fair ones; methinks fitter

The lustre of the court, than thus live darken'd.
I would see your house, Lord Archas; it appears to me
A handsome pile.
Archas. 'Tis neat, but no great structure;
I'll be your grace's guide.—Give me the keys there.
Duke. Lead on, we'll follow you: Begin with the gallery,
I think that's one.
Archas. 'Tis so, an't please you, sir;
The rest above are lodgings all.
Duke. Go on, sir. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—Moscow. *A Street.*

Enter THEODORE, PUTSKIE, *and* ANCIENT.

Puts. The duke gone thither, do you say?
Theod. Yes, marry do I;
And all the ducklings too: But what they'll do there—
Puts. I hope they'll crown his service.
Theod. With a custard!
This is no weather for rewards. They crown his service?
Rather they go to shave his crown. I was rated
(As if I had been a dog had worried sheep) out of doors,
For making but a doubt.
Puts. They must now grace him.
Theod. Mark but the end.
Anc. I am sure they should reward him; they cannot want him.
Theod. They that want honesty, want anything.
Puts. The duke's so noble in his own thoughts.
Theod. That I grant you,
If those might only sway him: But 'tis most certain,
So many new-born flies his light gave life to,
Buz in his beams, flesh-flies, and butterflies,
Hornets and humming scarabs, that not one honey-bee,
That's loaden with true labour, and brings home
Encrease and credit, can 'scape rifling;
And what she sucks for sweet, they turn to bitterness.
Anc. Shall we go see what they do, and talk our mind to 'em?
Puts. That we have done too much, and to no purpose.
Anc. Shall we be hang'd for him?
I have a great mind to be hang'd now for doing
Some brave thing for him; a worse end will take me,
And for an action of no worth. Not honour him?
Upon my conscience, even the devil, the very devil,
(Not to belie him) thinks him an honest man;
I am sure he has sent him souls any time these twenty years,
Able to furnish all his fish-market.
Theod. Leave thy talking;
And come, let's go to dinner, and drink to him:
We shall hear more ere supper time. If he be honour'd,
He has deserv'd it well, and we shall fight for't;
If he be ruin'd, so; we know the worst then,
And, for myself, I'll meet it.
Puts. I ne'er fear it. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.—*The Country-house. A Room, with a Door in the Back-ground.*

Enter DUKE, ARCHAS, BOROSKIE, BURRIS, Gentleman, *and* Attendants.

Duke. They are handsome rooms all, well contrived and fitted,
Full of convenience: the prospect's excellent.
Archas. Now, will your grace pass down, and do me but the honour
To taste a country banquet?
Duke. What room's that?
I would see all now; what conveyance has it?
I see you have kept the best part yet: pray open it.
Archas. [*Aside.*] Ha! I misdoubted this.—'Tis of no receipt, sir;
For your eyes most unfit.
Duke. I long to see it,
Because I would judge of the whole piece: Some excellent painting,
Or some rare spoils, you would keep to entertain me
Another time, I know.
Archas. In troth there is not,
Nor anything worth your sight. Below I have
Some fountains and some ponds.
Duke. I would see this now.
Archas. [*Aside.*] Boroskie, thou art a knave!—It contains nothing
But rubbish from the other rooms, and unnecessaries;
Will't please you see a strange clock?
Duke. This, or nothing.
Why should you bar it up thus with defences
Above the rest, unless it contain'd something
More excellent, and curious of keeping?
Open't, for I will see it.
Archas. The keys are lost, sir.
Does your grace think, if it were fit for you,
I could be so unmannerly?
Duke. I will see it;
And either shew it——
Archas. Good sir——
Duke. Thank you, Archas;
You shew your love abundantly.
Do I use to entreat thus?—Force it open.
Burris. That were inhospitable; you are his guest, sir,
And 'tis his greatest joy to entertain you.
Duke. Hold thy peace, fool?—Will you open it?
Archas. Sir, I cannot.
I must not, if I could.
Duke. Go, break it open.
Archas. I must withstand that force. Be not too rash, gentlemen!
Duke. Unarm him first; then, if he be not obstinate,
Preserve his life.
Archas. I thank your grace; I take it:
And now take you the keys; go in, and see, sir;
[*The door is opened.*
There, feed your eyes with wonder, and thank that traitor,
That thing that sells his faith for favour!
[*Exit* DUKE.
Burris. Sir, what moves you?
Archas. I have kept mine pure.—Lord Burris, there's a Judas,
That for a smile will sell ye all. A gentleman?
The devil has more truth, and has maintain'd it;
A whore's heart more belief in't!

Enter Duke.

Duke. What's all this, Archas?
I cannot blame you to conceal it so,
This most inestimable treasure.
Archas. Yours, sir.
Duke. Nor do I wonder now the soldier slights me.
Archas. Be not deceived; he has had no favour here, sir,
Nor had you known this now, but for that pick-thank,
That lost man in his faith! he has reveal'd it;
To suck a little honey from you, has betray'd it.—
I swear he smiles upon me, and forsworn too!
Thou crack'd, uncurrent lord!—I'll tell you all, sir:
Your sire, before his death, knowing your temper
To be as bounteous as the air, and open,
As flowing as the sea to all that follow'd you,
Your great mind fit for war and glory, thriftily,
Like a great husband, to preserve your actions,
Collected all this treasure; to our trusts,—
To mine I mean, and to that long-tongued lord's there,—
He gave the knowledge and the charge of all this;
Upon his death-bed too; and on the sacrament
He swore us thus, never to let this treasure
Part from our secret keepings, till no hope
Of subject could relieve you, all your own wasted,
No help of those that loved you could supply you,
And then some great exploit a-foot: My honesty
I would have kept till I had made this useful,
(I shew'd it, and I stood it to the tempest)
And useful to the end 'twas left: I am cozen'd,
And so are you too, if you spend this vainly.
This worm that crept into you has abused you,
Abused your father's care, abused his faith too;
Nor can this mass of money make him man more!
A flead dog has more soul, an ape more honesty!
All mine you have amongst it; farewell that!
I cannot part with't nobler; my heart's clear,
My conscience smooth as that, no rub upon't.—
But, oh, thy hell! [*To* Boroskie.
Bor. I seek no heaven from you, sir.
Archas. Thy gnawing hell, Boroskie! it will find thee.
Would you heap coals upon his head has wrong'd you,
Has ruin'd your estate? give him this money,
Melt it into his mouth.
Duke. What little trunk's that?
That there o' th' top, that's lock'd?
Bor. You'll find it rich, sir;
Richer, I think, than all.
Archas. You were not covetous,
Nor wont to weave your thoughts with such a coarseness;
Pray rack not honesty!
Bor. Be sure you see it.
Duke. Bring out the trunk.

Enter Attendant, *with a trunk.*

Archas. You'll find that treasure too;
All I have left me now. [*The trunk is opened.*
Duke. What's this? a poor gown?
And this a piece of Seneca?
Archas. Yes, sure, sir,
More worth than all your gold (yet you have enough on't)
And of a mine far purer, and more precious;
This sells no friends, nor searches into counsels,
And yet all counsel, and all friends live here, sir;
Betrays no faith, yet handles all that's trusty.
Will't please you leave me this?
Duke. With all my heart, sir.
Archas. What says your lordship to't?
Bor. I dare not rob you.
Archas. Poor miserable men, you have robb'd yourselves both!—
This gown, and this unvalued treasure, your brave father
Found me a child at school with, in his progress;
Where such a love he took to some few answers
(Unhappy boyish toys, hit in my head then)
That suddenly I made him, thus as I was
(For here was all the wealth I brought his high-
He carried me to court, there bred me up, [ness)
Bestowed his favours on me, taught me arms first,
With those an honest mind: I served him truly,
And where he gave me trust, I think I fail'd not;
Let the world speak. I humbly thank your highness;
You have done more, and nobler, eased mine age,
And to this care a fair *quietus* given. [sir,
Now to my book again!
Duke. You have your wish, sir.—
Let some bring off the treasure.
Bor. Some is his, sir.
Archas. None, none, my lord; a poor unworthy
The harvest is his grace's. [reaper,
Duke. Thank you, Archas.
Archas. But will you not repent, lord? When this is gone,
Where will your lordship——
Bor. Pray take you no care, sir.
Archas. Does your grace like my house?
Duke. Wond'rous well, Archas;
You have made me richly welcome.
Archas. I did my best, sir.
Is there anything else may please your grace?
Duke. Your daughters
I had forgot; send them to court.
Archas. How's that, sir?
Duke. I said, your daughters! see it done; I'll
Attend my sister, Archas. [have 'em
Archas. Thank your highness!
Duke. And suddenly. [*Exit with train.*
Archas. Through all the ways I dare,
I'll serve your temper, though you try me far.
[*Exit.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.—Moscow. *A Street.*

Enter THEODORE, PUTSKIE, *and* ANCIENT; *from the other side, a* Servant.

Theod. I wonder we hear no news.
Puts. Here's your father's servant;
He comes in haste too; now we shall know all, sir.
Theod. How now?
Serv. I am glad I have met you, sir; your father
Entreats you presently make haste unto him.
Theod. What news?
Serv. None of the best, sir; I am ashamed to
Pray ask no more. [tell it;
Theod. Did not I tell ye, gentlemen?
Did not I prophesy?—He is undone then?
Serv. Not so sir; but as near it——
Puts. There's no help now;
The army's scatter'd all, through discontent,
Not to be rallied up in haste to help this.
Anc. Plague of the devil, have ye watch'd your
We shall watch you ere long. [seasons?
Theod. Farewell! there's no cure;
We must endure all now. I know what I'll do.
[*Exeunt* THEODORE *and* Servant.
Puts. Nay, there's no striving; they have a
A heavy and a hard one. [hand upon us,
Anc. Now I have it;
We have yet some gentlemen, some boys of mettle,
(What, are we bobb'd thus still, colted, and carted?)
And one mad trick we'll have to shame these vipers!
Shall I bless 'em?
Puts. Farewell! I have thought my way too.
[*Exit.*
Anc. Were never such rare cries in Christendom,
As Moscow shall afford! We'll live by fooling,
Now fighting's gone, and they shall find and feel it.
[*Exit.*

SCENE II.—*The Country-house of* ARCHAS.

Enter ARCHAS, HONORA, *and* VIOLA.

Archas. No more; it must be so. Do ye think
I would send ye,
Your father and your friend——
Viola. Pray, sir, be good to us!
Alas, we know no court, nor seek that knowledge;
We are content, like harmless things, at home,
Children of your content, bred up in quiet,
Only to know ourselves, to seek a wisdom
From that we understand, easy and honest;
To make our actions worthy of your honour,
Their ends as innocent as we begot 'em.
What shall we look for, sir, what shall we learn there,
That this more private sweetness cannot teach us?
Virtue was never built upon ambition,
Nor the souls' beauties bred out of bravery:
What a terrible father would you seem to us,
Now you have moulded us, and wrought our tem-
To easy and obedient ways, uncrooked, [pers
Where the fair mind can never loose nor loiter,
Now to divert our natures, now to stem us
Roughly against the tide of all this treasure?
Would you have us proud ('tis sooner bred than buried)
Wickedly proud? for such things dwell at court, sir.
Hon. Would you have your children learn to forget their father,
And, when he dies, dance on his monument?
Shall we seek Virtue in a satin gown,
Embroider'd Virtue? Faith in a well-curl'd feather;
And set our credits to the tune of Green-sleeves?
This may be done; and, if you like, it shall be.
You should have sent us thither when we were younger,
Our maidenheads at a higher rate, our innocence
Able to make a mart indeed; We are now too old, sir;
Perhaps they'll think too cunning too, and slight
Besides, we are altogether unprovided, [us:
Unfurnish'd utterly of the rules should guide us:
This lord comes, licks his hand, and protests to me;
Compares my beauty to a thousand fine things,
Mountains, and fountains, trees, and stars, and goblins:
Now have not I the fashion to believe him;
He offers me the honourable courtesy
To lie with me all night; what a misery is this?
I am bred up so foolishly, alas, I dare not;
And how madly these things will shew there!
Archas. I send ye not,
Like parts infected, to draw more corruption;
Like spiders, to grow great with growing evil:
With your own virtues season'd, and my pray'rs,
The card of goodness in your minds, that shews ye
When ye sail false; the needle touch'd with honour,
That through the blackest storms still points at happiness;
Your bodies the tall barks ribb'd round with goodness,
Your heavenly souls the pilots; thus I send you,
Thus I prepare your voyage, sound before you,
And ever, as you sail through this world's vanity,
Discover shoals, rocks, quicksands, cry out to you,
Like a good master, "Tack about for honour!"
The court is virtue's school, at least it should be;
Nearer the sun the mine lies, the metal's purer.
Be it granted, if the spring be once infected,
Those branches that flow from him must run muddy:
Say you find some sins there, and those no small
And they like lazy fits begin to shake ye; [ones,
Say they affect your strengths, my happy children,
Great things through greatest hazards are achieved still,
And then they shine, then goodness has his glory,
His crown fast riveted, then time moves under,
Where, through the mist of errors, like the sun
Through thick and pitchy clouds, he breaks out nobly.
Hon. I thank you, sir, you have made me half a soldier;
I will to court most willingly, most fondly,
And, if there be such stirring things amongst 'em,
Such travellers into Virginia
As fame reports, if they can win me, take me.
I think I have a close ward, and a sure one,
An honest mind; I hope 'tis petticoat-proof,
Chain-proof, and jewel-proof; I know 'tis gold-proof,
A coach and four horses cannot draw me from it.
As for your handsome faces and filed tongues,
Curl'd millers' heads, I have another ward for them.

.nd yet I'll flatter too, as fast as they do,
.nd lie, but not as lewdly. Come; be valiant, sister!
he that dares not stand the push o' th' court, dares nothing,
.nd yet come off ungrazed: Sir, like you, we both
.ffect great dangers now, and the world shall see
.ll glory lies not in man's victory.
Archas. Mine own Honora!
Viola. I am very fearful:
Would I were stronger built! You would have
Archas. Or not at all, my Viola. [me honest?
Viola. I'll think on't;
or 'tis no easy promise, and live there.
)o you think we shall do well?
Hon. Why, what should ail us?
Viola. Certain, they'll tempt us strongly. Beside the glory
Which women may affect, they are handsome gen-
.very part speaks: Nor is it one denial, [tlemen;
for two, nor ten; from every look we give 'em
hey'll frame a hope; even from our prayers promises.
Hon. Let 'em feed so, and be fat; there is no
f thou be'st fast to thyself. [fear, wench,
Viola. I hope I shall be;
.nd your example will work more.
Hon. Thou shalt not want it.

Enter THEODORE.

Theod. How do you, sir? Can you lend a man
hear you let out money. [an angel?
Archas. Very well, sir;
ou are pleasantly disposed: I am glad to see it.
an you lend me your patience, and be ruled by me?
Theod. Is't come to patience now?
Archas. Is't not a virtue?
Theod. I know not; I ne'er found it so.
Archas. That's because
hy anger ever knows, and not thy judgment.
Theod. I know you have been rifled.
Archas. Nothing less, boy?
ord, what opinions these vain people publish!
ified of what?
Theod. Study your virtue, patience;
; may get mustard to your meat. Why in such
ent you for me? [haste, sir,
Archas. For this end only, Theodore,
o wait upon your sisters to the court;
am commanded they live there.
Theod. To the court, sir?
Archas. To the court, I say.
Theod. And must I wait upon 'em?
Archas. Yes, 'tis most fit you should; you are their brother.
Theod. Is this the business? I had thought your mind, sir,
ad been set forward on some noble action,
omething had truly stirr'd you. To the court with
'hy, they are your daughters, sir. [these?
Archas. All this I know, sir.
Theod. [Sings.] *The good old woman on a bed*
o the court. [*he threw.*
Archas. Thou art not mad?
Theod. Nor drunk as you are;
runk with your duty, sir: Do you call it duty?
pox of duty! What can these do there?
'hat should they do?—Can ye look babies, sisters,
ı the young gallants' eyes, and twirl their band-strings?
Can ye ride out to air yourselves?—Pray, sir,
Be serious with me, do you speak this truly?
Archas. Why, didst thou never hear of women
At court, boy? [yet
Theod. Yes, and good women too, very good women,
Excellent honest women: But are you sure, sir,
That these will prove so?
Hon. There's the danger, brother. [*Laughs.*
Theod. God-a-mercy, wench, thou hast a grudging of it.
Archas. Now be you serious, sir, and observe what I say;
Do it, and do it handsomely: go with 'em.
Theod. With all my heart, sir; I am in no fault now,
If they be thought whores for being in my company.
Pray write upon their backs, they are my sisters,
And where I shall deliver 'em.
Archas. You are wond'rous jocund;
But pr'ythee tell me, art thou so lewd a fellow?
I never knew thee fail a truth.
Theod. I am a soldier;
And spell you what that means.
Archas. A soldier?
What dost thou make of me?
Theod. Your palate's down, sir.
Archas. I thank you, sir.
Theod. Come, shall we to this matter?
You will to court?
Hon. If you will please to honour us.
Theod. I'll honour ye, I warrant; I'll set ye off
With such a lustre, wenches! Alas, poor Viola,
Thou art a fool, thou criest for eating white bread:
Be a good huswife of thy tears, and save 'em;
Thou wilt have time enough to shed 'em.—Sister,
Do you weep too? Nay, then I'll fool no more.
Come, worthy sisters, since it must be so,
And since he thinks it fit to try your virtues,
Be you as strong to truth, as I to guard ye,
And this old gentleman shall have joy of ye.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*An Apartment in the Palace.*

Enter DUKE *and* BURRIS.

Duke. Burris, take you ten thousand of those crowns,
And those two chains of pearl they hold the richest!
I give 'em you.
Bur. I humbly thank your grace;
And may your great example work in me
That noble charity to men more worthy,
And of more wants!
Duke. You bear a good mind, Burris;
Take twenty thousand now. Be not so modest;
It shall be so, I give 'em: Go, there's my ring for't.
Bur. Heaven bless your highness ever! [*Exit.*
Duke. You are honest.

Enter Young ARCHAS *as* ALINDA, *and* PUTSKIE, *at the door.*

Puts. They are coming now to court, as fair as
Two brighter stars ne'er rose here. [virtue:
Y. Arch. Peace, I have it,
And what my art can do—The duke!
Puts. I am gone;
Remember. [*Exit.*
Y. Arch. I am counsell'd to the full, sir.

Duke. My pretty mistress, whither lies your business?
How kindly I should take this, were it to me now.
Y. Arch. I must confess, immediately to your [grace,
At this time.
Duke. You have no address, I do believe you;
I would you had.
Y. Arch. 'Twere too much boldness, sir,
Upon so little knowledge, less deserving.
Duke. You'll make a perfect courtier.
Y. Arch. A very poor one.
Duke. A very fair one, sweet. Come hither to me.—
What killing eyes this wench has! In his glory, [*Aside.*
Not the bright sun, when the Sirian star reigns,
Shines half so fiery.
Y. Arch. Why does your grace so view me?
Nothing but common handsomeness dwells here, sir;
Scarce that: Your grace is pleased to mock my meanness.
Duke. Thou shalt not go: I do not lie unto thee;
In my eye thou appear'st——
Y. Arch. Dim not the sight, sir;
I am too dull an object.
Duke. Canst thou love me?
Canst thou love him will honour thee?
Y. Arch. I can love,
And love as you do too: But 'twill not shew well;
Or, if it do shew here, where all light lustres,
Tinsel affections, make a glorious glistering,
'Twill halt i' th' handsome way.
Duke. Are you so cunning?
Dost think I love not truly?
Y. Arch. No, you cannot;
You never travell'd that way yet. Pray pardon me,
I prate so boldly to you.
Duke. There's no harm done:
But what's your reason, sweet?
Y. Arch. I would tell your grace,
But happily——
Duke. It shall be pleasing to me.
Y. Arch. I should love you again, and then you would hate me.
With all my service I should follow you,
And through all dangers.
Duke. This would more provoke me,
More make me see thy worths, more make me meet 'em.
Y. Arch. You should do so, if you did well and truly:
But, though you be a prince, and have power in you,
Power of example too, you have fail'd and falter'd.
Duke. Give me example where.
Y. Arch. You had a mistress,
Oh, Heaven, so bright, so brave a dame, so lovely,
In all her life so true——
Duke. A mistress?
Y. Arch. That served you with that constancy,
That loved your will and woo'd it too. [that care,
Duke. What mistress?
Q. *Arch.* That nursed your honour up, held fast your virtue,
And when she kiss'd increased, not stole your good-
Duke. And I neglected her? [ness.
Y. Arch. Lost her, forsook her,
Wantonly flung her off.
Duke. What was her name?
Y. Arch. Her name as lovely as herself, as noble,
And in it all that's excellent.
Duke. What was it?
Y. Arch. Her name was Beau-desert: Do you know her now, sir?
Duke. Beau-desert? I not remember——
Y. Arch. I know you do not;
Yet she has a plainer name; lord Archas' service!
Do you yet remember her? There was a mistress
Fairer than women, and far fonder to you, sir,
Than mothers to their first-born joys. Can you love?
Dare you profess that truth to me, a stranger,
A thing of no regard, no name, no lustre,
When your most noble love you have neglected,
A beauty all the world would woo and honour?
Would you have me credit this? think you can love me,
And hold you constant, when I have read this story?
Is't possible you should ever favour me,
To a slight pleasure prove a friend, and fast too,
When, where you were most tied, most bound to benefit,
Bound by the chains of honesty and honour,
You have broke, and boldly too? I am a weak one,
Arm'd only with my fears: I beseech your grace
Tempt me no further.
Duke. Who taught you this lesson?
Y. Arch. Woeful experience, sir. If you seek a fair one,
Worthy your love, if yet you have that perfect,
Two daughters of his ruin'd virtue now
Arrive at court, excellent fair indeed, sir:
But this will be the plague on't, they are excellent honest.

Enter OLYMPIA *and* PETRESCA *privately.*

Duke. I love thy face.
Y. Arch. Upon my life you cannot:
I do not love it myself, sir; 'tis a lewd one,
So truly ill, art cannot mend it. 'Cod, if 'twere handsome,
At least if I thought so, you should hear me talk, sir,
In a new strain; and, though you are a prince,
Make you petition to me too, and wait my answers;
Yet, o' my conscience, I should pity you,
After some ten years' siege.
Duke. Pr'ythee do now.
Y. Arch. What would you do?
Duke. Why, I would lie with you.
Y. Arch. I do not think you would.
Duke. In troth I would, wench.
Here, take this jewel.
Y. Arch. Out upon't! that's scurvy:
Nay, if we do, sure we'll do for good fellowship,
For pure love, or nothing: Thus you shall be sure,
You shall not pay too dear for't. [sir,
Duke. Sure I cannot.
Y. Arch. By'r lady, but you may. When you have found me able
To do your work well, you may pay my wages.—
Pet. Why does your grace start back?
Olym. I have seen that shakes me,
Chills all my blood! Oh, where is faith or goodness?
Alinda, thou art false; false, false, thou fair one,
Wickedly false! and, woe is me, I see it!
For ever false! [*Exit.*
Pet. I am glad 't has taken thus right. [*Exit.*
Y. Arch. I'll go ask my lady, sir.
Duke. What?

Y. Arch. Whether I
Shall lie with you, or no: If I find her willing—
For, look you, sir, I have sworn, while I am in her service
('Twas a rash oath, I must confess)——
Duke. Thou mock'st me.
Y. Arch. Why, would you lie with me, if I were willing?
Would you abuse my weakness?
Duke. I would piece it,
And make it stronger.
Y. Arch. I humbly thank your highness!
When you piece me, you must piece me to my coffin.
When you have got my maidenhead, I take it,
'Tis not an inch of ape's tail will restore it:
I love you, and I honour you; but this way
I'll neither love nor serve you. Heaven change your mind, sir! [*Exit.*
Duke. And thine too; for it must be changed, it shall be. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.—*Another in the same.*

Enter Boroskie, Burris, Theodore, Viola, *and* Honora.

Bor. They are goodly gentlewomen.
Burris. They are,
Wond'rous sweet women both.
Theod. Does your lordship like 'em?
They are my sisters, sir; good lusty lasses:
They'll do their labour well, I warrant you;
You'll find no bed-straw here, sir.
Hon. Thank you, brother.
Theod. This is not so strongly built; but she's good mettle,
Of a good stirring strain too; she goes tith, sir.

Enter two Gentlemen.

Here they be, gentlemen, must make ye merry,
The toys ye wot of. Do ye like their complexions?
They be no Moors: What think ye of this hand, gentlemen?
Here's a white altar for your sacrifice:
A thousand kisses here—Nay, keep off yet, gentlemen;
Let's start first, and have fair play. What would ye give now
To turn the globe up, and find the rich Moluccas?
To pass the Straits? Here, (do ye itch?) by Saint Nicholas,
Here's that will make you scratch and claw;
Claw, my fine gentlemen, move ye in divers sorts:
Pray ye let me request ye, to forget
To say your prayers, whilst these are courtiers;
Or, if ye needs will think of Heaven, let it be no higher
Than their eyes.
Bor. How will ye have 'em bestow'd, sir?
Theod. Even how your lordship please, so you do not bake 'em.
Bor. Bake 'em?
Theod. They are too high a meat that way, they run to jelly.
But if you'll ha' 'em for your own diet, take my counsel;
Stew 'em between two feather-beds.
Burris. Please you, colonel,
To let them wait upon the princess?
Theod. Yes, sir,
And thank your honour too: But then, happily,
These noble gentlemen shall have no access to 'em;
And to have 'em buy new clothes, study new faces,
And keep a stinking stir with themselves for nothing,
'Twill not be well, i' faith: They have kept their bodies,
And been at charge for baths. Do you see that shirt there?
Weigh but the moral meaning; 'twill be grievous:
Alas, I brought 'em to delight these gentlemen;
I weigh their wants by mine: I brought 'em wholesome,
Wholesome and young, my lord; and two such blessings
They will not light upon again in ten years.
Bor. 'Tis fit they wait upon her.
Theod. They are fit for anything:
They'll wait upon a man (they are not bashful)
Carry his cloak, or untie his points, or anything:
Drink drunk, and take tobacco; the familiar'st fools!
This wench will leap o'er stools too, sound a trumpet,
Wrestle, and pitch the bar; they are finely brought up.
Bor. Ladies, ye are bound to your brother, and have much cause to thank him.—
I'll ease you of this charge; and to the princess,
So please you, I'll attend 'em.
Theod. Thank your lordship!
If there be e'er a private corner as you go, sir,
A foolish lobby out o' th' way, make danger,
Try what they are, try——
Bor. You are a merry gentleman.
Theod. I would fain be your honour's kinsman.
Bor. You are too curst, sir.
Theod. Farewell, wenches! keep close your ports; you are wash'd else.
Hon. Brother, bestow your fears where they are needful.
Theod. Honour thy name is, and I hope thy nature.
[*Exeunt* Boroskie, Honora, *and* Viola.
Go after, gentlemen, go; get a snatch if ye can.
Yond' old Erra Pater will never please 'em.
Alas, I brought 'em for you; but see the luck on't:
I swear, I meant as honestly toward you——
Nay, do not cry, good gentlemen! A little counsel
Will do no harm: They'll walk abroad i' th' evenings,
You may surprise 'em easily; they wear no pistols.
Set down your minds in metre, flowing metre,
And get some good old linen-woman to deliver it,
That has the trick on't; you cannot fail. Farewell, gentlemen. [*Exeunt* Gentlemen.
Burris. You have frighted off these flesh-flies.
Theod. Flesh-flies indeed, my lord,
And it must be very stinking flesh they will not seize on.

Enter Servant, *with a Casket.*

Serv. Your lordship bid me bring this casket.
Burris. Yes.—Good colonel, [*Exit* Servant.
Commend me to your worthy father, and, as a pledge
He ever holds my love and service to him,
Deliver him this poor, but hearty token;
And where I may be his——
Theod. You are too noble;
A wonder here, my lord; that dare be honest,
When all men hold it vicious. I shall deliver it,
And with it your most noble love. Your servant.
[*Exit* Burris.

Were there but two more such at court, 'twere sainted.
This will buy brawn this Christmas yet, and muscadine. [*Exit.*

SCENE V.—*A Street.*

Enter ANCIENT, *crying Brooms! and after him severally, four* Soldiers, *crying other things.* BOROSKIE *and* Gentlemen *over the stage, observing them.*

I. SONG.

Anc. Broom, broom, the bonny broom!
Come, buy my birchen broom!
I' th' wars we have no more room,
Buy all my bonny broom!
For a kiss take two;
If those will not do,
For a little, little pleasure,
Take all my whole treasure:
If all these will not do't,
Take the broom-man to boot.
Broom, broom, the bonny broom!

II. SONG.

1 *Sold.* The wars are done and gone,
And soldiers, now neglected, pedlars are.
Come, maidens, come along,
For I can shew you handsome, handsome ware;
Powders for the head,
And drinks for your bed,
To make ye blithe and bonny;
As well in the night
We soldiers can fight,
And please a young wench as any.
2 *Sold.* I have fine potatoes,
Ripe potatoes!

III. SONG.

3 *Sold.* Will ye buy any honesty? come away,
I sell it openly by day;
I bring no forced light, nor no candle
To cozen ye; come buy and handle;
This will shew the great man good,
The tradesman where he swears and lies,
Each lady of a noble blood,
The city dame to rule her eyes.
Ye're rich men now: Come buy, and then
I'll make ye richer, honest men.

IV. SONG.

4 *Sold.* Have ye any crack'd maidenheads, to new-leach or mend?
Have ye any old maidenheads to sell or change?
Bring 'em to me, with a little pretty gin,
I'll clout 'em, I'll mend 'em, I'll knock in a pin,
Shall make 'em as good maids again,
As ever they have been.

Bor. What means all this? why do ye sell brooms, Ancient?
Is it in wantonness, or want?
Anc. The only reason is,
To sweep your lordship's conscience. Here's one for the nonce.
Gape, sir; you have swallowed many a goodlier matter—
The only casting for a crazy conscience.
3 *Sold.* Will your lordship buy any honesty? 'twill be worth your money.
Bor. How is this?
3 *Sold.* Honesty, my lord; 'tis here in a quill.
Anc. Take heed you open it not, for 'tis so subtle,
The least puff of wind will blow it out o' th' kingdom.
2 *Sold.* Will your lordship please to taste a fine potatoe?
'Twill advance your wither'd state.
Anc. Fill your honour full of most noble itches,
And make Jack dance in your lordship's breeches.
1 *Sold.* If your daughters on their beds,
Have bow'd or crack'd their maidenheads;
If, in a coach, with too much tumbling,
They chance to cry, fy, fo, what fumbling!
If her foot slip, and down fall she,
And break her leg above the knee;
The one and thirtieth of February let this be ta'en,
And they shall be arrant maids again.
Bor. Ye are brave soldiers; keep your wantonness!
A winter will come on to shake this wilfulness.
Disport yourselves; and when you want your money— [*Exit.*
Anc. Broom, broom, &c. [*Exeunt singing.*

SCENE VI.—*A Room in the Palace.*

Enter Young ARCHAS *as* ALINDA, HONORA, *and* VIOLA.

Y. Arch. You must not be so fearful, little one;
Nor, lady, you so sad; you'll ne'er make courtiers,
With these dull sullen thoughts; this place is pleasure,
Preserved to that use, so inhabited;
And those that live here, live delightful, joyful:
These are the gardens of Adonis, ladies;
Where all sweets to their free and noble uses,
Grow ever young and courted.
Hon. Bless me, Heaven!
Can things of her years arrive at these rudiments?
—By your leave, fair gentlewoman, how long have you been here?
Y. Arch. 'Faith, much about a week.
Hon. You have studied hard,
And, by my faith, arrived at a great knowledge.
Viola. Were not you bashful at first?
Y. Arch. Ay, ay, for an hour or two;
But when I saw people laugh at me for it,
And thought it a dull breeding——
Hon. You are govern'd here then
Much after the men's opinions?
Y. Arch. Ever, lady.
Hon. And what they think is honourable——
Y. Arch. Most precisely
We follow, with all faith.
Hon. A goodly catechism!
Viola. But bashful for an hour or two?
Y. Arch. 'Faith, to say true,
I do not think I was so long: For, look ye,
'Tis to no end here; put on what shape ye will,
And sour yourself with ne'er so much austerity,
You shall be courted in the same, and won too;
'Tis but some two hours more, and so much time lost,
Which we hold precious here. In so much time now
As I have told you this, you may lose a servant
Your age, nor all your art, can e'er recover.
Catch me occasion as she comes, hold fast there,
Till what you do affect is ripen'd to you!
Has the duke seen you yet?
Hon. What if he have not?
Y. Arch. You do your beauties too much wrong, appearing
So full of sweetness, newness; set so richly,
As if a council beyond nature framed ye.

Hon. If we were thus, say Heaven had given these blessings,
Must we turn these to sin-oblations?
Y. Arch. How foolishly this country way shews in ye!
How full of phlegm! Do ye come here to pray, ladies?
You had best cry, "Stand away; let me alone,
I'll tell my father else." [gentlemen;
Viola. This woman's naught sure, [*Aside.*
A very naughty woman.
Hon. Come, say on, friend;
I'll be instructed by you.
Y. Arch. You'll thank me for't.
Hon. Either I or the devil shall. [*Aside.*]—The duke you were speaking of.
Y. Arch. 'Tis well remember'd: Yes, let him first see you.
Appear not openly till he has view'd you.
Hon. He's a very noble prince they say.
Y. Arch. Oh, wond'rous gracious;
And, as you may deliver yourself, at the first viewing.
For, look ye, you must bear yourself; yet take
It be so season'd with a sweet humility, [heed
And graced with such a bounty in your beauty—
Hon. But I hope he'll offer me no ill?
Y. Arch. No, no:
'Tis like he will kiss you and play with you.
Hon. Play with me? how?
Y. Arch. Why, good lord, that you are such a
No harm, assure yourself. [fool now!
Viola. Will he play with me too?
Y. Arch. Look babies in your eyes, my pretty sweet one:
There's a fine sport. Do you know your lodgings
Hon. I hear of none. [yet?
Y. Arch. I do then; they are handsome,
Convenient for access.
Viola. Access?
Y. Arch. Yes, little one,
For visitation of those friends and servants,
Your beauties shall make choice of. Friends and visits:
Do not you know those uses? Alas, poor novice!
There's a close couch or two, handsomely placed
Viola. What are those, I pray you? [too.
Y. Arch. Who would be troubled
With such raw things? They are to lie upon,
And your love by you; and discourse, and toy in.
Viola. Alas, I have no love.
Y. Arch. You must by any means:
You'll have a hundred, fear not.
Viola. Honesty keep me!
What shall I do with all those?
Y. Arch. You'll find uses:
You are ignorant yet; let time work. You must learn too,
To lie handsomely in your bed a-mornings, neatly drest
In a most curious waistcoat, to set you off well,
Play with your bracelets, sing; you must learn to rhyme too,
And riddle neatly; study the hardest language,
And 'tis no matter whether it be sense, or no,
So it go seemly off. Be sure you profit
In kissing, kissing sweetly; there lies a main point,
A key that opens to all practic pleasure:
I'll help you to a friend of mine shall teach you,
And suddenly: Your country way is fulsome.
Hon. Have you schools for all these mysteries?
Y. Arch. Oh, yes,
And several hours prefix'd to study in:
You may have calenders to know the good hour,
And when to take a jewel: For the ill too,
When to refuse, with observations on 'em;
Under what sign 'tis best meeting in an arbor,
And in what bow'r, and hour it works; a thousand—
When in a coach, when in a private lodging,
With all their virtues.
Hon. Have you studied these?
How beastly they become your youth! how bawdily!
A woman of your tenderness, a teacher,
Teacher of these lewd arts? of your full beauty?
A man made up in lust would loathe this in you,
The rankest lecher hate such impudence.
They say the devil can assume Heaven's brightness,
And so appear to tempt us; sure thou art no woman.
Y. Arch. I joy to find you thus. [*Aside.*
Hon. Thou hast no tenderness,
No reluctation in thy heart; 'tis mischief.
Y. Arch. All's one for that; read these, and then be satisfied; [*Gives them a paper.*
A few more private rules I have gather'd for ye;
Read 'em, and well observe 'em: So I leave ye. [*Exit.*
Viola. A wond'rous wicked woman: Shame go with thee!
Hon. What new Pandora's box is this? I'll see it,
Though presently I tear it. Read thine, Viola;
'Tis in our own wills to believe and follow. [*Reads.*

Worthy Honora, as you have begun
In Virtue's spotless school, so forward run;
Pursue that nobleness and chaste desire
You ever had; burn in that holy fire;
And a white martyr to fair memory
Give up your name, unsoil'd of infamy.

How's this? Read yours out, sister. This amazes me.

Viola. [*Reads.*] Fear not, thou yet unblasted Violet,
Nor let my wanton words a doubt beget;
Live in that peace and sweetness of thy bud;
Remember whose thou art, and grow still good;
Remember what thou art, and stand a story
Fit for thy noble sire, and thine own glory!

Hon. I know not what to think.
Viola. Sure a good woman,
An excellent woman, sister.
Hon. It confounds me.
Let 'em use all their arts, if these be their ends;
The court I say breeds the best foes and friends.
Come, let's be honest, wench, and do our best service.
Viola. A most excellent woman; I will love her. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*Another Room in the Palace.*

Enter OLYMPIA *with a Casket, and Young* ARCHAS *as* ALINDA.

Y. Arch. Madam, the duke has sent for the two ladies.
Olym. I pr'ythee go: I know thy thoughts are with him.
Go, go, Alinda; do not mock me more!
I have found thy heart, wench; do not wrong thy mistress,
Thy too-much loving mistress; do not abuse her.
Y. Arch. By your own fair hands, I understand you not.
Olym. By thy own fair eyes, I understand thee too much,
Too far, and built a faith there thou hast ruin'd.
Go, and enjoy thy wish, thy youth, thy pleasure;
Enjoy the greatness no doubt he has promised,
Enjoy the service of all eyes that see thee,
The glory thou hast aim'd at, and the triumph:
Only this last love I ask, forget thy mistress!
Y. Arch. Oh, who has wrong'd me? who has ruin'd me?
Poor wretched girl, what poison is flung on thee?—
Excellent virtue, from whence flows this anger?
Olym. Go, ask my brother, ask the faith thou gavest me,
Ask all my favours to thee, ask my love,
Last, thy forgetfulness of good! then fly me;
For we must part, Alinda.
Y. Arch. You are weary of me.
I must confess I was never worth your service,
Your bounteous favours less; but that my duty,
My ready will, and all I had to serve you——
Oh, heaven, thou know'st my honesty!
Olym. No more:
Take heed! Heaven has a justice. Take this ring with you, [*Gives him his ring back.*
This doting spell you gave me: Too well, Alinda,
Thou knew'st the virtue in't; too well I feel it:
Nay, keep that too; it may sometimes remember you,
When you are willing to forget, who gave it,
And to what virtuous end.
Y. Arch. Must I go from you?
Of all the sorrows Sorrow has,—must I part with you?
Part with my noble mistress? [
Olym. Or I with thee, wench.
Y. Arch. And part, stain'd with opinion? Farewell, lady!
Happy and blessed lady, goodness keep you!
Thus your poor servant, full of grief, turns from you,
For ever full of grief, for ever from you.
I have no being now, no friends, no country;
I wander Heaven knows whither, Heaven knows how!
No life, now you are lost! Only mine innocence,
That little left me of myself, goes with me;
That's all my bread and comfort! I confess, madam,
Truly confess, the duke has often courted me.
Olym. And pour'd his soul into thee, won thee.
Y. Arch. Do you think so?
Well, Time, that told this tale, will tell my truth
And say you had a faithful honest servant.
The business of my life is now to pray for you,
Pray for your virtuous loves, pray for your children,
When heaven shall make you happy!
Olym. How she wounds me! [*Aside.*
Either I am undone or she must go!—Take these with you,
Some toys may do you service; and this money;
And when you want, I love you not so poorly
(Not yet, Alinda!) that I would see you perish.
Pr'ythee be good, and let me hear. Look on me;
I love those eyes yet dearly! I have kiss'd thee,
And now I'll do't again. Farewell, Alinda!
I am too full to speak more, and too wretched!
[*Exit.*
Y. Arch. You have my faith, and all the world my fortune! [*Exit.*

SCENE II.—*A Court of the Same.*

Enter THEODORE.

Theod. I would fain hear what becomes of these two wenches;
And if I can, I'll do 'em good.

Enter Gentleman, *and passes over the stage.*

Do ye hear, my honest friend?—
He knows no such name. What a world of business
(Which by interpretation are mere nothings)
These things have here! 'Mass, now I think on't better,
I wish he be not sent for one of them,
To some of these by-lodgings. Methought I saw
A kind of reference in his face to bawdry.

Re-enter Gentleman, *with a* Gentlewoman, *passing over the stage.*

He has her; but 'tis none of them. Hold fast, thief!
An excellent touzing knave. Mistress, you are
To suffer your penance some half hour hence now.
How far a fine court custard, with plums in it,
Will prevail with one of these waiting gentlewomen!
They are taken with these soluble things exceedingly.
This is some yeoman o' th' bottles now that has sent for her,
That she calls father: Now, woe to this ale incense!

Enter a Servant.

By your leave, sir.
Serv. Well, sir; what's your pleasure with me?
Theod. Yo do not know the way to the maids' lodgings?
Serv. Yes, indeed do I, sir.
Theod. But you will not tell me?
Serv. No, indeed will not I, because you doubt it.
[*Exit.*

Enter second Servant, *with a flagon of wine.*

Theod. These are fine gim-cracks. Hey! here comes another;
A flagon full of wine in's hand, I take it.—
Well met, my friend! Is that wine?
2 *Serv.* Yes, indeed is it.
Theod. 'Faith, I'll drink on't then.
2 *Serv.* You may, because you have sworn, sir.
Theod. [*Drinks.*] 'Tis very good; I'll drink a great deal now, sir.
2 *Serv.* I cannot help it, sir.

Theod. I'll drink more yet.
2 *Serv.* 'Tis in your own hands.
Theod. There's your pot; I thank you.
ay let me drink again.
2 *Serv.* 'Faith, but you shall not.
ow have I sworn, I take it. Fare you well, sir! [*Exit.*
Theod. This is the finest place to live in I e'er enter'd.

Enter a Court Lady.

ere comes a gentlewoman, and alone; I'll to her.
adam, my lord my master——
Lady. Who's your lord, sir?
Theod. The lord Boroskie, lady.
Lady. Pray excuse me!
ere's something for your pains. Within this hour, sir,
ne of the choice young ladies shall attend him.
ay let it be in that chamber juts out to the water;
is private and convenient. Do my humble service
o my honourable good lord, I beseech you, sir.
' it please you to visit a poor lady——
ou carry the 'haviour of a noble gentleman.
Theod. I shall be bold.
Lady. 'Tis a good aptness in you.
lie here in the wood-yard, the blue lodgings, sir;
hey call me merrily the lady of the ——, sir.
little I know what belongs to a gentleman,
nd if it please you to take the pains—— [*Exit* Lady.
Theod. Dear lady!—
ake the pains?
hy, a horse would not take the pains that thou requirest now
o cleave old Crab-tree. "One of the choice young ladies?"
would I had let this bawd go; she has frighted
am cruelly afraid of one of my tribe now: [me;
ut if they will do, the devil cannot stop 'em.
hy should he have a young lady? Are women now
' th' nature of bottles, to be stopp'd with corks?
h, the thousand little furies that fly here now!

Enter Putskie.

ow now, captain?
Puts. I come to seek you out, sir,
nd all the town I have travell'd.
Theod. What's the news, man?
Puts. That that concerns us all, and very nearly.
he duke this night holds a great feast at court,
o which he bids for guests all his old counsellors,
nd all his favourites: Your father's sent for.
Theod. Why he is neither in council nor in favour.
Puts. That's it: Have an eye now, or never, and a quick one;
n eye that must not wink from good intelligence.
heard a bird sing, they mean him no good office.
Theod. Art sure he sups here?
Puts. Sure as 'tis day.

Enter Ancient.

Theod. 'Tis like then——How now? where hast thou been, Ancient?
Anc. Measuring the city. I have left my brooms at gate here;
y this time the porter has stole 'em, to sweep out
Theod. Brooms? [rascals.
Anc. I have been crying brooms all the town over,
And such a mart I have made! there's no trade near it.
Oh, the young handsome wenches, how they twitter'd,
When they but saw me shake my ware, and sing too!
"Come hither, Master Broom-man, I beseech you!"
"Good Master Broom-man, hither," cries another.
Theod. Thou art a mad fellow.
Anc. They are all as mad as I; they all have trades now,
And roar about the streets like bull-beggars.
Theod. What company
Of soldiers are they?
Anc. By this means I have gather'd
Above a thousand tall and hardy soldiers,
If need be, colonel.
Theod. That need's come, Ancient;
And 'twas discreetly done. Go, draw 'em presently,
But without suspicion; this night we shall need 'em;
Let 'em be near the court, let Putskie guide 'em;
And wait me for occasion. Here I'll stay still.
Puts. If it fall out, we are ready; if not, we are
I'll wait you at an inch. [scatter'd:
Theod. Do; farewell! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*An Apartment in the same.*

Enter Duke *and* Boroskie.

Duke. Are the soldiers still so mutinous?
Bor. More than ever:
No law nor justice frights 'em; all the town over
They play new pranks and gambols; no man's
Of what degree soever, free from abuses; [person,
And durst they do this, (let your grace consider)
These monstrous, most offensive things, these
If not set on, and fed? if not by one [villanies,
They honour more than you, and more awed by
Duke. Happily their own wants—— [him?
Bor. I offer to supply 'em,
And every hour make tender of their monies:
They scorn it, laugh at me that offer it.
I fear the next device will be my life, sir;
And willingly I'll give it, so they stay there.
Duke. Do you think Lord Archas privy?
Bor. More than thought,
I know it, sir; I know they durst not do
These violent rude things, abuse the state thus,
But that they have a hope by his ambitions——
Duke. No more! He's sent for?
Bor. Yes, and will be here sure.
Duke. Let me talk further with you anon.
Bor. I'll wait, sir.
Duke. Did you speak to the ladies?
Bor. They'll attend your grace presently.
Duke. How do you like 'em?
Bor. My eyes are too dull judges.
They wait here, sir. [*Exit.*

Enter Honora *and* Viola.

Duke. Be you gone then.—Come in, ladies!
Welcome to th' court, sweet beauties! Now the court shines,
When such true beams of beauty strike amongst us.
Welcome, welcome! even as your own joys welcome!
How do you like the court? How seems it to you?

Is't not a place created for all sweetness?
Why were ye made such strangers to this happiness,
Barr'd the delights this holds? The richest jewels,
Set ne'er so well, if then not worn to wonder,
By judging eyes not set off, lose their lustre.
Your country shades are faint; blasters of beauty;
The manners, like the place, obscure and heavy;
The rose-buds of the beauties turn to cankers,
Eaten with inward thoughts, whilst there ye wander.
Here, ladies, here, (you were not made for cloisters)
Here is the sphere you move in; here shine nobly,
And, by your powerful influence, command all!—
What a sweet modesty dwells round about 'em, [*Aside.*
And, like a nipping morn, pulls in their blossoms!
Hon. Your grace speaks cunningly: You do not this,
I hope, sir, to betray us; we are poor triumphs,
Nor can our loss of honour add to you, sir:
Great men, and great thoughts, seek things great and worthy,
Subjects to make 'em live, and not to lose 'em;
Conquests so nobly won can never perish.
We are two simple maids, untutor'd here, sir,
Two honest maids; is that a sin at court, sir?
Our breeding is obedience, but to good things,
To virtuous, and to fair. What would you win on us?
Why do I ask that question, when I have found you?
Your preamble has pour'd your heart out to us;
You would dishonour us; which, in your translation
Here at the court, reads thus, your grace would love us,
Most dearly love us; stick us up for mistresses:
Most certain, there are thousands of our sex, sir,
That would be glad of this, and handsome women,
And crowd into this favour, fair young women,
Excellent beauties, sir: When you have enjoy'd 'em,
And suck'd those sweets they have, what saints are these then?
What worship have they won, what name? you guess, sir!
What story added to their time? a sweet one!
Duke. A brave-spirited wench. [*Aside.*
Hon. I'll tell your grace,
And tell you true; you are deceived in us two,
Extremely cozen'd, sir: And yet, in my eye,
You are the handsomest man I ever look'd on,
The goodliest gentleman; take that hope with you;
And were I fit to be your wife (so much I honour you)
Trust me I would scratch for you but I would have you:
I would woo you then.
Duke. [*Aside.*] She amazes me!—
But how am I deceived?
Hon. Oh, we are too honest,
Believe it, sir, too honest, far too honest;
The way that you propound, too ignorant,
And there's no meddling with us; for we are fools too,
Obstinate, peevish fools: If I would be ill,
And had a wanton's itch to kick my heels up,
I would not leap into the sun, and do it there,
That all the world might see me; an obscure shade, sir,
Dark as the deed; there is no trusting light with it,
Nor that, that's lighter far, vain-glorious greatness!
Duke. You'll love me as your friend?
Hon. I'll honour you,
As your poor humble handmaid, serve and pray for you.
Duke. What says my little one? you are not so obstinate?
Lord, how she blushes! Here are truly fair souls.
Come, you will be my love?
Viola. Good sir, be good to me;
Indeed, I'll do the best I can to please you.
I do beseech your grace! Alas, I fear you.
Duke. What shouldst thou fear?
Hon. Fy, sir! this is not noble.
Duke. Why do I stand entreating, where my power—
Hon. You have no power; at least, you ought to have none
In bad and beastly things: Arm'd thus, I'll die here,
Before she suffer wrong!
Duke. Another Archas?
Hon. His child, sir, and his spirit.
Duke. I'll deal with you then,
For here's the honour to be won. Sit down, sweet;
Pr'ythee, Honora, sit.
Hon. Now you entreat, I will, sir.
Duke. I do, and will deserve it.
Hon. That's too much kindness.
Duke. Pr'ythee look on me.
Hon. Yes; I love to see you,
And could look on an age thus, and admire you.
While you are good and temperate, I dare touch you,
Kiss your white hand. [*Kisses him.*
Duke. Why not my lips?
Hon. I dare, sir.
Duke. I do not think you dare.
Hon. I am no coward.——
Do you believe me now? or now? or now, sir!
You make me blush: But sure, I mean no ill, sir.
It had been fitter you had kiss'd me.
Duke. That I'll do too. [*Kisses her.*
What hast thou wrought into me?
Hon. I hope all goodness.
Whilst you are thus, thus honest, I dare do anything;
Thus hang about your neck, and thus dote on you;
Bless those fair lights! Hell take me, if I durst not—
But, good sir, pardon me. Sister, come hither;
Come hither; fear not, wench! Come hither; blush not!
Come, kiss the prince, the virtuous prince, the good prince!
Certain, he's excellent honest.
Duke. Thou wilt make me——
Hon. Sit down, and hug him softly.
Duke. Fy, Honora!
Wanton Honora! Is this the modesty,
The noble chastity, your onset shew'd me;
At first charge beaten back? Away!
Hon. Thank you!
Upon my knees I pray, Heaven too may thank you!
You have deceived me cunningly, yet nobly;
You have cozen'd me: In all your hopeful life yet
A scene of greater honour you ne'er acted:
I knew Fame was a liar, too long and loud-tongued,
And now I have found it. Oh, my virtuous master!
Viola. My virtuous master too!
Hon. Now you are thus,
What shall become of me let Fortune cast for't.
Duke. I'll be that fortune, if I live, Honora;
Thou hast done a cure upon me counsel could not.

Enter Young Archas *as* Alinda.

Y. Arch. Here, take your ring, sir; and whom you mean to ruin,
Give it to her next: I have paid for't dearly.
Hon. A ring to her?
Duke. Why frowns my fair Alinda?
I have forgot both these again.
Y. Arch. Stand still, sir!
You have that violent killing fire upon you,
Consumes all honour, credit, faith!
Hon. How's this?
Y. Arch. My royal mistress' favour towards me,
(Woe-worth you, sir!) you have poison'd, blasted.
Duke. I, sweet?
Y. Arch. You have taken that unmanly liberty,
Which, in a worse man, is vain-glorious feigning,
And kill'd my truth.
Duke. Upon my life, 'tis false, wench.
Y. Arch. Ladies, take heed! you have a cunning gamester,
A handsome, and a high: Come stored with antidotes;
He has infections else will fire your bloods.
Duke. Pr'ythee, Alinda, hear me!
Y. Arch. Words steep'd in honey,
That will so melt into your minds, buy chastity,
A thousand ways, a thousand knots to tie ye;
And when he has bound you his, a thousand ruins!
—A poor lost woman you have made me.
Duke. I'll maintain thee,
And nobly too.
Y. Arch. That gin's too weak to take me.—
Take heed, take heed, young ladies, still take heed!
Take heed of promises, take heed of gifts,
Of forced, feigned sorrows, sighs, take heed!
Duke. By all that's mine, Alinda——
Y. Arch. Swear by your mischiefs!
Oh, whither shall I go?
Duke. Go back again;
I'll force her take thee, love thee.
Y. Arch. Fare you well, sir!
I will not curse you; only this dwell with you,
Whene'er you love, a false belief light on you! [*Exit.*
Hon. We'll take our leaves too, sir.
Duke. Part all the world now,
Since she is gone.
Hon. You are crooked yet, dear master;
And still I fear—— [*Exeunt* Ladies.
Duke. I am vex'd, and some shall find it. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.—*The Court of the Palace.*

Enter Archas *and a* Servant.

Archas. 'Tis strange to me to see the court, and welcome.
Oh, royal place, how have I loved and served thee!
Who lies on this side? know'st thou?
Serv. The Lord Burris.
Archas. Thou hast named a gentleman I stand much bound to:
I think he sent the casket, sir?
Serv. The same, sir.
Archas. An honest-minded man, a noble courtier!
The duke made perfect choice when he took him.
Go you home; I shall hit the way without a guide now.
Serv. You may want something, sir.
Archas. Only my horses,
Which, after supper, let the groom wait with:
I'll have no more attendance here.
Serv. Your will, sir. [*Exit.*

Enter Theodore.

Theod. You are well met here, sir.
Archas. How now, boy? how dost thou?
Theod. I should ask you that question: How do you, sir?
How do you feel yourself?
Archas. Why, well, and lusty.
Theod. What do you here then?
Archas. Why, I am sent for,
To supper with the duke.
Theod. Have you no meat at home?
Or do you long to feed as hunted deer do,
In doubt and fear?
Archas. I have an excellent stomach,
And can I use it better than among my friends.
How do the wenches? boy?
Theod. They do well enough, sir;
They know the worst by this time. Pray be ruled.
Go home again, and, if you have a supper, sir;
Eat it in quiet there: This is no place for you,
Especially at this time, take my word for't.
Archas. May be, they'll drink hard; I could have drank my share, boy:
Though I am old, I will not out.
Theod. I hope you will.
Hark in your ear! the court's too quick of hearing.
Archas. Not mean me well? thou art abused and cozen'd.
Away, away!
Theod. To that end, sir, I tell you.
Away, if you love yourself!
Archas. Who dare do these things,
That ever heard of honesty?
Theod. Old gentleman,
Take a fool's counsel.
Archas. 'Tis a fool's indeed,
A very fool's! Thou hast more of these flams in thee,
These musty doubts—Is't fit the duke send for me,
And honour me to eat within his presence,
And I, like a tall fellow, play at bo-peep
With his pleasure?
Theod. Take heed of bo-peep with your pate, your pate, sir!
I speak plain language now.
Archas. If 'twere not here,
Where reverence bids me hold, I would so swinge thee,
Thou rude, unmanner'd knave! Take from his bounty
His honour that he gives me, to beget
Saucy and sullen fears!
Theod. You are not mad, sure?
By this fair light, I speak but what is whisper'd,
And whisper'd for a truth.
Archas. A dog! Drunken people,
That in their pot see visions, and turn states,
Madmen and children—Pr'ythee do not follow me!
I tell thee I am angry: Do not follow me!
Theod. I am as angry as you for your heart,
Ay, and as wilful too: Go like a woodcock,
And thrust your neck i' th' noose!
Archas. I'll kill thee,
An' thou speak'st but three words more. Do not follow me! [*Exit.*
Theod. A strange old foolish fellow! I shall hear yet;
And, if I do not my part, hiss at me. [*Exit.*

SCENE V.—*The Presence-Chamber in the same.*

Enter two Servants, *preparing a Banquet.*

1 *Serv.* Believe me, fellow, here will be lusty drinking.
Many a washed pate in wine, I warrant thee.
2 *Serv.* I am glad the old general's come: Upon my conscience,
That joy will make half the court drunk. Hark, they are coming on; away! [the trumpets!
1 *Serv.* We'll have a rouse too.

Enter Duke, Archas, Burris, Boroskie, Attendants, *and* Gentlemen.

Duke. Come, seat yourselves! Lord Archas,
Archas. 'Tis far above my worth. [sit you there.
Duke. I'll have it so.——
Are all things ready? [*Apart to* Boroskie.
Bor. All the guards are set,
The court-gates shut.
Duke. Then do as I prescribed you;
Be sure, no further.
Bor. I shall well observe you.—
Duke. Come, bring some wine. Here's to my sister, gentlemen! [*Drinks.*
A health, and mirth to all!
Archas. Pray fill it full, sir;
'Tis a high health to virtue. Here, Lord Burris,
A maiden health: You are most fit to pledge it,
You have a maiden soul, and much I honour it.
Passion o' me, you are sad, man.
Duke. How now, Burris?
Go to; no more of this! [*Aside to him.*
Archas. Take the rouse freely;
'Twill warm your blood, and make you fit for jollity.—
Your grace's pardon! when we get a cup, sir,
We old men prate apace.
Duke. Mirth makes a banquet.—
As you love me, no more. [*Aside to* Burris.
Burris. I thank your grace.
Give me it.—Lord Boroskie!
Bor. I have ill brains, sir,——
Burris. Damnable ill, I know it. [*Aside.*
Bor. But I'll pledge, sir,
This virtuous health.
Burris. The more unfit for thy mouth.

Enter two Servants, *with Cloaks, and distribute them among the guests, giving a black one to* Archas.

Duke. Come, bring out robes, and let my guests look nobly,
Fit for my love and presence. Begin downward.
Off with your cloaks, take new.
Archas. Your grace deals truly
Like a munificent prince, with your poor subjects.
Who would not fight for you? What cold dull coward
Durst seek to save his life when you would ask it?
Begin a new health in your new adornments;
The duke's, the royal duke's!—Ha! what have I [got,
Sir? Ha! the robe of death?
Duke. You have deserved it.
Archas. The livery of the grave? Do you start all from me?
Do I smell of earth already? Sir, look on me,
And like a man; is this your entertainment?
Do you bid your worthiest guests to bloody banquets?

Enter a Guard, *who seize* Archas.

A guard upon me too? This is too foul play,
Boy, to thy good, thine honour; thou wretched ruler,
Thou son of fools and flatterers, heir of hypocrites!
Am I served in a hearse, that saved ye all?
Are ye men or devils? Do ye gape upon me?
Wider! and swallow all my services:
Entomb them first, my faith next, then my integrity;
And let these struggle with your mangy minds,
Your sear'd and seal'd-up consciences, till they [burst.
Bor. These words are death.
Archas. No, those deeds that want rewards, sirrah,
Those battles I have fought, those horrid dangers
(Leaner than death, and wilder than destruction,)
I have march'd upon, these honour'd wounds, Time's story,
The blood I have lost, the youth, the sorrows suffer'd,
These are my death, these that can ne'er be recompensed,
These that ye set a-brooding on like toads,
Sucking from my deserts the sweets and savours,
And render me no pay again but poisons!
Bor. The proud vain soldier thou hast set.
Archas. Thou liest!
Now, by my little time of life, liest basely,
Maliciously, and loudly! How I scorn thee!
If I had swell'd the soldier, or intended
An act in person leaning to dishonour,
As you would fain have forced me, witness, Heaven,
Where clearest understanding of all truth is,
(For these are spiteful men, and know no piety,)
When Olin came, grim Olin, when his marches,
His last incursions, made the city sweat,
And drove before him, as a storm drives hail,
Such showers of frosted fears shook all your heart-strings;
Then, when the Volga trembled at his terror,
And hid his seven curl'd heads, afraid of bruising
By his arm'd horses' hoofs; had I been false then,
Or blown a treacherous fire into the soldier,
Had but one spark of villainy lived within me,
You had had some shadow for this black about me.
Where was your soldiership? Why went not you out,
And all your right-honourable valour with you?
Why met you not the Tartar, and defied him?
Drew your dead-doing sword, and buckled with him?
Shot through his squadrons like a fiery meteor?
And, as we see a dreadful clap of thunder
Rend the stiff-hearted oaks, and toss their roots up,
Why did not you so charge him? You were sick then;
You, that dare taint my credit, slipp'd to bed then,
Stewing and fainting with the fears you had;
A whoreson shaking fit oppress'd your lordship.
Blush, coward, knave, and all the world hiss at thee!
Duke. Exceed not my command. [*Exit* Duke.
Bor. I shall observe it.
Archas. Are you gone too?—Come, weep not, honest Burris,
Good loving lord, no more tears: 'Tis not his malice,
This fellow's malice, nor the duke's displeasure,
By bold bad men crowded into his nature,
Can startle me. Fortune ne'er razed this fort yet;
I am the same, the same man; living, dying,
(The same mind to 'em both) I poize thus equal:
Only the juggling way that toll'd me to it,
The Judas way, to kiss me, bid me welcome,

And cut my throat, a little sticks upon me.
Farewell! commend me to his grace, and tell him
The world is full of servants; he may have many,
(And some I wish him honest, he's undone else,)
But such another doting Archas never,
So tried and touch'd a faith! Farewell for ever!
Burris. Be strong, my lord: You must not go thus lightly.
Archas. Now, what's to do? What says the law unto me?
Give me my great offence, that speaks me guilty.
Bor. Laying aside a thousand petty matters,
As scorns and insolencies, both from yourself and followers,
Which you put first fire to (and these are deadly),
I come to one main cause, which, though it carries
A strangeness in the circumstance, it carries death too,
Not to be pardon'd neither: You have done a sacrilege.
Archas. High Heaven defend me, man! How, how, Boroskie?
Bor. You have took from the temple those vow'd arms,
The only ornament you hung up there,
No absolution of your vow, no order
From holy church to give 'em back unto you,
After they were purified from war, and rested
From blood, made clean by ceremony: From the altar
You snatch'd 'em up again, again you wore 'em,
Again you stain'd 'em, stain'd your vow, the church too,
And robb'd it of that right was none of yours, sir;
For which the law requires your head, you know it.
Archas. Those arms I fought in last?
Bor. The same.
Archas. God-a-mercy!
Thou hast hunted out a notable cause to kill me,
A subtle one: I die, for saving all you.
Good sir, remember, if you can, the necessity,
The suddenness of time, the state all stood in;
I was entreated to, kneel'd to, and pray'd to,
The duke himself, the princess, all the nobles,
The cries of infants, bed-rid fathers, virgins!
Pr'ythee find out a better cause, a handsomer;
This will undo thee too; people will spit at thee;
The devil himself would be ashamed of this cause.
Because my haste made me forget the ceremony,
The present danger everywhere, must my life [satisfy?
Bor. It must and shall.
Archas. Oh, base ungrateful people!
Have ye no other sword to cut my throat with,
But mine own nobleness? I confess I took 'em,
The vow not yet absolved I hung 'em up with;
Wore 'em, fought in 'em, gilded 'em again
In the fierce Tartars' bloods; for you I took 'em,
For your peculiar safety, lord, for all; [then;
I wore 'em for my country's health, that groan'd
Took from the temple, to preserve the temple:
That holy place, and all the sacred monuments,
The reverend shrines of saints, adored and honour'd,
Had been consumed to ashes, their own sacrifice,
Had I been slack; or staid that absolution,
No priest had lived to give it. My own honour,
Cure of my country, murder me!
Bor. No, no, sir;
I shall force that from you, will make this cause light too.
Away with him! I shall pluck down that heart, sir.
Archas. Break it thou may'st; but if it bend for pity,
Dogs and kites eat it! Come; I am honour's martyr. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.—*Another Apartment in the same.*

Enter Duke *and* Burris.

Duke. Exceed my warrant?
Burris. You know he loves him not.
Duke. He dares as well meet death as do it; eat wildfire.
Through a few fears, I mean to try his goodness,
That I may find him fit to wear here, Burris.
I know Boroskie hates him, to death hates him;
I know he is a serpent too, a swoll'n one;
But I have pull'd his sting out. [*Noise within.*]—What noise is that?
Theod. [*Within.*] Down with 'em, down with 'em, down with the gates!
Sold. [*Within.*] Stand, stand, stand!
Puts. [*Within.*] Fire the palace before ye!
Burris. Upon my life, the soldier, sir, the sol-
A miserable time is come. [dier!

Enter Gentleman.

Gent. Oh, save him!
Upon my knees, my heart's knees, save Lord
We are undone else. [Archas!
Duke. Dares he touch his body?
Gent. He racks him fearfully, most fearfully.
Duke. Away, Burris;
Take men, and take him from him, clap him up;
And if I live, I'll find a strange death for him. [*Exit* Burris.
Are the soldiers broke in?
Gent. By this time, sure they are, sir;
They beat the gates extremely, beat the people.
Duke. Get me a guard about me; make sure the
And speak the soldiers fair. [lodgings.
Gent. Pray heaven that take, sir. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.—*The Court of the Palace.*

Enter Putskie, Ancient, *and* Soldiers, *with Torches.*

Puts. Give us the general; we'll fire the court
Render him safe and well. [else!
Anc. Do not fire the cellar,
There's excellent wine in't, captain; and though it be cold weather,
I do not love it mull'd.—Bring out the general!
We'll light ye such a bonfire else—Where are ye?
Speak, or we'll toss your turrets; peep out of your hives,
We'll smoke ye else. Is not that a nose there?
Put out that nose again, and if thou darest
But blow it before us——Now he creeps out on's burrow.

Enter Gentleman.

Puts. Give us the general!
Gent. Yes, gentlemen:
Or any thing ye can desire.
Anc. You musk-cat,
Cordevan-skin! we will not take your answer.
Puts. Where is the duke? speak suddenly, and send him hither.
Anc. Or we'll so fry your buttocks——

Gent. Good sweet gentlemen——
Anc. We are neither good nor sweet; we are soldiers,
And you miscreants that abuse the general.—
Give fire, my boys! 'tis a dark evening;
Let's light 'em to their lodgings.

Enter OLYMPIA, HONORA, VIOLA, THEODORE, *and* Women.

Hon. Good brother, be not fierce.
Theod. I will not hurt her.—
Fear not, sweet lady.
Olym. You may do what you please, sir;
I have a sorrow that exceeds all yours,
And more contemns all danger.

Enter DUKE *above.*

Theod. Where's the duke?
Duke. He's here.—What would ye, soldiers? Wherefore troop ye
Like mutinous madmen thus?
Theod. Give me my father!
Puts. and Anc. Give us our general!
Theod. Set him here before us;
You see the pledge we have got; you see these torches;
All shall to ashes, as I live, immediately!
A thousand lives for one!
Duke. But hear me!
Puts. No;
We come not to dispute.

Enter ARCHAS *and* BURRIS.

Theod. By Heaven
I swear he is rack'd and whipt.
Hon. Oh, my poor father!
Puts. Burn, kill and burn!
Archas. Hold, hold, I say! hold, soldiers!
On your allegiance, hold!
Theod. We must not.
Archas. Hold! I swear
By Heaven, he is a barbarous traitor stirs first,
A villain and a stranger to obedience,
Never my soldier more, nor friend to honour!—
Why did you use your old man thus? thus cruelly
Torture his poor weak body? I ever loved you.
Duke. Forget me in these wrongs, most noble Archas.
Archas. I have balm enough for all my hurts: Weep no more, sir;
A satisfaction for a thousand sorrows.
I do believe you innocent, a good man,
And Heaven forgive that naughty thing that wrong'd me!—
Why look ye wild, my friends? why stare ye on me?
I charge ye, as ye are men, my men, my lovers,
As ye are honest faithful men, fair soldiers,
Let down your anger! Is not this our sovereign?
The head of mercy and of law? Who dares then,
But rebels, scorning law, appear thus violent?
Is this a place for swords, for threatening fires?
The reverence of this house dares any touch,
But with obedient knees, and pious duties?
Are we not all his subjects, all sworn to him?
Has not he power to punish our offences,
And do not we daily fall into 'em? Assure yourselves
I did offend, and highly, grievously;
This good sweet prince I offended, my life forfeited,
Which yet his mercy and his old love met with,
And only let me feel his light rod this way.
Ye are to thank him for your general,
Pray for his life and fortune, sweat your bloods for him.
Ye are offenders too, daily offenders;
Proud insolencies dwell in your hearts, and ye do 'em,
Do 'em against his peace, his law, his person;
Ye see he only sorrows for your sins,
And where his power might persecute, forgives ye.
For shame, put up your swords! for honesty,
For order's sake, and whose ye are, my soldiers,
Be not so rude!
Theod. They have drawn blood from you, sir.
Archas. That was the blood rebell'd, the naughty blood,
The proud, provoking blood; 'tis well 'tis out, boy.
Give you example first; draw out, and orderly.
Hon. Good brother, do!
Archas. Honest and high example,
As thou wilt have my blessing follow thee,
Inherit all mine honours.—Thank you, Theodore,
My worthy son.
Theod. If harm come, thank yourself, sir;
I must obey you. [*Exit.*
Archas. Captain, you know the way now:
A good man, and a valiant, you were ever,
Inclined to honest things.—I thank you, captain.
Soldiers, I thank ye all! And love me still,
But do not love me so you lose allegiance;
Love that above your lives. Once more I thank ye.
[*Exeunt* PUTSKIE, ANCIENT, *and* Soldiers.
Duke. Bring him to rest, and let our cares wait on him.
Thou excellent old man, thou top of honour,
Where justice and obedience only build,
Thou stock of virtue, how am I bound to love thee,
In all thy noble ways to follow thee!
Burris. Remember him that vex'd him, sir.
Duke. Remember?
When I forget that villain, and to pay him
For all his mischiefs, may all good thoughts forget me!
Archas. I am very sore.
Duke. Bring him to bed with ease, gentlemen.
For every stripe I'll drop a tear to wash 'em;
And, in my sad repentance——
Archas. 'Tis too much;
I have a life yet left to gain that love, sir. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*An Apartment in the Palace.*

Enter DUKE, BURRIS, *and* Gentlemen.

Duke. How does lord Archas yet?
Burris. But weak, an't please you;
Yet all the helps that art can are applied to him:
His heart's untouch'd, and whole yet; and no doubt, sir,
His mind being sound, his body soon will follow.
Duke. Oh, that base knave that wrong'd him! without leave too!
But I shall find an hour to give him thanks for't.
He's fast, I hope.
Burris. As fast as irons can keep him:
But the most fearful wretch——
Duke. He has a conscience,

A cruel stinging one, I warrant him,
A loaden one. But what news of the soldier?
I did not like their parting; 'twas too sullen.
Burris. That they keep still, and I fear a worse clap.
They are drawn out of the town, and stand in councils,
Hatching unquiet thoughts, and cruel purposes.
I went myself unto 'em, talk'd with the captains,
Whom I found fraught with nothing but loud murmurs
And desperate curses, sounding these words often,
Like trumpets to their angers: "We are ruin'd,
Our services turn'd to disgraces, mischiefs;
Our brave old general, like one had pilfer'd,
Tortured and whipt!" The colonel's eyes, like torches,
Blaze everywhere, and fright fair peace.
Gent. Yet worse, sir;
The news is current now, they mean to leave you,
Leave their allegiance; and under Olin's charge,
The bloody enemy, march straight against you.
Burris. I have heard this too, sir.
Duke. This must be prevented,
And suddenly and warily.
Burris. 'Tis time, sir;
But what to minister, or how?
Duke. Go in with me,
And there we'll think upon't. Such blows as these
Equal defences ask, else they displease. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*Another in the same.*

Enter PETESCA *and* Gentlewoman.

Pet. Lord, what a coil has here been with these soldiers!
They are cruel fellows.
Gent. And yet methought we found 'em
Handsome enough. I'll tell thee true, Petesca,
I look'd for other manner of dealings from 'em,
And had prepared myself. But where's my lady?
Pet. In her old dumps within, monstrous melancholy:
Sure she was mad of this wench.
Gent. An she had been a man,
She would have been a great deal madder. I am glad she's shifted.
Pet. 'Twas a wicked thing for me to betray her;
And yet I must confess she stood in our lights.

Enter Young ARCHAS *in his own shape.*

What young thing's this?
Y. Arch. Good morrow, beauteous gentlewomen!
'Pray is the princess stirring yet?
Gent. He has her face.
Pet. Her very tongue, and tone too; her youth upon him.
Y. Arch. I guess ye to be the princess' women.
Pet. Yes, we are, sir.
Y. Arch. Pray, is there not a gentlewoman
Ye call Alinda? [waiting on her grace,
Pet. The devil sure, in her shape.
Gent. I have heard her tell my lady of a brother,
An only brother, that she had in travel.
Pet. 'Mass, I remember that: This may be he
I would this thing would serve her. [too.

Enter OLYMPIA.

Gent. So would I, wench;
We should love him better, sure.—Sir, here's the princess;
She best can satisfy you. [princess;
Y. Arch. How I love that presence! [*Apart.*
Oh, blessed eyes, how nobly shine your comforts!
Olym. What gentleman is that?
Gent. We know not, madam:
He ask'd us for your grace; and, as we guess it,
He is Alinda's brother.
Olym. Ha! let me mark him.
My grief has almost blinded me. Her brother?
By Venus, he has all her sweetness on him!
Two silver drops of dew were never liker.
Y. Arch. Gracious lady——
Olym. That pleasant pipe he has too.
Y. Arch. Being my happiness to pass by this way,
And having, as I understood by letters,
A sister in your virtuous service, madam——
Olym. Oh, now my heart, my heart aches!
Y. Arch. All the comfort
My poor youth has, all that my hopes have built me;
I thought it my first duty, my best service,
Here to arrive first, humbly to thank your grace
For my poor sister, humbly to thank your nobleness,
That bounteous goodness in you——
Olym. 'Tis he certainly.
Y. Arch. That spring of favour to her; with my life, madam,
If any such most happy means might meet me,
To shew my thankfulness!
Olym. What have I done? fool!
Y. Arch. She came a stranger to your grace, no courtier,
Nor of that curious breed befits your service:
Yet one, I dare assure my soul, that loved you
Before she saw you; doted on your virtues;
Before she knew those fair eyes, long'd to read 'em;
You only had her prayers, you her wishes;
And that one hope to be yours once, preserved her.
Olym. I have done wickedly.
Y. Arch. A little beauty,
Such as a cottage breeds, she brought along with her;
And yet our country eyes esteem'd it much too;
But for her beauteous mind (forget, great lady,
I am her brother, and let me speak, a stranger,)
Since she was able to beget a thought, 'twas honest.
The daily study how to fit your services
Truly to tread that virtuous path you walk in,
So fired her honest soul, we thought her sainted.
I presume she's still the same: I would fain see her;
For, madam, 'tis no little love I owe her.
Olym. Sir, such a maid there was, I had——
Y. Arch. There was, madam?
Olym. Oh, my poor wench! Eyes, I will ever curse ye
For your credulity:—Alinda?
Y. Arch. That's her name, madam.
Olym. Give me a little leave, sir, to lament her.
Y. Arch. Is she dead, lady?
Olym. Dead, sir, to my service:
She is gone. Pray you ask no further.
Y. Arch. I obey, madam.
Gone?—Now must I lament too. [*Aside.*]—Said you "gone," madam?
Olym. Gone, gone for ever!
Y. Arch. That's a cruel saying.
Her honour too?
Olym. Pr'ythee look angry on me,
And, if thou ever lov'dst her spit upon me;
Do something like a brother, like a friend,
And do not only say thou lov'st her!
Y. Arch. You amaze me.
Olym. I ruin'd her, I wrong'd her, I abus'd her;
Poor innocent soul, I flung her.—Sweet Alinda,

Thou virtuous maid! my soul now calls thee vir-
Why do you not rail now at me! [tuous.—
Y. Arch. For what, lady?
Olym. Call me base treacherous woman?
Y. Arch. Heaven defend me!
Olym. Rashly I thought her false, and put her from me;
Rashly and madly I betrayed her modesty:
Put her to wander, Heaven knows where: Nay,
Stuck a black brand upon her! [more, sir,
Y. Arch. 'Twas not well, lady.
Olym. 'Twas damnable; she loving me so dearly,
Never poor wench loved so. Sir, believe me,
'Twas the most duteous wench, the best companion;
When I was pleased, the happiest and the gladdest;
The modestest sweet nature dwelt within her:
I saw all this, I knew all this, I loved it,
I doted on it too, and yet I kill'd it.
Oh, what have I forsaken? what have I lost?
Y. Arch. Madam, I'll take my leave; since she
'Tis fit I know no rest. [is wandering,
Olym. Will you go too, sir?
I have not wrong'd you yet. If you dare trust me—
For yet I love Alinda there, I honour her,
I love to look upon those eyes that speak her,
To read that face again—Modesty keep me! [*Aside.*
Alinda, in that shape!—But why should you trust
'Twas I betray'd your sister, I undid her; [me?
And, believe me, gentle youth, 'tis I weep for her.
Appoint what penance you please; but stay then,
And see me perform it; ask what honour this place
Is able to heap on you, or what wealth:
If following me will like you, my care of you,
Which, for your sister's sake, for your own goodness—
Y. Arch. Not all the honour earth has, now she's gone, lady,
Not all the favour——Yet, if I sought preferment,
Under your bounteous grace I would only take it.
Peace rest upon you! One sad tear every day,
For poor Alinda's sake, 'tis fit you pay! [*Exit.*
Olym. A thousand, noble youth; and when I
Even in my silver slumbers still I'll weep. [sleep,
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*Another in the same.*

Enter Duke *and* Gentleman.

Duke. Have you been with 'em?
Gent. Yes, an't please your grace;
But no persuasion serves 'em, nor no promise:
They are fearful angry, and by this time, sir,
Upon their march to the enemy.
Duke. They must be stopp'd.
Gent. Ay, but what force is able? and what leader——

Enter Burris.

Duke. How now? have you been with Archas?
Burris. Yes, an't please you,
And told him all: He frets like a chafed lion,
And calls for his arms, and all those honest cour-
That dare draw swords. [tiers
Duke. Is he able to do anything?
Burris. His mind is well enough; and where his charge is,
Let him be ne'er so sore, 'tis a full army.
Duke. Who commands the rebels?
Burris. The young colonel;
That makes the old man almost mad. He swears, sir,
He will not spare his son's head for the dukedom.
Duke. Is the court in arms?
Burris. As fast as they can bustle.
Every man mad to go now; inspired strangely,
As if they were to force the enemy.
I beseech your grace to give me leave.
Duke. Pray go, sir,
And look to the old man well. Take up all fairly,
And let no blood be spilt; take general pardons,
And quench this fury with fair peace.
Burris. I shall, sir,
Or seal it with my service. They are villains.
The court is up: Good sir, go strengthen 'em;
Your royal sight will make 'em scorn all dangers;
The general needs no proof.
Duke. Come, let's go view 'em. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*Open Country.*

Enter Theodore, Putskie, Ancient, Soldiers, *drums, and colours.*

Theod. 'Tis known we are up, and marching. No submission,
No promise of base peace, can cure our maladies:
We have suffer'd beyond all repair of honour;
Your valiant old man's whipt; whipt, gentlemen,
Whipt like a slave! that flesh that never trembled,
Nor shrunk one sinew at a thousand charges,
That noble body, ribb'd in arms, the enemy
So often shook at, and then shunn'd like thunder,
That body's torn with lashes.
Anc. Let's turn head.
Puts. Turn nothing, gentlemen; let's march on
Unless they charge us. [fairly,
Theod. Think still of his abuses,
And keep your angers.
Anc. He was whipt like a top;
I never saw a whore so laced: Court school-butter?
Is this their diet? I'll dress 'em one running banquet:
What oracle can alter us? Did not we see him?
See him we loved?
Theod. And though we did obey him,
Forced by his reverence for that time; is't fit, gentlemen,
My noble friends, is't fit we men and soldiers,
Live to endure this, and look on too?
Puts. Forward!
They may call back the sun as soon, stay time,
Prescribe a law to death, as we endure this.
Theod. They make ye all fair promises.
Anc. We care not.
Theod. Use all their arts upon ye.
Anc. Hang all their arts!
Puts. And happily they'll bring him with 'em.
Anc. March apace then;
He's old, and cannot overtake us.
Puts. Say he do? [see him more.
Anc. We'll run away with him; they shall never
The truth is, we'll hear nothing, stop at nothing,
Consider nothing but our way: believe nothing,
Not though they say their prayers; be content with nothing,
But the knocking out their brains; and last do nothing
But ban 'em and curse 'em, till we come to kill 'em.

Theod. Remove then forwards bravely! Keep your minds whole,
And the next time we face 'em shall be fatal.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—*Another Part of the Country.*

Enter ARCHAS, DUKE, BURRIS, Gentlemen, *and* Soldiers.

Archas. Peace to your grace! Take rest, sir; they are before us.
Gent. They are, sir, and upon the march.
[*Exit* DUKE.
Archas. Lord Burris,
Take you those horse and coast 'em: Upon the first advantage,
If they will not slack their march, charge 'em up roundly;
By that time I'll come in. [*Exit.*
Burris. I'll do it truly.
Gent. How do you feel yourself, sir?
Archas. Well, I thank you;
A little weak, but anger shall supply that.
You will all stand bravely to it?
All. While we have lives, sir.
Archas. Ye speak like gentlemen. I'll make the knaves know
The proudest, and the strongest-hearted rebel,
They have a law to live in, and they shall have.
Beat up apace; by this time he's upon 'em;
And, sword, but hold me now, thou shalt play ever!
[*Drum within. Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.—*Another Part of the Country.*

Enter, drums beating, THEODORE, PUTSKIE, ANCIENT, *and their* Soldiers.

Theod. Stand, stand, stand close, and sure! The horse will charge us!
Anc. Let 'em come on; we have provender fit for 'em.

Enter BURRIS, *and one or two* Soldiers.

Puts. Here comes lord Burris, sir, I think to parley.
Theod. You are welcome, noble sir; I hope to our part.
Burris. No, valiant colonel, I am come to chide ye,
To pity ye, to kill ye, if these fail me.
Fy, what dishonour seek ye! what black infamy!
Why do ye draw out thus! draw all shame with ye?
Are these fit cares in subjects? I command ye
Lay down your arms again; move in that peace,
That fair obedience, you were bred in.
Puts. Charge us!
We come not here to argue.
Theod. Charge up bravely,
And hotly too; we have hot spleens to meet ye,
Hot as the shames are offer'd us.

Enter ARCHAS, Gentlemen, *and* Soldiers.

Burris. Look behind ye:
Do ye see that old man? do ye know him, soldiers?
Puts. Your father, sir, believe me!
Burris. You know his marches,
You have seen his executions: Is it yet peace?
Theod. We'll die here first.
Burris. Farewell! you'll hear on's presently.
Archas. Stay, Burris:
This is too poor, too beggarly a body,
To bear the honour of a charge from me;
A sort of tatter'd rebels. Go, provide gallowses!
Ye are troubled with hot heads: I'll cool ye presently,
These look like men that were my soldiers,
Now I behold 'em nearly, and more narrowly,
My honest friends: Where got they these fair figures?
Where did they steal these shapes?
Burris. They are struck already.
Archas. Do you see that fellow there, that goodly rebel?
He looks as like a captain I loved tenderly,
A fellow of a faith indeed——
Burris. He has shamed him.
Archas. And that that bears the colours there, most certain
So like an Ancient of mine own, a brave fellow,
A loving and obedient, that, believe me, Burris,
I am amazed and troubled: And, were it not
I know the general goodness of my people,
The duty, and the truth, the stedfast honesty,
And am assured they would as soon turn devils
As rebels to allegiance, for mine honour——
Burris. Here needs no wars.
Puts. I pray forgive us, sir.
Anc. Good general, forgive us, or use your sword;
Your words are double death.
All. Good noble general!
Burris. Pray, sir, be merciful.
Archas. Weep out your shames first!
Ye make me fool for company. Fy, soldiers!
My soldiers too, and play these tricks? What's be there?
Sure I have seen his face too! Yes; most certain
I have a son (but I hope he is not here now)
Would much resemble this man, wond'rous near him;
Just of his height and making too. You seem a leader.
Theod. Good sir, do not shame me more: I know your anger,
And less than death I look not for.
Archas. You shall be my charge, sir; it seems you want foes,
When you would make your friends your enemies.
A running blood you have, but I shall cure you.
Burris. Good sir——
Archas. No more, good lord.—Beat forward, soldiers!—
And you march in the rear; you have lost your places.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.—Moscow. *The Court of the Palace.*

Enter DUKE, OLYMPIA, HONORA, *and* VIOLA.

Duke. You shall not be thus sullen with me,
You do the most unnobly to be angry,
For, as I have a soul, I never touch'd her;
I never yet knew one unchaste thought in her.
I must confess I loved her; as who would not?
I must confess I doted on her strangely;
I offer'd all, yet so strong was her honour,
So fortified as fair, no hope could reach her:
And while the world beheld this, and confirm'd it,
Why would you be so jealous?
Olym. Good sir, pardon me;
I feel sufficiently my folly's penance,
And am ashamed; that shame a thousand sorrows
Feed on continually. 'Would I had never seen her,

Or with a clearer judgment look'd upon her!
She was too good for me; so heavenly good, sir,
Nothing but Heaven can love that soul sufficiently,
Where I shall see her once again!

Enter BURRIS.

Duke. No more tears;
If she be within the dukedom, we'll recover her.—
Welcome, lord Burris; fair news I hope.
Burris. Most fair, sir:
Without one drop of blood these wars are ended,
The soldier cool'd again, indeed ashamed, sir,
And all his anger ended.
Duke. Where's lord Archas?
Burris. Not far off, sir; with him his valiant son,
Head of this fire, but now a prisoner;
And, if by your sweet mercy not prevented,
I fear some fatal stroke. [*Drums.*
Duke. I hear the drums beat.—

Enter ARCHAS, THEODORE, Gentlemen, *and* Soldiers.

Welcome, my worthy friend!
Archas. Stand where you are, sir;
Even as you love your country, move not forward;
Nor plead for peace, till I have done a justice,
A justice on this villain, (none of mine now!)
A justice on this rebel.
Hon. Oh, my brother!
Archas. This fatal firebrand——
Duke. Forget not, old man,
He is thy son, of thine own blood.
Archas. In these veins
No treachery e'er harbour'd yet, no mutiny;
I ne'er gave life to lewd and headstrong rebels.
Duke. 'Tis his first fault.
Archas. Not of a thousand, sir;
Or, were it so, it is a fault so mighty,
So strong against the nature of all mercy,
His mother, were she living, would not weep for
He dare not say he would live. [him.
Theod. I must not, sir,
While you say 'tis not fit.—Your grace's mercy,
[*Kneels.*
Not to my life applied, but to my fault, sir!
The world's forgiveness next! last, on my knees,
I humbly beg, [sir,
Do not take from me yet the name of father!
Strike me a thousand blows, but let me die yours!
Archas. He moves my heart: I must be sudden
with him, [*Draws.*
I shall grow faint else in my execution.—
Come, come, sir, you have seen death; now meet
him bravely.
Duke. Hold, hold, I say, a little, hold! Consider,
Thou hast no more sons, Archas, to inherit thee.
Archas. Yes, sir, I have another, and a nobler:
No treason shall inherit me: Young Archas,
A boy as sweet as young; my brother breeds him,
My noble brother Briskie, breeds him nobly:
Him let your favour find, give him your honour.

Enter PUTSKIE (*alias* BRISKIE) *and Young* ARCHAS.

Puts. Thou hast no child left, Archas, none to
inherit thee,
If thou strikest that stroke now. Behold young
Archas!
Behold thy brother here, thou bloody brother,
As bloody to this sacrifice as thou art?
Heave up thy sword, and mine's heaved up! Strike,
Archas,
And I'll strike too, as suddenly, as deadly!
Have mercy, and I'll have mercy! the duke gives it.
Look upon all these, how they weep it from thee;
Chuse quickly, and begin.
Duke. On your obedience,
On your allegiance, save him!
Archas. Take him to ye: [Soldiers *shout.*
And, sirrah, be an honest man; you have reason.
I thank you, worthy brother! Welcome, child,
Mine own sweet child!
Duke. Why was this boy conceal'd thus?
Puts. Your grace's pardon!
Fearing the vow you made against my brother,
And that your anger would not only light
On him, but find out all his family,
This young boy, to preserve from after-danger,
Like a young wench, hither I brought; myself,
In the habit of an ordinary captain
Disguised, got entertainment, and served here,
That I might still be ready to all fortunes.
The boy your grace took, nobly entertain'd him,
But thought a girl; Alinda, madam.
Olym. Stand away,
And let me look upon him!
Duke. My young mistress?—
This is a strange metamorphosis.—Alinda?
Y. Arch. Your grace's humble servant.
Duke. Come hither, sister.—
I dare yet scarce believe mine eyes. How they
view one another?—
Dost thou not love this boy well?
Olym. I should lie else, trust me,
Extremely lie else.
Duke. Didst thou ne'er wish, Olympia,
It might be thus?
Olym. A thousand times.
Duke. Here, take him!
Nay, do not blush: I do not jest; kiss sweetly!
Boy, you kiss faintly, boy. Heaven give ye comfort!
Teach him; he'll quickly learn. There's two
hearts eased now.
Archas. You do me too much honour, sir.
Duke. No, Archas;
But all I can, I will.—Can you love me? Speak
Hon. Yes, sir, dearly. [truly.
Duke. Come hither, Viola; can you love this
Viola. I'll do the best I can, sir. [man?
Duke. Seal it, Burris.
We'll all to church together instantly;
And then a vie for boys! Stay, bring Boroskie!
I had almost forgot that lump of mischief.

BOROSKIE *is brought in.*

There, Archas, take the enemy to honour,
The knave to worth; do with him what thou wilt.
Archas. Then to my sword again, you to your
prayers; [*Draws.*
Wash off your villainies; you feel the burden.
Bor. Forgive me ere I die, most honest Archas!
[*Kneels.*
'Tis too much honour that I perish thus.
Oh, strike my faults to kill them, that no memory,
No black and blasted infamy, hereafter——
Archas. Come, are you ready?
Bor. Yes.
Archas. And truly penitent, to make your way
Bor. Thus I wash off my sins. [straight?
Archas. Stand up, and live then,
And live an honest man; I scorn men's ruins.—

Take him again, sir, try him; and believe
This thing will be a perfect man.
Duke. I take him.
Bor. And when I fail those hopes, Heaven's hopes fail me!
Duke. You are old: No more wars, father!—
Take you the charge; be general. [Theodore,
Theod. All good bless you!
Duke. And, my good father, you dwell in my bosom;
From you rise all my good thoughts: When I would think
And examine time for one that's fairly noble,
And the same man through all the straights of virtue,
Upon this silver book I'll look, and read him.—
Now forward merrily to Hymen's rites,
To joys, and revels, sports! and he that can
Most honour Archas, is the noblest man.
[*Exeunt.*

EPILOGUE.

Though something well assured, few here repent
Three hours of precious time, or money spent
On our endeavours; yet, not to rely
Too much upon our care and industry,
'Tis fit we should ask, but a modest way,
How you approve our action in the play?
If you vouchsafe to crown it with applause,
It is your bounty, and you give us cause
Hereafter with a general consent
To study as becomes us, your content.

RULE A WIFE AND HAVE A WIFE.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

DUKE OF MEDINA.
JUAN DE CASTRO, *a Colonel.*
SANCHIO, ALONZO, } *Officers in the Army.*
MICHAEL PEREZ, *the Copper Captain.*
LEON, *Brother to* ALTRA.
CACAFOGO, *a rich Usurer.*
MARGARITA.
ALTRA, *her Servant.*
CLARA.
ESTIFANIA.
Three Old Ladies.
An Old Woman, *and* Maid.

SCENE,—VALLADOLID, AND A COUNTRY-HOUSE NEAR IT.

PROLOGUE.

Pleasure attend ye! and about ye sit
The springs of mirth, fancy, delight, and wit,
To stir ye up! Do not your looks let fall,
Nor to remembrance our late errors call,
Because this day we're Spaniards all again,
The story of our play, and our scene Spain:
The errors too, do not for this cause hate;
Now we present their wit, and not their state.
Nor, ladies, be not angry, if you see
A young fresh beauty, wanton, and too free,
Seek to abuse her husband; still 'tis Spain;
No such gross errors in your kingdom reign:
You're vestals all, and tho' we blow the fire,
We seldom make it flame up to desire;
Take no example neither to begin,
For some by precedent delight to sin;
Nor blame the poet if he slipt aside
Sometimes lasciviously, if not too wide.
But hold your fans close, and then smile at ease;
A cruel scene did never lady please.
Nor, gentlemen, pray be not you displeas'd,
Tho' we present some men fool'd, some diseas'd,
Some drunk, some mad: We mean not you, you're free:
We tax no further than our comedy;
You are our friends; sit noble then, and see!

ACT I.

SCENE I.—VALLADOLID. *The Lodgings of* JUAN DE CASTRO.

Enter JUAN DE CASTRO, *and* MICHAEL PEREZ.

Perez. Are your companies full, colonel?
Juan. No, not yet, sir;
Nor will not be this month yet, as I reckon.
How rises your command?
Perez. We pick up still,
And, as our monies hold out, we have men come:
About that time I think we shall be full too.
Many young gallants go.
Juan. And unexperienced:
The wars are dainty dreams to young hot spirits;
Time and experience will allay those visions.
We have strange things to fill our numbers:
There's one Don Leon, a strange goodly fellow,
Recommended to me from some noble friends,
For my Alferez; had you but seen his person,
And what a giant's promise it protesteth!
Perez. I've heard of him, and that he hath serv'd before too.
Juan. But no harm done, nor never meant, Don Michael,
That came to my ears yet. Ask him a question,
He blushes like a girl, and answers little,
To the point less; he wears a sword, a good one,
And good clothes too; he's whole-skin'd, has no hurt yet;
Good promising hopes; I never yet heard certainly
Of any gentleman that saw him angry.
Perez. Preserve him; he'll conclude a peace if need be.
Many as strong as he will go along with us,
That swear as valiantly as heart can wish,
Their mouths charged with six oaths at once, and whole ones,
That make the drunken Dutch creep into molehills.

Juan. 'Tis true, such we must look for. But, Michael Perez,
When heard you of Donna Margarita, the great heiress?
Perez. I hear every hour of her, tho' I never saw her;
She is the main discourse. Noble Don Juan de Castro,
How happy were that man could catch this wench up,
And live at ease! She's fair, and young, and wealthy,
Infinite wealthy, and as gracious too [wealthy,
In all her entertainments, as men report.
Juan. But she is proud, sir, that I know for certain,
And that comes seldom without wantonness:
He that shall marry her, must have a rare hand.
Perez. 'Would I were married! I would find that wisdom
With a light rein to rule my wife. If ever woman
Of the most subtlest mould went beyond me,
I'd give the boys leave to hoot me out o' th' parish.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Sir,
There be two gentlewomen attend to speak with [you.
Juan. Wait on 'em in.
Perez. Are they two handsome women?
Serv. They seem so, very handsome; but they're veil'd, sir.
Perez. Thou put'st sugar in my mouth; how it melts with me!
I love a sweet young wench.
Juan. Wait on them in, I say. [*Exit* Servant.
Perez. Don Juan!
Juan. How you itch, Michael! how you burnish?
Will not this soldier's heat out of your bones yet?
Do your eyes glow now?
Perez. There be two.
Juan. Say honest;
What shame have you then?
Perez. I would fain see that: [things;
I've been i' th' Indies twice, and have seen strange
But, two honest women!——One I read of once.
Juan. Pr'ythee, be modest.
Perez. I'll be anything!

Enter Servant, CLARA, *and* ESTIFANIA, *veiled.*

Juan. You're welcome, ladies.
Perez. Both hooded! I like 'em well tho'.
They come not for advice in law sure hither!
May be they'd learn to raise the pike; I'm for 'em.
They're very modest; 'tis a fine preludium. [*Aside.*
Juan. With me, or with this gentleman, would you speak, lady?
Clara. With you, sir, as I guess; Juan de Castro. [*Unveils.*
Perez. Her curtain opens; she's a pretty gentlewoman.
Juan. I am the man, and shall be bound to [fortune,
may do any service to your beauties.
Clara. Captain, I hear you're marching down to [Flanders,
o serve the Catholic king.
Juan. I am, sweet lady.
Clara. I have a kinsman, and a noble friend,
mploy'd in those wars; may be, sir, you know [him;
on Campusano, captain of carbines,
o whom I would request your nobleness
o give this poor remembrance. [*Gives a letter.*
Juan. I shall do it;
I know the gentleman, a most worthy captain.
Clara. Something in private.
Juan. Step aside: I'll serve thee. [*Exeunt* JUAN *and* CLARA.
Perez. Pr'ythee, let me see thy face.
Estif. Sir, you must pardon me:
Women of our sort, that maintain fair memories,
And keep suspect off from their chastities,
Had need wear thicker veils.
Perez. I am no blaster of a lady's beauty,
Nor bold intruder on her special favours;
I know how tender reputation is,
And with what guards it ought to be preserv'd, lady:
You may to me.
Estif. You must excuse me, signior;
I come not here to sell myself.
Perez. As I'm a gentleman!
By th' honour of a soldier!
Estif. I believe you;
I pray you be civil; I believe you'd see me,
And, when you've seen me, I believe you'll like [me;
But in a strange place, to a stranger too,
As if I came on purpose to betray you!
Indeed, I will not.
Perez. I shall love you dearly;
And 'tis a sin to fling away affection:
I have no mistress, no desire to honour
Any but you.—Will not this oyster open? [*Aside.*
I know not, you have struck me with your modesty—
She will draw sure—[*Aside.*]—so deep, and taken from me
All the desire I might bestow on others——
Quickly, before they come!
Estif. Indeed, I dare not:
But, since I see you're so desirous, sir,
To view a poor face that can merit nothing
But your repentance——
Perez. It must needs be excellent.
Estif. And with what honesty you ask it of me;
When I am gone let your man follow me,
And view what house I enter; thither come;
For there I dare be bold to appear open,
And, as I like your virtuous carriage, then
I shall be able to give welcome to you——

Enter JUAN, CLARA, *and* Servant.

She hath done her business; I must take my leave, sir.
Perez. I'll kiss your fair white hand, and thank you, lady:
My man shall wait, and I shall be your servant.—
Sirrah, come near; hark! [*Whispers.*
Serv. I shall do it faithfully. [*Exit.*
Juan. You will command me no more services?
Clara. To be careful of your noble health, dear [sir,
That I may ever honour you.
Juan. I thank you,
And kiss your hands.—Wait on the ladies down there! [*Exeunt* Ladies *and* Servant.
Perez. You had the honour to see the face that came to you?
Juan. And 'twas a fair one; what was yours, Don Michael?
Perez. Mine was i' th' eclipse, and had a cloud drawn over it;
But, I believe, well, and I hope 'tis handsome;
She had a hand would stir a holy hermit.
Juan. You know none of 'em?

Perez. No.
Juan. Then I do, captain;
But I'll say nothing till I see the proof on't.—
Sit close, Don Perez, or your worship's caught:
I fear a fly. [*Aside.*
Perez. Were those she brought love-letters?
Juan. A packet to a kinsman now in Flanders.
Yours was very modest, methought.
Perez. Some young unmanaged thing:
But I may live to see——
Juan. 'Tis worth experience.
Let's walk abroad, and view our companies.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*The Street.*

Enter SANCHIO *and* ALONZO.

Sanc. What, are you for the wars, Alonzo?
Alon. It may be ay,
It may be no; e'en as the humour takes me.
If I find peace among the female creatures,
And easy entertainment, I'll stay at home;
I'm not so far oblig'd yet to long marches
And mouldy biscuits, to run mad for honour.
When you're all gone, I have my choice before me.
Sanc. Of which hospital thou'lt sweat in. Wilt thou never
Leave whoring?
Alon. There is less danger in't than gunning, Sanchio:
Tho' we be shot sometimes, the shot's not mortal;
Besides, it breaks no limbs.
Sanc. But it disables 'em; dost thou see how thou pull'st
Thy legs after thee, as they hung by points?
Alon. Better to pull 'em thus, than walk on wooden ones;
Serve bravely for a billet to support me.
Sanc. Fie, fie! 'tis base.
Alon. Dost thou count it base to suffer?
Suffer abundantly? 'tis the crown of honour.
You think it nothing to lie twenty days
Under a surgeon's hands, that has no mercy.
Sanc. As thou hast done, I'm sure. But I perceive now
Why you desire to stay; the Orient heiress,
The Margarita, sir!
Alon. I would I had her.
Sanc. They say she'll marry.
Alon. Yes, I think she will.
Sanc. And marry suddenly, as report goes, too!
She fears her youth will not hold out, Alonzo.
Alon. I would I had the sheathing on't.
Sanc. They say too
She has a greedy eye, that must be fed
With more than one man's meat.
Alon. 'Would she were mine!
I'd cater for her well enough. But, Sanchio,
There be too many great men that adore her;
Princes, and princes' fellows, that claim privilege.
Sanc. Yet those stand off i' th' way of marriage;
To be tied to a man's pleasure is a second labour.
Alon. She has bought a brave house here in town.
Sanc. I've heard so.
Alon. If she convert it now to pious uses,
And bid poor gentlemen welcome!
Sanc. When comes she to it?
Alon. Within these two days; she's i' th' country yet,
And keeps the noblest house!
Sanc. Then there's some hope of her.
Wilt thou go my way?
Alon. No, no, I must leave you,
And repair to an old gentlewoman
That has credit with her, that can speak a good word.
Sanc. Send thee good fortune! but make thy body sound first.
Alon. I am a soldier, and too sound a body
Becomes me not. Farewell, Sanchio! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*The same.*

Enter a Servant *of* MICHAEL PEREZ.

Serv. 'Tis this or that house, or I've lost my aim;
They're both fair buildings. She walk'd plaguy fast;

Enter ESTIFANIA.

And hereabouts I lost her.—Stay! that's she,
'Tis very she. She makes me a low court'sy.
Let me note the place; the street I will remember.
She's in again. Certain some noble lady:
[*Exit* ESTIFANIA *into a house.*
How happy should I be if she love my master!
A wondrous goodly house; here are brave lodgings,
And I shall sleep now like an emperor,
And eat abundantly. I thank my fortune!
I'll back with speed, and bring him happy tidings.
[*Exit.*

SCENE IV.—*The Country. An Apartment in the Villa of* MARGARITA.

Enter three old Ladies.

1 *Lady.* What should it mean, that in such haste we're sent for?
2 *Lady.* Belike the lady Margaret has some business
She'd break to us in private.
3 *Lady.* It should seem so.
'Tis a good lady, and a wise young lady.
2 *Lady.* And virtuous enough too, I warrant ye,
For a young woman of her years: 'Tis pity
To load her tender age with too much virtue.
3 *Lady.* 'Tis more sometimes than we can well away with.

Enter ALTEA.

Altea. Good morrow, ladies!
All. Morrow, my good madam!
1 *Lady.* How does the sweet young beauty, Lady Margaret?
2 *Lady.* Has she slept well after her walk last night?
1 *Lady.* Are her dreams gentle to her mind?
Altea. All's well;
She's very well; she sent for you thus suddenly,
To give her counsel in a business
That much concerns her.
2 *Lady.* She does well and wisely,
To ask the counsel of the ancient'st, madam;
Our years have run thro' many things she knows not.
Altea. She would fain marry.
1 *Lady.* 'Tis a proper calling,
And well beseems her years. Who would she yoke with?
Altea. That's left to argue on. I pray come in,

And break your fast; drink a good cup or two,
To strengthen your understandings; then she'll tell ye.
2 *Lady*. And good wine breeds good counsel; we'll yield to you. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—VALLADOLID. *The Street.*

Enter JUAN DE CASTRO *and* LEON.

Juan. Have you seen any service?
Leon. Yes.
Juan. Where?
Leon. Everywhere.
Juan. What office bore you?
Leon. None; I was not worthy.
Juan. What captains know you?
Leon. None; they were above me.
Juan. Were you ne'er hurt?
Leon. Not that I well remember,
But once I stole a hen, and then they beat me.
'Pray ask me no long questions; I've an ill memory.
Juan. This is an ass.—Did you ne'er draw your sword yet?
Leon. Not to do any harm, I thank Heav'n for't.
Juan. Nor ne'er ta'en prisoner?
Leon. No, I run away,
For I had ne'er no money to redeem me.
Juan. Can you endure a drum?
Leon. It makes my head ache.
Juan. Are you not valiant when you're drunk?
Leon. I think not;
But I am loving, sir.
Juan. What a lump is this man!——
Was your father wise?
Leon. Too wise for me, I'm sure;
For he gave all he had to my younger brother.
Juan. That was no foolish part, I'll bear you witness.
Canst thou lie with a woman?
Leon. I think I could make shift, sir;
But I am bashful.
Juan. In the night?
Leon. I know not;
Darkness indeed may do some good upon me.
Juan. Why art thou sent to me to be my officer,
Ay, and commended too, when thou dar'st not fight?
Leon. There be more officers of my opinion,
Or I am cozen'd, sir; men that talk more too.
Juan. How wilt thou 'scape a bullet?
Leon. Why, by chance;
They aim at honourable men; alas, I'm none, sir.
Juan. This fellow has some doubts in's talk, that strike me;
He cannot be all fool.—

Enter ALONZO.

Welcome, Alonzo!
Alon. What have you got there? Temperance into
Your company? the spirit of peace? we shall have wars
By the ounce then.—

Enter CACAFOGO.

Oh, here's another pumpion;
Let him loose for luck sake, the cramm'd son
Of a starv'd usurer, Cacafogo,
Both their brains butter'd cannot make two spoonful.
Cac. My father's dead; I am a man of war too.
Monies, demesnes; I've ships at sea too, captains.
Juan. Take heed o' th' Hollanders; your ships may leak else.
Cac. I scorn the Hollanders; they are my drunkards.
Alon. Put up your gold, sir; I will borrow it else.
Cac. I'm satisfied, you shall not.—Come out; I know thee;
Meet mine anger instantly!
Leon. I never wrong'd you.
Cac. Thou hast wrong'd mine honour;
Thou look'dst upon my mistress thrice lasciviously;
I'll make it good.
Juan. Do not heat yourself; you will surfeit.
Cac. Thou won'st my money too, with a pair of base bones,
In whom there was no truth; for which I beat thee.
I beat thee much; now I will hurt thee dangerously;
This shall provoke thee. [*He strikes him.*
Alon. You struck too low by a foot, sir.
Juan. You must get a ladder when you'd beat this fellow.
Leon. I cannot chuse but kick again; pray pardon me! [*Kicks him.*
Cac. Had'st thou not ask'd my pardon, I had kill'd thee.
I leave thee as a thing despis'd! *Beso las manos a vuestra sennoria!* [*Exit.*
Alon. You've 'scap'd by miracle; there is not, in all Spain,
A spirit of more fury than this fire-drake.
Leon. I see he's hasty; and I'd give him leave
To beat me soundly, if he'd take my bond.
Juan. What shall I do with this fellow?
Alon. Turn him off:
He will infect the camp with cowardice,
If he go with thee.
Juan. About some week hence, sir,
If I can hit upon no abler officer,
You shall hear from me.
Leon. I desire no better. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.—*A splendid Apartment in* MARGARITA'S *Town House.*

Enter ESTIFANIA *and* PEREZ.

Perez. You've made me now too bountiful amends, lady,
For your strict carriage when you saw me first.
These beauties were not meant to be conceal'd;
It was a wrong to hide so sweet an object;
I could now chide you, but it shall be thus.
[*Kisses her.*
No other anger ever touch your sweetness!
Estif. You appear to me so honest and so civil,
Without a blush, sir, I dare bid you welcome.
Perez. Now let me ask your name.
Estif. 'Tis Estifania:
The heir of this poor place.
Perez. Poor, do you call it?
There's nothing that I cast mine eyes upon,
But shews both rich and admirable; all the rooms
Are hung as if a princess were to dwell here;
The gardens, orchards, every thing so curious!
Is all that plate your own, too?
Estif. 'Tis but little,

Only for present use; I've more and richer,
When need shall call, or friends compel me use it.
The suits you see of all the upper chambers
Are those that commonly adorn the house:
I think I have, besides, as fair as Sevil,
Or any town in Spain can parallel.
Perez. [*Aside.*] Now if she be not married, I
Are you a maid? [have some hopes.—
Estif. You make me blush to answer;
I ever was accounted so to this hour,
And that's the reason that I live retir'd, sir.
Perez. Then would I counsel you to marry presently,
—If I can get her, I am made for ever— [*Aside.*
For every year you lose, you lose a beauty;
A husband now, an honest careful husband,
Were such a comfort! Will you walk above stairs?
Estif. This place will fit our talk; 'tis fitter far, sir;
Above there are day-beds, and such temptations
I dare not trust, sir.—
Perez. She's excellent wise withal too.— [*Aside.*
Estif. You nam'd a husband; I am not so strict,
Nor tied unto a virgin's solitariness, [sir,
But if an honest, and a noble one,
Rich, and a soldier, (for so I've vow'd he shall be)
Were offer'd me, I think I should accept him;
But, above all, he must love.
Perez. He were base else.—
There's comfort minister'd in the word soldier.
How sweetly should I live! [*Aside.*
Estif. I'm not so ignorant,
But that I know well how to be commanded,
And how again to make myself obey'd, sir.
I waste but little, I have gather'd much;
My rial not the less worth, when 'tis spent,
If spent by my direction; to please my husband,
I hold it as indifferent in my duty,
To be his maid i' th' kitchen, or his cook,
As in the hall to know myself the mistress.
Perez. Sweet, rich, and provident! now fortune stick to me!— [*Aside.*
I am a soldier, and a bachelor, lady;
And such a wife as you I could love infinitely;
They that use many words, some are deceitful:
I long to be a husband, and a good one;
For 'tis most certain I shall make a precedent
For all that follow me to love their ladies.
I'm young, you see, able I'd have you think too;
If't please you know, try me, before you take me.
'Tis true, I shall not meet an equal wealth
With you; but jewels, chains, such as the war
Has giv'n me, a thousand ducats I dare presume on
In ready gold, (now as your care may handle it)
As rich clothes too as any he bears arms, lady!
Estif. You're a true gentleman, and fair, I see
And such a man I'd rather take——— [by you:
Perez. 'Pray do so!
I'll have a priest o' th' sudden.
Estif. And as suddenly
You will repent too.
Perez. I'll be hang'd or drown'd first,
By this, and this, and this kiss! [*Kisses her.*
Estif. You're a flatterer;
But I must say there was something when I saw you first,
In that most noble face that stirr'd my fancy.
Perez. I'll stir it better ere you sleep, sweet lady.
I'll send for all my trunks, and give up all to you,
Into your own dispose, before I bed you;
And then, sweet wench——
Estif. You have the art to cozen me. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*The Country.—An Apartment in the Villa of* MARGARITA.

Enter MARGARITA, *two* Ladies, *and* ALTEA.

Marg. Sit down, and give me your opinions seriously.
1 *Lady.* You say you have a mind to marry, lady?
Marg. 'Tis true, I have, for to preserve my credit;
Yet not so much for that as for my state, ladies;
Conceive me right, there lies the main o' th' ques-
Credit I can redeem, money will imp it; [tion:
But when my money's gone, when the law shall
Seize that, and for incontinency strip me of all?
1 *Lady.* D'ye find your body so malicious that way?
Marg. I find it as all bodies are that are young and lusty,
Lazy, and high fed; I desire my pleasure,
And pleasure I must have.
2 *Lady.* 'Tis fit you should have;
Your years require it, and 'tis necessary,
As necessary as meat to a young lady;
Sleep cannot nourish more.
1 *Lady.* But might not all this be, and keep you
You take away variety in marriage, [single?
Th' abundance of the pleasure you are barr'd then;
Is't not abundance that you aim at?
Marg. Yes;
Why was I made a woman?
2 *Lady.* And ev'ry day a new?
Marg. Why fair and young, but to use it?
1 *Lady.* You're still i' th' right; why should you marry then?
Altea. Because a husband stops all doubts in
And clears all passages. [this point,
2 *Lady.* What husband mean ye?
Altea. A husband of an easy faith, a fool,
Made by her wealth, and moulded to her pleasure;
One, though he see himself become a monster,
Shall hold the door, and entertain the maker.
2 *Lady.* You grant there may be such a man.
1 *Lady.* Yes, marry;
But how to bring 'em to this rare perfection?
2 *Lady.* They must be chosen so; things of no
Nor outward honesty. [honour,
Marg. No, 'tis no matter;
I care not what they are, so they be lusty.
2 *Lady.* Methinks now, a rich lawyer; some such fellow,
That carries credit and a face of awe,
But lies with nothing but his clients' business.

Marg. No, there's no trusting them. they are too subtle;
ie law has moulded 'em of natural mischief.
,l *Lady.* Then, some grave governor,
ome man of honour, yet an easy man.
Marg. If he have honour I'm undone; I'll none
ll have a lusty man; honour will cloy me. [such:
Altea. 'Tis fit you should, lady;
nd to that end, with search, and wit, and labour,
ve found one out, a right one and a perfect;
:e's made as strong as brass, is of brave years too,
nd doughty of complexion.
Marg. Is he a gentleman?
Altea. Yes, and a soldier; as gentle as you'd
good fellow, wears good clothes. [wish him;
Marg. Those I'll allow him;
'hey are for my credit. Does he understand
ut little?
Altea. Very little.
Marg. 'Tis the better.
Iave not the wars bred him up to anger?
Altea. No;
Ie will not quarrel with a dog that bites him;
Let him be drunk or sober, he's one silence.
Marg. He has no capacity what honour is!
For that's the soldier's god.
Altea. Honour's a thing too subtile for his wisdom;
If honour lie in eating, he's right honourable.
Marg. Is he so goodly a man, d'ye say?
Altea. As you shall see, lady;
But, to all this, he's but a trunk.
Marg. I'd have him so,
I shall add branches to him to adorn him.
Go, find me out this man, and let me see him;
If he be that motion that you tell me of,
And make no more noise, I shall entertain him.
Let him be here.
Altea. He shall attend your ladyship. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—VALLADOLID.—*The Lodgings of* DON JUAN.

Enter JUAN, ALONZO, *and* PEREZ.

Juan. Why, thou art not married indeed?
Perez. No, no; 'pray think so.
Alas, I am a fellow of no reckoning,
Not worth a lady's eye!
Alon. Wouldst thou steal a fortune,
And make none of all thy friends acquainted with
Nor bid us to thy wedding? [it,
Perez. No, indeed!
There was no wisdom in't, to bid an artist,
An old seducer, to a female banquet!
I can cut up my pye without your instructions.
Juan. Was it the wench i' th' veil?
Perez. Basta! 'twas she;
The prettiest rogue that e'er you looked upon,
The loving'st thief!
Juan. And is she rich withal too?
Perez. A mine, a mine! there is no end of wealth, colonel.
I am an ass, a bashful fool! Pr'ythee, colonel,
How do thy companies fill now?
Juan. You're merry, sir;
You intend a safer war at home, belike now?
Perez. I do not think I shall fight much this year, colonel;
I find myself given to my ease a little.
I care not if I sell my foolish company;
They're things of hazard.
Alon. How it angers me, [*Aside.*
This fellow at first sight should win a lady,
A rich young wench; and I, that have consum'd
My time and art in searching out their subtleties,
Like a fool'd alchemist, blow up my hopes still! —
When shall we come to thy house and be freely merry?
Perez. When I have manag'd her a little more;
I have a house to entertain an army.
Alon. If thy wife be fair, thou'lt have few less come to thee.
Perez. But where they'll get entertainment is
I beat no drum. [the point, signior;
Alon. You need none but her tabor.
Perez. May be I'll march, after a month or two,
To get me a fresh stomach. I find, colonel,
A wantonness in wealth, methinks I agree not with;
'Tis such a trouble to be married too.
And have a thousand things of great importance,
Jewels, and plates, and fooleries, molest me;
To have a man's brains whimsied with his wealth!
Before, I walk'd contentedly.

Enter Servant.

Serv. My mistress, sir, is sick, because you're
She mourns, and will not eat. [absent;
Perez. Alas, my jewel!
Come, I'll go with thee.—Gentlemen, your fair
You see I'm tied a little to my yoke; [leaves!
'Pray pardon me! 'would ye had both such loving wives!
Juan. I thank you [*Exeunt* PEREZ *and* Servant.
For your old boots!—Never be blank, Alonzo,
Because this fellow has outstript thy fortune!
Tell me ten days hence what he is, and how
The gracious state of matrimony stands with him.
Come, let's to dinner. When Margarita comes,
We'll visit both; it may be then your fortune.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*The Country.—An Apartment in* MARGARITA'S *Villa.*

Enter MARGARITA, ALTEA, *and* Ladies.

Marg. Is he come?
Altea. Yes, madam; he has been here this half hour.
I've question'd him of all that you can ask him,
And find him as fit as you had made the man:
He'll make the goodliest shadow for iniquity!
Marg. Have ye search'd him, ladies?
All. He's a man at all points, a likely man!
Marg. Call him in, Altea.

Exit ALTEA, *and re-enters with* LEON.

A man of a good presence!—Pray you come this
Of a lusty body: Is his mind so tame? [way,—
Altea. Pray ye question him; and if you find him not
Fit for your purpose, shake him off; there's no harm done.
Marg. Can you love a young lady?—How he blushes!
Altea. Leave twirling of your hat, and hold your
And speak to th' lady. [head up,
Leon. Yes, I think I can;
I must be taught; I know not what it means, madam.

Marg. You shall be taught. And can you, when she pleases,
Go ride abroad, and stay a week or two?
You shall have men and horses to attend you,
And money in your purse.
Leon. Yes, I love riding;
And when I am from home I am so merry!
Marg. Be as merry as you will. Can you as handsomely,
When you are sent for back, come with obedience,
And do your duty to the lady loves you?
Leon. Yes, sure, I shall.
Marg. And when you see her friends here,
Or noble kinsmen, can you entertain
Their servants in the cellar, and be busied,
And hold your peace, whate'er you see or hear of?
Leon. 'Twere fit I were hang'd else.
Marg. Let me try your kisses. [*Kisses him.*
How the fool shakes!—I will not eat you, sir.—
Beshrew my heart, he kisses wondrous manly!—
Can you do anything else?
Leon. Indeed, I know not;
But if your ladyship will please to instruct me,
Sure I shall learn.
Marg. You shall then be instructed.
If I should be this lady that affects you,
Nay, say I marry you——
Altea. Hark to the lady.
Marg. What money have you?
Leon. None, madam, nor friends.
I would do anything to serve your ladyship.
Marg. You must not look to be my master, sir,
Nor talk i' th' house as though you wore the breeches;
No, nor command in anything.
Leon. I will not;
Alas, I am not able; I've no wit, madam.
Marg. Nor do not labour to arrive at any;
'Twill spoil your head. I take you upon charity,
And like a servant you must be unto me;
As I behold your duty I shall love you,
And, as you observe me, I may chance lie with you.
Can you mark these?
Leon. Yes, indeed, forsooth.
Marg. There is one thing,
That if I take you in I put you from me,
Utterly from me; you must not be saucy,
No, nor at any time familiar with me;
Scarce know me, when I call you not.
Leon. I will not.
Alas, I never knew myself sufficiently.
Marg. Nor must not now.
Leon. I'll be a dog to please you.
Marg. Indeed, you must fetch and carry as I appoint you.
Leon. I were to blame else.
Marg. Kiss me again.—A strong fellow!
There is a vigour in his lips:—If you see me
Kiss any other, twenty in an hour, sir,
You must not start, nor be offended.
Leon. No,
If you kiss a thousand I shall be contented;
It will the better teach me how to please you!
Altea. I told you, madam!
Marg. 'Tis the man I wished for.—
The less you speak——
Leon. I'll never speak again, madam,
But when you charge me; then I'll speak softly too.
Marg. Get me a priest; I'll wed him instantly.—
But when you're married, sir, you must wait upon me,
And see you observe my laws.
Leon. Else you shall hang me.
Marg. I'll give you better clothes when you deserve 'em.——
Come in, and serve for witnesses.
All. We shall, madam.
Marg. And then away to th' city presently;
I'll to my new house and new company.
[*Exit with* Ladies.
Leon. A thousand crowns are thine; and I'm a made man.
Altea. Do not break out too soon!
Leon. I know my time, wench. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—VALLADOLID.—*A Room in* MARGARITA'S *House.*

Enter CLARA *and* ESTIFANIA, *with a paper.*

Clara. What, have you caught him?
Estif. Yes.
Clara. And do you find him
A man of those hopes that you aim'd at?
Estif. Yes, too;
And the most kind man, and the ablest also
To give a wife content! He's sound as old wine,
And to his soundness rises on the palate;
And there's the man! I find him rich too, Clara.
Clara. Hast thou married him?
Estif. What, dost thou think I fish without a bait, wench?
I bob for fools: He is mine own, I have him.
I told thee what would tickle him like a trout;
And, as I cast it, so I caught him daintily,
And all he has I've stow'd at my devotion.
Clara. Does thy lady know this? She's coming now to live here in this house.
Estif. Let her come;
She shall be welcome, I'm prepared for her;
She's mad sure if she be angry at my fortune,
For what I have made bold.
Clara. Dost thou not love him?
Estif. Yes, entirely well,
As long as there he stays, and looks no further
Into my ends; but when he doubts, I hate him,
And that wise hate will teach me how to cozen him.
[A lady-tamer he, and reads men warnings,]
How to decline their wives and curb their manners,
To put a stern and strong rein to their natures;
And holds he is an ass not worth acquaintance,
That cannot mould a devil to obedience.
I owe him a good turn for these opinions,
And, as I find his temper, I may pay him.

Enter PEREZ.

Oh, here he is; now you shall see a kind man.
Perez. My Estifania! shall we to dinner, lamb?
I know thou stay'st for me.
Estif. I cannot eat else.
Perez. I never enter, but methinks a paradise
Appears about me.
Estif. You're welcome to it, sir.
Perez. I think I have the sweetest seat in Spain,
Methinks the richest too. We'll eat i' the garden,
In one o' th' arbours, (there 'tis cool and pleasant,)
And have our wine cool'd in the running fountain.
Who's that?
Estif. A friend of mine, sir.
Perez. Of what breeding?
Estif. A gentlewoman, sir.
Perez. What business has she?
Is she a learned woman i' th' mathematics?
Can she tell fortunes?

Estif. More than I know, sir.
Perez. Or has she e'er a letter from a kinswoman,
That must be deliver'd in my absence, wife?
Or comes she from the doctor to salute you,
And learn your health? She looks not like a confessor.
Estif. What need all this? why are you troubled,
What d'you suspect? she cannot cuckold you; [sir?
She is a woman, sir, a very woman.
Perez. Your very woman may do very well, sir,
Toward the matter; for, though she can't perform
In her own person, she may do't by proxy: [it
Your rarest jugglers work still by conspiracy.
Estif. 'Cry you mercy, husband! you are jealous
And happily suspect me? [then,
Perez. No, indeed, wife.
Estif. Methinks you should not till you have more cause,
And clearer too. I'm sure you've heard say, husband,
A woman forc'd will free herself through iron;
A happy, calm, and good wife, discontented,
May be taught tricks.
Perez. No, no, I do but jest with you.
Estif. To-morrow, friend, I'll see you.
Clara. I shall leave you
'Till then, and pray all may go sweetly with you.
[*Exit. Knocking within.*
Estif. Why, where's this girl? Who's at the
Perez. Who knocks there? [door?
Is't for the king you come, you knock so boist'r-
Look to the door. [ously?

Enter MAID.

Maid. [*Apart to* ESTIF.] My lady! as I live, mistress, my lady's come!
She's at the door; I peeped through, and saw her,
And a stately company of ladies with her.
Estif. This was a week too soon; but I must meet with her,
And set a new wheel going, and a subtile one,
Must blind this mighty Mars, or I am ruin'd.
Perez. What are they at door?
Estif. Such, my Michael,
As you may bless the day they enter'd here;
Such for our good!
Perez. 'Tis well.
Estif. Nay, 'twill be better
If you will let me but dispose the business,
And be a stranger to't, and not disturb me:
What have I now to do but to advance your fortune?
Perez. Do; I dare trust thee. I'm asham'd I'm
I find thee a wise young wife. [angry;
Estif. [*Apart.*] I'll wise your worship
Before I leave you!—'Pray you walk by, and say nothing,
Only salute them, and leave the rest to me, sir:
I was born to make you a man. [*Exit*
Perez. The rogue speaks heartily;
Her good will colours in her cheeks; I'm born to love her.
I must be gentler to these tender natures;
A soldier's rude harsh words befit not ladies,
Nor must we talk to them as we talk to our officers.
I'll give her way, for 'tis for me she works now;
I am husband, heir, and all she has.

Enter MARGARITA, LEON, ALTEA, ESTIFANIA, *and* Ladies.

Who are these? what flanting things? A woman
Of rare presence! excellent fair! This is too big
For a bawdy-house, too open-seated too.
Estif. My husband, lady!
Marg. You've gain'd a proper man.
Perez. Whate'er I am, I am your servant, lady.
[*Kisses her.*
Estif. [*Apart to* PEREZ.] Sir, be rul'd now, and I shall make you rich:
This is my cousin; that gentleman dotes on her,
Even to death; see how he observes her.
Perez. She is a goodly woman.
Estif. She's a mirror,
But she is poor; she were for a prince's side else.
This house she has brought him to, as to her own,
And presuming upon me, and upon my courtesy,—
(Conceive me short)—he knows not but she's wealthy:
Or, if he did know otherwise, 'twere all one,
He's so far gone.
Perez. Forward. She has a rare face.
Estif. This we must carry with discretion, hus-
And yield unto her for four days. [band,
Perez. Yield our house up,
Our goods, and wealth?
Estif. All this is but in seeming,
To milk the lover on. D'you see this writing?
Two hundred pound a-year, when they are married,
Has she seal'd to for our good: The time's unfit
I'll shew it you to-morrow. [now;
Perez. All the house?
Estif. All, all, and we'll remove too, to confirm
They'll into th' country suddenly again [him;
After they're match'd, and then she'll open to him.
Perez. The whole possession, wife? Look what
A part o' th' house—— [you do.
Estif. No, no, they shall have all,
And take their pleasure too; 'tis for our 'vantage.
Why, what's four days? Had you a sister, sir,
A niece or mistress, that requir'd this courtesy,
And should I make a scruple to do you good?
Perez. If easily it would come back——
Estif. I swear, sir,
As easily as it came on. Is it not pity
To let such a gentlewoman for a little help?
You give away no house.
Perez. Clear but that question.
Estif. I'll put the writings into your hand.
Perez. Well then.
Estif. And you shall keep them safe.
Perez. I'm satisfied.
'Would I'd the wench so too.
Estif. When she has married him,
So infinite his love is link'd unto her,
You, I, or any one that helps at this pinch,
May have Heav'n knows what.
Perez. I'll remove the goods straight,
And take some poor house by; 'tis but for four days.
Estif. I have a poor old friend; there we'll be.
Perez. 'Tis well then.
Estif. Go handsome off, and leave the house
Perez. Well. [clear.
Estif. That little stuff we'll use shall follow after,
And a boy to guide you. Peace, and we are made both! [*Exit* PEREZ.
Marg. Come, let's go in. Are all the rooms kept sweet, wench?
Estif. They're sweet and neat.
Marg. Why, where's your husband?
Estif. Gone, madam. [lady.
When you come to your own, he must give place,
Marg. Well, send you joy! You would not let
Yet I shall not forget you. [me know't,
Estif. Thank your ladyship! [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*An Apartment in the same.*

Enter MARGARITA, ALTEA, *and* Boy.

Altea. Are you at ease now? is your heart at rest,
Now you have got a shadow, an umbrella,
To keep the scorching world's opinion
From your fair credit?
Marg. I'm at peace, Altea:
If he continue but the same he shews,
And be a master of that ignorance
He outwardly professes, I am happy.
The pleasure I shall live in, and the freedom,
Without the squint-eye of the law upon me,
Or prating liberty of tongues, that envy!
Altea. You're a made woman.
Marg. But if he should prove now
A crafty and dissembling kind of husband,
One read in knavery, and brought up in the art
Of villainy conceal'd?
Altea. 'My life, an innocent.
Marg. That's it I aim at,
That's it I hope too; then I'm sure I rule him;
For innocents are like obedient children
Brought up under a hard mother-in-law, a cruel,
Who being not us'd to breakfasts and collations,
When they have coarse bread offer'd 'em, are thankful,
And take it for a favour too. Are the rooms
Made ready to entertain my friends?
I long to dance now, and to be wanton;
Let me have a song. Is the great couch up
The duke of Medina sent?
Altea. 'Tis up and ready.
Marg. And day-beds in all chambers?
Altea. In all, lady;
Your house is nothing now but various pleasures;
The gallants begin to gaze too.
Marg. Let 'em gaze on;
I was brought up a courtier, high and happy,
And company is my delight, and courtship,
And handsome servants at my will. Where's my good husband?
Where does he wait?
Altea. He knows his distance, madam;
I warrant you he's busy in the cellar,
Amongst his fellow-servants, or asleep,
'Till your command awake him.
Marg. 'Tis well, Altea;
It should be so; my ward I must preserve him.—

Enter LEON *and* Servant.

Who sent for him? how dare he come uncall'd for?
His bonnet on too!
Altea. Sure he sees you not.
Marg. How scornfully he looks!
Leon. Are all the chambers
Deck'd and adorn'd thus for my lady's pleasure?
New hangings ev'ry hour for entertainment,
And new plate bought, new jewels, to give lustre?
Serv. They are, and yet there must be more and richer;
It is her will.
Leon. Hum. Is it so? 'tis excellent.
It is her will, too, to have feasts and banquets,
Revels, and masques?
Serv. She ever lov'd 'em dearly,
And we shall have the bravest house kept now, sir!
I must not call you master (she has warn'd me)
Nor must not put my hat off to you.
Leon. 'Tis no fashion;
What though I be her husband, I'm your fellow,
I may cut first?
Serv. That's as you shall deserve, sir.
Leon. And when I lie with her——
Serv. May be I'll light you;
On the same point you may do me that service.

Enter a Lady.

1 *Lady.* Madam, the duke Medina, with some captains,
Will come to dinner, and have sent rare wine,
And their best services.
Marg. They shall be welcome.
See all be ready in the noblest fashion,
The house perfum'd. Now I shall take my pleasure,
And not my neighbour Justice maunder at me.—
Go, get your best clothes on; but, 'till I call you,
Be sure you be not seen. Dine with the gentlewoman,
And behave yourself cleanly, sir; 'tis for my credit.

Enter a second Lady.

2 *Lady.* Madam, the lady Julia——
Leon. That's a bawd, [*Apart.*
A three-pil'd bawd, bawd-major to the army.
2 *Lady.* Has brought her coach to wait upon your ladyship,
And to be inform'd if you will take the air this morning.
Leon. The neat air of her nunnery!
Marg. Tell her, no;
I' th' afternoon I'll call on her.
2 *Lady.* I will, madam. [*Exit.*
Marg. Why are not you gone to prepare yourself?
May be you shall be sewer to the first course.—
A portly presence!—Altea, he looks lean;
'Tis a wash knave, he will not keep his flesh well.
Altea. A willing, madam, one that needs no spurring.
Leon. 'Faith, madam, in my little understanding,
You'd better entertain your honest neighbours,
Your friends about you, that may speak well of you,
And give a worthy mention of your bounty.
Marg. How now? what's this?
Leon. 'Tis only to persuade you:
Courtiers are but tickle things to deal withal,
A kind of marchpane men, that will not last, madam;
An egg and pepper goes further than their potions,
And in a well-built body, a poor parsnip
Will play his prize above their strong potabiles.
Marg. The fellow's mad!
Leon. He that shall counsel ladies,
That have both liquorish and ambitious eyes,
Is either mad or drunk, let him speak gospel.
Altea. He breaks out modestly. [*Apart.*
Leon. Pray you be not angry;
My indiscretion has made bold to tell you
What you'll find true.
Marg. Thou dar'st not talk?
Leon. Not much, madam:
You have a tie upon your servant's tongue;
He dares not be so bold as reason bids him;
'Twere fit there were a stronger on your temper.
Ne'er look so stern upon me; I'm your husband!

ut what are husbands? Read the new world's wonders,
uch husbands as this monstrous world produces,
nd you will scarce find such deformities;
hey're shadows to conceal your venial virtues,
ails to your mills, that grind with all occasions,
alls that lie by you, to wash out your stains,
nd bills nail'd up with horns before your stories,
o rent out lust.
Marg. D'you hear him talk?
Leon. I've done, madam;
n ox once spoke, as learned men deliver;
hortly I shall be such; then I'll speak wonders?
Till when, I tie myself to my obedience. [*Exit.*
Marg. First, I'll untie myself! Did you mark the gentleman,
ow boldly and how saucily he talk'd,
nd how unlike the lump I took him for,
he piece of ignorant dough? He stood up to me,
nd mated my commands! this was your provi-
Your wisdom, to elect this gentleman, [dence,
Your excellent forecast in the man, your knowledge!
What think you now?
Altea. I think him an ass still;
This boldness some of your people have blown into him,
This wisdom too, with strong wine; 'tis a tyrant,
And a philosopher also, and finds out reasons.
Marg. I'll have my cellar lock'd, no school kept there,
Nor no discovery. I'll turn my drunkards,
Such as are understanding in their draughts,
And dispute learnedly the *whys* and *wherefores*,
To grass immediately; I'll keep all fools,
Sober or drunk, still fools, that shall know nothing,
Nothing belongs to mankind, but obedience;
And such a hand I'll keep over this husband!
Altea. He'll fall again; my life, he cries by this time;
Keep him from drink; he has a high constitution.

Enter LEON.

Leon. Shall I wear my new suit, madam?
Marg. No, your old clothes,
And get you into th' country presently,
And see my hawks well train'd; you shall have
Such as are fit for saucy palates, sir, [victuals,
And lodgings with the hinds; it is too good too.
Altea. Good madam, be not so rough with
You see now he's come round again. [repentance:
Marg. I see not what I expect to see.
Leon. You shall see, madam, if it shall please
Altea. He's humbled; [your ladyship——
Forgive, good lady.
Marg. Well, go get you handsome,
And let me hear no more.
Leon. [*Aside.*] Have you yet no feeling?
I'll pinch you to the bones then, my proud lady! [*Exit.*
Marg. See you preserve him thus, upon my favour;
You know his temper, tie him to the grindstone;
The next rebellion I'll be rid of him.
I'll have no needy rascals I tie to me,
Dispute my life. Come in, and see all handsome.
Altea. [*Aside.*] I hope to see you so too; I've wrought ill else. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*A Room in a mean Hovel.*

Enter PEREZ.

Perez. Shall I never return to mine own house again?
We're lodg'd here in the miserablest dog-hole,
A conjuror's circle gives content above it;
A hawk's mew is a princely palace to it:
We have a bed no bigger than a basket,
And there we lie like butter clapt together,
And sweat ourselves to sauce immediately.
The fumes are infinite inhabit here too,
And to that so thick, they cut like marmalet;
So various too, they'll pose a gold-finder!
Never return to mine own paradise?—
Why, wife, I say! why, Estifania!
Estif. [*Within.*] I'm going presently.
Perez. Make haste, good jewel!
I'm like the people that live in the sweet islands:
I die, I die, if I stay but one day more here;
My lungs are rotten with the damps that rise,
And I cough nothing now but stinks of all sorts.
The inhabitants we have are two starved rats
(For they're not able to maintain a cat here),
And those appear as fearful as two devils;
They've eat a map o' the whole world up already,
And if we stay a night, we're gone for company.
There's an old woman that's now grown to marble,
Dried in this brick-kiln, and she sits i' the chimney,
(Which is but three tiles, rais'd like a house of cards)
The true proportion of an old smok'd sibyl;
There is a young thing too, that nature meant
For a maid-servant, but 'tis now a monster;
She has a husk about her like a chesnut
With laziness, and living under the line here;
And these two make a hollow sound together,
Like frogs, or winds between two doors that murmur.

Enter ESTIFANIA.

Mercy, deliver me!—Oh, are you come, wife?
Shall we be free again?
Estif. I am now going,
And you shall presently to your own house, sir:
The remembrance of this small vexation
Will be argument of mirth for ever.
By that time you have said your orisons,
And broke your fast, I shall be back, and ready
To usher you to your old content, your freedom.
Perez. Break my neck rather! Is there any thing here to eat
But one another, like a race of cannibals?
A piece of butter'd wall you think is excellent!
Let's have our house again immediately;
And pray you take heed unto the furniture,
None be embezzled!
Estif. Not a pin, I warrant you.
Perez. And let 'em instantly depart.
Estif. They shall both,
(There's reason in all courtesies) they must both,
For by this time I know she has acquainted him,
And has provided too; she sent me word, sir,
And will give over gratefully unto you.
Perez. I'll walk i' th' church-yard;
The dead cannot offend more than these living,
An hour hence I'll expect you.
Estif. I'll not fail, sir.
Perez. And do you hear, let's have a handsome dinner,

And see all things be decent as they have been,
And let me have a strong bath to restore me!
I stink like a stall-fish, shambles, or an oil-shop.
Estif. You shall have all—[*Aside.*] (which some interpret nothing.)—
I'll send you people for the trunks afore-hand,
And for the stuff.
Perez. Let 'em be known and honest;
And do my service to your niece.
Estif. I shall, sir;
But if I come not at my hour, come thither,
That they may give you thanks for your fair courtesy.
And pray you be brave, for my sake! [*Exeunt.*
Perez. I observe you.

SCENE III.—*The Street.*

Enter JUAN DE CASTRO, SANCHIO, *and* CACAFOGO.

Sanc. Thou'rt very brave.
Cac. I've reason; I have money.
Sanc. Is money reason?
Cac. Yes, and rhyme too, captain.
If you've no money, you're an ass.
Sanc. I thank you.
Cac. You've manners; ever thank him that has money.
Sanc. Wilt thou lend me any?
Cac. Not a farthing, captain;
Captains are casual things.
Sanc. Why, so are all men;
Thou shalt have my bond.
Cac. Nor bonds nor fetters, captain:
My money is mine own; I make no doubt on't.
Juan. What dost thou do with it?
Cac. Put it to pious uses,
Buy wine and wenches, and undo young coxcombs
That would undo me.
Juan. Are those hospitals?
Cac. I first provide to fill my hospitals
With creatures of mine own, that I know wretched,
And then I build; those are more bound to pray for me:
Besides, I keep the inheritance in my name still.
Juan. A provident charity! Are you for the wars, sir?
Cac. I am not poor enough to be a soldier,
Nor have I faith enough to ward a bullet:
This is no lining for a trench, I take it.
Juan. You have said wisely.
Cac. Had you but my money,
You'd swear it, colonel; I'd rather drill at home
A hundred thousand crowns, and with more honour,
Than exercise ten thousand fools with nothing:
A wise man safely feeds, fools cut their fingers.
Sanc. A right state usurer; why dost thou not marry,
And live a reverend justice?
Cac. Is't not nobler
To command a reverend justice, than to be one?
And for a wife, what need I marry, captain,
When every courteous fool that owes me money,
Owes me his wife too, to appease my fury?
Juan. Wilt thou go to dinner with us?
Cac. I will go,
And view the pearl of Spain, the orient fair one,
The rich one too, and I will be respected;
I bear my patent here: I will talk to her;
And when your captainships shall stand aloof,
And pick your noses, I will pick the purse
Of her affection.
Juan. The duke dines there to-day, too,
The duke of Medina.
Cac. Let the king dine there,
He owes me money, and so far's my creature;
And certainly I may make bold with mine own,
Sanc. Thou wilt eat monstrously.
Cac. Like a true-born Spaniard;
Eat as I were in England, where the beef grows!
And I will drink abundantly, and then
Talk you as wantonly as Ovid did,
To stir the intellectuals of the ladies;
I learnt it of my father's amorous scrivener.
Juan. If we should play now, you must supply me.
Cac. You must pawn a horse-troop,
And then have at you, colonel!
Sanc. Come, let's go.
This rascal will make rare sport! how the ladies
Will laugh at him! Leave anger!
Juan. If I light on him,
I'll make his purse sweat too.
Cac. Will you lead, gentlemen? [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*The Street before the mean Hovel.*

Enter PEREZ, *an Old* Woman, *and* Maid.

Perez. Nay, pray ye come out, and let me understand ye,
And tune your pipe a little higher, lady;
I'll hold ye fast. Rub! how came my trunks open?
And my goods gone? what picklock spirit——
Old Wom. Ha! what would you have?
Perez. My goods again; how came my trunks all open?
Old Wom. Are your trunks open?
Perez. Yes, and my clothes gone,
And chains and jewels!—How she smells like hung beef!—
The palsy and picklocks!—Fie, how she belches
The spirit of garlic!
Old Wom. Where's your gentlewoman?
The young fair woman?
Perez. What's that to my question!
She is my wife, and gone about my business.
Maid. Is she your wife, sir?
Perez. Yes, sir: is that wonder?
Is the name of wife unknown here?
Old. Wom. Is she truly,
Truly your wife?
Perez. I think so, for I married her,
It was no vision, sure!
Maid. She has the keys, sir.
Perez. I know she has; but who has all my goods, spirit?
Old Wom. If you be married to that gentlewoman,
You are a wretched man; she has twenty husbands.
Maid. She tells you true.
Old Wom. And she has cozen'd all, sir.
Perez. The devil she has!—I had a fair house with her,
That stands hard by, and furnish'd royally.
Old Wom. You're cozen'd too; 'tis none of hers, good gentleman!
It is a lady's.—What's the lady's name, wench?
Maid. The lady Margarita; she was her servant,
And kept the house, but going from her, sir,
For some lewd tricks she play'd—
Perez. Plague o' the devil!
Am I, i' th' full meridian of my wisdom,

Cheated by a stale quean?—What kind of lady
Is that that owes the house?
Old Wom. A young sweet lady.
Perez. Of a low stature?
Old Wom. She's indeed but little,
But she is wondrous fair.
Perez. I feel I'm cozen'd;
Now I am sensible I am undone!
This is the very woman sure, that cousin,
She told me would entreat but for four days,
To make the house hers: I'm entreated sweetly!
Maid. When she went out this morning, (that I saw, sir,)
She had two women at the door attending,
And there she gave 'em things, and loaded 'em;
But what they were—I heard your trunks too, open,
If they be yours.
Perez. They were mine while they were laden,
But now they've cast their calves, they're not [worth owning.
Was she her mistress, say you?
Old Wom. Her own mistress,
Her very mistress, sir, and all you saw
About and in that house was hers.
Perez. No plate,
No jewels, nor no hangings?
Maid. Not a farthing;
She's poor, sir, a poor shifting thing!
Perez. No money?
Old Wom. Abominable poor, as poor as we are,
Money as rare to her, unless she steal it.
But for one civil gown her lady gave her,
She may go bare, good gentlewoman!
Perez. I am mad now!
I think I am as poor as she; I'm wide else.
One civil suit I have left too, and that's all,
And if she steal that, she must flay me for it.—
Where does she use?
Old Wom. You may find truth as soon:
Alas, a thousand conceal'd corners, sir, she lurks in;
And here she gets a fleece, and there another,
And lives in mists and smokes where none can find [her.
Perez. Is she a whore too?
Old Wom. Little better, gentleman: I dare not [say
She is so, sir, because she is yours, sir;
But these five years she has firk'd a pretty living,
Until she came to serve.——I fear he will knock
My brains out for lying. [*Apart.*
Perez. She has serv'd me faithfully;
A whore and thief? two excellent moral learnings,
In one she-saint! I hope to see her legend.
Have I been fear'd for my discoveries,
And courted by all women to conceal 'em?
Have I so long studied the art of this sex,
And read the warnings to young gentlemen?
Have I profess'd to tame the pride of ladies,
And make 'em bear all tests, and am I trick'd now?
Caught in mine own noose?—Here's a ryal left yet;
There's for your lodging and your meat for this week!
A silk-worm lives at a more plentiful ordinary,
And sleeps in a sweeter box. Farewell, great-grandmother!
If I do find you were an accessary,
('Tis but the cutting off two smoky minutes)
I'll hang you presently.
Old Wom. And I'd deserve it.
I tell but truth.
Perez. Nor I, I am an ass, mother! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—*A Hall in the Town-house of* MARGARITA.

Enter the Duke MEDINA, JUAN DE CASTRO, ALONZO, SANCHIO, CACAFOGO, *and* Attendants.

Duke. A goodly house!
Juan. And richly furnish'd too, sir.
Alon. Hung wantonly!—I like that preparation;
It stirs the blood unto a hopeful banquet,
And intimates the mistress free and jovial.
I love a house where pleasure prepares welcome.
Duke. Now, Cacafogo, how like you this mansion?
'Twere a brave pawn.
Cac. I shall be master of it;
'Twas built for my bulk, the rooms are wide and spacious,
Airy and full of ease, and that I love well.
I'll tell you when I taste the wine, my lord,
And take the height of her table with my stomach,
How my affections stand to the young lady.

Enter MARGARITA, ALTEA, Ladies, *and* Servants.

Marg. All welcome to your Grace, and to these soldiers!
You honour my poor house with your fair presence.
Those few slight pleasures that inhabit here, sir,
I do beseech your Grace command; they're yours;
Your servant but preserves 'em to delight you.
Duke. I thank you, lady! I am bold to visit you,
Once more to bless mine eyes with your sweet beauty.
'T has been a long night since you left the court,
For till I saw you now, no day broke to me.
Marg. Bring in the duke's meat!
Sanc. She's most excellent.
Juan. Most admirable fair as e'er I look'd on:
I had rather command her than my regiment.
Cac. I'll have a fling; 'tis but a thousand ducats,
Which I can cozen up again in ten days,
And some few jewels, to justify my knavery.
Say, I should marry her? she'll get more money
Than all my usury, put my knavery to it.
She appears the most infallible way of purchase.
I could wish her a size or two stronger for the en-
For I am like a lion where I lay hold; [counter,
But these lambs will endure a plaguy load,
And never bleat neither; that Sir Time has taught
I am so virtuous now, I cannot speak to her; [us.—
The arrant'st shamefac'd ass!—I broil away too.

Enter LEON.

Marg. Why, where's this dinner?
Leon. 'Tis not ready, madam,
Nor shall not be until I know the guests too;
Nor are they fairly welcome till I bid 'em.
Juan. Is not this my alfarez? He looks another
Are miracles afoot again? [thing?
Marg. Why, sirrah!
Why, sirrah, you!
Leon. I hear you, saucy woman;
And as you are my wife, command your absence!
And know your duty; 'tis the crown of modesty.
Duke. Your wife!
Leon. Yes, good my lord, I am her husband;
And 'pray take notice that I claim that honour,
And will maintain it.
Cac. If thou be'st her husband,
I am determin'd thou shalt be my cuckold;
I'll be thy faithful friend.
Leon. Peace, dirt and dunghill!

I will not lose mine anger on a rascal;
Provoke me more, I will beat thy blown body
Till thou rebound'st again like a tennis-ball.
Alon. This is miraculous!
Sanc. Is this the fellow
That had the patience to become a fool,
A flirted fool, and on a sudden break
(As if he'd shew a wonder to the world)
Both into bravery, and fortune too?
I much admire the man; I am astonish'd!
Marg. I'll be divorc'd immediately.
Leon. You shall not;
You shall not have so much will to be wicked.
I am more tender of your honour, lady,
And of your age. You took me for a shadow,
You took me to gloss over your discredit,
To be your fool; you had thought you'd found a coxcomb:
I'm innocent of any foul dishonour I mean to you;
Only I will be known to be your lord now,
And be a fair one too, or I will fall for't.
Marg. I do command you from me, thou poor fellow,
Thou cozen'd fool!
Leon. Thou cozen'd fool? 'Tis not so;
I will not be commanded: I'm above you!
You may divorce me from your favour, lady,
But from your state you never shall; I'll hold that,
And hold it to my use; the law allows it!
And then maintain your wantonness; I'll wink at it.
Marg. Am I brav'd thus in mine own house?
Leon. 'Tis mine, madam;
You are deceiv'd, I'm lord of it; I rule it,
And all that's in't. You've nothing to do here, madam,
But as a servant to sweep clean the lodgings,
And at my further will to do me service;
And so I'll keep it.
Marg. As you love me, give way!
Leon. It shall be better I will give none, madam:
I stand upon the ground of mine own honour,
And will maintain it. You shall know me now
To be an understanding feeling man,
And sensible of what a woman aims at,
A young proud woman, that has will to sail with;
An itching woman, that her blood provokes too.
I cast my cloud off, and appear myself,
The master of this little piece of mischief!
And I will put a spell about your feet, lady;
They shall not wander but where I give way now.
Duke. Is this the fellow that the people pointed at,
For the mere sign of man, the walking image?
He speaks wondrous highly.
Leon. As a husband ought, sir,
In his own house; and it becomes me well too.
I think your Grace would grieve, if you were put to it,
To have a wife or servant of your own,
(For wives are reckon'd in the rank of servants)
Under your own roof to command you.
Juan. Brave!
A strange conversion! Thou shalt lead in chief now.
Duke. Is there no difference betwixt her and you, sir?
Leon. Not now, my lord; my fortune makes me even;
And, as I am an honest man, I'm nobler.
Marg. Get me my coach!
Leon. Let me see who dare get it
Till I command; I'll make him draw your coach too,
And eat your coach (which will be hard diet)
That executes your will.—Or, take your coach, lady;
I give you liberty; and take your people,
Which I turn off, and take your will abroad with you;
Take all these freely, but take me no more;
And so farewell!
Duke. Nay, sir, you shall not carry it [*Draws.*
So bravely off; you shall not wrong a lady
In a high huffing strain, and think to bear it:
We stand not by as bawds to your brave fury,
To see a lady weep.
Leon. They're tears of anger,
(I beseech ye note 'em) not worth pity;
Wrung from her rage, because her will prevails not;
(She would swoon now, if she could not cry)
Else they were excellent, and I should grieve too;
But falling thus, they shew nor sweet, nor orient.
Put up, my lord; this is oppression,
And calls the sword of justice to relieve me,
The law to lend her hand, the king to right me;
All which shall understand how you provoke me.
In mine own house to brave me! is this princely?
Then to my guard; and if I spare your Grace,
[*Draws.*
And do not make this place your monument,
Too rich a tomb for such a rude behaviour,—
(I have a cause will kill a thousand of ye)—
Mercy, forsake me!
Juan. Hold, fair sir, I beseech you!
The gentleman but pleads his own right nobly.
Leon. He that dares strike against the husband's freedom,
The husband's curse stick to him, a tam'd cuckold!
His wife be fair and young, but most dishonest,
Most impudent, and have no feeling of it,
No conscience to reclaim her from a monster!
Let her lie by him like a flattering ruin,
And at one instant kill both name and honour!
Let him be lost, no eye to weep his end,
Nor find no earth that's base enough to bury him!
Now, sir, fall on! I'm ready to oppose you.
Duke. I've better thought. I pray, sir, use your wife well.
Leon. Mine own humanity will teach me that, sir.—
And now you are all welcome, all, and we'll to dinner:
This is my wedding-day.
Duke. I'll cross your joy yet. [*Aside.*
Juan. I've seen a miracle! hold thine own, soldier!
Sure they dare fight in fire that conquer women.
Sanc. He has beaten all my loose thoughts out of me,
As if he had thresh'd 'em out o' the husk.

Enter PEREZ.

Perez. 'Save ye!
Which is the lady of the house?
Leon. That's she, sir;
That pretty lady, if you'd speak with her.
Juan. Don Michael, Leon; another darer come?
Perez. 'Pray do not know me; I am full of business:
When I've more time I'll be merry with ye.—
It is the woman.—Good madam, tell me truly,
Had you a maid call'd Estifania?
Marg. Yes, truly, had I.
Perez. Was she a maid, d'you think?
Marg. I dare not swear for her;
For she had but a scant fame.
Perez. Was she your kinswoman?
Marg. Not that I ever knew. Now I look better,

I think you married her: Give you much joy, sir?
You may reclaim her; 'twas a wild young girl.
Perez. Give me a halter!—Is not this house mine, madam?
Was not she owner of it? 'Pray speak truly!
Marg. No, certainly; I'm sure my money paid for it;
And I ne'er remember yet I gave it you, sir.
Perez. The hangings and the plate too?
Marg. All are mine, sir,
And everything you see about the building:
She only kept my house when I was absent,
And so ill kept it, I was weary of her.
Sanc. What a devil ails he?
Juan. He's possess'd, I'll assure you.
Perez. Where is your maid?
Marg. Do not you know that have her?
She's yours now; why should I look after her?
Since that first hour I came, I never saw her.
Perez. I saw her later; 'would the devil had had her!
It is all true, I find; a wild-fire take her!
Juan. Is thy wife with child, Don Michael? thy excellent wife?
Art thou a man yet?
Alon. When shall we come and visit thee?
Sanc. And eat some rare fruit? thou hast admirable orchards.
You are so jealous now! pox o' your jealousy,
How scurvily you look!
Perez. Pr'ythee leave fooling;
I'm in no humour now to fool and prattle.—
Did she ne'er play the wag with you?
Marg. Yes, many times,
So often that I was asham'd to keep her;
But I forgave her, sir, in hope she'd mend still,
And had not you o' th' instant married her,
I had put her off.
Perez. I thank you; I am bless'd still!
Which way soe'er I turn, I'm a made man;
Miserably gull'd beyond recovery?
Juan. You'll stay and dine?
Perez. Certain I cannot, captain.
Hark in thine ear; I am the arrant'st puppy,
The miserablest ass! But I must leave you;
I am in haste, in haste!—Bless you, good madam,
And [may] you prove as good as my wife! [*Exit.*
Leon. Will you
Come near, sir? will your grace but honour me,
And taste our dinner? you are nobly welcome.
All anger's past, I hope, and I shall serve ye.
Juan. Thou art the stock of men, and I admire thee. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*The Street.*

Enter PEREZ.

Perez. I'll go to a conjuror but I'll find this polecat,
This pilfering whore! A plague of veils, I cry,
And covers for the impudence of women!
Their sanctity in show will deceive devils.—

Enter ESTIFANIA, *with a casket.*

It is my evil angel; let me bless me!
Estif. 'Tis he; I'm caught; I must stand to it stoutly,
And shew no shake of fear; I see he's angry,
Vex'd at the uttermost!
Perez. My worthy wife,
I have been looking of your modesty
All the town over.
Estif. My most noble husband,
I'm glad I've found you; for in truth I'm weary,
Weary and lame, with looking out your lordship.
Perez. I've been in bawdy-houses.
Estif. I believe you,
And very lately too.
Perez. 'Pray ye pardon me;—
To seek your ladyship. I have been in cellars,
In private cellars, where the thirsty bawds
Hear your confessions: I have been at plays,
To look you out amongst the youthful actors:
At puppet-shows (you're mistress of the motions!):
At gossipings I hearken'd after you,
But amongst those confusions of lewd tongues
There's no distinguishing beyond a Babel:
I was amongst the nuns, because you sing well;
But they say yours are bawdy songs, they mourn for ye:
And last I went to church to seek you out;
'Tis so long since you were there, they have forgot you.
Estif. You've had a pretty progress; I'll tell mine now.
To look you out, I went to twenty taverns——
Perez. And are you sober?
Estif. Yes, I reel not yet, sir.——
Where I saw twenty drunk, most of 'em soldiers;
There I had great hope to find you disguis'd too:
From hence to th' dicing-house; there I found quarrels
Needless and senseless, swords, and pots, and candlesticks,
Tables and stools, and all in one confusion,
And no man knew his friend: I left this chaos,
And to th' chirurgeon's went; he will'd me stay,
"For," says he learnedly, "if he be tippled,
Twenty to one he whores, and then I hear of him;
If he be mad he quarrels, then he comes too."
I sought you where no safe thing would have ventur'd,
Amongst diseases base and vile, vile women,
For I remember'd your old Roman axiom,
The more the danger, still the more the honour!
Last, to your confessor I came, who told me,
You were too proud to pray: And here I've found you.
Perez. She bears up bravely, and the rogue is witty;
But I shall dash it instantly to nothing.— [*Aside.*
Here leave we off our wanton languages,
And now conclude we in a sharper tongue.
Why am I cozen'd?
Estif. Why am I abused?
Perez. Thou most vile, base, abominable——

Estif. Captain!
Perez. Thou stinking, over-stew'd, poor,
Estif. Captain! [pocky——
Perez. D'ye echo me?
Estif. Yes, sir, and go before you,
And round about you! Why d' you rail at me
For that that was your own sin, your own knavery?
Perez. And brave me too?
Estif. You'd best now draw your sword, captain!
Draw it upon a woman, do, brave captain!
Upon your wife, oh, most renowned captain!
Perez. A plague upon thee! answer me directly?
Why didst thou marry me?
Estif. To be my husband;
I thought you had had infinite, but I'm cozen'd.
Perez. Why didst thou flatter me, and shew me wonders?
A house and riches, when they are but shadows,
Shadows to me?
Estif. Why did you work on me
(It was but my part to requite you, sir!)
With your strong soldier's wit, and swore you'd bring me
So much in chains, so much in jewels, husband,
So much in right rich clothes?
Perez. Thou hast 'em, rascal;
I gave 'em to thy hands, my trunks and all,
And thou hast open'd 'em, and sold my treasure.
Estif. Sir, there's your treasure; sell it to a tinker
To mend old kettles: Is this noble usage?
Let all the world view here the captain's treasure!
A man would think now, these were worthy matters.
[*Opens the casket.*
Here's a shoeing-horn-chain gilt over,—how it scenteth!
Worse than the mouldy dirty heel it serv'd for:
And here's another of a lesser value,
So little I would shame to tie my dog in't!
These are my jointure! Blush, and save a labour,
Or these else will blush for you.
Perez. A fire subtle ye!
Are you so crafty?
Estif. Here's a goodly jewel;
Did not you win this at Goletta, captain?
Or took it in the field from some brave bashaw?
How it sparkles—like an old lady's eyes!
And fills each room with light—like a close lanthorn!
This would do rarely in an abbey window,
To cozen pilgrims.
Perez. Pr'ythee leave prating.
Estif. And here's a chain of whitings' eyes for pearls;
A muscle-monger would have made a better.
Perez. Nay, pr'ythee, wife, my clothes, my
Estif. I'll tell you; [clothes!
Your clothes are parallels to these, all counterfeit.
Put these and them on, you're a man of copper,
A kind of candlestick; these you thought, my husband,
To have cozen'd me withal, but I am quit with you.
Perez. Is there no house then, nor no grounds
No plate, nor hangings? [about it?
Estif. There are none, sweet husband;
Shadow for shadow is an equal justice.
Can you rail now? 'Pray put your fury up, sir,
And speak great words; you are a soldier; thunder!
Perez. I will speak little; I have play'd the fool,
And so I am rewarded.
Estif. You have spoke well, sir;
And now I see you are so conformable,
I'll heighten you again: Go to your house,
They're packing to be gone; you must sup there;
I'll meet you, and bring clothes, and clean shirts after,
And all things shall be well.—I'll colt you once more,
And teach you to bring copper! [*Aside.*
Perez. Tell me one thing,
I do beseech thee, tell me, tell me truth, wife;
(However, I forgive thee) art thou honest?
The beldame swore——
Estif. I bid her tell you so, sir;
It was my plot. Alas, my credulous husband!
The lady told you too——
Perez. Most strange things of thee.
Estif. Still 'twas my way, and all to try your
And she denied the house? [sufferance:
Perez. She knew me not,
No, nor no title that I had.
Estif. 'Twas well carried.
No more; I'm right and straight.
Perez. I would believe thee,
But Heav'n knows how my heart is. Will you
Estif. I'll be there straight. [follow me?
Perez. I'm fool'd, yet dare not find it. [*Exit.*
Estif. Go, silly fool! thou may'st be a good
In open field, but for our private service [soldier
Thou art an ass; I'll make thee so, or miss else.—

Enter CACAFOGO.

Here comes another trout that I must tickle,
And tickle daintily, I've lost my end else.—
May I crave your leave, sir?
Cac. Pr'ythee be answer'd, thou shalt crave no
I'm in my meditations; do not vex me; [leave;
A beaten thing, but this hour a most bruis'd thing,
That people had compassion on, it look'd so;
The next, Sir Palmerin: Here's fine proportion!
An ass, and then an elephant; sweet justice!
There's no way left to come at her now; no craving;
If money could come near, yet I would pay him;
I have a mind to make him a huge cuckold,
And money may do much! a thousand ducats?
'Tis but the letting blood of a rank heir.
Estif. 'Pray you hear me.
Cac. I know thou hast some wedding ring to pawn now,
Of silver, and gilt, with a blind posy in't,
"Love and a mill-horse should go round together,"
Or thy child's whistle, or thy squirrel's chain:
I'll none of 'em.—I would she did but know me,
Or 'would this fellow had but use of money,
That I might come in any way!
Estif. I'm gone, sir;
And I shall tell the beauty sent me to you,
The lady Margarita——
Cac. Stay, I pr'ythee;
What is thy will? I turn me wholly to you,
And talk now till thy tongue ache; I will hear you.
Estif. She would entreat you, sir!
Cac. She shall command, sir!
Let it be so, I beseech thee, my sweet gentle-
Do not forget thyself. [woman;
Estif. She does command then
This courtesy, because she knows you're noble——
Cac. Your mistress, by the way?

Estif. My natural mistress——
Upon these jewels, sir——they're fair and rich,
And, view 'em right——
Cac. To doubt 'em is an heresy.
Estif. A thousand ducats; 'tis upon necessity
Of present use; her husband, sir, is stubborn.
Cac. Long may he be so!
Estif. She desires withal
A better knowledge of your parts and person;
And, when you please to do her so much honour—
Cac. Come, let's despatch.
Estif. In troth I've heard her say, sir,
Of a fat man, she has not seen a sweeter.
But in this business, sir——
Cac. Let's do it first,
And then dispute; the lady's use may long for't.
Estif. All secrecy she would desire; she told [me
How wise you are.
Cac. We are not wise to talk thus!
Carry her the gold; I'll look her out a jewel
Shall sparkle like her eyes, and thee another.
Come, pr'ythee come, I long to serve thy lady,
Long monstrously!—Now, valour, I shall meet you,
You that dare dukes!
Estif. [*Aside.*] Green goose, you're now in sippets. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*Another Street.*

Enter the Duke, Sanchio, Juan, *and* Alonzo.

Duke. He shall not have his will, I shall prevent
I have a toy here that will turn the tide, [him;
And suddenly, and strangely. Here, Don Juan,
Do you present it to him. [*Gives him a paper.*
Juan. I am commanded. [*Exit.*
Duke. A fellow founded out of charity,
And moulded to the height, contemn his maker,
Curb the free hand that fram'd him? This must not be.
Sanc. That such an oyster-shell should hold a pearl,
And of so rare a price, in prison! Was she made
To be the matter of her own undoing,
To let a slovenly unwieldy fellow,
Unruly and self-will'd, dispose her beauties?
We suffer all, sir, in this sad eclipse;
She should shine where she might shew like herself,
An absolute sweetness, to comfort those admire her,
And shed her beams upon her friends. We're gull'd all,
And all the world will grumble at your patience,
If she be ravish'd thus.
Duke. Ne'er fear it, Sanchio,
We'll have her free again, and move at court
In her clear orb. But one sweet handsomeness
To bless this part of Spain, and have that slubber'd!
Alon. 'Tis every good man's cause, and we must stir in it.
Duke. I'll warrant he shall be glad to please us,
And glad to share too: We shall hear anon
A new song from him; let's attend a little.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*An Apartment in* Margarita's *House.*

Enter Leon, *and* Juan *with a Commission.*

Leon. Col'nel, I am bound to you for this nobleness.
I should have been your officer, 'tis true, sir;
(And a proud man I should have been to've serv'd you)
It has pleas'd the king, out of his boundless favours.
To make me your companion; this commission
Gives me a troop of horse.
Juan. I rejoice at it,
And am a glad man we shall gain your company;
I'm sure the king knows you are newly married,
And out of that respect gives you more time, sir.
Leon. Within four days I'm gone, so he commands me,
And 'tis not mannerly for me to argue it;
The time grows shorter still. Are your goods ready?
Juan. They are aboard.
Leon. Who waits there?

Enter Servant.

Serv. Sir.
Leon. D'ye hear, ho!
Go, carry this unto your mistress, sir,
And let her see how much the king has honour'd
Bid her be lusty, she must make a soldier. [me;
[*Exit* Servant.
[Lorenzo!]

Enter Lorenzo.

Lor. Sir.
Leon. Go, take down all the hangings,
And pack up all my clothes, my plate and jewels,
And all the furniture that's portable.—
Sir, when we lie in garrison, 'tis necessary
We keep a handsome port, for the king's honour.—
And, do you hear, let all your lady's wardrobe
Be safely plac'd in trunks; they must along too.
Lor. Whither must they go, sir?
Leon. To the wars, Lorenzo,
And you and all; I will not leave a turn-spit,
That has one dram of spleen against a Dutchman.
Lor. Why then, St. Jaques, hey! you've made us all, sir;
And, if we leave you——Does my lady go too?
Leon. The stuff must go to-morrow tow'rds the sea, sir;
All, all must go.
Lor. Why, Pedro, Vasco, Diego!
Come, help me; come, come, boys; soldadoes, comrades!
We'll flay these beer-bellied rogues; come away quickly! [*Exit.*
Juan. He has taken a brave way to save his honour, [*Apart.*
And cross the duke; now I shall love him dearly.
By th' life of credit, thou'rt a noble gentleman!

Enter Margarita, *led by two* Ladies.

Leon. Why, how now, wife? what, sick at my preferment?
This is not kindly done.
Marg. No sooner love you,
Love you entirely, sir, brought to consider
The goodness of your mind and mine own duty,
But lose you instantly, be divorc'd from you?
This is a cruelty: I'll to the king,
And tell him 'tis unjust to part two souls,
Two minds so nearly mix'd.
Leon. By no means, sweetheart!
Marg. If he were married but four days, as I am——
Leon. He'd hang himself the fifth, or fly his country. [*Aside.*
Marg. He'd make it treason for that tongue that durst
But talk of war, or anything to vex him.
You shall not go.

Leon. Indeed I must, sweet wife.
What, shall I lose the king for a few kisses?
We'll have enough.
Marg. I'll to the duke my cousin,
He shall to th' king.
Leon. He did me this great office,
I thank his grace for't; should I pray him now
To undo't again? Fie, 'twere a base discredit.
Marg. 'Would I were able, sir, to bear you company;
How willing should I be then, and how merry!
I will not live alone.
Leon. Be in peace; you shall not. [*Knocking within.*
Marg. What knocking's this? Oh, Heav'n, my head! why, rascals!
I think the war's begun i' th' house already.
Leon. The preparation is; they're taking down
And packing up the hangings, plate and jewels,
And all those furnitures that shall befit me
When I lie in garrison.

Enter Coachman.

Coachman. Must the coach go too, sir?
Leon. How will your lady pass to th' sea else easily?
We shall find shipping for't there to transport it.
Marg. I go? alas!
Leon. I'll have a main care of you;
I know you're sickly; he shall drive the easier,
And all accommodation shall attend you.
Marg. 'Would I were able!
Leon. Come, I warrant you; [up,
Am not I with you, sweet?—Are her clothes pack'd
And all her linens?—Give your maids direction;
You know my time's but short, and I'm com-
Marg. Let me have a nurse, [manded.
And all such necessary people with me,
And an easy bark!
Leon. It shall not trot, I warrant you;
Curvet it may sometimes.
Marg. I am with child, sir.
Leon. At four days' warning? this is something speedy.
Do you conceive, as our jennets do, with a west
My heir will be an arrant fleet one, lady; [wind?
I'll swear you were a maid when I first lay with you.
Marg. Pray, do not swear; I thought I was a maid too;
But we may both be cozen'd in that point, sir.
Leon. In such a straight point, sure I could not err, madam.
Juan. This is another tenderness to try him;
Fetch her up now. [*Apart.*
Marg. You must provide a cradle,
And what a trouble's that!
Leon. The sea shall rock it,
'Tis the best nurse; 'twill roar and rock together;
A swinging storm will sing you such a lullaby!
Marg. 'Faith, let me stay, I shall but shame you, sir.
Leon. An you were a thousand shames, you shall along with me;
At home I'm sure you'll prove a million:
Every man carries the bundle of his sins [you.
Upon his own back; you are mine, I'll sweat for

Enter Duke, Alonzo, *and* Sanchio.

Duke. What, sir, preparing for your noble
'Tis well, and full of care: [journey?
I saw your mind was wedded to the war,
And knew you'd prove some good man for your country;—
Therefore, fair cousin, with your gentle pardon,
I got this place. What, mourn at his advancement?
You are to blame; he'll come again, sweet cousin;
Meantime, like sad Penelope and sage,
Among your maids at home, and huswifely——
Leon. No, sir, I dare not leave her to that solitariness;
She's young, and grief or ill news from those quarters
May daily cross her; she shall go along, sir.
Duke. By no means, captain!
Leon. By all means, an't please ye.
Duke. What, take a young and tender-bodied lady,
And expose her to those dangers, and those tumults;
A sickly lady too!
Leon. 'Twill make her well, sir;
There's no such friend to health as wholesome travel.
Sanc. Away, it must not be.
Alon. It ought not, sir;
Go hurry her! It is not humane, captain.
Duke. I cannot blame her tears; fright her with
With thunder of the war! [tempests,
I dare swear, if she were able——
Leon. She's most able:
And 'pray ye swear not; she must go, there's no remedy;
Nor greatness, nor the trick you had to part us,
Which I smell too rank, too open, too evident,—
And, I must tell you, sir, 'tis most unnoble,—
Shall hinder me: Had she but ten hours' life,
Nay less, but two hours, I would have her with me;
I would not leave her fame to so much ruin,
To such a desolation and discredit,
As her weakness and your hot will would work her to.—

Enter Perez.

What masque is this now?
More tropes and figures to abuse my sufferance?
What cousin's this?
Juan. Michael van Owl, how dost thou?
In what dark barn, or tod of aged ivy,
Hast thou lain hid?
Perez. Things must both ebb and flow, colonel
And people must conceal, and shine again.—
You're welcome hither, as your friend may say gentlemen;
A pretty house you see, handsomely seated,
Sweet and convenient walks, the waters crystal.
Alon. He's certain mad.
Juan. As mad as a French tailor,
That has nothing in his head but ends of fustians.
Perez. I see you're packing now, my gentl
And my wife told me I should find it so; [cousin
'Tis true I do. You were merry when I was las here,
But 'twas your will to try my patience, madam.
I'm sorry that my swift occasions
Can let you take your pleasure here no longer;
Yet I would have you think, my honour'd cousin
This house and all I have are all your servants.
Leon. What house, what pleasure, sir? what d you mean?
Perez. You hold the jest so stiff, 'twill prov discourteous
This house I mean, the pleasures of this place.

Leon. And what of them?
Perez. They are mine, sir, and you know it;
My wife's I mean, and so conferr'd upon me.
The hangings, sir, I must entreat your servants,
That are so busy in their offices,
Again to minister to their right uses;
I shall take view o' th' plate anon, and furnitures
That are of under place. You're merry still, cou-
And of a pleasant constitution; [sin,
Men of great fortunes make their mirths *ad placitum.*
Leon. Pr'ythee, good stubborn wife, tell me directly,
Good evil wife, leave fooling, and tell me honestly,
Is this my kinsman?
Marg. I can tell you nothing.
Leon. I've many kinsmen, but so mad a one,
And so fantastic—All the house?
Perez. All mine,
And all within it. I will not bate you an ace on't.
Can you not receive a noble courtesy,
And quietly and handsomely, as you ought, coz,
But you must ride o' th' top on't?
Leon. Canst thou fight?
Perez. I'll tell you presently; I could have done, sir.
Leon. For you must law and claw before you get
Juan. Away; no quarrels! [it.
Leon. Now I am more temperate,
I'll have it prov'd, if you were ne'er yet in Bedlam,
Never in love, (for that's a lunacy)
No great state left you that you never look'd for,
Nor cannot manage, (that's a rank distemper)
That you were christen'd, and who answer'd for
And then I yield. [you;
Perez. He's half persuaded me I was bred i' th' moon:
I have ne'er a bush at my breech? Are not we both mad?
And is not this a fantastic house we're in,
And all a dream we do? Will you walk out, sir?
And if I do not beat thee presently
Into a sound belief as sense can give thee,
Brick me into that wall there for a chimney-piece,
And say I was one o' th' Cæsars, done by a seal cutter.
Leon. I'll talk no more; come, we'll away immediately.
Marg. Why then, the house is his, and all that's in it;—
I'll give away my skin, but I'll undo you! [*Aside.*
I gave it to his wife: You must restore, sir,
And make a new provision.
Perez. Am I mad now,
Or am I christen'd? You, my pagan cousin,
My mighty Mahound kinsman, what quirk now?—
You shall be welcome all; I hope to see, sir,
Your grace here, and my coz; we are all soldiers,
And must do naturally for one another.
Duke. Are you blank at this? then I must tell you, sir,
You've no command! Now you may go at pleasure,
And ride your ass-troop: 'Twas a trick I us'd
To try your jealousy, upon entreaty,
And saving of your wife.
Leon. All this not moves me,
Nor stirs my gall, nor alters my affections.—
You have more furniture, more houses, lady,
And rich ones too, I will make bold with those;
And you have land i' th' Indies, as I take it;
Thither we'll go, and view a while those climates,
Visit your factors there, that may betray you:
'Tis done; we must go.
Marg. Now thou art a brave gentleman,
And, by this sacred light, I love thee dearly.—
The house is none of yours, I did but jest, sir;
[*To* Perez.
Nor you are no coz of mine; I beseech you vanish;
I tell you plain, you've no more right than he has;
That senseless thing, your wife, has once more
Go you, and consider! [fool'd ye;
Leon. Good morrow, my sweet cousin!
I should be glad, sir——
Perez. By this hand she dies for't,
Or any man that speaks for her! [*Exit.*
Juan. These are fine toys.
Marg. Let me request you stay but one poor month,
You shall have a commission, and I'll go too;
Give me but will so far.
Leon. Well, I will try you.—
Good morrow to your grace; we've private business.
Duke. If I miss thee again, I am an arrant bungler. [*Aside.*
Juan. Thou shalt have my command, and I'll march under thee;
Nay, be thy boy, before thou shalt be baffled,
Thou art so brave a fellow.
Alon. I have seen visions! [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*The same.*

Enter Leon *with a letter, and* Margarita.

Leon. Come hither, wife; d'you know this hand?
Marg. I do, sir;
'Tis Estifania's, that was once my woman.
Leon. She writes to me here, that one Cacafogo,
An usuring jeweller's son (I know the rascal)
Is mortally fallen in love with you——
Marg. He is a monster: Deliver me from mountains!
Leon. D'you go a-birding for all sorts of people?—
And this evening will come to you and shew you
And offers anything to get access to you: [jewels,
If I can make or sport or profit on him,
(For he is fit for both) she bids me use him;
And so I will, be you conformable,
And follow but my will.
Marg. I shall not fail, sir.
Leon. Will the duke come again, d'you think?
Marg. No, sure, sir,
He has now no policy to bring him hither.
Leon. Nor bring you to him, if my wit hold, fair wife!
Let's in to dinner. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*The Street.*

Enter PEREZ.

Perez. Had I but lungs enough to bawl sufficiently,
That all the queans in Christendom might hear me,
That men might run away from [the] contagion,
I had my wish: 'Would it were most high treason,
Most infinite high, for any man to marry!
I mean for any man that would live handsomely,
And like a gentleman, in's wits and credit.
What torments shall I put her to? Phalaris' bull now—
'Pox, they love bulling too well, tho' they smoke for't—
Cut her a-pieces? ev'ry piece will live still,
And ev'ry morsel of her will do mischief;
They have so many lives, there is no hanging 'em;
They are too light to drown, they're cork and fea- [thers;
To burn too cold, they live like salamanders.
Under huge heaps of stones to bury her,
And so depress her as they did the giants?
She will move under more than built old Babel.
I must destroy her.

Enter CACAFOGO, *with a casket.*

Cac. Be cozen'd by a thing of clouts, a shemoth,
That ev'ry silk-man's shop breeds! to be cheated,
And of a thousand ducats, by a whim-wham!
Perez. Who's that is cheated? speak again, thou vision!
But art thou cheated? minister some comfort!
Tell me directly, art thou cheated bravely?
Come, pr'ythee come; art thou so pure a coxcomb
To be undone? do not dissemble with me;
Tell me, I conjure thee.
Cac. Then keep thy circle,
For I'm a spirit wild that flies about thee,
And, whoe'er thou art, if thou be'st human,
I'll let thee plainly know, I'm cheated damnably.
Perez. Ha, ha, ha!
Cac. Dost thou laugh? Damnably, I say, most damnably.
Perez. By whom, good spirit? speak, speak! ha, ha, ha!
Cac. I'll utter—laugh 'till thy lungs crack—by a rascal woman,
A lewd, abominable, and plain woman.
Dost thou laugh still?
Perez. I must laugh; pr'ythee pardon me;
I shall laugh terribly.
Cac. I shall be angry,
Terrible angry; I have cause.
Perez. That's it,
And 'tis no reason but thou shouldst be angry,
Angry at heart; yet I must laugh still at thee.
By a woman cheated? art sure it was a woman?
Cac. I shall break thy head; my valour itches at thee.
Perez. It is no matter. By a woman cozen'd?
A real woman?
Cac. A real devil;
Plague of her jewels, and her copper chains,
How rank they smell!
Perez. Sweet cozen'd sir, let me see them;
I have been cheated too, (I would have you note [that)
And lewdly cheated, by a woman also,
A scurvy woman; I am undone, sweet sir,
Therefore I must have leave to laugh.
Cac. Pray you take it. [*Gives him the casket.*
You are the merriest undone man in Europe;
What need we fiddles, bawdy songs, and sack,
When our own miseries can make us merry?
Perez. Ha, ha, ha!
I've seen these jewels; what a notable pennyworth
Have you had next your heart! You will not take,
Some twenty ducats—— [sir,
Cac. Thou'rt deceiv'd; I'll take——
Perez. To clear your bargain now?
Cac. I'll take some ten,
Some anything, some half ten, half a ducat.
Perez. An excellent lapidary set those stones
D'you mark their waters? [sure;
Cac. Quicksand choak their waters,
And hers that brought 'em too! But I shall find her.
Perez. And so shall I, I hope; but do not hurt
You cannot find in all this kingdom, [her;
If you had need of cozening, (as you may have,
For such gross natures will desire it often,
It is at some time too a fine variety)
A woman that can cozen you so neatly.—
She has taken half mine anger off with this trick.
[*Exit.*
Cac. If I were valiant now, I'd kill this fellow;
I've money enough lies by me, at a pinch,
To pay for twenty rascals' lives that vex me.
I'll to this lady; there I shall be satisfied. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.—*An Apartment in* MARGARITA'S *House.*

Enter LEON *and* MARGARITA.

Leon. Come, we'll away unto your country-house,
And there we'll learn to live contentedly:
This place is full of charge, and full of hurry;
No part of sweetness dwells about these cities.
Marg. Whither you will, I wait upon your plea-sure;
Live in a hollow tree, sir, I'll live with you.
Leon. Ay, now you strike a harmony, a true one,
When your obedience waits upon your husband,
And your sick will aims at the care of honour.
Why, now I dote upon you, love you dearly,
And my rough nature falls like roaring streams,
Clearly and sweetly into your embraces.
Oh, what a jewel is a woman excellent,
A wise, a virtuous, and a noble woman!
When we meet such, we bear our stamps on both sides,
And thro' the world we hold our current virtues;
Alone, we're single medals, only faces,
And wear our fortunes out in useless shadows.
Command you now, and ease me of that trouble;
I'll be as humble to you as a servant:
Bid whom you please, invite your noble friends,
They shall be welcome all; visit acquaintance,
Go at your pleasure, now experience
Has link'd you fast unto the chain of goodness!
[*Clashing of swords. A cry within*] Down with their swords!
What noise is this? what dismal cry?
Marg. 'Tis loud too:
Sure there's some mischief done i' th' street; look out there.
Leon. Look out, and help!

Enter Servant.

Serv. Oh, sir, the Duke Medina——
Leon. What of the Duke Medina?

Serv. Oh, sweet gentleman,
Is almost slain.
Marg. Away, away, and help him!
All the house help! [*Exeunt* MARG. *and* SERV.
Leon. How! slain?—Why, Margarita! why, wife!—
Sure, some new device they have afoot again,
Some trick upon my credit; I shall meet it.
I'd rather guide a ship imperial
Alone, and in a storm, than rule one woman.

Enter DUKE, *led in by* MARGARITA, SANCHIO, ALONZO, *and* Servant.

Marg. How came you hurt, sir?
Duke. I fell out with my friend, the noble colonel;
My cause was naught, for 'twas about your honour,
And he that wrongs the innocent ne'er prospers;
And he has left me thus. For charity,
Lend me a bed to ease my tortur'd body,
That ere I perish, I may shew my penitence!
I fear I'm slain.
Leon. Help, gentlemen, to carry him.
There shall be nothing in this house, my lord,
But as your own.
Duke. I thank you, noble sir.
Leon. To bed with him; and, wife, give your attendance.

Enter JUAN.

Juan. Doctors and surgeons——
Duke. Do not disquiet me,
But let me take my leave in peace.
[*Exeunt* DUKE, SANCHIO, ALON. MARG. *and* SERV.
Leon. Afore me,
'Tis rarely counterfeited!
Juan. True, it is so, sir;
And take you heed this last blow do not spoil you.
He is not hurt, only we made a scuffle,
As tho' we purpos'd anger; that same scratch
On's hand he took, to colour all, and draw compassion,
That he might get into your house more cunningly.
I must not stay. Stand now, and you're a brave fellow.
Leon. I thank you, noble colonel, and I honour you.—
Never be quiet? [*Exit* JUAN.

Enter MARGARITA.

Marg. He's most desp'rate ill, sir;
I do not think these ten months will recover him.
Leon. Does he hire my house to play the fool in?
Or does it stand on fairy ground? We're haunted!
Are all men and their wives troubled with dreams thus?
Marg. What ail you, sir?
Leon. Nay, what ail you, sweet wife,
To put these daily pastimes on my patience?
What dost thou see in me, that I should suffer thus?
Have not I done my part like a true husband,
And paid some desperate debts you never look'd for?
Marg. You have done handsomely, I must confess, sir.
Leon. Have I not kept thee waking like a hawk?
And watch'd thee with delights to satisfy thee,
The very tithes of which had won a widow?
Marg. Alas, I pity you.
Leon. Thou'lt make me angry;
Thou never saw'st me mad yet.
Marg. You are always,
You carry a kind of Bedlam still about you.
Leon. If thou pursu'st me further, I run stark mad;
If you have more hurt dukes or gentlemen,
To lie here on your cure, I shall be desperate!
I know the trick, and you shall feel I know it.
Are you so hot that no hedge can contain you?
I'll have thee let blood in all the veins about thee.
I'll have thy thoughts found too, and have them open'd,
Thy spirits purg'd, for those are they that fire you;
Thy maid shall be thy mistress, thou the maid
To all those servile labours that she reaches at,
And go thro' cheerfully, or else sleep empty;
That maid shall lie by me, to teach you duty,
You in a pallet by, to humble you,
And grieve for what you lose.
Marg. I've lost myself, sir,
And all that was my base self, disobedience; [*Kneels.*
My wantonness, my stubbornness, I've lost too:
And now, by that pure faith good wives are crown'd
By your own nobleness—— [with,
Leon. I take you up,
And wear you next my heart; see you be worth it.

Enter ALTEA.

Now, what with you?
Altea. I come to tell my lady,
There is a fulsome fellow would fain speak with her.
Leon. 'Tis Cacafogo; go, and entertain him,
And draw him on with hopes.
Marg. I shall observe you.
Leon. I have a rare design upon that gentleman;
And you must work too.
Altea. I shall, sir, most willingly.
Leon. Away then both, and keep him close in some place,
From the duke's sight; and keep the duke in too;
Make 'em believe both: I'll find time to cure 'em.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*The Street.*

Enter PEREZ *and* ESTIFANIA.

Perez. Why, how dar'st thou meet me again, thou rebel, [*Draws.*
And know'st how thou hast us'd me thrice, thou rascal?
Were there not ways enough to fly my vengeance,
No holes nor vaults to hide thee from my fury,
But thou must meet me face to face to kill thee?
I would not seek thee to destroy thee willingly,
But now thou com'st to invite me, and com'st upon me:
How like a sheep-biting rogue, taken i' th' manner,
And ready for the halter, dost thou look now!
Thou hast a hanging look, thou scurvy thing!
Hast ne'er a knife,
Nor never a string, to lead thee to Elysium?
Be there no pitiful 'pothecaries in this town,
That have compassion upon wretched women,
And dare administer a dram of rats-bane,
But thou must fall to me?
Estif. I know you've mercy. [*Kneels.*
Perez. If I had tons of mercy, thou deserv'st none.
What new trick's now afoot, and what new houses

Have you i' th' air? what orchards in apparition?
What canst thou say for thy life?
Estif. Little or nothing;
I know you'll kill me, and I know 'tis useless
To beg for mercy. Pray, let me draw my book out,
And pray a little!
Perez. Do; a very little,
For I have further business than thy killing;
I've money yet to borrow. Speak when you are ready.
Estif. Now, now, sir, now!—[*Shews a pistol.*]—Come on! do you start off from me?
Do you sweat, great captain?—have you seen a [spirit?
Perez. Do you wear guns?
Estif. I am a soldier's wife, sir,
And by that privilege I may be arm'd.
Now, what's the news? and let's discourse more
And talk of our affairs in peace. [friendly,
Perez. Let me see,
Pr'ythee, let me see thy gun; 'tis a very pretty one.
Estif. No, no, sir; you shall feel.
Perez. Hold, hold, you villain!
What, thine own husband?
Estif. Let mine own husband then
Be in's own wits.—There, there's a thousand ducats!— [*Shows a purse.*
Who must provide for you?—And yet you'll kill me.
Perez. I will not hurt thee for ten thousand millions.
Estif. When will you redeem your jewels? I have pawn'd 'em,
You see for what;—we must keep touch.
Perez. I'll kiss thee,
And, get as many more, I'll make thee famous.—
Had we the house now!
Estif. Come along with me;
If that be vanish'd, there be more to hire, sir.
Perez. I see I am an ass, when thou art near me. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—*A Chamber in* MARGARITA'S *House.*

Enter LEON, MARGARITA, *and* ALTEA, *with a taper.*

Leon. Is the fool come?
Altea. Yes, and i' th' cellar fast,
And there he stays his good hour till I call him;
He will make dainty music 'mong the sack-buts.
I've put him just, sir, under the duke's chamber.
Leon. It is the better.
Altea. He has giv'n me royally,
And to my lady a whole load of portigues.
Leon. Better and better still.—Go, Margarita,
Now play your prize:—You say you dare be honest;
I'll put you to your best.
Marg. Secure yourself, sir;
Give me the candle; pass away in silence.
[*Exeunt* LEON *and* ALTEA. MARG. *knocks.*
Duke. [*Within.*] Who's there? Oh, oh!
Marg. My lord!
Duke. [*Within.*] Have you brought me comfort?
Marg. I have, my lord:
Come forth; 'tis I. Come gently out; I'll help you;—

Enter DUKE, *in a gown.*

Come softly too. How do you?
Duke. Are there none here? [*Noise below.*
Let me look round; we cannot be too wary.
Oh, let me bless this hour! Are you alone, sweet [friend?
Marg. Alone, to comfort you. [CACAFOGO *makes a noise below.*
Duke. What's that you tumble?
I've heard a noise this half hour under me,
A fearful noise.
Marg. The fat thing's mad i' th' cellar, [*Aside.*
And stumbles from one hogshead to another;
Two cups more, and he ne'er shall find the way out.—
What do you fear? Come, sit down by me cheerfully;
My husband's safe.—How do your wounds?
Duke. I've none, lady;
My wounds I counterfeited cunningly,
And feign'd the quarrel too, to enjoy you, sweet:
Let's lose no time.—[*Noise below.*]—Hark, the same noise again!
Marg. What noise? why look you pale? I hear no stirring.——
(This goblin in the vault will be so tippled!) [*Aside.*
You are not well, I know by your flying fancy;
Your body's ill at ease; your wounds——
Duke. I've none;
I am as lusty, and as full of health,
High in my blood——
Marg. Weak in your blood, you would say.
How wretched is my case, willing to please you,
And find you so disable!
Duke. Believe me, lady——
Marg. I know, you'll venture all you have to satisfy me,
Your life I know; but is it fit I spoil you?
Is it, my love, do you think?
Cac. [*Below.*] Here's to the duke!
Duke. It nam'd me certainly;
I heard it plainly sound.
Marg. You are hurt mortally,
And fitter for your prayers, sir, than pleasure.
What starts you make! I would not kiss you wantonly,
For the world's wealth.—Have I secur'd my hus- [band,
And put all doubts aside, to be deluded?
Cac. [*Below.*] I come, I come.
Duke. Heav'n bless me!
Marg. And bless us both, for sure this is the devil!
I plainly heard it now; he'll come to fetch you!
A very spirit, for he spoke under ground,
And spoke to you just as you would have snatch'd me.
You are a wicked man, and sure this haunts you:
'Would you were out o' th' house!
Duke. I would I were,
O' that condition I had leap'd a window.
Marg. And that's the least leap, if you mean to 'scape, sir.
Why, what a frantic man were you to come here,
What a weak man to counterfeit deep wounds,
To wound another deeper!
Duke. Are you honest then?
Marg. Yes, then, and now, and ever; and excellent honest,
And exercise this pastime but to shew you,
Great men are fools sometimes as well as wretches:
'Would you were well hurt, with any hope of life,
Cut to the brains, or run clean through the body,
To get out quietly as you got in, sir!

I wish it like a friend that loves you dearly;
For if my husband take you, and take you thus
A counterfeit, one that would clip his credit,
Out of his honour he must kill you presently;
There is no mercy, nor an hour of pity:
And for me to entreat in such an agony,
Would shew me little better than one guilty.
Have you any mind to a lady now?
Duke. 'Would I were off fair!
If ever lady caught me in a trap more——
Marg. If you be well and lusty—fie, fie; shake not!
You say you love me; come, come bravely now;
Despise all danger; I am ready for you.
Duke. She mocks my misery: Thou cruel lady!
Marg. Thou cruel lord! wouldst thou betray my honesty,
Betray it in mine own house, wrong my husband,
Like a night thief, thou dar'st not name by daylight?
Duke. I am most miserable.
Marg. You are indeed;
And, like a foolish thing, you have made yourself so.
Could not your own discretion tell you, sir,
When I was married I was none of yours?
Your eyes were then commanded to look off me,
And I now stand in a circle and secure;
Your spells nor power can never reach my body.
Mark me but this, and then, sir, be most miserable;
'Tis sacrilege to violate a wedlock,
You rob two temples, make yourself twice guilty,
You ruin hers, and spot her noble husband's.
Duke. Let me be gone. I'll never more attempt you.
Marg. You cannot go; 'Tis not in me to save you:
Dare you do ill, and poorly then shrink under it?
Were I the duke Medina I would fight now,
For you must fight, and bravely, it concerns you;
You do me double wrong if you sneak off, sir,
And all the world would say I lov'd a coward;
And you must die too, for you will be kill'd,
And leave your youth, your honour, and your state,
And all those dear delights you worshipp'd here.
Duke. The noise again! [*Noise below.*
Cac. [*Below.*] Some small beer, if you love me.
Marg. The devil haunts you sure; your sins are mighty;
A drunken devil too, to plague your villainy.
Duke. Preserve me but this once!
Marg. There's a deep well
In the next yard, if you dare venture drowning:
It is but death.
Duke. I would not die so wretchedly.
Marg. Out of a garret-window I will let you down then;
But say the rope be rotten? 'tis huge high too.
Duke. Have you no mercy?
Marg. Now you are frighted thoroughly,
And find what 'tis to play the fool in folly,
And see with clear eyes your detested vice,
I'll be your guard.
Duke. And I'll be your true servant,
Ever from this hour virtuously to love you,
Chastely and modestly to look upon you,
And here I seal it. [*Kisses her.*
Marg. I may kiss a stranger,
For you must now be so.

Enter LEON, JUAN, ALONZO, *and* SANCHO.

Leon. How do you, my lord?
Methinks you look but poorly on this matter.
Has my wife wounded you? you were well before.
'Pray, sir, be comforted; I have forgot all,
Truly forgiven too.—Wife, you are a right one,
And now with unknown nations I dare trust you.
Juan. No more feign'd fights, my lord; they never prosper.

Enter ALTEA *and* CACAFOGO, *drunk.*

Leon. Who's this? the devil in the vault?
Altea. 'Tis he, sir,
And as lovingly drunk, as though he had studied it.
Cac. Give me a cup of sack, and kiss me, lady!
Kiss my sweet face, and make thy husband cuckold!—
An ocean of sweet sack!—Shall we speak treason?
Leon. He's devilish drunk.
Duke. I had thought he had been a devil;
He made as many noises, and as horrible.
Leon. Oh, a true lover, sir, will lament loudly.—
Which of the butts is your mistress?
Cac. Butt in thy belly!
Leon. There's two in thine I'm sure, 'tis grown so monstrous.
Cac. Butt in thy face! [
Leon. Go, carry him to sleep.
A fool's love should be drunk; he has paid well for't too.
When he is sober, let him out to rail,
Or hang himself; there will be no loss of him.
[*Exeunt* CACAFOGO *and* Servant.

Enter PEREZ *and* ESTIFANIA.

Leon. Who's this? my Mahound cousin?
Perez. Good, sir; 'tis very good! 'Would I'd a house, too!
(For there's no talking in the open air)
My Termagant coz, I would be bold to tell you,
I durst be merry too; I tell you plainly,
You have a pretty seat, you have the luck on't,
A pretty lady too; I have miss'd both:
My carpenter built in a mist, I thank him!
Do me the courtesy to let me see it,
See it but once more. But I shall cry for anger!
I'll hire a chandler's shop close under you,
And, for my foollery, sell soap and whip-cord.
Nay, if you do not laugh now, and laugh heartily,
You are a fool, coz.
Leon. I must laugh a little,
And now I've done.—Coz, thou shalt live with me,
My merry coz; the world shall not divorce us.
Thou art a valiant man, and thou shalt never want.
Will this content thee?
Perez. I'll cry, and then I'll be thankful,
Indeed I will, and I'll be honest to you:
I'd live a swallow here, I must confess.—
Wife, I forgive thee all, if thou be honest;
At thy peril, I believe thee excellent.
Estif. If I prove otherwise, let me beg first.
Leon. Hold, this is yours; some recompense for service: [*Gives money to* ESTIF.
Use it to nobler ends than he that gave it.
Duke. And this is yours, your true commission, sir. [*To* LEON.
Now you are a captain.
Leon. You're a noble prince, sir;
And now a soldier, gentlemen.
Omnes. We all rejoice in't.

Juan. Sir, I shall wait upon you through all fortunes.
Alon. And I.
Altea. And I must needs attend my mistress.
Leon. Will you go, sister?
Altea. Yes, indeed, good brother;
I have two ties, my own blood, and my mistress.
Marg. Is she your sister?
Leon. Yes, indeed, good wife,
And my best sister; for she prov'd so, wench,
When she deceiv'd you with a loving husband.
Altea. I would not deal so truly for a stranger.
Marg. Well, I could chide you;
But it must be lovingly, and like a sister.——
I'll bring you on your way, and feast you nobly,
(For now I have an honest heart to love you)
And then deliver you to the blue Neptune.
Juan. Your colours you must wear, and wear 'em proudly,
Wear 'em before the bullet, and in blood too:
And all the world shall know we're Virtue's servants.
Duke. And all the world shall know, a noble mind
Makes women beautiful, and envy blind. [*Exeunt.*

THE EPILOGUE.

Good night, our worthy friends! and may you part
Each with as merry and as free a heart
As you came hither! To those noble eyes,
That deign to smile on our poor faculties,
And give a blessing to our labouring ends,
As we hope many, to such Fortune send
Their own desires, wives fair as light, as chaste!
To those that live by spite, wives made in haste!

THE LAWS OF CANDY.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

CASSILANE, *General of Candy.*
ANTINOUS, *Son to* CASSILANE.
FERNANDO, *a Venetian Captain, Servant to* ANNOPHEL.
PHILANDER, *Prince of Cyprus, passionately in love with* EROTA.
GONZALO, *an ambitious, politic Lord of Venice.*
GASPERO, *Secretary of State.*
MELITUS, *a Gentleman of Cyprus.*
ARCANES, *a noble Soldier, Friend to* CASSILANE.
DECIUS, *Friend to* ANTINOUS.
PORPHYCIO, POSSENNE, } *Senators.*

PAOLO MICHAEL, *a Venetian Ambassador.*
MOCHINGO, *an ignorant Servant to* EROTA.

Senators.
Gentlemen.
Soldiers.
Servants.

EROTA, *a Princess, imperious, and of an overweening beauty.*
ANNOPHEL, *Daughter to* CASSILANE.
HYPARCHA, *Attendant on the* Princess EROTA.

SCENE—THE CITY OF CANDIA.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*The Street.*

Enter GASPERO *and* MELITUS.

Mel. Sir, you're the very friend I wish'd to meet with,
I have a large discourse invites your ear
To be an auditor.
Gas. And what concerns it?
Mel. The sadly thriving progress of the loves
Between my lord the prince, and that great lady,
Whose insolence, and never-yet-match'd pride,
Can by no character be well exprest,
But in her only name, the proud Erota.
Gas. Alas, Melitus, I should guess the best
Success your prince could find from her, to be
As harsh as the event doth prove: But now
'Tis not a time to pity passionate griefs,
When a whole kingdom in a manner lies
Upon its death-bed bleeding.
Mel. Who can tell
Whether or no these many plagues at once
Hang over this unhappy land for her sake,
That is a monster in it?
Gas. Here's the misery
Of having a child our prince; else I presume
The bold Venetians had not dar'd to attempt
So bloody an invasion.
Mel. Yet I wonder
Why, master secretary, still the senate
So almost superstitiously adores
Gonzalo, the Venetian lord, considering
The outrage of his countrymen.
Gas. The Senate
Is wise, and therein just; for this Gonzalo,
Upon a massacre perform'd at sea
By th' admiral of Venice, on a merchant
Of Candy, when the cause was to be heard
Before the Senate there, in open court
Professed, that the cruelty the admiral
Had shew'd, deserved not only fine, but death
(For Candy then and Venice were at peace:)
Since when upon a motion in the Senate,
For conquest of our land, 'tis known for certain,
That only this Gonzalo dar'd to oppose it,
His reason was, because it too much savour'd
Of lawless and unjust ambition.
The wars were scarce begun, but he, in fear
Of quarrels 'gainst his life, fled from his country,
And hither came, where, to confirm his truth,
I know, Melitus, he out of his own store,
Hath monied Cassilane the general.
Mel. What, without other pledges than Cassilane's,
Bare promise of repayment?
Gas. No, it may be
He has some pretty lordship to retire to;
But thus he hath done; now 'tis fit, Melitus,
The Senate should be thankful, otherwise
They should annihilate one of those laws
For which this kingdom is throughout the world
Unfollowed and admired.
Mel. What laws are these, sir?
Let me so much importune you.
Gas. You shall,
And they be worth your knowledge: Briefly thus:
Whoe'er he be that can detect apparently
Another of ingratitude, for any
Received benefit, the plaintiff may
Require th' offender's life; unless he please
Freely and willingly to grant remission.

Mel. By which strict law, the senate is in
Should they neglect Gonzalo? [danger,
Gas. Right, the law
Permits a like equality to aliens,
As to a home-born patriot.
Mel. Pray, sir, the other?
Gas. Know, Melitus,
The elder Cretans flourish'd many years,
In war, in peace unparallel'd, and they
(To spur heroic spirits on to virtue)
Enacted that what man soe'er he were,
Did noblest in the field against his enemy,
So by the general voice approv'd, and known,
Might, at his home-return, make his demand
For satisfaction, and reward.
Mel. They are
Both famous laws indeed.

Enter a Messenger, *with Letters.*

Mes. Master secretary,
The senate is about to sit, and crave
Your presence.
Gas. What, so suddenly?
Mes. These letters
Will shew the causes why.
Gas. [*reads the dispatches.*] Heav'n, thou art great,
And worthy to be thanked!
Mel. Your countenance, sir,
Doth promise some good tidings.
Gas. Oh, the best
And happiest for this land that e'er was told!
All the Venetian forces are defeated.
Mel. How, sir?
Gas. And what doth add some delight more,
There is amongst the soldiers a contention
Who shall be the triumpher, and it stands
Doubtful between a father and his son,
Old Cassilane, and young Antinous.
Mel. Why may not both demand it?
Gas. The law denies it,
But where the soldiers do not all consent,
The parties in contention are referr'd
To plead before the senate; and from them
Upon an open audience to be judg'd
The chief, and then to make demands.
Mel. You ravish me
With wonder and delight.
Gas. Come; as we walk,
I shall more fully inform you. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*The Senate House.*

Enter Cassilane, Arcanes, Antinous, *and* Decius.

Cas. Admit no soldier near us till the senate
Have took their places.
Arc. You are obey'd, my lord.
Ant. Decius, fall off.
Dec. I shall.
Cas. Give leave, Arcanes: [*Exit* Arc. *and* Dec
Young man, come nearer to me: Who am I?
Ant. It were a sin against the piety
Of filial duty, if I should forget
The debt I owe my father on my knee:
Your pleasure? [*Kneels.*
Cas. What, so low? Canst thou find joints,
Yet be an elephant? Antinous, rise;
Thou wilt belie opinion, and rebate
The ambition of thy gallantry, that they
Whose confidence thou hast bewitch'd, should see
Their little god of war kneel to his father,
Though in my hand I did grasp thunder.
Ant. Sir,
For proof that I acknowledge you the author
Of giving me my birth, I have discharg'd
A part of my obedience. But if now
You should (as cruel fathers do) proclaim
Your right, and tyrant-like usurp the glory
Of my peculiar honours, not deriv'd
From successary, but purchas'd with my blood,
Then I must stand first champion for myself
Against all interposers.
Cas. Boldly urg'd,
And proudly, I could love thee, did not anger
Consult with just disdain, in open language
To call thee most ungrateful. Say freely,
Wilt thou resign the flatteries whereon
The reeling pillars of a popular breath
Have rais'd thy giant-like conceit, to add
A suffrage to thy father's merit? Speak.
Ant. Sir, hear me: Were there not a chronicle
Well penn'd by all their tongues, who can report
What they have seen you do; or had you not
Best in your own performance writ your self,
And been your own text, I would undertake
Alone, without the help of art, or character,
But only to recount your deeds in arms,
And you should ever then be fam'd a precedent
Of living victory: But as you are
Great, and well worthy to be styled great,
It would betray a poverty of spirit
In me to obstruct my fortunes, or descent,
If I should, coward-like, surrender up
The interest which the inheritance of your virtue
And mine own thrifty fate can claim in honour:
My lord, of all the mass of fame, which any
That wears a sword, and hath but seen me fight,
Gives me, I will not share, nor yield one jot,
One tittle.
Cas. Not to me?
Ant. You are my father,
Yet not to you.
Cas. Ambitious boy, how dar'st thou
To tell me, that thou wilt contend?
Ant. Had I
Been slothful, and not follow'd you in all
The streights of death, you might have justly then
Reputed me a bastard: 'Tis a cruelty,
More than to murther innocents, to take
The life of my yet infant honour from me.
Cas. Antinous, look upon this badge of age,
Thy father's grey-hair'd beard: Full fifty years,
(And more than half of this, ere thou wert born)
I have been known a soldier, in which time
I found no difference 'twixt war and peace,
For war was peace to me, and peace was war.
Antinous, mark me well; there hath not liv'd
These fifty years a man whom Crete preferr'd
Before thy father; let me boldly boast,
Thy father, both for discipline and action
Hath so long been the first of all his nation;
Now, canst thou think it honest, charitable,
Nay human, being so young, my son, my child,
Begot, bred, taught by me, by me thy father,
For one day's service, and that one thy first,
To rob me of a glory which I fought for
A half of hundred years?
Ant. My case observes
Both equity and precedents; for, sir,

That very day whereon you got your fame,
You took it from some other, who was then
Chief in repute, as you are now, and had been
Perhaps as many years deserving that
Which you gain'd in a day, as I have mine.
Cas. But he was not my father then, Antinous;
Thou leav'st out that.
Ant. Sir, had he been your father,
He had been then immortal; for a father
Heightens his reputation where his son
Inherits it, as when you give us life,
Your life is not diminish'd but renew'd
In us when you are dead, and we are still
Your living images.
Cas. So be thou curs'd
In thy posterity, as I in thee,
Dishonourable boy! O, shall that sun,
Which not a year yet since beheld me mounted
Upon a fiery steed, waving my sword,
And teaching this young man to manage arms,
That was a raw, fresh novice in the feats
Of chivalry, shall that same sun be witness
Against this brat, of his ingratitude?
Who, to eclipse the light of my renown,
Can no way hope to get a noble name,
But by the treading on his father's greatness;
Thou wilt not yield?
Ant. My life, but not the prize
My sword hath purchas'd.

Enter ARCANES *and* DECIUS.

Arc. The senate, my lord,
Are here at hand, and all the soldiers
Begin to throng about them.
Cas. Now, Arcanes, the——
Arc. What, sir?
Cas. Trifles will affront us; that
Fine fighting stripling.
Arc. Let him have the shame on't;
'Please you withdraw on this side.
Cas. My great heart
Was never quail'd before.
Dec. [*To* ANTINOUS.] My lord, be confident,
Let not your father daunt you.
Ant. Decius, whither
Must I withdraw?
Dec. On this side.—See, the soldiers
Attend your pleasure——Courage, sir; the senate.
Cas. Way for the senate.

Enter PORPHYCIO, POSSENE, *three other* Senators, GONZALO, GASPERO, *and* Soldiers.

My good lords, I know not
What tax of arrogance I may incur,
Should I presume, though courted by your favours,
To take a place amongst you; I had rather
Give proof of my unfeign'd humility
By some, though mean, yet more becoming place,
Than run the hazard of a doubtful censure.
Pos. My lord, your wisdom is both known and tried;
We cannot rank you in a nobler friendship
Than your great service to the state deserves.
Por. Will't please you sit?
Gon. What, here, my lord Porphycio?
It must not be.
Por. My lord, you are too modest.
Gon. It is no season to be troublesome,
Else——but I have done: Your lordships are observ'd.

Enter FERNANDO, *led in captive by* Soldiers.

Gas. Is the demandant ready?
Arc. He is ready.
Gas. Produce him then.
Arc. Before this sacred presence,
I, by a general consent, am made
The Soldiers' Voice, and to your gracious wisdoms,
Present, as chief in arms, his country's champion.
Cassilane.
Dec. Most reverend lords, you hear the lesser number
Of those who have been guardians to this country,
Approve this champion; I, in all their names,
Who fought for Candy, here present before you
The mightiest man in arms, Antinous.
Speak, fellow-soldiers.
Sol. Antinous, Antinous.
Gas. Stand by all, save the two competitors.
Pos. My lords, how much your country owes you both,
The due reward of your desertful glories
Must to posterity remain: But yet
Since, by our law, one only can make claim
To the proposed honours which you both
(It seems) have truly merited, take leave
Freely to plead your rights; we shall attend ye.
Por. Wherein priority of voice is granted,
Lord Cassilane, to you; for that your rare
And long experience in the course of war,
As well doth challenge it as the best privilege
Of order and civility, for that
You are your brave opponent's worthy father.
Say, countrymen, are you content?
Sol. Ay, ay.
Cas. Right grave, right gracious fathers, how
It is for me, that all my life time have [unfit
Been practis'd in the school of blood and slaughter,
To bandy words now in my life's last farewell,
Your wisdoms will consider: were there pitch'd
Another, and another field, like that
Which, not yet three days since, this arm hath scatter'd,
Defeated, and made nothing, then the man
That had a heart to think he could but follow
(For equal me he should not) through the lanes
Of danger and amazement, might in that,
That only of but following me, be happy,
Reputed worthy to be made my rival;
For 'tis not, lords, unknown to those about me,
(My fellow-soldiers) first, with what a confidence
I led them on to fight, went on still, and
As if I could have been a second Nature,
As well in heartening them by my example,
As by my exhortation, I gave life
To quicken courage, to inflame revenge,
To heighten resolution; in a word,
To out-do action: it boots not to discover,
How that young man, who was not fledg'd nor skill'd
In martial play, was even as ignorant
As childish: but I list not to disparage,
His non-ability: The signal given
Of battle, when our enemies came on,
(Directed more by fury, than by warrant
Of policy and stratagem) I met them,
I in the fore-front of the armies met them;
And as if this old weather-beaten body
Had been compos'd of cannon-proof, I stood
The volleys of their shot. I, I myself
Was he that first disrank'd their woods of pikes:
But when we came to handy strokes, as often

As I lent blows, so often I gave wounds,
And every wound a death. I may be bold
To justify a truth, this very sword
Of mine slew more than any twain besides;
And, which is not the least of all my glory,
When he, this young man, hand to hand in fight,
Was by the general of the Venetians,
And such as were his retinue, unhors'd,
I stept between, and rescu'd him myself,
Or horses' hoofs had trampled him to dirt;
And whilst he was remounting, I maintain'd
The combat with the gallant general,
Till having taken breath, he throng'd before me,
Renew'd the fight, and with a fatal blow,
Stole both that honour from me, and his life
From him, whom I before, myself alone,
Had more than full three-quarters kill'd: A man
Well worthy only by this hand to have died,
Not by a boy's weak push: I talk too much,
But 'tis a fault of age: if to bring home
Long peace, long victory, even to your capitol;
If to secure your kingdom, wives, and children,
Your lives and liberties; if to renown
Your honours through the world, to fix your names,
Like blazing stars admir'd, and fear'd by all
That have but heard of Candy, or a Cretan,
Be to deserve th' approvement of my manhood,
Then thus much have I done: what more, examine
The annals of my life; and then consider
What I have been, and am. Lords, I have said.

Gon. With rev'rence to the senate, is it lawful,
Without your custom's breach, to say a word?

Pos. Say on, my lord Gonzalo.

Gon. I have heard,
And with no little wonder, such high deeds
Of chivalry discours'd, that I confess,
I do not think the worthies, while they liv'd
All nine, deserv'd as much applause, or memory,
As this one: but who can do ought to gain
The crown of honour from him, must be somewhat
More than a man: [*To* ANTINOUS.] You tread a dang'rous path,
Yet I shall hear you gladly; for believe me,
Thus much let me profess, in honour's cause,
I would not to my father, nor my king,
(My country's father) yield: If you transcend
What we have heard, I can but only say,
That miracles are yet in use. I fear
I have offended.

Por. You have spoken nobly.
Antinous, use your privilege.

Ant. Princely fathers,
Ere I begin, one suit I have to make,
'Tis just, and honourable.

Por. and Pos. Speak and have it.

Ant. That you would please the soldiers might
Together by their general. [all stand

Pos. 'Tis granted.
All fall to yonder side: go on, Antinous. [father,

Ant. I shall be brief and plain: All what my
(This country's patron) hath discours'd, is true.
Fellows in arms, speak you: Is't true?

Sol. True, true.

Ant. It follows, that the blaze of my performance
Took light from what I saw him do: And thus
A city, though the flame be much more dreadful,
May from a little spark be set on fire;
Of all what I have done, I shall give instance
Only in three main proofs of my desert.
First, I sought out (but through how many dangers,
My lords, judge you) the chief, the great commander,
The head of that huge body, whose proud weight
Our land shrunk under, him I found and fought with,
Fought with, and slew. Fellows in arms, speak you,
Is't true or not?

Sol. True, true.

Ant. When he was fall'n,
The hearts of all our adversaries
Began to quail, till young Fernando, son
To the last duke of Venice, gather'd head,
And soon renew'd the field; by whose example
The bold Venetians, doubling strength and courage,
Had got the better of the day; our men,
Supposing that their adversaries grew
Like Hydra's head, recoil, and 'gan to fly:
I follow'd them; and what I said, they know;
The sum on't is, I call'd them back, new rank'd them;
Led on, they follow'd, shrunk not till the end:
Fellows in arms, is't true, or no?

Sol. True, true.

Ant. Lastly, to finish all, there was but one,
The only great exploit; which was to take
Fernando prisoner, and that hand to hand
In single fight I did: myself, without
The help of any arm, save the arm of Heaven.
Speak soldiers, is it true, or no?

Sol. Antinous! Antinous!

Ant. Behold my prisoner, fathers.

Fer. This one man
Ruin'd our army, and hath glorified
Crete in her robes of mightiness and conquest.

Pos. We need not use long circumstance of Antinous, thou art conqueror: the senate, [words.
The soldiers, and thy valour have pronounc'd it.

All. Antinous! Antinous!

Por. Make thy demand.

Cas. Please ye, my lords, give leave
That I may part.

Pos. No, Cassilane, the court
Should therein be dishonour'd; do not imagine
We prize your presence at so slight a rate.
Demand, Antinous.

Ant. Thus, my lords; to witness
How far I am from arrogance, or thinking
I am more valiant, though more favoured
Than my most matchless father, my demand is,
That for a lasting memory of his name,
His deeds, his real, nay his royal worth,
You set up in your capitol, in brass,
My father's statue, there to stand for ever,
A monument and trophy of his victories,
With this inscription to succeeding ages:
"Great Cassilane, patron of Candy's peace,
Perpetual triumpher."

Por. and Pos. It is granted. What more?

Ant. No more.

Cas. How, boy?

Gon. Thou art immortal,
Both for thy son-like piety, and beauties
Of an unconquer'd mind.

Ant. My prisoner, lords,
To your more sacred wisdoms I surrender:
Fit you his ransom; half whereof I give
For largess to the soldiers: the other half
To the erection of this monument.

Cas. Ambitious villain!

Gon. Thou art all unimitable.
My lords, to work a certain peace for Candy

With Venice, use Fernando like a prince;
His ransom I'll disburse, whate'er it be:
Yet you may stay him with you, till conditions
Of amity shall be concluded on:
Are ye content?
Por. We are, and ever rest
Both friends and debtors to your nobleness.
Gon. Soldiers, attend me in the market-place,
I'll thither send your largess.
Sol. Antinous! Antinous! [*Exeunt.*
Cas. I have a suit, too, lords.
Por. and Pos. Propose it,
'Tis yours, if fit and just.
Cas. Let not my services,
My being forty years a drudge, a pack-horse
To you, and to the state, be branded now
With ignominy ne'er to be forgotten:
Rear me no monument, unless you mean
To have me fam'd a coward, and be stamp'd so.
Pos. We understand you not.
Cas. Proud boy, thou dost,
And tyrant-like, insult'st upon my shame.
Ant. Sir, Heaven can tell, and my integrity,
What I did was but only to enforce
The senate's gratitude. I now acknowledge it.
Cas. Observe it, fathers, how this haughty boy
Grows cunning in his envy of mine honours:
He knows no mention can of me be made,
But that it ever likewise must be told,
How I by him was master'd; and for surety
That all succeeding times may so report it,
He would have my dishonour and his triumphs
Engrav'd in brass: hence, hence proceeds the falsehood
Of his insinuating piety.—
Thou art no child of mine: thee and thy blood,
Here in the capitol, before the senate,
I utterly renounce: so thrift and fate
Confirm me! Henceforth never see my face,
Be, as thou art, a villain to thy father!—
Lords, I must crave your leaves: come, come,
Arcanes. [*Exeunt* Cas. *and his party.*
Gon. Here's a strange high-born spirit.
Pos. 'Tis but heat
Of sudden present rage; I dare assure
Antinous of his favour.
Ant. I not doubt it;
He is both a good man, and a good father.
I shall attend your lordships.
Pos. Do, Antinous.
Gon. Yes: feast thy triumphs
With applause and pleasures.
Por. and Pos. Lead on.
[*Flourish of cornets. Exeunt all but* Antinous *and* Decius.
Ant. "I utterly renounce"——'Twas so?
Was't not, my Decius?
Dec. Pish! you know, my lord,
Old men are choleric.
Ant. And lastly parted
With, "Never henceforth see my face:" Oh me!
How have I lost a father? such a father?
Such a one, Decius! I am miserable,
Beyond expression.
Dec. Fie, how unbecoming
This shews upon your day of fame?
Ant. O mischief!
I must no more come near him; that I know,
And am assur'd on't.
Dec. Say you do not?
Ant. True:
Put case I do not: What is Candy then
To lost Antinous? Malta, I resolve
To end my days in thee.
Dec. How's that?
Ant. I'll try
All humble means of being reconcil'd;
Which if denied, then I may justly say,
This day has proved my worst: Decius, my worst.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*An Apartment in the Palace of* Erota.

Enter Gonzalo *and* Gaspero.

Gas. Now, to what you have heard; as no man
Better than I, give you her character; [can
For I have been both nurs'd and train'd up to
Her petulant humours, and been glad to bear them:
Her brother, my late master, did no less.
Strong apprehensions of her beauty, hath
Made her believe that she is more than woman:
And as there did not want those flatterers
'Bout the world's conqueror, to make him think,
And did persuade him that he was a god;
So there be those base flies, that will not stick
To buz into her ears, she is an angel,
And that the food she feeds on is ambrosia.
Gon. She should not touch it then, 'tis poets' fare.
Gas. I may take leave to say, she may as well
Determine of herself to be a goddess,
With lesser flattery than he a god:
For she does conquer more, although not further.
Every one looks on her dies in despair,
And would be glad to do it actually,
To have the next age tell how worthily,
And what good cause he had to perish so:
Here beauty is superlative; she knows it,
And knowing it, thinks no man can deserve,
But ought to perish, and to die for her:
Many great princes for her love have languish'd,
And given themselves a willing sacrifice,
Proud to have ended so: and now there is
A prince so madded in his own passions,
That he forgets the royalty he was born to,
And deems it happiness to be her slave.
Gon. You talk as if you meant to wind me in,
And make me of the number.
Gas. Sir, mistake me not; the service that I owe
Shall plead for me: I tell you what she is, [you
What she expects, and what she will effect,
Unless you be the miracle of men,
That come with a purpose to behold,
And go away your self.
Gon. I thank you, I will do it: but pray re-
How is she stor'd with wit? [solve me,

Gas. As with beauty,
Infinite, and more to be admired at,
Than meddled with.
Gon. And walks her tongue the same gate with her wit?
Gas. Much beyond: whate'er her heart thinks, she utters:
And so boldly, so readily, as you would judge
It penn'd and studied.

Enter EROTA, PHILANDER, ANNOPHEL, HYPARCHA, MOCHINGO, *and* Attendants.

Gon. She comes.
Gas. I must leave you then,
But my best wishes shall remain with you. [*Exit.*
Gon. Still I must thank you.
This is the most passionate,
Most pitiful prince,
Who in the caldron of affections,
Looks as he had been parboil'd.
Phil. If I offend with too much loving you,
It is a fault that I must still commit,
To make your mercy shine the more on me.
Ero. You are the self-same creature you condemn,
Or else you durst not follow me with hope
That I can pity you, who am so far
From granting any comfort in this kind,
That you and all men else shall perish first:
I will live free and single, 'till I find
Something above a man to equal me;
Put all your bravest heroes into one,
Your kings and emperors, and let him come
In person of a man, and I should scorn him:
Must, and will scorn him.
The god of love himself hath lost his eyes;
His bow and torch extinguish'd, and the poets,
That made him first a god, have lost their fire
Since I appear'd, and from my eyes must steal it.
This I dare speak: and let me see the man,
Now I have spoke it, that doth dare deny;
Nay, not believe it.
Moc. He is mad that does not.
Ero. Have not all the nations of the earth heard of me?
Most come to see me, and seeing me, return'd
Full of my praises? Teaching their chroniclers
To make their stories perfect? for where the name,
Merely the word of fair Erota stands,
It is a lasting history to time,
Begetting admiration in the men,
And in my own sex, envy; which glory's lost,
When I shall stick my beauty in a cloud,
And clearly shine through it.
Gon. This woman's in the altitudes,
And he must be a good astrologer,
Shall know her zodiac.
Phil. For any man to think
Himself an able purchaser of you,

* * * * * *

But in the bargain there must be declar'd
Infinite bounty; otherwise I vow,
By all that's excellent and gracious in you,
I would untenant every hope lodg'd in me,
And yield myself up love's, or your own martyr.
Ero. So you shall please us.
Phil. O you cannot be
So heav'nly and so absolute in all things,
And yet retain such cruel tyranny.
Ero. I can, I do, I will.
Gon. She is in her
Moods, and her tenses: I'll grammar with you,
And make a trial how I can decline you:
By your leave, great lady.
Ero. What are you?
Gon. A man,
A good man, that's a wealthy; a proper man,
And a proud man too; one that understands
Himself, and knows, unless it be yourself,
No woman in the universe deserves him.
Nay, lady, I must tell you too withal,
I may make doubt of that, unless you paint
With better judgment next day than on this;
For (plain I must be with you) 'tis a dull fucus.
Ero. Knows any one here what this fellow is?
Atten. He is of Venice, madam, a great magnifico,
And gracious with the senate.
Ero. Let him keep then among them; what makes he here?
Here's state enough where I am: here's ado——
You, tell him, if he have ought with us, let him
Look lower, and give it in petition.
Moc. Mighty magnifico, my mistress bid me tell you,
If you have ought with her, you must look lower,
And yield it in petition.
Gon. Here is for thee a ducat.
Moc. You say well, sir; take your own course.
Gon. I will not grace you,
Lady, so much as take you by the hand;
But when I shall vouchsafe to touch your lip,
It shall be through your court a holiday
Proclaimed for so high favour.
Ero. This is some
Great man's jester: sirrah, begone! here is
No place to fool in.
Gon. Where are the fools you talk of?
I do keep two.
Ero. No question of it; for
In yourself you do maintain an hundred.
Gon. And besides them, I keep a noble train,
Statists, and men of action; my purse is large and deep,
Beyond the reach of riot to draw dry:
Fortune did vie with nature, to bestow,
When I was born, her bounty equally:
'Tis not amiss you turn your eyes from me;
For should you stand and gaze me in the face,
You perish would, like Semele by Jove:
In Venice, at this instant there do lie
No less than threescore ladies in their graves,
And in their beds five hundred, for my love.
Moc. You lie more than they; yet it becomes him bravely;
Would I could walk and talk so: I'll endeavour it. [*Struts about.*
Ero. Sir, do you know me?
Gon. Yes, you were sister to the late Prince of Candy,
Aunt to this young one: And I in Venice,
Am born a lord; equal to you in fortunes,
In shape; I'll say no more, but view.
Moc. There needs no more be said, were I a woman——
Oh he does rarely: "In shape; I'll say no more,
But view:" Who could say more, who better?
Man is no man, nor woman woman is,
Unless they have a pride like one of these.
How poor the prince of Cyprus shews to him!
How poor another lady unto her!
Carriage and state make us seem demi-gods,
Humility, like beasts, worms of the earth.

Enter ANTINOUS *and* DECIUS.

Ant. Royal lady, I kiss your hand.
Ero. Sir, I know you not.
Anno. O my noble brother, welcome from the [wars.
Ant. Dear sister.
Anno. Where is my father, that you come without him?
We have news of your success: He has his health, I hope?
Ant. Yes, sister, he has his health, but is not well.
Anno. How, not well? What riddles do you [utter?
Ant. I'll tell you more in private.
Gon. Noble sir,
I cannot be unmindful of your merit,
Since I last heard it: You are a hopeful youth,
And, indeed, the soul of Candy.
I must speak my thoughts.
Anno. The prince of Cyprus' brother, good [Decius.
Ant. I am his servant.
Phi. You are the patron of your country, sir,
So your unimitable deeds proclaim you;
It is no language of my own, but all men's.
Gon. Your enemies must needs acknowledge it;
Then do not think it flattery in your friends,
For if they had a heart, they could not want a tongue.
Ero. Is this your brother, Annophel?
Anno. Yes, madam.
Ero. Your name's Antinous?
Ant. I am, lady, that most unfortunate man.
Ero. How! unfortunate? Are you not the soldier,
The captain of those captains, that did bring
Conquest and victory home along with you!
Ant. I had some share in't; but was the least
Of the least worthy.
Gon. Oh sir, in your modesty you would make
A double conquest: I was an ear-witness
When this young man spoke lesser than he acted,
And had the soldiers' voice to help him out:
But that the law compell'd him for his honour,
To inforce him make a claim for his reward,
I well perceive he would have stood the man
That he does now, buried his worth in silence.
Ero. Sir, I hearken not to him, but look on you,
And find more in you than he can relate:
You shall attend on me.
Ant. Madam, your pardon.
Ero. Deny it not, sir, for it is more honour
Than you have gotten i' th' field: For know you shall,
Upon Erota's asking, serve Erota.
Ant. I may want answers, lady,
But never want a will to do you service.
I came here to my sister, to take leave,
Having enjoin'd myself to banishment,
For some cause that hereafter you may hear,
And wish with me I had not the occasion.
Anno. There shall be no occasion to divide us:
Dear madam, for my sake use your power,
Even for the service that he ought to owe,
Must, and does owe to you, his friends, and country.
Ero. Upon your loyalty to the state and me,
I do command you, sir, not depart Candy:
Am I not your princess?
Ant. You are, great lady.
Ero. Then show yourself a servant and a subject.
Ant. I am your vassal.
Moc. [*Apart.*] You are a coward; I that dare not fight,
Scorn to be vassal to any prince in Europe:
Great is my heart with pride, which I'll increase
When they are gone, with practice on my vassals.

Enter an Attendant.

Atten. The noble Cassilane is come to see you, madam.
Dec. There's comfort in those words, Antinous;
For here's the place and persons that have power
To reconcile you to his love again.
Ant. That were a fortunate meeting.

Enter CASSILANE *and* ARCANES.

Cas. Greatness still wait you, lady.
Ero. Good Cassilane, we do maintain our greatness
Through your valour.
Cas. My prayers pull daily blessings on thy head,
My unoffending child, my Annophel.
Good prince, worthy Gonzalo! Ha! Art thou here
Before me? In every action art thou ambitious?
My duty, lady, first offered here,
And love to thee, my child, though he out-strip me;
Thus in the wars he got the start on me,
By being forward, but performing less;
All the endeavours of my life are lost,
And thrown upon that evil of mine own
Cursed begetting, whom I shame to father.
Oh that the heat thou robb'dst me of, had burnt
Within my entrails, and begot a fever,
Or some worse sickness, for thou art a disease
Sharper than any physic gives a name to.
Anno. Why do you say so? [girl:
Cas. Oh Annophel, there is good cause, my
He has play'd the thief with me, and filch'd away
The richest jewel of my life, my honour,
Wearing it publickly with that applause,
As if he justly did inherit it.
Ant. Would I had in my infancy been laid
Within my grave, covered with your blessings, rather
Than, grown up to a man, to meet your curses.
Cas. Oh that thou hadst,
Then had I been the father of a child,
Dearer than thou wert ever unto me,
When hope persuaded me I had begot
Another self in thee: Out of mine eyes,
As far as I have thrown thee from my heart,
That I may live and die forgetting thee.
Ero. How has he deserv'd this untam'd anger,
That when he might have ask'd for his reward,
Some honour for himself, or mass of pelf,
He only did request to have erected
Your statue in the capitol, with titles
Engrav'd upon't, "The patron of his country?"
Cas. That, that's the poison in the gilded cup,
The serpent in the flowers, that stings my honour,
And leaves me dead in fame: Gods, do a justice,
And rip his bosom up, that men may see,
Seeing believe, the subtle practices
Written within his heart: But I am heated,
And do forget this presence, and myself.
Your pardon, lady.
Ero. You should not ask, 'less you knew how to give.
For my sake, Cassilane, cast out of your thoughts
All ill conceptions of your worthy son,
That, questionless, has ignorantly offended,
Declared in his penitence.
Cas. Bid me die, lady, for your sake I'll do it;

But that you'll say is nothing, for a man
That has out-liv'd his honour: But command me
In anything save that, and Cassilane
Shall ever be your servant. Come, Annophel,
My joy in this world, thou shalt live with me,
Retired in some solitary nook,
The comfort of my age; my days are short,
And ought to be well spent; and I desire
No other witness of them but thyself,
And good Arcanes.
Anno. I shall obey you, sir.
Gon. Noble sir,
If you taste any want of worldly means,
Let not that discontent you: Know me your friend,
That hath and can supply you.
Cas. Sir, I am too much bound to you already,
And 'tis not of my cares the least to give you
Fair satisfaction.
Gon. You may imagine I do speak to that end,
But, trust me, 'tis to make you bolder with me.
Cas. Sir, I thank you, and may make trial of you;
Meantime, my service.
Anno. Brother,
Be comforted; so long as I continue
Within my father's love, you cannot long
Stand out an exile: I must go live with him,
And I will prove so good an orator
In your behalf, that you again shall gain him,
Or I will stir in him another anger,
And be lost with you.
Ant. Better I were neglected: For he is hasty,
And through the choler that abounds in him,
Which for the time divides from him his judgment,
He may cast you off, and with you his life;
For grief will straight surprise him, and that way
Must be his death: The sword has tried too often,
And all the deadly instruments of war
Have aim'd at his great heart, but ne'er could touch it:
Yet not a limb about him wants a scar.
Cas. Madam, my duty——
Ero. Will you be gone?
Cas. I must, lady; but I shall be ready,
When you are pleas'd command me, for your service.
Excellent prince [*To* PHILANDER.]—To all my hearty love,
And a good farewell.
Moc. Thanks, honest Cassilane.
Cas. Come, Annophel.
Gon. Shall I not wait upon you, sir?
Cas. From hence
You shall not stir a foot: loving Gonzalo,
It must be all my study to requite you.
Gon. If I may be so fortunate to deserve
The name of friend from you, I have enough.
Cas. You are so, and you have made yourself so.
Gon. I will then preserve it.
[*Exeunt* CAS. ANNO, *and* ARC.
Ero. Antinous, you are my servant, are you not?
Ant. It hath pleased you so to grace me.
Ero. Why are you then dejected? You will say,
You have lost a father; but you have found a mistress
Doubles that loss: Be master of your spirit;
You have a cause for it, which is my favour.
Gon. And mine.
Ero. Will no man ease me of this fool?
Gon. Your fellow.
Ero. Antinous, wait upon us.
Ant. I shall, madam.
Gon. Nay, but lady, lady.
Ero. Sir, you are rude: And if you be the master
Of such means as you do talk of, you should
Learn good manners.
Gon. Oh lady, you can find a fault in me,
But not perceive it in yourself: You must, shall hear me:
I love you for your pride, 'tis the best virtue
In you.
Ero. I could hang this fellow now: By whom
Are you supported that you dare do this?
Have you not example here in a prince,
Transcending you in all things, yet bears himself
As doth become a man had seen my beauty?
Back to your country, and to your curtizans,
Where you may be admired for your wealth,
Which being consum'd, may be a means to gain you
The opinion of some wit. Here's nothing
To be got but scorn, and loss of time.
Gon. Which are things I delight in.
Ero. Antinous, follow me.
[*Exeunt all but* GONZALO *and* MOCHINGO.
Gon. She is vex'd to the soul.
Moc. Let her be vex'd, 'tis fit she should be so:
Give me thy hand, Gonzalo, thou art in our favour,
For we do love to cherish lofty spirits,
Such as percusse the earth, and bound
With an erected countenance to the clouds.
Gon. 'S-foot, what thing is this?
Moc. I do love fire-works,
Because they mount: an exhalation I
Profess to adore beyond a fixed
Star, 'tis more illustrious, as every thing
Rais'd out of smoke is so: their virtue is
In action: What do you think of me?
Gon. Troth, sir,
You are beyond my guess; I know you not.
Moc. Do you know yourself?
Gon. Yes, sir.
Moc. Why you and I
Are one: I am proud, and very proud too,
That I must tell you; I saw it did become you,
Cousin Gonzalo; pr'ythee let it be so.
Gon. Let it be so, good cousin.
Moc. I am no great one's fool.
Gon. I hope so, for alliance sake.
Moc. Yet I do serve
The mighty, monstrous, and magnanimous
Invincible Erota.
Gon. Oh good cousin,
Now I have you: I'll meet you in your coat.
Moc. Coat? I have my horseman's coat, I must confess,
Lin'd through with velvet, and a scarlet outside;
If you'll meet me in't, I'll send for't;
And cousin, you shall see me with much comfort,
For it is both a new one, and a right one:
It did not come collateral.
Gon. Adieu, good cousin; at this present I have some business.
Moc. Farewell, excellent cousin. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*The Apartment of* GONZALO.

Enter GONZALO *and* FERNANDO.

Gon. Candy, I say, is lost already.
Fer. Yes,
If to be conqueror be to be lost.
Gon. You have it; one day's conquest hath undone them.
And sold them to their vassalage; for what
Have I else toil'd my brains, profusely emptied
My monies, but to make them slaves to Venice,
That so in case the sword did lose his edge,
Then art might sharpen hers?
Fer. Gonzalo, how?
Gon. Fernando, thus: You see how through this
Both of the best and basest I am honour'd; [land,
I only gave the state of Venice notice,
When, where, and how to land, or you had found
A better entertainment: I was he
Encourag'd young Antinous to affront
The devil his father: For the devil, I think,
Dares not do more in battle.
Fer. But why did ye?
I find no such great policy in that.
Gon. Indeed, Fernando, thou canst fight, not
Had they continu'd one, they two alone [plot:
Were of sufficient courage and performance
To beat an army.
Fer. Now by all my hopes,
I rather shall admire, than envy Virtue.
Gon. Why then by all your hopes you'll rather have
Your brains knock'd out, than learn how to be wise;
You statesman? Well, sir, I did more than this:
When Cassilane crav'd from the common treasure
Pay for his soldiers, I struck home, and lent him
An hundred thousand ducats.
Fer. Marry sir,
The policy was little, the love less,
And honesty least of all.
Gon. How say ye by that?
Go fight, I say, go fight, I'll talk no more with you,
You are insensible.
Fer. Well, I shall observe ye.
Gon. Why look you, sir, by this means have I
The greatest part of Cassilane's estate [got
Into my hands, which he can ne'er redeem,
But must of force sink: Do you conceive me now?
Fer. So:
But why have you importuned the senate,
For me to sojourn with them?
Gon. There's the quintessence,
The soul, and grand elixir of my wit:
For he, according to his noble nature,
Will not be known to want, though he do want,
And will be bankrupted so much the sooner,
And made the subject of our scorn and laughter.
Fer. Here's a perfect plotted stratagem.
Gon. Why? Could you
Imagine, that I did not hate in heart
My country's enemies? Yes, yes, Fernando,
And I will be the man that shall undo them.
Fer. Ye are in a ready way.
Gon. I was never out on't.

Enter GASPERO.

Gon. Peace,
Here comes a wise coxcomb, a tame coward.
Now worthy Gaspero, what,
You come, I know, to be my lord Fernando's
Conductor to old Cassilane?
Gas. To wait upon him.
Gon. And my lords the senators sent you?
Gas. My noble lord, they did.
Gon. My lord Fernando,
This gentleman, as humble as you see him,
Is even this kingdom's treasure: In a word,
'Tis his chief glory that he is not wiser
Than honest, nor more honest than approv'd
In truth and faith.
Gas. My lord!
Gon. You may be bold
To trust him with your bosom, he'll not deceive
If you rely upon him once.
Fer. Your name is Gaspero?
Gas. Your servant.
Gon. Go, commend me,
Right honest Gaspero, commend me heartily
To noble Cassilane, tell him my love
Is vow'd to him.
Gas. I shall.
Gon. I know you will.
My lord, I cannot long be absent from you.
Fer. Sir, you are now my guide.
[*Exit with* GASPERO.
Gon. Thus my designs
Run uncontroul'd; yet Venice, though I be
Intelligencer to thee, in my brain
Are other large projects: for if proud Erota
Bend to my lure, I will be Candy's King,
And Duke of Venice too. Ha! Venice, too?
O 'twas prettily shov'd in: Why not? Erota
May in her love seal all sure: if she swallow
The bait, I am lord of both; if not, yet Candy,
Despite of all her power, shall be ruin'd. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.—*A mean Habitation.*

Enter CASSILANE, ARCANES, *and* ANNOPHEL.

Cas. Urge me no farther, Annophel.
Anno. My lord.
Cas. Thy father's poverty has made thee happy;
For though 'tis true, this solitary life
Suits not with youth and beauty, Oh my child,
Yet 'tis the sweetest guardian to protect
Chaste names from court aspersions; there a lady,
Tender and delicate in years and graces,
That doats upon the charms of ease and pleasure,
Is shipwreck'd on the shore; for 'tis much safer
To trust the ocean in a leaking ship,
Than follow greatness in the wanton rites
Of luxury and sloth.
Anno. My wishes, sir,
Have never soar'd a higher flight, than truly
To find occasion wherein I might witness
My duty and obedience.
Cas. 'Tis well said.
Canst thou forbear to laugh, Arcanes?
Arc. Why, sir?
Cas. To look upon my beggary,
To look upon my patience in my beggary.
Tell me, does it shew handsome? Bravely? Handsome? [rable.
Thou wilt flatter me, and swear that I am mise-

Arc. Nothing
More glorifies the noble, and the valiant,
Than to despise contempt: If you continue
But to enjoy yourself, you in yourself
Enjoy all store besides.
Cas. An excellent change:
I that some seven apprenticeships commanded
A hundred ministers, that waited on
My nod, and sometimes twenty thousand soldiers,
Am now retir'd, attended in my age
By one poor maid, follow'd by one old man.
Arc. Sir, you are lower in your own repute
Than you have reason for.
Cas. The Roman captains,
I mean the best, such as with their bloods
Purchas'd their country's peace, the empire's glory,
Were glad at last to get them to some farms,
Off from the clamours of th' ungrateful great ones,
And the unsteady multitude, to live
As I do now, and 'twas their blessing too;
Let it be ours, Arcanes.
Arc. I cannot but
Applaud your scorn of injuries.
Cas. Of injuries?
Arcanes, Annophel, lend both your hands.
So, what say ye now?
Arc. Why now, my lord——
Cas. I swear
By all my past prosperities, thus standing
Between you two, I think myself as great,
As mighty, as if in the capitol
I stood amidst the senators, with all
The Cretan subjects prostrate at my feet.
Anno. Sir, you are here more safe.
Cas. And more belov'd:
Why, look ye, sirs, I can forget the weakness
Of the traduced soldiers, the neglect
Of the fair-spoken senate, the impiety
Of him, the villain, whom, to my dishonour,
The world miscalls my son.
But by the——
Arc. Sir, remember that you promis'd no occa-
Should move your patience. [sion
Cas. Thou dost chide me friendly,
He shall not have the honour to be thought upon
Amongst us.

Enter a Servant.

Now! the news?
Serv. The secretary,
With the Venetian prisoner, desire
Admittance to your lordship.
Cas. How! to me?
What mystery is this? Arcanes, can they,
Think'st thou, mean any good?
Arc. My lord, they dare not
Intend aught else but good.
Cas. 'Tis true, they dare not;
Arcanes, welcome them: Come hither, Annophel,
[*Exit* Arcanes.
Stand close to me, we'll change our affability
Into a form of state: And they shall know
Our heart is still our own.

Enter Arcanes, Fernando, *and* Gaspero.

Arc. My lord——
Cas. Arcanes,
I know them both: Fernando, as you are
A man of greatness, I should undervalue
The right my sword hath fought for, to observe
Low-fawning compliments, but as you are
A captive and a stranger, I can love you,
And must be kind. You are welcome.
Fer. 'Tis the all
Of my ambition.
Gas. And for proof how much
He truly honours your heroic virtues,
The senate, on his importunity,
Commend him to your lordship's guard.
Cas. For what?
Gas. During the time of his abode in Candy,
To be your household guest.
Fer. Wherein, my lord,
You shall more make me debtor to your nobleness,
Than if you had return'd me without ransom.
Cas. Are you in earnest, sir?
Fer. My suit to the senate
Shall best resolve you that.
Cas. Come hither, secretary,
Look that this be no trick now put upon me:
For if it be—sirrah—
Gas. As I have troth,
My lord, it only is a favour granted
Upon Fernando's motion, from himself:
Your lordship must conceive, I'd not partake
Aught, but what should concern your honour: Who
Has been the prop, our country's shield, and safety,
But the renowned Cassilane?
Cas. Applause
Is, Gaspero—puff—nothing. Why, young lord,
Would you so much be sequester'd from those
That are the blazing comets of the time,
To live a solitary life with me,
A man forsaken? All my hospitality
Is now contracted to a few; these two,
This tempest-wearied soldier, and this virgin;
We cannot feast your eyes with masques and revels,
Or courtly antics; the sad sports we riot in,
Are tales of foughten fields, of martial scars,
And things done long ago, when men of courage
Were held the best, not those well-spoken youths,
Who only carry conquest in their tongues:
Now stories of this nature are unseasonable
To entertain a great duke's son with.
Fer. Herein
Shall my captivity be made my happiness,
Since what I lose in freedom, I regain,
With int'rest, by conversing with a soldier,
So matchless for experience, as great Cassilane:
'Pray sir, admit me.
Cas. If you come to mock me,
I shall be angry.
Fer. By the love I bear
To goodness, my intents are honourable.
Cas. Then in a word, my lord, your visitations
Shall find all due respect: But I am now
Grown old, and have forgot to be an host;
Come when you please, you are welcome.
Fer. Sir, I thank you.
Anno. Good sir, be not too urgent; for my
Will soon be mov'd; yet, in a noble way [father
Of courtesy, he is as easily conquer'd.
Fer. Lady, your words are like your beauty, powerful;
I shall not strive more how to do him service,
Than how to be your servant.
Cas. She's my daughter,
And does command this house.
Fer. I so conceive her.
Cas. Do you hear?
Gas. My honour'd lord.

Cas. Commend me to them:
Tell 'em I thank them.
Gas. Whom, my lord?
Cas. The senate.
Why, how come you so dull? Oh they are gracious,
And infinitely grateful——Thou art eloquent;
Speak modestly in mentioning my services;
And if aught fall out in the by, that must
Of mere necessity touch any act
Of my deserving praises, blush when you talk on't.
'Twill make them blush to hear on't.
Gas. Why, my lord——
Cas. Nay, nay, you are too wise now; good, observe me.
I do not rail against the hopeful springal,
That builds up monuments in brass; rears trophies
With mottoes and inscriptions, quaint devices
Of poetry and fiction; let's be quiet.
Arc. You must not cross him.
Gas. Not for Candy's wealth.
Fer. You shall for ever make me yours.
Anno. 'Twere pity to double your captivity.

Enter DECIUS.

Arc. Who's here, Decius?
Cas. Ha! Decius? Who nam'd Decius?
Dec. My duty to your lordship. I am bold,
Presuming on your noble and known goodness,
To——
Cas. What?
Dec. Present you with this——
Cas. Letter?
Dec. Yes, my honour'd lord.
Cas. From whom?
Dec. 'Please you peruse
The inside, and you shall find a name subscrib'd,
In such humility, in such obedience,
That you yourself will judge it tyranny
Not to receive it favourably.
Cas. Hey-day!
Good words, my masters: This is court infection,
And none but cowards ply them: Tell me, Decius,
Without more circumstance, who is the sender?
Dec. Your much griev'd son, Antinous.
Cas. On my life,
A challenge; speak, as thou art worthy, speak;
I'll answer't.
Dec. Honour'd sir.
Cas. No honour'd sirs——
Fool your young idol with such pompous attributes.
Say briefly, what contains it?
Dec. 'Tis a lowly
Petition for your favour.
Cas. Rash young man,
But that thou art under my own roof, and know'st
I dare not any ways infringe the laws
Of hospitality, thou shouldst repent
Thy bold and rude intrusion. But presume not
Again to shew thy letter, for thy life;
Decius, not for thy life.
Arc. Nay then, my lord,
I can withhold no longer; you are too rough,
And wrestle against nature with a violence
More than becomes a father; wherein would you
Come nearer to the likeness of God,
Than in your being entreated? Let not thirst
Of honour make you quite forget you are
A man, and what makes perfect manhoods, comforts
A father.
Anno. If a memory remain
Of my departed mother; if the purity
Of her unblemish'd faith deserve to live
In your remembrance, let me yet by these
Awake your love to my uncomforted brother.
Fer. I am a stranger, but so much I tender
Your son's desertful virtues, that I vow
His sword ne'er conquer'd me so absolutely,
As shall your courtesy, if you vouchsafe,
At all our instances, to new receive him
Into your wonted favour.
Gas. Sir, you cannot
Require more low submission.
Anno. Am I not
Grown vile yet in your eyes? then by the name
Of father, let me once more sue for him,
Who is the only now remaining branch
With me, of that most ancient root, whose body
You are, dear sir.
Cas. 'Tis well, an host of furies
Could not have baited me more torturingly,
More rudely, or more most unnaturally.
Decius, I say, let me no more hear from him;
For this time go thou hence, and know from me
Thou art beholding to me, that I have not
Kill'd thee already, look to't next, look to't.
Arcanes, fie; fie, Annophel. [*Exit.*
Arc. He's gone,
Chaf'd beyond sufferance; we must follow him.
Dec. Lady, this letter is to you.
Anno. Come with me,
For we must speak in private; 'please you, sir,
To see what entertainment our sad house
Can yield?
Fer. I shall attend you, lady,
[*Exeunt* ANNOPHEL *and* DECIUS.
Gas. How do you like
To sojourn here, my lord?
Fer. More than to feast
With all the princes of the earth besides;
Gonzalo told me, that thou wert honest.
Gas. Yes, sir,
And you shall find it.
Fer. Shall I?
Gas. All my follies
Be else recorded to my shame.
Fer. Enough.
My heart is here for ever lodg'd.
Gas. The lady——
Fer. The place admits no time to utter all;
But, Gaspero, if thou wilt prove my friend,
I'll say thou art——
Gas. Your servant; I conceive ye;
We'll choose some fitter leisure.
Fer. Never man
Was, in a moment, or more bless'd, or wretched.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*The Apartments of* EROTA.

Enter HYPARCHA, *placing two Chairs; then* ANTINOUS *and* EROTA.

Ero. Leave us.
Hyp. I shall. [*Exit.*
Ero. Antinous, sit down.
Ant. Madam?
Ero. I say, sit down, I do command you sit;
For look what honour thou dost gain by me,
I cannot lose it; happy Antinous,
The Graces and the higher deities
Smil'd at thy birth, and still continue it:

Then think that I, who scorn lesser examples,
Must do the like: Such as do taste my power,
And talk of it with fear and reverence,
Shall do the same unto the man I favour.
I tell thee, youth, thou hast a conquest won,
Since thou cam'st home, greater than that last
Which dignified thy fame, greater than if
Thou should'st go out again, and conquer farther;
For I am not ashamed to acknowledge
Myself subdu'd by thee.

Ant. Great lady—— [speak,

Ero. Sit still, I will not hear thee else; now
And speak like my Antinous, like my soldier,
Whom Cupid, and not Mars, hath sent to battle.

Ant. I must, I see, be silent.

Ero. So thou may'st;
There's greater action in it than in clamour;
A look, if it be gracious, will begin the war,
A word conclude it; then prove no coward,
Since thou hast such a friendly enemy,
That teaches thee to conquer.

Ant. You do amaze me, madam;
I have no skill, no practice in this war,
And whether you be serious, or please
To make your sport on a dejected man,
I cannot rightly guess; but, be it as it will,
It is alike unhappiness to me:
My discontents bear those conditions in them,
And lay me out so wretched, no designs,
However truly promising a good,
Can make me relish ought, but a sweet-bitter
Voluntary exile.

Ero. Why an exile? [*Music.*
What comfort can there be in those companions
Which sad thoughts bring along with——
[Hyparcha.]

Enter HYPARCHA.

Hyp. Madam.

Ero. Whence comes this well-tuned sound?

Hyp. I know not, madam.

Ero. Listen, wench; [*A Song within.*
Whatever friendly hands they are that send it,
Let 'em play on; they are masters of their faculty:
Doth it please you, sir?

Ant. According to the time.

Ero. Go to 'em, wench,
And tell 'em, we shall thank 'em; for they have kept
As good time to our disposition as to their instruments;
Unless Antinous shall say he loves, [*Exit* HYP.
There never can be sweeter accents utter'd.

Enter PHILANDER. ANTINOUS *walks apart.*

Phi. Let then the heart that did employ those hands,
Receive some small share of your thanks with them.
'Tis happiness enough that you did like it;
A fortune unto me, that I should send it
In such a lucky minute; but to obtain
So gracious a welcome did exceed my hopes.

Ero. Good prince, I thank you for't.

Phi. O madam, pour not too fast joys on me,
But sprinkle 'em so gently, I may stand 'em;
It is enough at first, you have laid aside
Those cruel angry looks out of your eyes,
With which, as with your lovely, you did strike
All your beholders in an ecstasy.

Ero. Philander, you have long profess'd to love

Phi. Have I but profess'd it, madam? [me.

Ero. Nay, but hear me!

Phi. More attentively than to an oracle.

Ero. And I will speak more truly, if more can
Nor shall my language be wrapt up in riddles, [be;
But plain as truth itself. I love this gentleman,
Whose grief has made him so uncapable
Of love, he will not hear, at least not understand it.
I, that have look'd with scornful eyes on thee,
And other princes, mighty in their states,
And in their friends as fortunate, have now pray'd,
In a petitionary kind almost,
This man, this well-deserving man, that, I must
To look upon this beauty, yet you see [say,
He casts his eyes rather upon the ground
Than he will turn 'em this way; Philander,
You look pale; I'll talk no more.

Phi. Pray, go forward; I would be your martyr;
To die thus, were immortally to live.

Ero. Will you go to him then, and speak for me?
You have lov'd longer, but not ferventer;
Know how to speak, for you have done it like
An orator, even for yourself; then how will you for
Whom you profess to love above yourself? [me,

Phi. The curses of dissemblers follow me
Unto my grave, and if I do not so.

Ero. You may, as all men do, speak boldlier, better
In their friend's cause still, than in your own;
But speak your utmost, yet you cannot feign;
I will stand by, and blush to witness it.
Tell him, since I beheld him, I have lost
The happinesss of this life, food and rest;
A quiet bosom, and the state I went with.
Tell him how he has humbled the proud,
And made the living but a dead Erota.
Tell him withal, that she is better pleas'd
With thinking on him, than enjoying these.
Tell him——Philander! prince! I talk in vain
To you, you do not mark me.

Phi. Indeed I do.

Ero. But thou dost look so pale,
As thou wilt spoil the story in relating.

Phi. Not if I can but live to tell it.

Ero. It may be you have not the heart.

Phi. I have a will, I am sure, howe'er my heart
May play the coward; but, if you please, I'll try.

Ero. If a kiss will strengthen thee, I give you leave
To challenge it; nay, I will give it you. [*Kisses him.*

Phi. O that a man should taste such heavenly
And be enjoin'd to beg it for another! [bliss,

Ero. Alas, it is a misery I grieve
To put you to, and I will suffer rather
In his tyranny, than thou in mine.

Phi. Nay, madam, since I cannot have your love,
I will endeavour to deserve your pity;
For I had rather have within the grave
Your love, than you should want it upon earth.
But how can I hope, with a feeble tongue
To instruct him in the rudiments of love,
When your most powerful beauty cannot work it?

Ero. Do what thou wilt, Philander; the request
Is so unreasonable, that I quit thee of it.
I desire now no more but the true patience,
And fortitude of lovers, with those helps
Of sighs and tears, which I think is all the physic—

Phi. O, if he did but hear you, 'twere enough;
And I will 'wake him from his apoplexy.
Antinous!

Ant. My lord?

Phi. Nay, 'pray,
No courtesy to me, you are my lord,
Indeed you are, for you command her heart
That commands mine; nor can you want to know
For look you, she that told it you in words, [it.
Explains it now more passionately in tears.
Either thou hast no heart, or a marble one,
If those drops cannot melt it. Prithee, look up,
And see how sorrow sits within her eyes,
And love the grief she goes with, (if not her,)
Of which thou art the parent; and never yet
Was there, by nature, that thing made so stony
But it would love whatever it begot.
Ant. He that begot me, did beget these cares,
Which are good issues, though happily by him
Esteemed monsters: nay, the ill-judging world
Is likely enough to give them those characters.
Phi. What's this to love, and to the lady? he's old,
Wrathful, perverse, self-will'd, and full of anger,
Which are his faults; but let them not be thine;
He thrusts you from his love, she pulls thee on,
He doubts your virtues, she doth double them;
Oh either use thine own eyes, or take mine,
And with them my heart, then thou wilt love her.
Nay, doat upon her more than on thy duty,
And men will praise thee equally for it;
Neglecting her, condemn thee as a man
Unworthy such a fortune: Oh Antinous,
'Tis not the friendship that I bear to thee,
But her command, that makes me utter this;
And when I have prevail'd, let her but say,
"Philander, you must die, or this is nothing,"
It shall be done, together with a breath,
With the same willingness I live to serve her.
Ero. No more, Philander.
Phi. All I have done, is little yet to purpose.
But ere I leave him, I will perceive him blush;
And make him feel the passions that I do,
And every true lover will assist me in't,
And lend me their sad sighs to blow it home,
For Cupid wants a dart to wound this bosom.
Ero. No more, no more, Philander; I can endure no more;
Pray, let him go. Go, good Antinous; make peace
With your own mind, no matter though I perish.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*The Same.*

Enter Hyparcha *and* Mochingo.

Hyp. I cannot help it.
Moc. Nor do I require it;
The malady needs no physician;
Help hospital people.
Hyp. I am glad to hear
You are so valiant.
Moc. Valiant?
Can any man be proud that is not valiant?
Foolish woman, what wouldst thou say? thou——
I know not what to call thee.
Hyp. I can you,
For I can call you coxcomb, ass, and puppy.
Moc. You do do it, I thank you.
Hyp. That you'll lose a fortune,
Which a cobler better deserves than thou dost.
Moc. Do not provoke my magnanimity,
For when I am incens'd I am insensible;
Go tell thy lady, that hath sent me word
She will discard me, that I discard her,
And throw a scorn upon her, which I would not,
But that she does me wrong.

Enter Erota *and* Antinous.

Ero. Do you not glory in your conquest more,
To take some great man prisoner, than to kill him?
And shall a lady find less mercy from you,
That yields herself your captive, and for her ransom
Will give the jewel of her life, her heart,
Which she hath lock'd from all men but thyself?
For shame, Antinous, throw this dulness off;
Art thou a man nowhere but in the field?
Hyp. He must hear drums and trumpets, or he sleeps,
And at this instant dreams he's in his armour;
These iron-hearted soldiers are so cold,
Till they be beaten to a woman's arms,
And then they love 'em better than their own;
No fort can hold them out.
Ant. What pity is it, madam, that yourself,
Who are all excellence, should become so wretched.
To think on such a wretch as grief hath made me:
Seldom despairing men look up to Heav'n,
Although it still speak to 'em in its glories;
For when sad thoughts perplex the mind of man,
There is a plummet in the heart that weighs,
And pulls us, living, to the dust we came from;
Did you but see the miseries you pursue,
As I the happiness that I avoid
That doubles my afflictions, you would fly
Unto some wilderness, or to your grave,
And there find better comforts than in me,
For love and cares can never dwell together.
Ero. They should,
If thou hadst but my love and I thy cares.
Ant. What wild beast in the desert but would be
Taught by this tongue to leave his cruelty,
Though all the beauties of the face were veil'd!
But I am savager than any beast,
And shall be so till Decius do arrive,
Whom with so much submission I have sent
Under my hand, that if he do not bring
His benediction back, he must to me
Be much more crueler than I to you.
Ero. Is't but your father's pardon you desire?
Ant. With his love, and then nothing next that, like yours.

Enter Decius, *with a Letter.*

Ero. Decius is come.
Ant. O welcome, friend; if I apprehend not
Too much of joy, there's comfort in thy looks.
Ero. There is, indeed; I prithee, Decius, speak it.
Dec. How! prithee, Decius! this woman's strangely alter'd. [*Aside.*

Ant. Why dost not speak, good friend, and tell
The reverend blessing of my life receiv'd [me how
My humble lines; wept he for joy?
Dec. No, there's a letter will inform you more;
Yet I can tell you what I think will grieve you,
The old man is in want, and angry still,
And poverty is the bellows to the coal
More than distaste from you, as I imagine.
Ant. [*Reads.*] What's here? how's this? It cannot be! now sure
My griefs delude my senses.
Ero. In his looks
I read a world of changes; Decius, mark
With what a sad amazement he surveys
The news; canst thou guess what 'tis?
Dec. None good, I fear,
Ero. I fear so too; and then——
Ant. It is her hand.
Ero. Are you not well?
Ant. Too well: If I were ought
But rock, this letter would conclude my miseries.
Peruse it, lady, and resolve me then,
In what a case I stand.
Dec. Sir, the worst is,
Your father's lowness and distaste.
Ant. No, Decius,
My sister writes, Fernando has made suit
For love to her; and to express sincerely
His constant truth, hath, like a noble gentleman,
Discover'd plots of treachery; contriv'd
By false Gonzalo, not intending more
The utter ruin of our house, than generally
Candy's confusion.
Dec. 'Tis a generous part
Of young Fernando.
Ant. 'Tis, and I could wish
All thrift to his affections, Decius.
You find the sum on't, madam.
Ero. Yes, I do.
Ant. And can you now yet think a heart opprest
With such a throng of cares, can entertain
An amorous thought! Love frees all toils but one,
Calamity and it can ill agree.
Ero. Will't please you speak my doom?
Ant. Alas, great lady,
Why will you flatter thus a desperate man
That is quite cast away? O had you not
Procur'd the senate's warrant to enforce
My stay, I had not heard of these sad news.
What would ye have me do?
Ero. Love me, or kill me,
One word shall sentence either; for as truth
Is just, if you refuse me, I am resolute
Not to outlive my thraldom.
Ant. Gentle lady.
Ero. Say, must I live, or die?
Dec. My lord, how can you
Be so inexorable? Here's occasion
Of succouring your father in his wants
Securely proffer'd, pray sir, entertain it.
Ero. What is my sentence?
Ant. What you please to have it.
Ero. As thou art gentle, speak those words again.
Ant. Madam, you have prevail'd; yet give me
Without offence, ere I resign the interest [leave
Your heart hath in my heart, to prove your secrecy.
Ero. Antinous, 'tis the greatest argument
Of thy affections to me.
Ant. Madam, thus then:
My father stands for certain sums engag'd
To treacherous Gonzalo; and has mortgag'd
The greatest part of his estate to him;
If you receive this mortgage, and procure
Acquittance from Gonzalo to my father,
I am what you would have me be.
Ero. You'll love me then?
Ant. Provided, madam, that my father know not
I am an agent for him.
Ero. If I fail
In this, I am unworthy to be lov'd.
Ant. Then, with your favour, thus I seal my truth
To-day, and Decius witness how unchangingly
I shall still love Erota.
Ero. Thou hast quicken'd
A dying heart, Antinous.
Dec. This is well;
Much happiness to both.

Enter HYPARCHA.

Hyp. The lord Gonzalo
Attends you, madam.
Ero. Comes as we could wish.
Withdraw, Antinous; here's a closet, where
You may partake his errand. Let him enter.
Ant. Madam, you must be wary.
Ero. Fear it not,
I will be ready for him; to entertain him
With smiling welcome. [*Exit* ANTINOUS.

Enter GONZALO.

Noble sir, you take
Advantage of the time; it had been fit
Some notice of your presence might have fashion'd
A more prepared state.
Gon. Do you mock me, madam?
Ero. Trust me, you wrong your judgment, to
My gratitude a fault; I have examin'd [repute
Your portly carriage, and will now confess
It hath not slightly won me.
Gon. The wind's turn'd; [*Aside.*
I thought 'twould come to this. It pleas'd us, madam,
At our last interview, to mention love;
Have you consider'd on't?
Ero. With more than common
Content: But, sir, if what you spake you meant,
As I have cause to doubt, then——
Gon. What, sweet lady?
Ero. Methinks we should lay by this form of stateliness;
Love's courtship is familiar, and for instance,
See what a change it hath begot in me;
I could talk humbly now, as lovers use.
Gon. And I, and I; we meet in one self-centre
Of blest consent.
Ero. I hope my weakness, sir,
Shall not deserve neglect; but if it prove so,
I am not the first lady has been ruin'd
By being too credulous; you will smart for't one day.—
Gon. Angel-like lady, let me be held a villain,
If I love not sincerely.
Ero. Would I knew it.
Gon. Make proof by any fit command.
Ero. What, do you mean to marry me?
Gon. How! mean? nay more, I mean
To make you empress of my earthly fortunes,
Regent of my desires, for did you covet
To be a real queen, I could advance you.

Ero. Now I perceive you slight me, and would make me
More simple than my sex's frailty warrants.
Gon. But say your mind, and you shall be a [queen.
Ero. On those conditions, call me yours.
Gon. Enough.
But are we safe?
Ero. Assuredly.
Gon. In short,
Yet, lady, first be plain; would you not chuse
Much rather to prefer your own sun-rising
Than any's else, though ne'er so near entitled
By blood, or right of birth?
Ero. 'Tis a question
Needs not a resolution.
Gon. Good; what if
I set the crown of Candy on your head?
Ero. I were a queen indeed then.
Gon. Madam, know
There's but a boy 'twixt you and it; suppose him
Transhap'd into an angel.
Ero. Wise Gonzalo,
I cannot but admire thee.
Gon. 'Tis worth thinking on;
Besides, your husband shall be duke of Venice.
Ero. Gonzalo, duke of Venice?
Gon. You are mine, you say?
Ero. Pish! You but dally with me; and would
In a rich golden dream. [lull me
Gon. You are too much distrustful of my truth.
Ero. Then you must give me leave to apprehend
The means and manner how.
Gon. Why thus——
Ero. You shall not,
We may be over-heard; affairs and counsels
Of such high nature are not to be trusted,
Not to the air itself; you shall in writing
Draw out the full design; which, if effected,
I am as I profess.
Gon. Oh, I applaud
Your ready care and secrecy.
Ero. Gonzalo,
There is a bar yet, 'twixt our hopes and us,
And that must be remov'd.
Gon. What is't?
Ero. Old Cassilane.
Gon. Ha! fear not him: I build upon his ruins
Already.
Ero. I would find a smoother course
To shift him off.
Gon. As how?
Ero. We'll talk in private;
I have a ready plot.
Gon. I shall adore you. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—CASSILANE'S *poor Habitation.*

Enter FERNANDO *and* ANNOPHEL.

Fer. Madam, although I hate unnoble practices,
And therefore have perform'd no more than what
I ought for honour's safety; yet Annophel,
Thy love hath been the spur, to urge me forward
For speedier diligence.
Anno. Sir, your own fame
And memory will best reward themselves.
Fer. All gain is loss, sweet beauty, if I miss
My comforts here: the brother and the sister
Have double conquer'd me, but thou may'st triumph.
Anno. Good sir, I have a father.
Fer. Yes, a brave one;
Could'st thou obscure thy beauty, yet the happ-
Of being but his daughter, were a dower [ness
Fit for a prince. What say ye?
Anno. You have deserv'd
As much as I should grant.
Fer. By this fair hand
I take possession.
Anno. What in words I dare not,
Imagine in my silence.
Fer. Thou art all virtue.

Enter CASSILANE *and* ARCANES.

Cas. I'll tell thee how: Baldwin the emperor,
Pretending title, more through tyranny
Than right of conquest, or descent, usurp'd
The style of lord o'er all the Grecian islands,
And under colour of an amity
With Crete, preferr'd the marquess Mountferato
To be our governor; the Cretans, vex'd
By the ambitious Turks, in hope of aid
From the emperor, receiv'd for general
This Mountferato; he, the wars appeas'd,
Plots with the state of Venice, and takes money
Of them for Candy: they paid well, he steals
Away in secret; since which time, that right
The state of Venice claims o'er Candy, is
By purchase, not inheritance or conquest,
And hence grows all our quarrel.
Arc. So an usurer
Or Lombard-Jew, might with some bags of trash
Buy half the western world.
Cas. Money, Arcanes,
Is now a god on earth: it cracks virginities,
And turns a Christian Turk;
Bribes justice, cut-throats honour, does what not?
Arc. Not captives Candy.
Cas. Nor makes thee dishonest,
Nor me a coward——Now, sir, here is homely,
But friendly entertainment.
Fer. Sir, I find it.
Arc. And like it, do ye not?
Fer. My repair speaks for me.
Cas. Fernando, we were speaking of——how's this?

Enter GONZALO *and* GASPERO, *with a Casket.*

Gon. Your friend, and servant.
Cas. Creditors, my lord,
Are masters and no servants: As the world goes,
Debtors are very slaves to those to whom
They have been beholding to; in which respect,
I should fear you, Gonzalo.
Gon. Me, my lord?
You owe me nothing.
Cas. What, nor love, nor money?
Gon. Yes, love, I hope, not money.
Cas. All this bravery
Will scarcely make that good.
Gon. 'Tis done already:
See, sir, your mortgage, which I only took,
In case you and your son had in the wars
Miscarried: I yield it up again: 'Tis yours.
Cas. Are ye so conscionable?
Gon. 'Tis your own.
Cas. Pish, pish, I'll not receive what is not mine,
That were a dangerous business.
Gon. Sir, I am paid for't;
The sums you borrow'd are return'd; the bonds
Cancell'd, and your acquittance formally seal'd:
Look here, sir, Gaspero is witness to it.

Gas. My honour'd lord, I am.
Gon. My lord Fernando,
Arcanes, and the rest, you all shall testify,
That I acquit lord Cassilane for ever,
Of any debts to me.
Gas. 'Tis plain and ample.
Anno. Fortune will once again smile on us fairly.
Cas. But, hark ye, hark ye, if you be in earnest,
Whence comes this bounty? Or whose is't?
Gon. In short,
The great Erota, by this secretary,
Return'd me my full due.
Cas. Erota? Why
Should she do this?
Gon. You must ask her the cause;
She knows it best.
Cas. So ho, Arcanes, none
But women pity us? Soft-hearted women?
I am become a brave fellow now, Arcanes,
Am I not?
Arc. Why, sir, if the gracious princess
Have took more special notice of your services,
And means to be more thankful than some others,
It were an injury to gratitude
To disesteem her favours.
Anno. Sir, she ever
For your sake most respectively lov'd me.
Cas. The senate, and the body of this kingdom
Are herein, let me speak it without arrogance,
Beholding to her: I will thank her for it;
And if she have reserv'd a means whereby
I may repay this bounty with some service,
She shall be then my patroness: Come, sirs,
We'll taste a cup of wine together now.
Gon. Fernando, I must speak with you in secret.
Fer. You shall——Now, Gaspero, all's well.
Gas. There's news
You must be acquainted with.
Come, there is no master-piece in art like policy.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*The* Senate House.

Enter Fernando, *and* Paolo Michael.

Fer. The senate is inform'd at full.
Mich. Gonzalo
Dreams not of my arrival yet.
Fer. Nor thinks
'Tis possible his plots can be discover'd:
He fats himself with hopes of crowns, and king-
And laughs securely, to imagine how [doms,
He means to gull all but himself: when truly,
None is so grossly gull'd as he.
Mich. There was never
A more arch villain.
Fer. Peace, the Senate comes.

Enter Porphycio, Possene, Senators, Gaspero, *and* Attendants.

Por. How closely treason cloaks itself in forms
Of civil honesty?
Pos. And yet how palpably
Does Heav'n reveal it?
Fer. Gracious lords.
Gas. The ambassador,
Lord Paulo Michael, advocate
To the great duke of Venice.
Por. You are most welcome,
Your master is a just and noble prince.
Mich. My lords, he bad me say, that you may know
How much he scorns, and, as good princes ought,
Defies base, indirect, and godless treacheries;
To your more sacred wisdoms he refers
The punishment due to the false Gonzalo,
Or else to send him home to Venice.
Pos. Herein
The duke is royal: Gaspero, the prince
Of Cyprus answer'd he would come.
Gas. My lords,
He will not long be absent.

Enter Philander *and* Melitus.

Por. You, Fernando,
Have made the state your debtor: worthy prince,
We shall be suitors to you for your presence,
In hearing, and determining of matters
Greatly concerning Candy.
Phi. Fathers, I am a stranger.
Pos. Why, the cause, my lord, concerns
A stranger: please you seat yourself.
Phi. Howe'er
Unfit, since you will have it so, my lords,
You shall command me. [*Ascends the Tribunal.*
Por. You, my lord Fernando,
With the ambassador, withdraw a while.
Fer. My lords, we shall. [*Exit with* Michael.
Pos. Melitus, and the secretary,
Give notice to Gonzalo, that the senate
Requires his presence. [*Exeunt* Gas. *and* Mel.
Phi. What concerns the business?
Por. Thus, noble prince——

Enter Cassilane *and* Arcanes.

Cas. Let me alone; thou troublest me;
I will be heard.
Arc. You know not what you do.
Pos. Forbear! Who's he that is so rude? What's he that dares
To interrupt our councils?
Cas. One that has guarded
Those purple robes from cankers worse than moths,
One that hath kept your fleeces on your backs,
That would have been snatch'd from you: But I [see
'Tis better now to be a dog, a spaniel
In times of peace, than boast the bruised scars,
Purchas'd with loss of blood in noble wars:
My lords, I speak to you.
Por. Lord Cassilane,
We know not what you mean.
Cas. Yes, you are set
Upon a bench of justice; and a day
Will come (hear this, and quake, ye potent great ones)
When you yourselves shall stand before a judge,
Who in a pair of scales will weigh your actions,
Without abatement of one grain: As then

You would be found full weight, I charge ye, fathers,
Let me have justice now.
Pos. Lord Cassilane,
What strange distemperature provokes distrust
Of our impartiality? Be sure
We'll flatter no man's injuries.
Cas. 'Tis well;
You have a law, lords, that without remorse
Dooms such as are belepred with the curse
Of foul ingratitude unto death.
Por. We have.
Cas. Then do me justice.

Enter ANTINOUS *with* DECIUS, *and* EROTA *with* HYPARCHA.

Dec. Madman, whither run'st thou?
Ant. Peace, Decius, I am deaf.
Hyp. Will you forget
Your greatness, and your modesty?
Ero. Hyparcha, leave, I will not hear.
Ant. Lady; great, gentle lady.
Ero. Prithee, young man, forbear to interrupt
Triumph not in thy fortunes; I will speak. [me;
Pos. More uproars yet! who are they that disturb us?
Cas. The viper's come; his fears have drawn him hither,
And now, my lords, be chronicled for ever,
And give me justice against this vile monster,
This bastard of my blood.
Ero. 'Tis justice, fathers,
I sue for too; and though I might command it,
(If you remember, lords, whose child I was)
Yet I will humbly beg it; this old wretch
Has forfeited his life to me.
Cas. Tricks, tricks;
Complots, devices, 'twixt these pair of young ones,
To blunt the edge of your well-temper'd swords,
Wherewith you strike offenders, lords; but I
Am not a baby to be fear'd with bug-bears,
'Tis justice I require.
Ero. And I.
Ant. You speak too tenderly; and too much like yourself
To mean a cruelty; which would make monstrous
Your sex: yet for the love's sake, which you once
Pleas'd to pretend, give my griev'd father leave
To urge his own revenge: you have no cause
For yours: keep peace about ye.
Cas. Will you hear me?
Phi. Here's some strange novelty.
Pos. Sure we are mock'd.
Speak one at once: Say, wherein hath your son
Transgress'd the law?
Cas. O the gross mists of dulness!
Are you this kingdom's oracles, yet can be
So ignorant? First hear, and then consider.
That I begot him, gave him birth and life,
And education, were, I must confess,
But duties of a father: I did more;
I taught him how to manage arms, to dare
An enemy; to court both death and dangers;
Yet these were but additions to complete
A well-accomplish'd soldier: I did more yet.
I made him chief commander in the field
Next to myself, and gave him the full prospect
Of honour, and preferment; trained him up
In all perfections of a martialist:
But he, unmindful of his gratitude,
You know with what contempt of my deserts,
First kick'd against mine honour, scorned all
My services; then got the palm of glory
Unto himself. Yet not content with this,
He, lastly, hath conspir'd my death, and sought
Means to engage me to this lady's debt,
Whose bounty all my whole estate could never
Give satisfaction to. Now, honoured fathers,
For this cause only, if your law be law,
And you the ministers of justice, then
Think of this strange ingratitude in him.
Phi. Can this be so, Antinous?
Ant. 'Tis all true,
Nor hath my much-wrong'd father limn'd my faults
In colours half so black, as in themselves
My guilt hath dy'd them. Were there mercy left,
Yet mine own shame would be my executioner:
Lords, I am guilty.
Ero. Thou beliest, Antinous,
Thine innocence. Alas! my lords, he's desperate.
And talks he knows not what: you must not credit
His lunacy; I can myself disprove
This accusation: Cassilane, be yet
More merciful; I beg it.
Cas. Time, nor fate,
The world, or what is in it, shall not alter
My resolution: He shall die.
Ero. The senate's
Prayers, or weeping lovers, shall not alter
My resolution: Thou shalt die.
Ant. Why, madam,
Are ye all marble?
Pos. Leave your shifts, Antinous;
What plead you to your father's accusation?
Ant. Most fully guilty.
Pos. You have doom'd yourself;
We cannot quit you now.
Cas. A burthen'd conscience
Will never need a hangman: hadst thou dar'd
To have denied it, then this sword of mine
Should on thy head have prov'd thy tongue a liar.
Ero. Thy sword? wretched old man, thou has liv'd too long
To carry peace or comfort to thy grave;
Thou art a man condemn'd: My lords, this tyrant
Had perished but for me, I still supplied
His miserable wants; I sent his daughter
Money to buy him food; the bread he ate,
Was from my purse: when he, vain-gloriously,
To dive into the peoples' hearts, had pawn'd
His birth-right, I redeem'd it, sent it to him;
And for requital, only made my suit,
That he would please to new receive his son
Into his favour, for whose love I told him
I had been still so friendly: but then he,
As void of gratitude as all good nature,
Distracted like a madman, posted hither
To pull this vengeance on himself and us;
For why, my lords, since by the law, all means
Is blotted out of your commission,
As this hard-hearted father hath accus'd
Noble Antinous, his unblemish'd son,
So I accuse this father, and crave judgment.
Cas. All this is but deceit, mere trifles forg'd
By combination to defeat the process
Of justice. I will have Antinous' life.
Arc. Sir, what do ye mean?
Ero. I will have Cassilane's.
Ant. Cunning and cruel lady, runs the stream
Of your affections this way? Have you not
Conquest enough by treading on my grave?
Unless you send me thither in a shroud

Steep'd in my father's blood? As you are woman,
As the protests of love you vow'd were honest,
Be gentler to my father.
Ero. Cassilane, [*Kneels.*
Thou hast a heart of flint: Let my intreaties,
My tears, the sacrifice of griefs unfeign'd,
Melt it: Yet be a father to thy son,
Unmask thy long besotted judgment, see
A low obedience kneeling at the feet
Of nature, I beseech you.
Cas. Pish, you cozen
Your hopes: Your plots are idle: I am resolute.
Ero. Antinous, urge no further.
Ant. Hence, thou sorcery
Of a beguiling softness; I will stand,
Like the earth's centre, unmov'd; lords, your breath
Must finish these divisions: I confess
Civility doth teach I should not speak
Against a lady of her birth, so high
As great Erota, but her injuries,
And thankless wrongs to me, urge me to cry
Aloud for justice, fathers.
Dec. Whither run you?
Ant. For, honour'd fathers, that you all may
That I alone am not unmatchable [know
In crimes of this condition, lest perhaps
You might conceive, as yet the case appears,
That this foul stain and guilt run in a blood;
Before this presence, I accuse this lady
Of as much vile ingratitude to me.
Cas. Impudent traitor!
Phi. Her? Oh spare, Antinous;
The world reputes thee valiant, do not soil
All thy past nobleness with such a cowardice,
As murd'ring innocent ladies will stamp on thee.
Ant. Brave prince, with what unwillingness I
Her follies, and in those her sin, be witness, [force
All these about me: She is bloody-minded,
And turns the justice of the law to rigour:
It is her cruelties, not I, accuse her:
Shall I have audience?
Ero. Let him speak, my lords.
Dec. Your memory will rot.
Ant. Cast all your eyes
On this, what shall I call her? truthless woman,
When often in my discontents, the sway
Of her unruly blood, her untam'd passion,
Or name it as you list, had hour by hour
Solicited my love, she vow'd at last
She could not, would not live, unless I granted
What she long sued for: I, in tender pity,
To save a lady of her birth from ruin,
Gave her her life, and promis'd to be hers:
Nor urg'd I aught from her, but secrecy,
And then enjoin'd her to supply such wants
As I perceiv'd my father's late engagements
Had made him subject to: what! shall I heap up
Long repetitions? She, to quit my pity,
Not only hath discover'd to my father
What she had promis'd to conceal, but also
Hath drawn my life into this fatal forfeit;
For which, since I must die, I crave a like
Equality of justice against her;
Not that I covet blood, but that she may not
Practise this art of falsehood on some other,
Perhaps more worthy of her love hereafter.
Por. If this be true——
Ero. My lords, be as the law is,
Indifferent, upright, I do plead guilty:
Now, sir, what glory have you got by this?
'Las, man, I meant not to outlive thy doom,
Shall we be friends in death?
Cas. Hear me, the villain
Scandals her, honour'd lords.
Ero. Leave off to doat,
And die a wise man.
Ant. I am over-reach'd,
And master'd in my own resolution.
Phi. Will ye be wilful, madam? here's the curse
Of love's disdain.
Cas. Why sit you like dumb statues?
Demur no longer.
Pos. Cassilane, Erota,
Antinous, death ye ask; and 'tis your dooms,
You in your follies liv'd, die in your follies.
Cas. I am reveng'd, and thank you for it.
Ero. Yes,
And I: Antinous hath been gracious.
Ant. Sir,
May I presume to crave a blessing from you
Before we part?
Cas. Yes, such a one as parents
Bestow on cursed sons; now, now I laugh
To see how those poor younglings are both cheated
Of life and comfort: look ye, look ye, lords,
I go but some ten minutes, more or less,
Before my time, but they have finely cozen'd
Themselves of many, many hopeful years,
Amidst their prime of youth and glory; Now
My vengeance is made full.

Enter ANNOPHEL.

Welcome, my joy,
Thou com'st to take a seasonable blessing
From thy half-buried father's hand; I am dead
Already, girl, and so is she, and he,
We all are worms'-meat now.
Anno. I have heard all;
Nor shall you die alone: lords, on my knees
I beg for justice too.
Por. 'Gainst whom? for what?
Anno. First let me be resolv'd; does the law
None, be they ne'er so mighty? [favour
Por. Not the greatest.
Anno. Then justly I accuse of foul ingratitude
My lords, you of the senate all, not one excepted.
Pos. and Por. Us?
Phi. Annophel!
Anno. You are the authors
Of this unthrifty bloodshed; when your enemies
Came marching to your gates, your children suck'd not
Safe at their mothers' breasts, your very cloisters
Were not secure, your starting holes of refuge
Not free from danger, nor your lives your own:
In this most desperate ecstasy, my father,
This aged man, not only undertook
To guard your lives, but did so; and beat off
The daring foe; for you he pawn'd his lands,
To pay your soldiers, who, without their pay
Refus'd to strike a blow: but, lords, when peace
Was purchas'd for you, and victory brought home,
Where was your gratitude, who in your coffers
Hoarded the rusty treasure which was due
To my unminded father? he was glad
To live retir'd in want, in penury,
Whilst you made feasts of surfeit, and forgot
Your debts to him: the sum of all is this,
You have been unthankful to him; and I crave
The rigour of the law against you all.
Cas. My royal spirited daughter!

Ero. Annophel,
Thou art a worthy wench; let me embrace thee.
Anno. Lords, why do ye keep your seats? they
For such as are offenders. [are no places
Pos. Though our ignorance
Of Cassilane's engagements might assuage
Severity of justice, yet to shew
How no excuse should smooth a breach of law,
I yield me to the trial of it.
[*The* Senators *descend from their seats.*
Por. So must I:
Great prince of Cyprus, you are left
The only moderator in this difference;
And as you are a prince, be a protector
To woeful Candy.
Phi. What a scene of misery
Hath thine obdurate forwardness, old man,
Drawn on thy country's bosom! and for that
Thy proud ambition could not mount so high
As to be styled thy country's only patron,
Thy malice hath descended to the depth
Of hell, to be renowned in the title
Of the destroyer. Dost thou yet perceive
What curses all posterity will brand
Thy grave with, that at once hast robb'd this kingdom
Of honour and of safety?
Ero. Children yet unborn
Will stop their ears when thou art nam'd.
Arc. The world will be too little to contain
The memory of this detested deed;
The furies will abhor it.
Dec. What the sword
Could not enforce, your peevish thirst of honour,
A brave, cold, weak, imaginary fame,
Hath brought on Candy: Candy groans, not these
That are to die.
Phi. 'Tis happiness enough
For them, that they shall not survive to see
The wounds wherewith thou stab'st the land that
Thee life and name. [gave
Dec. 'Tis Candy's wreck shall feel
The mischief of your folly.
Cas. Annophel!
Anno. I will not be entreated.
Cas. Pr'ythee, Annophel!
Anno. Why would ye urge me to a mercy, which
You in yourself allow not?
Cas. 'Tis the law,
That if the party who complains, remit
The offender, he is freed: Is't not so, lords?
Por. and Pos. 'Tis so.
Cas. Antinous, by my shame observe
What a close witchcraft popular applause is:
I am awak'd, and with clear eyes behold
The lethargy wherein my reason long
Hath been becharm'd: live, live, my matchless son,
Blest in thy father's blessing; much more blest
In thine own virtues: let me dew thy cheeks
With my unmanly tears: rise, I forgive thee:
And good Antinous, if I shall be thy father,
Forgive me: I can speak no more.
Ant. Dear sir,
You new beget me now.——Madam, your pardon,
I heartily remit you.
Ero. I as freely
Discharge thee, Cassilane.
Anno. My gracious lords,
Repute me not a blemish to my sex,
In that I strove to cure a desperate evil
With a more violent remedy: your lives,
Your honours are your own.
Phi. Then with consent
Be reconcil'd on all sides: please you, fathers,
To take your places. [*The* Senators *take their places.*
Pos. Let us again ascend,
With joy and thankfulness to heaven: and now
To other business, lords.

Enter GASPERO *and* MELITUS, *with* GONZALO.

Mel. Two hours and more, sir,
The senate hath been set.
Gon. And I not know it?
Who sits with them?
Mel. My lord, the prince of Cyprus.
Gon. Gaspero,
Why how comes that to pass?
Gas. Some weighty cause
I warrant you.
Gon. Now lords, the business? ha!
Who's here, Erota?
Por. Secretary, do your charge
Upon that traitor.
Gon. Traitor?
Gas. Yes, Gonzalo, traitor;
Of treason to the peace and state of Candy,
I do arrest thee.
Gon. Me? thou dog!

Enter FERNANDO *and* MICHAEL.

Mich. With license
From this grave senate, I arrest thee likewise
Of treason to the state of Venice.
Gon. Ha!
Is Michael here? nay then I see
I am undone.
Ero. I shall not be your queen,
Your duchess, or your empress.
Gon. Dull, dull brain!
O, I am fool'd.
Gas. Look, sir, do you know this hand?
[*Produces a paper.*
Mich. Do you know this seal? first, lords, he writes to Venice,
To make a perfect league, during which time
He would in private keep some troops in pay,
Bribe all the sentinels throughout this kingdom,
Corrupt the captains; at a banquet poison
The prince, and greatest peers, and in conclusion
Yield Candy slave to Venice.
Gas. Next, he contracted
With the illustrious princess, the lady Erota,
In hope of marriage with her, to deliver
All the Venetian gallantry and strength,
Upon their first arrival, to the mercy
Of her and Candy.
Ero. This is true, Gonzalo.
Gon. Let it be true: what then?
Pos. My lord ambassador,
What's your demand?
Mich. As likes the state of Candy,
Either to sentence him as he deserves
Here, or to send him like a slave to Venice.
Por. We shall advise upon it.
Gon. Oh, the devils,
That had not thrust this trick into my pate——
A politician? fool! destruction plague
Candy and Venice both.
Por. and *Pos.* Away with him.
Mel. Come, sir, I'll see you safe.
[*Exeunt* GONZ. *and* MEL.

Ero. Lords, ere you part
Be witness to another change of wonder.
Antinous, now be bold, before this presence,
Freely to speak, whether or no I us'd
The humblest means affection could contrive,
To gain thy love.
Ant. Madam, I must confess it,
And ever am your servant.
Ero. Yes, Antinous,
My servant, for my lord thou shalt be never:
I here disclaim the interest thou hadst once
In my too passionate thoughts. [*To* PHILANDER.]
Most noble prince,
If yet a relic of thy wonted flames
Live warm within thy bosom, then I blush not
To offer up the assurance of my faith
To thee, that hast deserv'd it best.
Phi. Oh, madam,
You play with my calamity.
Ero. Let heav'n
Record my truth for ever.
Phi. With more joy
Than I have words to utter, I accept it.
I also pawn you mine.
Ero. The man that in requital
Of noble and unsought affection
Grows cruel, never lov'd, nor did Antinous.
Yet herein, prince, ye are beholding to him;
For his neglect of me humbled a pride,
Which to a virtuous wife had been a monster.
Phi. For which I'll rank him my deserving friend.
Ant. Much comfort dwell with you, as I could wish
To him I honour most.
Cas. Oh, my Antinous,
My own, my own good son.
Fer. One suit I have to make.
Phi. To whom, Fernando?
Fer. Lord Cassilane, to you.
Cas. To me?
Fer. This lady
Hath promised to be mine.
Anno. Your blessing, sir;
Brother, your love.
Ant. You cannot, sir, bestow her
On a more noble gentleman.
Cas. Sayst thou so?
Antinous, I confirm it. Here, Fernando,
Live both as one; she is thine.
Ant. And herein, sister,
I honour you for your wise settled love.
This is a day of triumph, all contentions
Are happily accorded, Candy's peace
Secur'd, and Venice vow'd a worthy friend.
[*Exeunt.*

THE FALSE ONE.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

JULIUS CÆSAR.
PTOLEMY, *King of Egypt.*
ACHOREUS, *an old, blind Counsellor, Priest of Isis.*
PHOTINUS, *an Eunuch, Politician, and Minion to* PTOLEMY.
ACHILLAS, *Captain of the Guard to* PTOLEMY.
SEPTIMIUS, *a revolted Roman Villain.*
LABIENUS, *a Roman Soldier and Nuncio.*
APOLLODORUS, *Guardian to* CLEOPATRA.
ANTONY, DOLABELLA, } CÆSAR'S *Captains.*

SCEVA, *a free Speaker, also Captain to* CÆSAR.
Three lame Soldiers.
Guard.
Servants.

CLEOPATRA, *Queen of Egypt.*
ARSINOE, CLEOPATRA'S *Sister.*
EROS, CLEOPATRA'S *Waiting-Woman.*
ISIS, NILUS, *Three* Labourers, } *in a Masque.*

SCENE,—ALEXANDRIA.

PROLOGUE.

NEW titles warrant not a play for new,
The subject being old; and 'tis as true,
Fresh and neat matter may with ease be framed
Out of their stories, that have oft been named
With glory on the stage: What borrows he
From him that wrote old Priam's tragedy,
That writes his love to Hecuba? Sure, to tell
Of Cæsar's amorous heats, and how he fell
I' th' capitol, can never be the same
To the judicious: Nor will such blame
Those who penn'd this, for barrenness, when they [find
Young Cleopatra here, and her great mind
Express'd to the height, with us a maid, and free.
And how he rated her virginity:
We treat not of what boldness she did die,
Nor of her fatal love to Antony.
What we present and offer to your view,
Upon their faiths, the stage yet never knew:
Let reason then first to your wills give laws,
And after judge of them, and of their cause.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*Alexandria. A Hall in the Royal Palace.*

Enter ACHILLAS *and* ACHOREUS.

Achor. I love the king, nor do dispute his power,
For that is not confined, nor to be censured
By me, that am his subject; yet allow me
The liberty of a man, that still would be
A friend to justice, to demand the motives
That did induce young Ptolemy, or Photinus,
(To whose directions he gives up himself,
And I hope wisely,) to commit his sister
The princess Cleopatra——If I said
The queen, Achillas, 'twere, I hope, no treason,
She being by her father's testament
(Whose memory I bow to) left co-heir
In all he stood possess'd of.
Achil. 'Tis confess'd,
My good Achoreus, that in these eastern kingdoms
Women are not exempted from the sceptre,
But claim a privilege equal to the male;
But how much such divisions have ta'en from
The majesty of Egypt, and what factions
Have sprung from those partitions, to the ruin
Of the poor subject, doubtful which to follow,
We have too many and too sad examples:
Therefore the wise Photinus, to prevent
The murders and the massacres that attend
On disunited government, and to shew
The king without a partner, in full splendour,
Thought it convenient the fair Cleopatra
(An attribute not frequent in this climate)
Should be committed to safe custody,
In which she is attended like her birth,
Until her beauty, or her royal dower,
Hath found her out a husband.
Achor. How this may
Stand with the rules of policy, I know not;
Most sure I am, it holds no correspondence
With the rites of Egypt, or the laws of nature.
But, grant that Cleopatra can sit down
With this disgrace, though insupportable,
Can you imagine that Rome's glorious senate,
To whose charge, by the will of the dead king,

This government was deliver'd, or great Pompey,
That is appointed Cleopatra's guardian
As well as Ptolemy's, will e'er approve
Of this rash counsel, their consent not sought for,
That should authorise it?
Achil. The civil war,
In which the Roman empire is embark'd
On a rough sea of danger, does exact
Their whole care to preserve themselves, and gives
No vacant time to think of what we do, [them
Which hardly can concern them.
Achor. What's your opinion
Of the success? I have heard, in multitudes
Of soldiers, and all glorious pomp of war,
Pompey is much superior.
Achil. I could give you
A catalogue of all the several nations
From whence he drew his powers; but that were tedious.
They have rich arms, are ten to one in number,
Which makes them think the day already won;
And Pompey being master of the sea,
Such plenty of all delicates are brought in,
As if the place on which they are entrench'd,
Were not a camp of soldiers, but Rome,
In which Lucullus and Apicius join'd
To make a public feast. They at Dirachium
Fought with success; but knew not to make use of
Fortune's fair offer: So much, I have heard,
Cæsar himself confess'd.
Achor. Where are they now?
Achil. In Thessaly, near the Pharsalian plains;
Where Cæsar, with a handful of his men,
Hems in the greater number. His whole troops
Exceed not twenty thousand, but old soldiers,
Flesh'd in the spoils of Germany and France,
Inured to his command, and only know
To fight and overcome: And though that famine
Reigns in his camp, compelling them to taste
Bread made of roots forbid the use of man,
(Which they with scorn threw into Pompey's camp,
As in derision of his delicates,)
Or corn not yet half ripe, and that a banquet;
They still besiege him, being ambitious only
To come to blows, and let their swords determine
Who hath the better cause.
Achor. May victory
Attend on't, where it is.
Achil. We ev'ry hour
Expect to hear the issue.

Enter SEPTIMIUS.

Sept. Save my good lords!
By Isis and Osiris, whom you worship,
And the four hundred gods and goddesses
Adored in Rome, I am your honours' servant.
Achor. Truth needs, Septimius, no oaths.
Achil. You are cruel;
If you deny him swearing, you take from him
Three full parts of his language.
Sept. Your honour's bitter.
Confound me, where I love I cannot say it,
But I must swear't: Yet such is my ill fortune,
Nor vows nor protestations win belief;
I think (and I can find no other reason)
Because I am a Roman.
Achor. No, Septimius;
To be a Roman were an honour to you,
Did not your manners and your life take from it,
And cry aloud, that from Rome you bring nothing
But Roman vices, which you would plant here,
But no seed of her virtues.
Sept. With your reverence,
I am too old to learn.
Achor. Any thing honest;
That I believe without an oath.
Sept. I fear
Your lordship has slept ill to-night, and that
Invites this sad discourse; 'twill make you old
Before your time. Pox o' these virtuous morals,
And old religious principles, that fool us!
I have brought you a new song will make you laugh,
Though you were at your prayers.
Achor. What is the subject?
Be free, Septimius.
Sept. 'Tis a catalogue
Of all the gamesters of the court and city,
Which lord lies with that lady, and what gallant
Sports with that merchant's wife; and does relate
Who sells her honour for a diamond,
Who for a tissue robe; whose husband's jealous,
And who so kind, that, to share with his wife,
Will make the match himself: Harmless conceits,
Though fools say they are dangerous. I sang it
The last night at my lord Photinus' table.
Achor. How? as a fiddler?
Sept. No, sir, as a guest,
A welcome guest too; and it was approved of
By a dozen of his friends, though they were touch'd in't:
For look you, 'tis a kind of merriment,
When we have laid by foolish modesty,
(As not a man of fashion will wear it)
To talk what we have done, at least to hear it;
If merrily set down, it fires the blood,
And heightens crest-fallen appetite.
Achor. New doctrine!
Achil. Was't of your own composing?
Sept. No, I bought it
Of a skulking scribbler for two Ptolemies;
But the hints were mine own: The wretch was fearful;
But I have damn'd myself, should it be question'd,
That I will own it.
Achor. And be punish'd for it?
Take heed, for you may so long exercise
Your scurrilous wit against authority,
The kingdom's counsels, and make profane jests
(Which to you, being an atheist, is nothing)
Against religion, that your great maintainers,
Unless they would be thought copartners with you,
Will leave you to the law; and then, Septimius,
Remember there are whips.
Sept. For whores, I grant you,
When they are out of date; 'till then, they are safe too,
Or all the gallants of the court are eunuchs.
And, for mine own defence, I'll only add this;
I'll be admitted for a wanton tale,
To some most private cabinets, when your priesthood,
Though laden with the mysteries of your goddess,
Shall wait without unnoted: So I leave you
To your pious thoughts. [*Exit.*
Achil. 'Tis a strange impudence
This fellow does put on.
Achor. The wonder great,
He is accepted of.
Achil. Vices, for him,
Make as free way as virtues do for others.

'Tis the time's fault; yet great ones still have graced,
To make them sport, or rub them o'er with flattery,
Observers of all kinds.

Enter PHOTINUS *and* SEPTIMIUS.

Achor. No more of him,
He is not worth our thoughts; a fugitive
From Pompey's army, and now, in a danger
When he should use his service.
Achil. See how he hangs
On great Photinus' ear.
Sept. Hell, and the furies,
And all the plagues of darkness, light upon me,
You are my god on earth! and let me have
Your favour here, fall what can fall hereafter!
Pho. Thou art believed; dost thou want money?
Sept. No, sir.
Pho. Or hast thou any suit? These ever follow
Thy vehement protestations.
Sept. You much wrong me;
How can I want when your beams shine upon me,
Unless employment to express my zeal
To do your greatness service. Do but think
A deed, so dark the sun would blush to look on,
For which mankind would curse me, and arm all
The powers above, and those below, against me;
Command me, I will on.
Pho. When I have use,
I'll put you to the test.
Sept. May it be speedy,
And something worth my danger. You are cold,
And know not your own powers; this brow was fashion'd
To wear a kingly wreath, and your grave judgment
Given to dispose of monarchies, not to govern
A child's affairs; the people's eye's upon you,
The soldier courts you; will you wear a garment
Of sordid loyalty, when 'tis out of fashion?
Pho. When Pompey was thy general, Septimius,
Thou saidst as much to him.
Sept. All my love to him,
To Cæsar, Rome, and the whole world, is lost
In th' ocean of your bounties: I have no friend,
Project, design, or country, but your favour,
Which I'll preserve at any rate.
Pho. No more;
When I call on you, fall not off: Perhaps,
Sooner than you expect, I may employ you;
So, leave me for awhile.
Sept. Ever your creature! [*Exit.*
Pho. Good day, Achoreus.—My best friend, Achillas,
Hath fame deliver'd yet no certain rumour
Of the great Roman action?
Achil. That we are
To inquire and learn of you, sir, whose grave care
For Egypt's happiness, and great Ptolemy's good,
Hath eyes and ears in all parts.
Pho. I'll not boast
What my intelligence costs me; but ere long
You shall know more.—The king, with him a Roman.

Enter PTOLEMY, LABIENUS, *wounded, and* Guard.

Achor. The scarlet livery of unfortunate war
Dy'd deeply on his face.
Achil. 'Tis Labienus,
Cæsar's lieutenant in the wars of Gaul,
And fortunate in all his undertakings:
But, since these civil jars, he turn'd to Pompey,
And, though he followed the better cause,
Not with the like success.
Pho. Such as are wise
Leave falling buildings, fly to those that rise:
But more of that hereafter.—
Lab. In a word, sir,
These gaping wounds, not taken as a slave,
Speak Pompey's loss. To tell you of the battle,
How many thousand several bloody shapes
Death wore that day in triumph; how we bore
The shock of Cæsar's charge; or with what fury
His soldiers came on, as if they had been
So many Cæsars, and, like him, ambitious
To tread upon the liberty of Rome;
How fathers killed their sons, or sons their fathers;
Or how the Roman piles on either side
Drew Roman blood, which spent, the prince of weapons
(The sword) succeeded, which, in civil wars,
Appoints the tent on which wing'd victory
Shall make a certain stand; then, how the plains
Flow'd o'er with blood, and what a cloud of vultures,
And other birds of prey, hung o'er both armies,
Attending when their ready servitors,
The soldiers, from whom the angry gods
Had took all sense of reason and of pity,
Would serve in their own carcasses for a feast;
How Cæsar with his javelin forced them on
That made the least stop, when their angry hands
Were lifted up against some known friend's face;
Then coming to the body of the army,
He shews the sacred senate, and forbids them
To waste their force upon the common soldier,
(Whom willingly, if e'er he did know pity,
He would have spared)——
Ptol. The reason, Labienus?
Lab. Full well he knows, that in their blood he was
To pass to empire, and that through their bowels
He must invade the laws of Rome, and give
A period to the liberty of the world.
Then fell the Lepidi, and the bold Corvini,
The famed Torquati, Scipio's, and Marcelli,—
Names, next to Pompey's, most renown'd on earth.
The nobles, and the commons lay together,
And Pontick, Punick, and Assyrian blood,
Made up one crimson lake: Which Pompey seeing,
And that his, and the fate of Rome had left him,
Standing upon the rampire of his camp,
Though scorning all that could fall on himself,
He pities them whose fortunes are embark'd
In his unlucky quarrel; cries aloud too
That they should sound retreat, and save themselves:
That he desired not so much noble blood
Should be lost in his service, or attend
On his misfortunes: And then, taking horse
With some few of his friends, he came to Lesbos,
And with Cornelia, his wife, and sons,
He's touch'd upon your shore. The king of Parthia,
Famous in his defeature of the Crassi,
Offer'd him his protection, but Pompey,
Relying on his benefits, and your faith,
Hath chosen Egypt for his sanctuary,
Till he may re-collect his scatter'd powers,
And try a second day. Now, Ptolemy,
Though he appear not like that glorious thing
That three times rode in triumph, and gave laws
To conquer'd nations, and made crowns his gift,

(As this of yours, your noble father took
From his victorious hand, and you still wear it
At his devotion,) to do you more honour
In his declined estate, as the straightest pine
In a full grove of his yet-flourishing friends,
He flies to you for succour, and expects
The entertainment of your father's friend,
And guardian to yourself.

Ptol. To say I grieve his fortune,
As much as if the crown I wear (his gift)
Were ravish'd from me, is a holy truth,
Our gods can witness for me; Yet, being young,
And not a free disposer of myself,
Let not a few hours, borrow'd for advice,
Beget suspicion of unthankfulness,
Which next to hell I hate. Pray you retire,
And take a little rest;—and let his wounds
Be with that care attended, as they were
Carved on my flesh.—Good Labienus, think
The little respite I desire shall be
Wholly employed to find the readiest way
To do great Pompey service.

Lab. May the gods,
As you intend, protect you! [*Exit with* Attendants.

Ptol. Sit, sit all;
It is my pleasure. Your advice, and freely.

Achor. A short deliberation in this,
May serve to give you counsel. To be honest,
Religious, and thankful, in themselves
Are forcible motives, and can need no flourish
Or gloss in the persuader; your kept faith,
Though Pompey never rise to the height he's fallen from,
Cæsar himself will love; and my opinion
Is, still committing it to graver censure,
You pay the debt you owe him, with the hazard
Of all you can call yours.

Ptol. What's yours, Photinus?

Pho. Achoreus, great Ptolemy, hath counsell'd
Like a religious and honest man,
Worthy the honour that he justly holds
In being priest to Isis. But, alas,
What in a man sequester'd from the world,
Or in a private person, is preferr'd,
No policy allows of in a king:
To be or just, or thankful, makes kings guilty;
And faith, though praised, is punish'd, that supports
Such as good fate forsakes: Join with the gods,
Observe the man they favour, leave the wretched;
The stars are not more distant from the earth
Than profit is from honesty; all the power,
Prerogative, and greatness of a prince
Is lost, if he descend once but to steer
His course, as what's right guides him: Let him leave
The sceptre, that strives only to be good,
Since kingdoms are maintain'd by force and blood.

Achor. Oh, wicked!

Ptol. Peace!—Go on.

Pho. Proud Pompey shews how much he scorns your youth,
In thinking that you cannot keep your own
From such as are o'ercome. If you are tired
With being a king, let not a stranger take
What nearer pledges challenge: Resign rather
The government of Egypt and of Nile
To Cleopatra, that has title to them;
At least, defend them from the Roman gripe:
What was not Pompey's, while the wars endured,
The conqueror will not challenge. By all the world
Forsaken and despised, your gentle guardian,
His hopes and fortunes desperate, makes choice of
What nation he shall fall with; and pursued
By their pale ghosts slain in this civil war,
He flies not Cæsar only, but the senate,
Of which the greater part have cloy'd the hunger
Of sharp Pharsalian fowl; he flies the nations
That he drew to his quarrel, whose estates
Are sunk in his; and, in no place received,
Hath found out Egypt, by him yet not ruin'd.
And Ptolemy, things consider'd justly, may
Complain of Pompey: Wherefore should he stain
Our Egypt with the spots of civil war,
Or make the peaceable, or quiet Nile,
Doubted of Cæsar? Wherefore should he draw
His loss and overthrow upon our heads,
Or choose this place to suffer in? Already
We have offended Cæsar in our wishes,
And no way left us to redeem his favour
But by the head of Pompey.

Achor. Great Osiris,
Defend thy Egypt from such cruelty,
And barbarous ingratitude!

Pho. Holy trifles,
And not to have place in designs of state.
This sword, which fate commands me to unsheath,
I would not draw on Pompey, if not vanquish'd;
I grant, it rather should have pass'd through Cæsar;
But we must follow where his fortune leads us:
All provident princes measure their intents
According to their power, and so dispose them.
And think'st thou, Ptolemy, that thou canst prop
His ruins, under whom sad Rome now suffers,
Or tempt the conqueror's force when 'tis confirm'd?
Shall we, that in the battle sat as neuters,
Serve him that's overcome? No, no, he's lost:
And though 'tis noble to a sinking friend
To lend a helping hand, while there is hope
He may recover, thy part not engaged,
Though one most dear, when all his hopes are dead,
To drown him, set thy foot upon his head. [

Achor. Most execrable counsel!

Achil. To be follow'd;
'Tis for the kingdom's safety.

Ptol. We give up
Our absolute power to thee: Dispose of it
As reason shall direct thee.

Pho. Good Achillas,
Seek out Septimius: Do you but soothe him;
He is already wrought. Leave the dispatch
To me, of Labienus: 'Tis determined
Already how you shall proceed. Nor fate
Shall alter it, since now the dye is cast,
But that this hour to Pompey is his last! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*An Apartment in the Palace of* CLEOPATRA.

Enter APOLLODORUS, EROS, ARSINOE, *and a* Boy.

Apol. Is the queen stirring, Eros?

Eros. Yes; for in truth
She touch'd no bed to-night.

Apol. I am sorry for it,
And wish it were in me, with my hazard,
To give her ease.

Ars. Sir, she accepts your will,
And does acknowledge she hath found you noble,
So far, as if restraint of liberty
Could give admission to a thought of mirth,
he is your debtor for it.

Apol. Did you tell her
Of the sports I have prepared to entertain her?
She was used to take delight, with her fair hand
To angle in the Nile, where the glad fish,
As if they knew who 'twas sought to deceive 'em,
Contended to be taken: Other times,
To strike the stag, who, wounded by her arrows,
Forgot his tears in death, and, kneeling, thanks her
To his last gasp; then prouder of his fate,
Than if, with garlands crown'd he had been chosen
To fall a sacrifice before the altar
Of the virgin huntress. The king, nor great Pho-
Forbid her any pleasure; and the circuit [tinus,
In which she is confined, gladly affords
Variety of pastimes, which I would
Increase with my best service.
Eros. Oh, but the thought
That she that was born free, and to dispense
Restraint or liberty to others, should be
At the devotion of her brother, (whom
She only knows her equal) makes this place
In which she lives, though stored with all delights,
A loathsome dungeon to her.
Apol. Yet, howe'er
She shall interpret it, I'll not be wanting
To do my best to serve her: I have prepared
Choice musick near her cabinet, and composed
Some few lines, set unto a solemn time,
In the praise of imprisonment.—Begin, boy.

SONG,

BY THE BOY.

Look out, bright eyes, and bless the air:
Even in shadows you are fair.
Shut-up beauty is like fire,
That breaks out clearer still and higher.
Though your body be confined,
And soft love a prisoner bound,
Yet the beauty of your mind
Neither check nor chain hath found.
Look out nobly then, and dare
Ev'n the fetters that you wear.

Enter CLEOPATRA.

Cleo. But that we are assured this tastes of duty
And love in you, my guardian, and desire
In you, my sister, and the rest, to please us,
We should receive this as a saucy rudeness
Offer'd our private thoughts. But your intents
Are to delight us: Alas, you wash an Ethiop!
Can Cleopatra, while she does remember
Whose daughter she is, and whose sister (oh,
I suffer in the name!), and that, in justice,
There is no place in Egypt where I stand,
But that the tributary earth is proud
To kiss the foot of her that is her queen;
Can she, I say, that is all this, e'er relish
Of comfort or delight, while base Photinus,
Bondman Achillas, and all other monsters
That reign o'er Ptolemy, make that a court
Where they reside; and this, where I, a prison?
But there's a Rome, a Senate, and a Cæsar,
Though the great Pompey lean to Ptolemy,
May think of Cleopatra.
Apol. Pompey, madam——
Cleo. What of him? Speak! If ill, Apollodorus.
It is my happiness; and, for thy news,
Receive a favour kings have kneel'd in vain for,
And kiss my hand.
Apol. He's lost.
Cleo. Speak it again!
Apol. His army routed, he fled, and pursued
By the all-conquering Cæsar.
Cleo. Whither bends he?
Apol. To Egypt.
Cleo. Ha! In person?
Apol. 'Tis received
For an undoubted truth.
Cleo. I live again;
And if assurance of my love and beauty
Deceive me not, I now shall find a judge
To do me right! But how to free myself,
And get access? The guards are strong upon me;
This door I must pass through.—Apollodorus,
Thou often hast profess'd, to do me service,
Thy life was not thine own.
Apol. I am not alter'd;
And let your excellency propound a means,
In which I may but give the least assistance
That may restore you to that you were born to,
Though it call on the anger of the king,
Or, what's more deadly, all his minion
Photinus can do to me, I, unmoved,
Offer my throat to serve you; ever provided,
It bear some probable show to be effected;
To lose myself upon no ground were madness,
Not loyal duty.
Cleo. [*To* ARSINOE *and* EROS.] Stand off!—To thee alone, [*To* APOLLODORUS.
I will discover what I dare not trust
My sister with. Cæsar is amorous,
And taken more with the title of a queen,
Than feature or proportion; he loved Eunoe,
A Moor, deform'd too, I have heard, that brought
No other object to inflame his blood,
But that her husband was a king; on both
He did bestow rich presents: Shall I then,
That, with a princely birth, bring beauty with me,
That know to prize myself at mine own rate,
Despair his favour? Art thou mine?
Apol. I am.
Cleo. I have found out a way shall bring me to him,
'Spite of Photinus' watches: If I prosper,
As I am confident I shall, expect
Things greater than thy wishes.—Though I pur-
His grace with loss of my virginity, [chase
It skills not, if it bring home majesty. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*Before the Royal Palace.*

Enter SEPTIMIUS, *with the head of* POMPEY, ACHILLAS, *and* Guard.

Sept. 'Tis here, 'tis done! Behold, you fearful viewers,
Shake, and behold the model of the world here,
The pride, and strength! Look, look again; 'tis finish'd!
That that whole armies, nay, whole nations,
Many and mighty kings, have been struck blind at,
And fled before, wing'd with their fears and terrors,

That steel-War waited on, and Fortune courted,
That high-plumed Honour built up for her own;
Behold that mightiness, behold that fierceness,
Behold that child of war, with all his glories,
By this poor hand made breathless! Here, my Achillas;
Egypt, and Cæsar, owe me for this service,
And all the conquer'd nations.
Achil. Peace, Septimius;
Thy words sound more ungrateful than thy actions.
Though sometimes safety seek an instrument
Of thy unworthy nature, (thou loud boaster!)
Think not she is bound to love him too that's barbarous.
Why did not I, if this be meritorious,
And binds the king unto me, and his bounties,
Strike this rude stroke? I'll tell thee, thou poor Roman!
It was a sacred head, I durst not heave at,
Not heave a thought.
Sept. It was?
Achil. I'll tell thee truly,
And, if thou ever yet heardst tell of honour,
I'll make thee blush: It was thy general's!
That man's that fed thee once, that man's that bred thee;
The air thou breath'dst was his, the fire that warm'd thee
From his care kindled ever! Nay, I'll shew thee,
Because I'll make thee sensible of thy business,
And why a noble man durst not touch at it,
There was no piece of earth thou put'st thy foot on,
But was his conquest, and he gave thee motion!
He triumph'd three times: Who durst touch his person?
The very walls of Rome bow'd to his presence;
Dear to the gods he was: to them that fear'd him
A fair and noble enemy. Didst thou hate him,
And for thy love to Cæsar sought his ruin?
Arm'd, in the red Pharsalian fields, Septimius,
Where killing was in grace, and wounds were glorious,
Where kings were fair competitors for honour,
Thou shouldst have come up to him, there have fought him,
There, sword to sword.
Sept. I kill'd him on commandment,
If kings' commands be fair, when you all fainted,
When none of you durst look——
Achil. On deeds so barbarous.
What hast thou got?
Sept. The king's love, and his bounty,
The honour of the service; which, though you rail at,
Or a thousand envious souls fling their foams on me,
Will dignify the cause, and make me glorious;
And I shall live——
Achil. A miserable villain.
What reputation and reward belongs to it,
[*Seizes the head.*
Thus, with the head, I seize on, and make mine:
And be not impudent to ask me why, sirrah,
Nor bold to stay; read in mine eyes the reason!
The shame and obloquy I leave thine own;
Inherit those rewards; they are fitter for thee.
Your oil's spent, and your snuff stinks; Go out basely!
Sept. The king will yet consider. [*Exit.*

Enter PTOLEMY, ACHORSUS, *and* PHOTINUS.

Achil. Here he comes.—Sir!
Achor. Yet, if it be undone, hear me, great sir!
If this inhuman stroke be yet unstrucken,
If that adored head be not yet sever'd
From the most noble body, weigh the miseries,
The desolations, that this great eclipse works.
You are young, be provident: fix not your empire
Upon the tomb of him will shake all Egypt:
Whose warlike groans will raise ten thousand spirits
Great as himself, in every hand a thunder;
Destructions darting from their looks, and sorrows
That easy women's eyes shall never empty.
Pho. [*To* ACHILLAS.] You have done well; and 'tis done.—See Achillas,
And in his hand the head.
Ptol. Stay; come no nearer!
Methinks I feel the very earth shake under me!
I do remember him; he was my guardian,
Appointed by the senate to preserve me.
What a full majesty sits in his face yet!
Pho. The king is troubled.—Be not frighted, sir;
Be not abused with fears: His death was necessary;
If you consider, sir, most necessary,
Not to be miss'd: and humbly thank great Isis,
He came so opportunely to your hands.
Pity must now give place to rules of safety.
Is not victorious Cæsar new arrived,
And enter'd Alexandria, with his friends,
His navy riding by to wait his charges?
Did he not beat this Pompey, and pursued him?
Was not this great man his great enemy?
This godlike virtuous man, as people held him?
But what fool dare be friend to flying virtue?
[*A flourish.*
I hear their trumpets; 'tis too late to stagger.
Give me the head; and be you confident.—

Enter CÆSAR, ANTONY, DOLABELLA, SCEVA, *and* Soldiers.

Hail, conqueror, the head of all the world,
Now this head's off!
Cæsar. Ha!
Pho. Do not shun me, Cæsar.
From kingly Ptolemy I bring this present,
The crown and sweat of thy Pharsalian labour,
The goal and mark of high ambitious honour.
Before, thy victory had no name, Cæsar,
Thy travel and thy loss of blood, no recompense;
Thou dream'dst of being worthy, and of war,
And all thy furious conflicts were but slumbers:
Here they take life; here they inherit honour,
Grow fix'd, and shoot up everlasting triumphs.
Take it, and look upon thy humble servant,
With noble eyes look on the princely Ptolemy,
That offers with this head, most mighty Cæsar,
What thou wouldst once have given for it, all Egypt.
Achil. Nor do not question it, most royal conqueror,
Nor disesteem the benefit that meets thee,
Because 'tis easily got, it comes the safer:
Yet, let me tell thee, most imperious Cæsar,
Though he opposed no strength of swords to win this,
Nor labour'd through no showers of darts and lances,
Yet here he found a fort, that faced him strongly,
An inward war: He was his grandsire's guest,
Friend to his father, and, when he was expell'd
And beaten from this kingdom by strong hand,
And had none left him to restore his honour,
No hope to find a friend in such a misery,

Then in stept Pompey, took his feeble fortune,
Strengthen'd and cherish'd it, and set it right
This was a love to Cæsar. [again:
Sce. Give me hate, gods!
Pho. This Cæsar may account a little wicked;
But yet remember, if thine own hands, conqueror,
Had fallen upon him, what it had been then;
If thine own sword had touch'd his throat, what that way!
He was thy son-in-law; there to be tainted
Had been most terrible! Let the worst be render'd
We have deserved for keeping thy hands innocent.
Cæsar. Oh, Sceva, Sceva, see that head! See,
The head of godlike Pompey! [captains,
Sce. He was basely ruin'd;
But let the gods be grieved that suffer'd it,
And be you Cæsar.
Cæsar. Oh, thou conqueror,
Thou glory of the world once, now the pity,
Thou awe of nations, wherefore didst thou fall thus!
What poor fate follow'd thee, and pluck'd thee on,
To trust thy sacred life to an Egyptian?
The light and life of Rome, to a blind stranger,
That honourable war ne'er taught a nobleness,
Nor worthy circumstance shew'd what a man was?
That never heard thy name sung, but in banquets,
And loose lascivious pleasures? to a boy,
That had no faith to comprehend thy greatness,
No study of thy life, to know thy goodness?
And leave thy nation, nay, thy noble friend,
Leave him distrusted, that in tears falls with thee,
In soft relenting tears? Hear me, great Pompey,
If thy great spirit can hear, I must task thee!
Thou hast most unnobly robb'd me of my victory,
My love and mercy.
Ant. Oh how brave these tears shew!
How excellent is sorrow in an enemy! [ness.
Dol. Glory appears not greater than this good-
Cæsar. Egyptians, dare ye think your highest pyramids,
Built to out-dure the sun, as you suppose,
Where your unworthy kings lie raked in ashes,
Are monuments fit for him? No, brood of Nilus,
Nothing can cover his high fame, but Heaven;
No pyramids set off his memories,
But the eternal substance of his greatness;
To which I leave him. Take the head away,
And, with the body, give it noble burial:
Your earth shall now be bless'd to hold a Roman,
Whose braveries, all the world's earth cannot balance.
Sce. [*Aside.*] If thou be'st thus loving, I shall honour thee:
But great men may dissemble, 'tis held possible,
And be right glad of what they seem to weep for;
There are such kind of philosophers. Now do I wonder
How he would look if Pompey were alive again;
But how he would set his face.
Cæsar. You look now, king,
And you that have been agents in this glory,
For our especial favour?
Ptol. We desire it.
Cæsar. And doubtless you expect rewards?
Sce. Let me give 'em:
I'll give 'em such as Nature never dreamt of;
I'll beat him and his agents in a mortar,
Into one man, and that one man I'll bake then.
Cæsar. Peace!—I forgive you all; that's recompense.
You are young and ignorant, that pleads your pardon,
And fear, it may be, more than hate provoked you.
Your ministers, I must think, wanted judgment.
And so they err'd: I am bountiful to think this,
Believe me, most bountiful: Be you most thankful;
That bounty share amongst ye. If I knew what
To send you for a present, king of Egypt,
I mean a head of equal reputation,
And that you loved, though 'twere your brightest sister's,
(But her you hate) I would not be behind you.
Ptol. Hear me, great Cæsar!
Cæsar. I have heard too much;
And study not with smooth shows to invade
My noble mind, as you have done my conquest:
You are poor and open. I must tell you roundly.
That man that could not recompense the benefits,
The great and bounteous services, of Pompey,
Can never dote upon the name of Cæsar.
Though I had hated Pompey, and allowed his ruin,
I gave you no commission to perform it:
Hasty to please in blood are seldom trusty;
And, but I stand environ'd with my victories,
My fortune never failing to befriend me,
My noble strengths, and friends about my person.
I durst not try you, nor expect a courtesy,
Above the pious love you shew'd to Pompey.
You have found me merciful in arguing with ye;
Swords, hangmen, fires, destructions of all natures,
Demolishments of kingdoms, and whole ruins,
Are wont to be my orators. Turn to tears,
You wretched and poor seeds of sun-burnt Egypt,
And now you have found the nature of a conqueror,
That you cannot decline, with all your flatteries,
That, where the day gives light, will be himself still:
Know how to meet his worth with humane courtesies!
Go, and embalm those bones of that great soldier,
Howl round about his pile, fling on your spices,
Make a Sabæan bed, and place this phœnix
Where the hot sun may emulate his virtues,
And draw another Pompey from his ashes,
Divinely great, and fix him 'mongst the worthies!
Ptol. We will do all.
Cæsar. You have robb'd him of those tears
His kindred and his friends kept sacred for him,
The virgins of their funeral lamentations;
And that kind earth that thought to cover him
(His country's earth) will cry out 'gainst your cruelty,
And weep unto the ocean for revenge,
Till Nilus raise his seven heads and devour ye!
My grief has stopt the rest. When Pompey lived,
He used you nobly; now he's dead, use him so.
[*Exit with* ANTONY, DOLABELLA, SCEVA, *and* Soldiers.
Ptol. Now where's your confidence, your aim, Photinus,
The oracles and fair favours from the conqueror,
You rung into mine ears? How stand I now?
You see the tempest of his stern displeasure;
The death of him, you urged a sacrifice
To stop his rage, presaging a full ruin!
Where are your counsels now?
Achor. I told you, sir,
And told the truth, what danger would fly after;
And, though an enemy, I satisfied you
He was a Roman, and the top of honour;
And howsoever this might please great Cæsar,
I told you, that the foulness of his death,
The impious baseness——

Pho. Peace! you are a fool!
Men of deep ends must tread as deep ways to 'em;
Cæsar I know is pleased, and, for all his sorrows,
Which are put on for forms and mere dissemblings,
I am confident he's glad: To have told you so,
And thank'd you outwardly, had been too open,
And taken from the wisdom of a conqueror.
Be confident, and proud you have done this service;
You have deserved, and you will find it, highly.
Make bold use of this benefit, and be sure
You keep your sister, the high-soul'd Cleopatra,
Both close and short enough, she may not see him.
The rest, if I may counsel, sir——
Ptol. Do all;
For in thy faithful service rests my safety.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*Before the Palace.*

Enter Septimius.

Sept. Here's a strange alteration in the court;
Men's faces are of other sets and motions,
Their minds of subtler stuff. I pass by now
As though I were a rascal; no man knows me,
No eye looks after; as I were a plague,
Their doors shut close against me, and I wonder'd
Because I have done a meritorious murder: [at,
Because I have pleased the time, does the time plague me?
I have known the day they would have hugg'd me for't;
For a less stroke than this, have done me reverence,
Open'd their hearts and secret closets to me,
Their purses, and their pleasures, and bid me wallow.
I now perceive the great thieves eat the less,
And the huge leviathans of villany
Sup up the merits, nay, the men and all,
That do them service, and spout 'em out again
Into the air, as thin and unregarded
As drops of water that are lost i' th' ocean.
I was loved once for swearing, and for drinking,
And for other principal qualities that became me:
Now a foolish unthankful murder has undone me,
If my lord Photinus be not merciful,
That set me on. And he comes; now, Fortune!

Enter Photinus.

Pho. Cæsar's unthankfulness a little stirs me,
A little frets my blood: Take heed, proud Roman,
Provoke me not, stir not mine anger farther!
I may find out a way unto thy life too,
Though arm'd in all thy victories, and seize it!
A conqueror has a heart, and I may hit it.
Sept. May't please your lordship——
Pho. Oh, Septimius!
Sept. Your lordship knows my wrongs?
Pho. Wrongs?
Sept. Yes, my lord;
How the captain of the guard, Achillas, slights me?
Pho. Think better of him, he has much befriended thee,
Shewed thee much love, in taking the head from thee.
The times are alter'd, soldier; Cæsar's angry,
And our design to please him lost and perish'd:
Be glad thou art unnamed; 'tis not worth the [owning.
Yet, that thou mayst be useful——
Sept. Yes, my lord,
I shall be ready.
Pho. For I may employ thee
To take a rub or two out of my way,
As time shall serve; say, that it be a brother,
Or a hard father?
Sept. 'Tis most necessary;
A mother, or a sister, or whom you please, sir.
Pho. Or to betray a noble friend?
Sept. 'Tis all one.
Pho. I know thou wilt stir for gold.
Sept. 'Tis all my motion.
Pho. There, take that for thy service, and farewell! [*Gives him a purse.*
I have greater business now.
Sept. I am still your own, sir.
Pho. One thing I charge thee; see me no more, Septimius,
Unless I send.
Sept. I shall observe your hour.—
[*Exit* Photinus.
So! this brings something in the mouth, some favour:
This is the lord I serve, the power I worship,
My friends, allies; and here lies my allegiance.
Let people talk as they please of my rudeness,
And shun me for my deed; bring but this to 'em,
Let me be damn'd for blood, yet still I am honourable:
This god creates new tongues and new affections;
And, though I had kill'd my father, give me gold,
I'll make men swear I have done a pious sacrifice.
Now I will out-brave all, make all my servants,
And my brave deed shall be writ in wine for virtuous. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.—Cæsar's *Apartments in the Palace.*

Enter Cæsar, Antony, Dolabella, *and* Scæva.

Cæsar. Keep strong guards, and with wary eyes, my friends;
There is no trusting to these base Egyptians:
They that are false to pious benefits,
And make compell'd necessities their faiths,
Are traitors to the gods.
Ant. We'll call ashore
A legion of the best.
Cæsar. Not a man, Antony;
That were to shew our fears, and dim our greatness;
No; 'tis enough my name's ashore.
Sce. Too much too;
A sleeping Cæsar is enough to shake them.
There are some two or three malicious rascals,
Train'd up in villany, besides that Cerberus,
That Roman dog, that lick'd the blood of Pompey.
Dol. 'Tis strange; a Roman soldier?
Sce. You are cozen'd;
There be of us, as be of all other nations,
Villains and knaves: 'Tis not the name contains him,
But the obedience; when that's once forgotten,
And duty flung away, then, welcome devil!
Photinus and Achillas, and this vermin,
That's now become a natural crocodile,
Must be with care observed.
Ant. And 'tis well counsell'd;
No confidence, nor trust——
Sce. I'll trust the sea first,
When with her hollow murmurs she invites me,
And clutches in her storms, as politic lions

Conceal their claws; I'll trust the devil first;
The rule of ill I'll trust, before the doer.
Cæsar. Go to your rests, and follow your own wisdoms,
And leave me to my thoughts; pray no more compliment;
Once more, strong watches.
Dol. All shall be observed, sir.
[*Exeunt all but* CÆSAR.
Cæsar. I am dull and heavy, yet I cannot sleep.
How happy was I, in my lawful wars
In Germany, and Gaul, and Brittany!
When every night with pleasure I set down
What the day minister'd, the sleep came sweetly:
But since I undertook this home-division,
This civil war, and pass'd the Rubicon,
What have I done, that speaks an ancient Roman,
A good, great man? I have enter'd Rome by force,
And, on her tender womb that gave me life,
Let my insulting soldiers rudely trample:
The dear veins of my country I have open'd,
And sail'd upon the torrents that flow'd from her,—
The bloody streams, that in their confluence
Carried before 'em thousand desolations:
I robb'd the treasury; and at one gripe
Snatch'd all the wealth so many worthy triumphs
Placed there as sacred to the peace of Rome:
I razed Massilia in my wanton anger;
Petreius and Afranius I defeated;
Pompey I overthrew; what did that get me?
The slubber'd name of an authorized enemy.
[*Noise within.*
I hear some noises; they are the watches, sure.—
What friends have I tied fast by these ambitions?
Cato, the lover of his country's freedom,
Is now pass'd into Africk to affront me;
Juba, that kill'd my friend, is up in arms too;
The sons of Pompey are masters of the sea,
And, from the relicks of their scatter'd faction,
A new head's sprung: Say, I defeat all these too?
I come home crown'd an honourable rebel.—
I hear the noise still, and it comes still nearer.
Are the guards fast? Who waits there!

Enter SCEVA, *bearing a large package.*

Sce. Are you awake, sir?
Cæsar. I' the name of wonder——
Sce. Nay, I am a porter,
A strong one too, or else my sides would crack, sir:
An my sins were as weighty, I should scarce walk with 'em.
Cæsar. What hast thou there?
Sce. Ask them which stay without,
And brought it hither. Your presence I denied 'em,
And put 'em by, took up the load myself.
They say 'tis rich, and valued at the kingdom;
I am sure 'tis heavy: If you like to see it,
You may; if not, I'll give it back.
Cæsar. Stay, Sceva;
I would fain see it.
Sce. I'll begin to work then.
No doubt, to flatter you, they have sent you something
Of a rich value, jewels, or some rich treasure.
May-be, a rogue within, to do a mischief:
I pray you stand further off; if there be villainy,
Better my danger first; he shall 'scape hard too.
[*Opens the package, in which* CLEOPATRA *is discovered.*
Ha! what art thou?
Cæsar. Stand further off, good Sceva!—
What heavenly vision! Do I wake or slumber?—
Further off, that hand, friend!
Sce. What apparition,
What spirit, have I raised? Sure, 'tis a woman;
She looks like one; now she begins to move too.
A tempting devil, o' my life!—Go off, Cæsar,
Bless thyself, off!—A bawd grown in mine old days?
Bawdry advanced upon my back? 'tis noble!—
Sir, if you be a soldier, come no nearer;
She is sent to dispossess you of your honour;
A sponge, a sponge, to wipe away your victories.
An she would be cool'd, sir, let the soldiers trim her;
They'll give her that she came for, and dispatch her;
Be loyal to yourself!—Thou damned woman,
Dost thou come hither with thy flourishes,
Thy flaunts, and faces, to abuse men's manners?
And am I made the instrument of bawdry?
I'll find a lover for you, one that shall hug you.
[*Draws.*
Cæsar. Hold, on thy life, and be more temperate.
Thou beast!
Sce. Thou beast?
Cæsar. Couldst thou be so inhuman,
So far from noble man, to draw thy weapon
Upon a thing divine?
Sce. Divine, or human,
They are never better pleased, nor more at heart's ease,
Than when we draw with full intent upon 'em.
Cæsar. Move this way, lady: 'Pray you let me speak to you.
Sce. And, woman, you had best stand——
Cæsar. By the gods,
But that I see her here, and hope her mortal,
I should imagine some celestial sweetness,
The treasure of soft love!
Sce. Oh, this sounds mangily,
Poorly, and scurvily, in a soldier's mouth!
You had best be troubled with the tooth-ache too,
For lovers ever are, and let your nose drop,
That your celestial beauty may befriend you.
At these years, do you learn to be fantastical?
After so many bloody fields, a fool?
She brings her bed along too (she'll lose no time),
Carries her litter to lie soft; do you see that?
Invites you like a gamester; note that impudence.
For shame, reflect upon yourself, your honour,
Look back into your noble parts, and blush!
Let not the dear sweat of the hot Pharsalia
Mingle with base embraces! Am I he
That have received so many wounds for Cæsar?
Upon my target groves of darts still growing?
Have I endured all hungers, colds, distresses,
And as I had been bred that iron that arm'd me,
Stood out all weathers, now to curse my fortune?
To ban the blood I lost for such a general?
Cæsar. Offend no more; begone!
Sce. I will, and leave you,
Leave you to women's wars, that will proclaim you:
You'll conquer Rome now, and the capitol,
With fans and looking-glasses. Farewell, Cæsar!
Cleo. Now I am private, sir, I dare speak to you;
But thus low first, for as a god I honour you!
[*Kneels.*
Sce. Lower you'll be anon.
Cæsar. Away!
Sce. And privater;
For that you covet all.
Cæsar. Tempt me no further!
[*Exit* SCEVA.

Cleo. Contemn me not, because I kneel thus, Cæsar:
I am a queen, and co-heir to this country,
The sister to the mighty Ptolemy,
Yet one distress'd, that flies unto thy justice,
One that lays sacred hold on thy protection,
As on a holy altar, to preserve me.
Cæsar. Speak, queen of beauty, and stand up.
Cleo. I dare not;
Till I have found that favour in thine eyes,
That godlike great humanity, to help me,
Thus, to thy knees must I grow, sacred Cæsar.
And if it be not in thy will to right me,
And raise me like a queen from my sad ruins;
If these soft tears cannot sink to thy pity,
And waken with their murmurs thy compassions;
Yet, for thy nobleness, for virtue's sake,
And, if thou be'st a man, for despised beauty,
For honourable conquest, which thou dot'st on,
Let not those cankers of this flourishing kingdom,
Photinus and Achillas, the one an eunuch,
The other a base bondman, thus reign over me,
Seize my inheritance, and leave my brother
Nothing of what he should be but the title!
As thou art wonder of the world——
Cæsar. Stand up then, [*Raises her.*
And be a queen; this hand shall give it to you:
Or, choose a greater name, worthy my bounty;
A common love makes queens: Choose to be worshipp'd,
To be divinely great, and I dare promise it.
A suitor of your sort, and blessed sweetness,
That hath adventured thus to see great Cæsar,
Must never be denied. You have found a patron
That dare not, in his private honour, suffer
So great a blemish to the heaven of beauty:
The god of love would clap his angry wings,
And from his singing bow let fly those arrows
Headed with burning griefs and pining sorrows,
Should I neglect your cause, would make me monstrous;
To whom, and to your service, I devote me!

Enter SCEVA.

Cleo. [*Apart.*] He is my conquest now, and so I'll work him;
The conqueror of the world will I lead captive.
Sce. Still with this woman? tilting still with babies?
As you are honest, think the enemy,
Some valiant foe indeed, now charging on you,
Ready to break your ranks, and fling these——
Cæsar. Hear me,
But tell me true; if thou hadst such a treasure,
(And, as thou art a soldier, do not flatter me,)
Such a bright gem, brought to thee, wouldst thou
Most greedily accept? [not
Sce. Not as an emperor,
A man that first should rule himself, then others:
As a poor hungry soldier, I might bite, sir;
Yet that's a weakness too.—Hear me, thou tempter!
And hear thou, Cæsar, too, for it concerns thee,
And if thy flesh be deaf, yet let thine honour,
The soul of a commander, give ear to me.—
Thou wanton bane of war, thou gilded lethargy,
In whose embraces, ease (the rust of arms)
And pleasure (that makes soldiers poor) inhabits!
Cæsar. Fy! thou blasphem'st.
Sce. I do, when she's a goddess.—
Thou melter of strong minds, darest thou presume
To smother all his triumphs with thy vanities?
And tie him, like a slave, to thy proud beauties,
To thy imperious looks, that kings have follow'd,
Proud of their chains, have waited on?—I shame, sir!
Cæsar. Alas, thou art rather mad! Take thy rest, Sceva;
Thy duty makes thee err; but I forgive thee.
Go, go, I say! shew me no disobedience!
[*Exit* SCEVA.
'Tis well; farewell!—The day will break, dear lady;
My soldiers will come in. Please you retire,
And think upon your servant?
Cleo. Pray you, sir, know me,
And what I am.
Cæsar. The greater, I more love you;
And you must know me too.
Cleo. So far as modesty,
And majesty gives leave, sir. You are too violent.
Cæsar. You are too cold to my desires.
Cleo. Swear to me,
And by yourself (for I hold that oath sacred)
You'll right me as a queen——
Cæsar. These lips be witness [*Kisses her.*
And, if I break that oath——
Cleo. You make me blush, sir;
And in that blush interpret me.
Cæsar. I will do.
Come, let's go in, and blush again. This one word
You shall believe.
Cleo. I must; you are a conqueror. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*A Room in the Palace.*

Enter PTOLEMY *and* PHOTINUS.

Pho. Good sir, but hear!
Ptol. No more; you have undone me!
That that I hourly fear'd is fallen upon me,
And heavily, and deadly.
Pho. Hear a remedy.
Ptol. A remedy, now the disease is ulcerous,
And has infected all? Your secure negligence
Has broke through all the hopes I have, and ruin'd me?
My sister is with Cæsar, in his chamber;
All night she has been with him; and, no doubt,
Much to her honour.
Pho. 'Would that were the worst, sir!
That will repair itself: But I fear mainly,
She has made her peace with Cæsar.
Ptol. 'Tis most likely;
And what am I then?
Pho. 'Plague upon that rascal
Apollodorus, under whose command,
Under whose eye——

Enter ACHILLAS.

Ptol. Curse on ye all, ye are wretches!

Pho. 'Twas providently done, Achillas.
Achil. Pardon me.
Pho. Your guards were rarely wise, and wondrous watchful!
Achil. I could not help it, if my life had lain for't.
Alas, who would suspect a pack of bedding,
Or a small truss of household furniture,
And, as they said, for Cæsar's use? or who durst,
Being for his private chamber, seek to stop it?
I was abused.

Enter ACHOREUS.

Achor. 'Tis no hour now for anger,
No wisdom to debate with fruitless choler.
Let us consider timely what we must do,
Since she is flown to his protection,
From whom we have no power to sever her,
Nor force conditions.
Ptol. Speak, good Achoreus.
Achor. Let indirect and crooked counsels vanish,
And straight and fair directions——
Pho. Speak your mind, sir.
Achor. Let us choose Cæsar (and endear him [to us)
An arbitrator in all differences
Betwixt you and your sister; this is safe now,
And will shew off most honourable.
Pho. Base,
Most base and poor; a servile, cold submission!
Hear me, and pluck your hearts up, like stout counsellors;
Since we are sensible this Cæsar loaths us,
And have begun our fortune with great Pompey,
Be of my mind.
Achor. 'Tis most uncomely spoken,
And if I say most bloodily, I lie not:
The law of hospitality it poisons,
And calls the gods in question that dwell in us.
Be wise, O king!
Ptol. I will be. Go, my counsellor,
To Cæsar go, and do my humble service,
To my fair sister my commends negotiate;
And here I ratify whate'er thou treat'st on.
Achor. Crown'd with fair peace I go. [*Exit.*
Ptol. My love go with thee;—
And from my love go you, you cruel vipers!
You shall know now I am no ward, Photinus.
[*Exit.*
Pho. This for our service? Princes do their pleasures,
And they that serve obey in all disgraces.
The lowest we can fall to is our graves;
There we shall know no difference. Hark, Achillas!
I may do something yet, when times are ripe,
To tell this raw unthankful king——
Achil. Photinus,
Whate'er it be, I shall make one, and zealously:
For better die attempting something nobly,
Than fall disgraced.
Pho. Thou lovest me, and I thank thee.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*Before the Palace.*

Enter ANTONY, DOLABELLA, *and* SCEVA.

Dol. Nay, there's no rousing him: he is bewitch'd, sure.
His noble blood crudled, and cold within him;
Grown now a woman's warrior.
Sce. And a tall one;
Studies her fortifications, and her breaches,
And how he may advance his ram to batter
The bulwark of her chastity.
Ant. Be not too angry,
For, by this light, the woman's a rare woman;
A lady of that catching youth and beauty,
That unmatch'd sweetness——
Dol. But why should he be fool'd so?
Let her be what she will, why should his wisdom,
His age, and honour——
Ant. Say it were your own case,
Or mine, or any man's that has heat in him:
'Tis true, at this time, when he has no promise
Of more security than his sword can cut through,
I do not hold it so discreet: But a good face, gentlemen,
And eyes that are the winning'st orators,
A youth that opens like perpetual spring,
And, to all these, a tongue that can deliver
The oracles of love——
Sce. I would you had her,
With all her oracles and miracles:
She were fitter for your turn.
Ant. 'Would I had, Sceva,
With all her faults too! let me alone to mend 'em;
On that condition I made thee mine heir.
Sce. I had rather have your black horse than your harlots.
Dol. Cæsar writes sonnets now; the sound of war
Is grown too boist'rous for his mouth; he sighs too.
Sce. And learns to fiddle most melodiously,
And sings—'twould make your ears prick up to hear him, gentlemen.
Shortly she'll make him spin; and 'tis thought [he'll prove
An admirable maker of bonelace;
And what a rare gift will that be in a general!
Ant. I would he could abstain.
Sce. She is a witch, sure, [ment.
And works upon him with some damned enchant-
Dol. How cunning she will carry her behaviours,
And set her countenance in a thousand postures,
To catch her ends!
Sce. She will be sick, well, sullen,
Merry, coy, over-joy'd, and seem to die,
All in one half an hour, to make an ass of him:
I make no doubt she will be drunk too, dammably,
And in her drink will fight; then she fits him.
Ant. That thou shouldst bring her in!
Sce. 'Twas my blind fortune.
My soldiers told me, by the weight 'twas wicked.
Would I had carried Milo's bull a furlong,
When I brought in this cow-calf! He has advanced me,
From an old soldier, to a bawd of memory:
Oh, that the sons of Pompey were behind him,
The honour'd Cato and fierce Juba with 'em,
That they might whip him from his whore, and rouse him;
That their fierce trumpets from his wanton trances
Might shake him like an earthquake!

Enter SEPTIMIUS.

Ant. What's this fellow?
Dol. Why, a brave fellow, if we judge men by their clothes.
Ant. By my faith, he's brave indeed! He's no commander?
Sce. Yes, he has a Roman face; he has been at fair wars,
And plenteous too, and rich; his trappings shew it.

Sept. An they'll not know me now, they'll never know me.
Who dare blush now at my acquaintance? Ha!
Am I not totally a span-new gallant,
Fit for the choicest eyes? Have I not gold,
The friendship of the world? If they shun me now,
(Though I were the arrant'st rogue, as I'm well forward)
Mine own curse and the devil's are lit on me.
Ant. Is't not Septimius?
Sce. Yes.
Dol. He that kill'd Pompey?
Sce. The same dog-scab; that gilded botch, that rascal!
Dol. How glorious villany appears in Egypt!
Sept. Gallants and soldiers—Sure they do admire me.
Sce. Stand further off; thou stink'st.
Sept. A likely matter:
These clothes smell mustily, do they not, gallants?
They stink, they stink, alas, poor things, contemptible!
By all the gods in Egypt, the perfumes
That went to trimming these clothes, cost me——
Sce. Thou stink'st still.
Sept. The powd'ring of this head too——
Sce. If thou hast it,
I'll tell thee all the gums in sweet Arabia
Are not sufficient, were they burnt about thee,
To purge the scent of a rank rascal from thee.
Ant. I smell him now: Fy, how the knave perfumes him,
How strong he scents of traitor!
Dol. You had an ill milliner,
He laid too much of the gum of ingratitude
Upon your coat; you should have wash'd off that, sir;
Fy, how it choaks! too little of your loyalty,
Your honesty, your faith, that are pure ambers.
I smell the rotten smell of a hired coward;
A dead dog's sweeter.
Sept. Ye are merry, gentlemen,
And, by my troth, such harmless mirth takes me, too;
You speak like good blunt soldiers! and 'tis well enough:
But did you live at court, as I do, gallants,
You would refine, and learn an apter language.
I have done ye simple service on your Pompey;
You might have look'd him yet this brace of twelvemonths,
And hunted after him like founder'd beagles,
Had not this fortunate hand——
Ant. He brags on't too!
By the good gods, rejoices in't!—Thou wretch,
Thou most contemptible slave!
Sce. Dog, mangy mongrel,
Thou murd'ring mischief, in the shape of soldier,
To make all soldiers hateful; thou disease,
That nothing but the gallows can give ease to!
Dol. Thou art so impudent, that I admire thee,
And know not what to say.
Sept. I know your anger,
And why you prate thus; I have found your melancholy:
Ye all want money, and ye are liberal captains,
And in this want will talk a little desperately.
Here's gold; come, share; I love a brave commander;
And be not peevish; do as Cæsar does;
He's merry with his wench now, be you jovial,
And let's all laugh and drink. Would ye have partners?
I do consider all your wants, and weigh 'em;
He has the mistress, you shall have the maids;
I'll bring 'em to ye, to your arms.
Ant. I blush,
All over me I blush, and sweat to hear him!
Upon my conscience, if my arms were on now,
Through them I should blush too: Pray ye let's be walking.
Sce. Yes, yes: But, ere we go, I'll leave this lesson,
And let him study it:—First, rogue! then, pandar!
Next, devil that will be! get thee from men's presence,
And, where the name of soldier has been heard of,
Be sure thou live not! To some hungry desart,
Where thou canst meet with nothing but thy conscience;
And that in all the shapes of all thy villainies
Attend thee still! where brute beasts will abhor thee,
And e'en the sun will shame to give thee light,
Go, hide thy head! or, if thou think'st it fitter,
Go hang thyself!
Dol. Hark to that clause.
Sce. And that speedily,
That Nature may be eased of such a monster!
[*Exeunt all but* SEPTIMIUS.
Sept. Yet all this moves not me, nor reflects on me;
I keep my gold still, and my confidence.
Their want of breeding makes these fellows murmur;
Rude valours, so I'll let 'em pass, rude honours!
There is a wench yet, that I know affects me,
And company for a king; a young plump villain,
That, when she sees this gold, she'll leap upon me;

Enter EROS.

And here she comes: I am sure of her at midnight.
My pretty Eros, welcome!
Eros. I have business.
Sept. Above my love, thou canst not.
Eros. Yes, indeed, sir,
Far, far above.
Sept. Why, why so coy? Pray you tell me.
We are alone.
Eros. I am much ashamed we are so.
Sept. You want a new gown now, and a handsome petticoat,
A scarf, and some odd toys: I have gold here ready;
Thou shalt have any thing.
Eros. I want your absence.
Keep on your way; I care not for your company.
Sept. How? how? you are very short: Do you know me, Eros?
And what I have been to you?
Eros. Yes, I know you,
And I hope I shall forget you: Whilst you were honest,
I loved you too.
Sept. Honest? Come, pr'ythee kiss me.
Eros. I kiss no knaves, no murderers, no beasts,
No base betrayers of those men that fed 'em;
I hate their looks; and though I may be wanton,
I scorn to nourish it with bloody purchase,
Purchase so foully got. I pray you, unhand me;
I had rather touch the plague, than one unworthy!
Go, seek some mistress that a horse may marry,
And keep her company; she is too good for you!
[*Exit.*

Sept. Marry, this goes near! now I perceive I'm hateful:
When this light stuff can distinguish, it grows [dangerous;
For money seldom they refuse a leper;
But sure I am more odious, more diseased too:
It sits cold here.

Enter three lame Soldiers.

What are these? three poor soldiers?
Both poor and lame: Their misery may make 'em
A little look upon me and adore me.
If these will keep me company, I am made yet.
1 *Sold.* The pleasure Cæsar sleeps in makes us miserable:
We are forgot, our maims and dangers laugh'd at;
He banquets, and we beg.
2 *Sold.* He was not wont
To let poor soldiers, that have spent their fortunes,
Their bloods, and limbs, walk up and down like vagabonds.
Sept. Save ye, good soldiers! good poor men, Heaven help ye!
Ye have borne the brunt of war, and shew the story.
1 *Sold.* Some new commander, sure.
Sept. You look, my good friends,
By your thin faces, as you would be suitors.
2 *Sold.* To Cæsar, for our means, sir.
Sept. And 'tis fit, sir.
3 *Sold.* We are poor men, and long forgot.
Sept. I grieve for't;
Good soldiers should have good rewards, and fa-
I'll give up your petitions, for I pity you, [vours.
And freely speak to Cæsar.
All. Oh, we honour you! [serve you!
1 *Sold.* A good man sure you are; the gods pre-
Sept. And to relieve your wants the while, hold, soldiers! [*Gives money.*
Nay, 'tis no dream; 'tis good gold; take it freely;
'Twill keep you in good heart.
2 *Sold.* Now goodness quit you!
Sept. I'll be a friend to your afflictions,
And eat, and drink with you too, and we'll be
And every day I'll see you! [merry;
1 *Sold.* You are a soldier,
And one sent from the gods, I think.
Sept. I'll clothe ye,
Ye are lame, and then provide good lodging for you;
And at my table, where no want shall meet you.—

Enter Sceva.

All. 'Was never such a man!
1 *Sold.* Dear honour'd sir,
Let us but know your name, that we may worship
2 *Sold.* That we may ever thank—— [you.
Sept. Why, call me any thing,
No matter for my name—that may betray me.
Sce. A cunning thief!—Call him Septimius, sol-
The villain that kill'd Pompey! [diers,
All. How?
Sce. Call him the shame of men! [*Exit.*
1 *Sold.* Oh, that this money
Were weight enough to break thy brains out!
Fling all; [*They fling the money at him.*
And fling our curses next; let them be mortal!
Out, bloody wolf! dost thou come gilded over,
And painted with thy charities, to poison us?
2 *Sold.* I know him now: May never father own thee,
But, as a monstrous birth, shun thy base memory
And, if thou hadst a mother (as I cannot
Believe thou wert a natural burden), let her womb
Be curs'd of women for a bed of vipers!
3 *Sold.* Methinks the ground shakes to devour this rascal,
And the kind air turns into fogs and vapours,
Infectious mists, to crown his villanies:—
Thou mayst go wander like a thing Heaven-hated!
1 *Sold.* And valiant minds hold poisonous to remember!
The hangman will not keep thee company;
He has an honourable house to thine;
No, not a thief, though thou couldst save his life for't,
Will eat thy bread, nor one, for thirst starved, drink with thee!
2 *Sold.* Thou art no company for an honest dog.
And so we'll leave thee to a ditch, thy destiny. [*Exeunt.*
Sept. Contemn'd of all! and kick'd too! Now I find it!
My valour's fled too, with mine honesty;
For since I would be knave, I must be coward.
This 'tis to be a traitor, and betrayer.
What a deformity dwells round about me!
How monstrous shews that man that is ungrateful!
I am afraid the very beasts will tear me,
Inspired with what I have done; the winds will blast me!
Now I am paid, and my reward dwells in me.
The wages of my fact; my soul's oppress'd!
Honest and noble minds, you find most rest. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.—*A Room in the Palace.*

Enter Ptolemy, Achoreus, Photinus, *and* Achillas.

Ptol. I have commanded, and it shall be so!
A preparation I have set on foot,
Worthy the friendship and the fame of Cæsar:
My sister's favours shall seem poor and wither'd;
Nay, she herself, trimm'd up in all her beauties,
Compared to what I'll take his eyes withal,
Shall be a dream.
Pho. Do you mean to shew the glory
And wealth of Egypt?
Ptol. Yes; and in that lustre,
Rome shall appear, in all her famous conquests,
And all her riches, of no note unto it.
Achor. Now you are reconciled to your fair sister,
Take heed, sir, how you step into a danger,
A danger of this precipice. But note, sir,
For what Rome ever raised her mighty armies;
First for ambition, then for wealth. 'Tis madness,
Nay, more, a secure impotence, to tempt
An armed guest: Feed not an eye that conquers,
Nor teach a fortunate sword the way to be covetous.
Ptol. Ye judge amiss, and far too wide to alter
Let all be ready, as I gave direction: [me;
The secret way of all our wealth appearing
Newly, and handsomely; and all about it:
No more dissuading: 'tis my will.
Achor. I grieve for't.
Ptol. I will dazzle Cæsar with excess of glory.
Pho. I fear you'll curse your will; we must obey you. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*Another in the same with a Gallery.*

Enter CÆSAR, ANTONY, DOLABELLA, *and* SCEVA, *above.*

Cæsar. I wonder at the glory of this kingdom,
And the most bounteous preparation,
Still as I pass, they court me with.
Sce. I'll tell you;
In Gaul and Germany we saw such visions,
And stood not to admire 'em, but possess 'em:
When they are ours, they are worth our admiration.

Enter CLEOPATRA.

Ant. The young queen comes: give room!
Cæsar. Welcome, my dearest!
Come, bless my side.
Sce. Ay, marry, here's a wonder!
As she appears now, I am no true soldier,
If I be not readiest to recant.
Cleo. Be merry, sir;
My brother will be proud to do you honour,
That now appears himself.

Enter PTOLEMY, ACHOREUS, ACHILLAS, PHOTINUS, *and* APOLLODORUS, *above.*

Ptol. Hail to great Cæsar,
My royal guest! First I will feast thine eyes
With wealthy Egypt's store, and then thy palate,
And wait myself upon thee. [*Treasure brought in.*
Cæsar. What rich service!
What mines of treasure! richer still?
Cleo. My Cæsar,
What do you admire? Pray you turn, and let me talk to you.
Have you forgot me, sir? How, a new object?
Am I grown old o' th' sudden! Cæsar!
Cæsar. Tell me
From whence comes all this wealth?
Cleo. Is your eye that way,
And all my beauties banish'd?
Ptol. I'll tell thee, Cæsar;
We owe for all this wealth to the old Nilus,
We need no dropping rain to cheer the husbandman,
Nor merchant that ploughs up the sea to seek us;
Within the wealthy womb of reverend Nilus:
All this is nourish'd; who, to do thee honour,
Comes to discover his seven deities,
His conceal'd heads, unto thee: See with pleasure!
Cæsar. The matchless wealth of this land!
Cleo. Come, you shall hear me.
Cæsar. Away! Let me imagine.
Cleo. How! frown on me?
The eyes of Cæsar wrapt in storms!
Cæsar. I'm sorry:
But, let me think——

[*Music. Enter below, in a Masque,* ISIS, *and three* Labourers.

SONG.

Isis. Isis, the goddess of this land,
Bids thee, great Cæsar, understand
And mark our customs, and first know,
With greedy eyes these watch the flow
Of plenteous Nilus; when he comes,
With songs, with dances, timbrels, drums,
They entertain him; cut his way,
And give his proud heads leave to play:
Nilus himself shall rise, and shew
His matchless wealth in overflow.

Labourers. Come, let us help the reverend Nile;
He's very old; alas the while!
Let us dig him easy ways,
And prepare a thousand plays:
To delight his streams, let's sing
A loud welcome to our spring;
This way let his curling heads
Fall into our new-made beds;
This way let his wanton spawns
Frisk, and glide it o'er the lawns.
This way profit comes, and gain:
How he tumbles here amain!
How his waters haste to fall
Into our channels! Labour, all,
And let him in; let Nilus flow,
And perpetual plenty shew.
With incense let us bless the brim,
And as the wanton fishes swim,
Let us gums and garlands fling,
And loud our timbrels ring.
Come, old father, come away!
Our labour is our holiday.

Enter NILUS.

Isis. Here comes the aged river now,
With garlands of great pearl his brow
Begirt and rounded: In his flow,
All things take life, and all things grow.
A thousand wealthy treasures still,
To do him service at his will,
Follow his rising flood, and pour
Perpetual blessings in our store.
Hear him; and next there will advance,
His sacred heads to tread a dance,
In honour of my royal guest:
Mark them too; and you have a feast.

Cleo. A little dross betray me?
Cæsar. I am ashamed I warr'd at home, my friends,
When such wealth may be got abroad! What honour,
Nay, everlasting glory, had Rome purchased,
Had she a just cause but to visit Egypt!

They dance. Then NILUS *sings.*

Nilus. Make room for my rich waters' fall,
And bless my flood;
Nilus comes flowing to you all
Increase and good.
Now the plants and flowers shall spring
And the merry ploughman sing.
In my hidden waves I bring
Bread, and wine, and ev'ry thing.
Let the damsels sing me in,
Sing aloud, that I may rise:
Your holy feasts and hours begin,
And each hand bring a sacrifice.
Now my wanton pearls I shew,
That to ladies' fair necks grow.
Now my gold
And treasures that can ne'er be told,
Shall bless this land, by my rich flow,
And after this, to crown your eyes,
My hidden holy head arise.
[*The* Masquers *dance, and exeunt.*

Cæsar. The wonder of this wealth so troubles me,
I am not well: Good night!
Sce. I am glad you have it:
Now we shall stir again.
Dol. Thou, wealth, still haunt him!
Sce. A greedy spirit set thee on! We are happy.
Ptol. Lights, lights for Cæsar, and attendance!
Cleo. Well,
I shall yet find a time to tell thee, Cæsar,
Thou hast wrong'd her love—The rest here.
Ptol. Lights along still:
Music, and sacrifice to sleep, for Cæsar!
[*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*A Room in the Royal Palace.*

Enter PTOLEMY, PHOTINUS, ACHILLAS, *and* ACHOREUS.

Acho. I told you carefully what this would prove
What this inestimable wealth and glory [to,
Would draw upon you: I advised your majesty
Never to tempt a conquering guest, nor add
A bait to catch a mind bent by his trade
To make the whole world his.
Pho. I was not heard, sir,
Or, what I said, lost and contemn'd: I dare say,
And freshly now, 'twas a poor weakness in you,
A glorious childishness! I watch'd his eye,
And saw how falcon-like it tower'd, and flew
Upon the wealthy quarry; how round it mark'd it:
I observed his words, and to what it tended;
How greedily he ask'd from whence it came,
And what commèrce we held for such abundance.
The show of Nilus how he labour'd at,
To find the secret ways the song deliver'd!
Achor. He never smiled, I noted, at the pleasures,
But fix'd his constant eyes upon the treasure:
I do not think his ears had so much leisure,
After the wealth appear'd, to hear the music.
Most sure he has not slept since; his mind's troubles,
With objects they would make their own, still labour.
Pho. Your sister he ne'er gazed on; that's a main note:
The prime beauty of the world had no power over
Achor. Where was his mind the whilst? [him.
Pho. Where was your carefulness,
To shew an armed thief the way to rob you?
Nay, would you give him this, it will excite him
To seek the rest: Ambition feels no gift,
Nor knows no bounds: indeed you have done most weakly.
Ptol. Can I be too kind to my noble friend?
Pho. To be unkind unto your noble self, but savours
Of indiscretion; and your friend has found it.
Had you been train'd up in the wants and miseries
A soldier marches through, and known his temperance
In offer'd courtesies, you would have made
A wiser master of your own, and stronger.
Ptol. Why, should I give him all, he would
'Tis more to him to make kings. [return it:
Pho. Pray thee be wiser,
And trust not, with your lost wealth, your loved liberty:
To be a king still at your own discretion,
Is like a king; to be at his, a vassal.
Now take good counsel, or no more take to you
The freedom of a prince.
Achil. 'Twill be too late else:
For, since the masque, he sent three of his captains,
Ambitious as himself, to view again
The glory of your wealth.
Pho. The next himself comes,
Not staying for your courtesy, and takes it.
Ptol. What counsel, my Achoreus?
Achor. I'll go pray, sir,
(For that's best counsel now) the gods may help you. [*Exit.*
Pho. I found you out a way, but 'twas not credited
A most secure way: Whither will you fly now?
Achil. For when your wealth is gone, your power must follow.
Pho. And that diminish'd also, what's your life worth?
Who would regard it?
Ptol. You say true.
Achil. What eye
Will look upon king Ptolemy? If they do look,
It must be in scorn: for a poor king is a monster:
What ear remember ye? 'twill be then a courtesy,
A noble one, to take your life too from you:
But if reserved, you stand to fill a victory;
As who knows conquerors' minds, though outwardly
They bear fair streams? Oh, sir, does not this shake ye?
If to be honey'd on to these afflictions——
Ptol. I never will: I was a fool!
Pho. For then, sir,
Your country's cause falls with you too, and fetter'd:
All Egypt shall be plough'd up with dishonour.
Ptol. No more: I am sensible: And now my spirit
Burns hot within me.
Achil. Keep it warm and fiery.
Pho. And last, be counsell'd.
Ptol. I will, though I perish.
Pho. Go in: We'll tell you all, and then we'll execute. [*Exeunt*

SCENE II.—*The Apartment of* CLEOPATRA *in the Palace.*

Enter CLEOPATRA, ARSINOE, *and* EROS.

Ars. You are so impatient!
Cleo. Have I not cause?
Women of common beauties, and low births,
When they are slighted, are allowed their angers:
Why should not I, a princess, make him know
The baseness of his usage?
Ars. Yes, 'tis fit;
But then again you know what man——
Cleo. He's no man!
The shadow of a greatness hangs upon him,
And not the virtue: He is no conqueror,
Has suffer'd under the base dross of nature;
Poorly deliver'd up his power to wealth,
The god of bed-rid men, taught his eyes treason;
Against the truth of love he has raised rebellion,
Defied his holy flames.
Eros. He will fall back again,
And satisfy your grace.
Cleo. Had I been old,
Or blasted in my bud, he might have shew'd
Some shadow of dislike: But, to prefer
The lustre of a little art, Arsinoë,
And the poor glow-worm light of some faint jewels,
Before the life of love, and soul of beauty,
Oh, how it vexes me! He is no soldier;
All honourable soldiers are Love's servants;
He is a merchant, a mere wand'ring merchant,
Servile to gain: He trades for poor commodities,

And makes his conquests, thefts! Some fortunate captains
That quarter with him, and are truly valiant,
Have flung the name of Happy Cæsar on him;
Himself ne'er won it: He's so base and covetous,
He'll sell his sword for gold!

Ars. This is too bitter.

Cleo. Oh, I could curse myself, that was so foolish,
So fondly childish, to believe his tongue,
His promising tongue, ere I could catch his temper.
I had trash enough to have cloy'd his eyes withal,
(His covetous eyes) such as I scorn to tread on,
Richer than e'er he saw yet, and more tempting;
Had I known he had stoop'd at that, I had saved mine honour,
I had been happy still! But let him take it,
And let him brag how poorly I'm rewarded;
Let him go conquer still weak wretched ladies;
Love has his angry quiver too, his deadly,
And, when he finds scorn, armed at the strongest.
I am a fool to fret thus for a fool,
An old blind fool too! I lose my health; I will not,
I will not cry; I will not honour him
With tears diviner than the gods he worships;
I will not take the pains to curse a poor thing!

Eros. Do not; you shall not need.

Cleo. 'Would I were prisoner
To one I hate, that I might anger him!
I will love any man, to break the heart of him!
Any that has the heart and will to kill him!

Ars. Take some fair truce.

Cleo. I will go study mischief,
And put a look on, arm'd with all my cunnings,
Shall meet him like a basilisk, and strike him!
Love, put destroying flames into mine eyes,
Into my smiles deceits, that I may torture him,
That I may make him love to death, and laugh at him!

Enter APOLLODORUS.

Apol. Cæsar commends his service to your grace.

Cleo. His service? what's his service?

Eros. Pray you be patient;
The noble Cæsar loves still.

Cleo. What's his will?

Apol. He craves access unto your highness.

Cleo. No;
Say, no; I will have none to trouble me.

Ars. Good sister!

Cleo. None, I say; I will be private.
'Would thou hadst flung me into Nilus, keeper,
When first thou gavest consent, to bring my body
To this unthankful Cæsar!

Apol. 'Twas your will, madam,
Nay more, your charge upon me, as I honour'd you.
You know what danger I endured.

Cleo. Take this, [*Giving a jewel.*
And carry it to that lordly Cæsar sent thee;
There's a new love, a handsome one, a rich one,
One that will hug his mind: Bid him make love to it;
Tell the ambitious broker, this will suffer——

Enter CÆSAR.

Apol. He enters.

Cleo. How!

Cæsar. I do not use to wait, lady;
Where I am, all the doors are free and open.

Cleo. I guess so, by your rudeness.

Cæsar. You're not angry?
Things of your tender mould should be most gentle.
Why do you frown? Good gods, what a set anger
Have you forced into your face! Come, I must temper you.
What a coy smile was there, and a disdainful!
How like an ominous flash it broke out from you!
Defend me, Love! Sweet, who has anger'd you?

Cleo. Shew him a glass! That false face has
That base heart wrong'd me!

Cæsar. Be more sweetly angry.
I wrong'd you, fair?

Cleo. Away with your foul flatteries;
They are too gross! But that I dare be angry,
And with as great a god as Cæsar is,
To shew how poorly I respect his memory,
I would not speak to you.

Cæsar. Pray you undo this riddle,
And tell me how I have vex'd you?

Cleo. Let me think first,
Whether I may put on a patience
That will with honour suffer me. Know, I hate you!
Let that begin the story: Now, I'll tell you.

Cæsar. But do it milder: In a noble lady,
Softness of spirit, and a sober nature,
That moves like summer winds, cool, and blows
Shews blessed, like herself.

Cleo. And that great blessedness
You first reap'd of me: Till you taught my nature,
Like a rude storm, to talk aloud, and thunder,
Sleep was not gentler than my soul, and stiller.
You had the spring of my affections,
And my fair fruits I gave you leave to taste of;
You must expect the winter of mine anger.
You flung me off, before the court disgraced me,
When in the pride I appear'd of all my beauty,
Appeared your mistress; took into your eyes
The common strumpet, love of hated lucre,
Courted with covetous heart the slave of nature,
Gave all your thoughts to gold, that men of glory,
And minds adorn'd with noble love, would kick at!
Soldiers of royal mark scorn such base purchase;
Beauty and honour are the marks they shoot at.
I spake to you then, I courted you, and woo'd you,
Call'd you "dear Cæsar," hung about you tenderly,
Was proud to appear your friend——

Cæsar. You have mistaken me.

Cleo. But neither eye, nor favour, not a smile,
Was I bless'd back with, but shook off rudely;
And, as you had been sold to sordid infamy,
You fell before the images of treasure,
And in your soul you worshipp'd: I stood slighted,
Forgotten, and contemn'd: my soft embraces,
And those sweet kisses you call'd Elysium,
As letters writ in sand, no more remember'd;
The name and glory of your Cleopatra
Laugh'd at, and made a story to your captains!
Shall I endure?

Cæsar. You are deceived in all this;
Upon my life you are; 'tis your much tenderness.

Cleo. No, no; I love not that way; you are cozen'd:
I love with as much ambition as a conqueror,
And where I love will triumph!

Cæsar. So you shall;
My heart shall be the chariot that shall bear you;
All I have won shall wait upon you.—By the gods,
The bravery of this woman's mind has fired me!—
Dear mistress, shall I but this night——

Cleo. How, Cæsar?
Have I let slip a second vanity
That gives thee hope?
Cæsar. You shall be absolute,
And reign alone as queen: you shall be anything!
Cleo. Make me a maid again, and then I'll hear
Examine all thy art of war to do that, [thee!
And, if thou find'st it possible, I'll love thee:
Till when, farewell, unthankful!
Cæsar. Stay!
Cleo. I will not.
Cæsar. I command!
Cleo. Command, and go without, sir.
I do command thee be my slave for ever,
And vex while I laugh at thee.
Cæsar. Thus low, beauty—— [*Kneels.*
Cleo. It is too late; when I have found thee absolute,
The man that fame reports thee, and to me,
May-be I shall think better. Farewell, conqueror!
[*Exit with* ARSINOE, EROS, *and* APOLLODORUS.
Cæsar. She mocks me too! I will enjoy her beauty;
I will not be denied; I'll force my longing!
Love is best pleased, when roundly we compel him;
And, as he is imperious, so will I be.—
Stay, fool, and be advised; that dulls the appetite,
Takes off the strength and sweetness of delight.
By Heaven she is a miracle! I must use
A handsome way to win——

Enter SCEVA, ANTONY, *and* DOLABELLA.

How now? What fear
Dwells in your faces? you look all distracted,
Sce. If it be fear, 'tis fear of your undoing.
Not of ourselves: fear of your poor declining:
Our lives and deaths are equal benefits,
And we make louder prayers to die nobly,
Than to live high and wantonly. Whilst you are secure here,
And offer hecatombs of lazy kisses
To the lewd god of love and cowardice,
And most lasciviously die in delights,
You are begirt with the fierce Alexandrians.
Dol. The spawn of Egypt flow about your palace,
Arm'd all, and ready to assault.
Ant. Led on
By the false and base Photinus, and his ministers.
No stirring out, no peeping through a loop-hole,
But straight saluted with an armed dart.
Sce. No parley; they are deaf to all but danger.
They swear they will flay us, and then dry our quarters;
A rasher of a salt lover is such a shoeing-horn!
Can you kiss away this conspiracy, and set us free?
Or will the giant god of love fight for you?
Will his fierce warlike bow kill a cock-sparrow?
Bring out the lady! she can quell this mutiny,
And with her powerful looks strike awe into them;
She can destroy and build again the city;
Your goddesses have mighty gifts! Shew 'em her fair breasts,
Th' impregnable bulwarks of proud love, and let 'em
Begin their battery there; she will laugh at 'em!
They are not above a hundred thousand, sir;
A mist, a mist! that, when her eyes break out,
Her powerful radiant eyes, and shake their flashes,
Will fly before her heats.
Cæsar. Begirt with villains?
Sce. They come to play you and your love a hunt's-up.
You were told what this same whoreson wenching long ago would come to:
You are taken napping now! Has not a soldier
A time to kiss his friend, and a time to consider,
But he must lie still digging like a pioneer,
Making of mines, and burying of his honour there?
'Twere good you would think——
Dol. And time too; or you'll find else
A harder task than courting a coy beauty.
Ant. Look out, and then believe.
Sce. No, no, hang danger!
Take me provoking broth, and then go to her,
Go to your love, and let her feel your valour;
Charge her whole body!—When the sword's in your throat, sir,
You may cry "Cæsar!" and see if that will help you.
Cæsar. I'll be myself again, and meet their furies,
Meet, and consume their mischiefs. Make some shift, Sceva,
To recover the fleet, and bring me up two legions,
And you shall see me, how I'll break like thunder
Amongst these beds of slimy eels, and scatter 'em.
Sce. Now you speak sense, I'll put my life to th' hazard.
Before I go, no more of this warm lady!
She'll spoil your sword-hand.
Cæsar. Go. Come, let's to counsel,
How to prevent, and then to execute. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*A Street.*

Enter the three Soldiers.

1 *Sold.* Did you see this penitence?
2 *Sold.* Yes, I saw, and heard it.
3 *Sold.* And I, too, look'd upon him and observ'd it;
He's the strangest Septimius now——
1 *Sold.* I heard he was alter'd,
And had given away his gold to honest uses,
Cried monstrously.
2 *Sold.* He cries abundantly;
He's blind almost with weeping.
3 *Sold.* 'Tis most wonderful,
That a hard-hearted man, and an old soldier,
Should have so much kind moisture. When his mother died,
He laugh'd aloud, and made the wickedest ballads!
1 *Sold.* 'Tis like enough; he never loved his parents;
Nor can I blame him, for they ne'er loved him.
His mother dream'd, before she was deliver'd,
That she was brought a-bed with a buzzard, and ever after
She whistled him up to the world. His brave clothes too
He has flung away, and goes like one of us now;
Walks with his hands in's pockets, poor and sorrowful,
And gives the best instructions!
2 *Sold.* And tells stories
Of honest and good people that were honour'd,
And how they were remember'd; and runs mad,
If he but hear of an ungrateful person,
A bloody or betraying man.
3 *Sold.* If it be possible
That an arch-villain may ever be recover'd,
This penitent rascal will put hard. 'Twere worth our labour
To see him once again.

Enter SEPTIMIUS *in black Clothes, with a Book in his hand.*

1 *Sold.* He spares us that labour,
For here he comes.
Sept. Heaven bless ye, my honest friends,
Bless ye from base unworthy men! Come not near me,
For I am yet too taking for your company.
1 *Sold.* Did I not tell ye?
2 *Sold.* What book's that?
1 *Sold.* No doubt,
Some excellent salve for a sore heart.—Are you
Septimius, that base knave that betray'd Pompey?
Sept. I was, and am; unless your honest thoughts
Will look upon my penitence, and save me,
I must be ever villain. Oh, good soldiers,
You that have Roman hearts, take heed of falsehood;
Take heed of blood; take heed of foul ingratitude!
The gods have scarce a mercy for those mischiefs.
Take heed of pride; 'twas that that brought me to it.
2 *Sold.* This fellow would make a rare speech at the gallows.
3 *Sold.* 'Tis very fit he were hang'd, to edify us.
Sept. Let all your thoughts be humble and obedient.
Love your commanders, honour them that feed ye;
Pray that ye may be strong in honesty,
As in the use of arms; labour, and diligently,
To keep your hearts from ease, and her base issues,
Pride and ambitious wantonness; those spoil'd me:
Rather lose all your limbs, than the least honesty;
You are never lame indeed, till loss of credit
Benumb ye through; scars, and those maims of honour,
Are memorable crutches that shall bear,
When you are dead, your noble names to eternity!
1 *Sold.* I cry.
2 *Sold.* And so do I.
3 *Sold.* An excellent villain!
1 *Sold.* A more sweet pious knave I never heard yet.
2 *Sold.* He was happy he was rascal, to come to this.

Enter ACHOREUS.

Who's this? a priest?
Sept. Oh, stay, most holy sir!
And, by the gods of Egypt I conjure ye,
Isis, and great Osiris, pity me,
Pity a loaden man! and tell me truly
With what most humble sacrifice I may
Wash off my sin, and appease the powers that hate me?
Take from my heart those thousand thousand furies,
That restless gnaw upon my life, and save me!
Orestes' bloody hands fell on his mother,
Yet at the holy altar he was pardon'd.
Achor. Orestes out of madness did his murder,
And therefore he found grace: Thou, worst of all men,
Out of cold blood, and hope of gain, base lucre,
Slew'st thine own feeder! Come not near the altar,
Nor with thy reeking hands pollute the sacrifice;
Thou art mark'd for shame eternal! [*Exit.*
Sept. Look all on me,
And let me be a story left to time
Of blood and infamy! How base and ugly
Ingratitude appears, with all her profits!
How monstrous my hoped grace at court!—Good soldiers,
Let neither flattery, nor the witching sound
Of high and soft preferment, touch your goodness:
To be valiant, old, and honest, oh, what blessedness!
1 *Sold.* Dost thou want anything?
Sept. Nothing but your prayers.
2 *Sold.* Be thus, and let the blind priest do his worst;
We have gods as well as they, and they will hear us.
3 *Sold.* Come, cry no more: Thou hast wept out twenty Pompeys.

Enter PHOTINUS *and* ACHILLAS.

Pho. So penitent?
Achil. It seems so.
Pho. Yet for all this
We must employ him.
1 *Sold.* These are the armed soldier-leaders:
Away; and let's to th' fort, we shall be snapt else.
[*Exeunt.*
Pho. How now? Why thus? What cause of this dejection?
Achil. Why dost thou weep?
Sept. Pray leave me; you have ruin'd me,
You have made me a famous villain!
Pho. Does that touch thee?
Achil. He will be hard to win; he feels his lewdness.
Pho. He must be won, or we shall want our right hand.
This fellow dares, and knows, and must be hearten'd.—
Art thou so poor to blench at what thou hast done?
Is conscience a comrade for an old soldier?
Achil. It is not that; it may be some disgrace
That he takes heavily, and would be cherish'd.
Septimius ever scorn'd to shew such weakness.
Sept. Let me alone; I am not for your purpose;
I am now a new man.
Pho. We have new affairs for thee,
Those that will raise thy head.
Sept. I would 'twere off,
And in your bellies, for the love you bear me!
I'll be no more knave; I have stings enough
Already in my breast.
Pho. Thou shalt be noble;
And who dares think then that thou art not honest?
Achil. Thou shalt command in chief all our strong forces;
And if thou serv'st an use, must not all justify it?
Sept. I am rogue enough.
Pho. Thou wilt be more and baser;
A poor rogue's all rogues, open to all shames;
Nothing to shadow him. Dost thou think crying
Can keep thee from the censure of the multitude?
Or to be kneeling at the altar, save thee?
'Tis poor and servile! Wert thou thine own sacrifice,
'Twould seem so low, people would spit the fire out.
Achil. Keep thyself glorious still, though ne'er so stain'd,
And that will lessen it, if not work it out.
To go complaining thus, and thus repenting,
Like a poor girl that had betray'd her maidenhead—
Sept. I'll stop mine ears.
Achil. Will shew so in a soldier,
So simply and so ridiculously, so tamely——
Pho. If people would believe thee, 'twere some honesty;
And for thy penitence would not laugh at thee,

(As sure they will) and beat thee, for thy poverty;
If they would allow thy foolery, there were some [hope.
Sept. My foolery?
Pho. Nay, more than that, thy misery,
Thy monstrous misery.
Achil. He begins to hearken.—
Thy misery so great, men will not bury thee.
Sept. That this were true!
Pho. Why does this conquering Cæsar
Labour through the world's deep seas of toils and troubles,
Dangers, and desperate hopes? to repent afterwards?
Why does he slaughter thousands in a battle,
And whip his country with the sword? to cry for't?
Thou kill'dst great Pompey: He'll kill all his kin- [dred,
And justify it; nay, raise up trophies to it.
When thou hear'st him repent, (he's held most holy too)
And cry for doing daily bloody murders,
Take thou example, and go ask forgiveness;
Call up the thing thou nam'st thy conscience,
And let it work; then 'twill seem well, Septimius.
Sept. He does all this.
Achil. Yes, and is honour'd for it;
Nay, call'd the honour'd Cæsar: So mayest thou [be;
Thou wert born as near a crown as he.
Sept. He was poor.
Pho. And desperate bloody tricks got him this credit.
Sept. I am afraid you will once more——
Pho. Help to raise thee.
Off with thy pining black: it dulls a soldier,
And put on resolution like a man!
A noble fate waits on thee.
Sept. I now feel
Myself returning rascal speedily.
Oh, that I had the power——
Achil. Thou shalt have all; [thee,
And do all through thy power. Men shall admire
And the vices of Septimius shall turn virtues.
Sept. Off, off; thou must off; off, my cowardice!
Puling repentance, off!
Pho. Now thou speak'st nobly.
Sept. Off, my dejected looks, and welcome
My daring shall be deity, to save me. [impudence!
Give me instructions, and put action on me,
A glorious cause upon my sword's point, gentlemen,
And let my wit and valour work. You will raise
And make me out-dare all my miseries? [me,
Pho. All this, and all thy wishes.
Sept. Use me then:
Womanish fear, farewell! I'll never melt more.
Lead on, to some great thing, to wake my spirit!
I cut the cedar Pompey, and I'll fell
This huge oak Cæsar too.
Pho. Now thou sing'st sweetly,
And Ptolemy shall crown thee for thy service.
Achil. He's well wrought; put him on apace for cooling. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I.—CÆSAR'S *Apartments in the Palace.*

Enter CÆSAR, ANTONY, *and* DOLABELLA.

Ant. The tumult still increases.
Cæsar. Oh, my fortune!
My lustful folly rather! But, 'tis well,
And worthily I am made a bondman's prey,
That (after all my glorious victories,
In which I pass'd so many seas of dangers,
When all the elements conspired against me)
Would yield up the dominion of this head
To any mortal power; so blind and stupid,
To trust these base Egyptians, that proclaim'd
Their perjuries in noble Pompey's death,
And yet that could not warn me!
Dol. Be still Cæsar,
Who ever loved to exercise his fate
Where danger look'd most dreadful.
Ant. If you fall,
Fall not alone; let the king and his sister
Be buried in your ruins: On my life,
They both are guilty! Reason may assure you,
Photinas nor Achillas durst attempt you,
Or shake one dart, or sword, aim'd at your safety,
Without their warrant.
Cæsar. For the young king, I know not
How he may be misled; but for his sister,
Unequall'd Cleopatra, 'twere a kind
Of blasphemy to doubt her: Ugly treason
Durst never dwell in such a glorious building;
Nor can so clear and great a spirit as hers is
Admit of falsehood.
Ant. Let us seize on him then;
And leave her to her fortune.
Dol. If he have power,
Use it to your security, and let
His honesty acquit him; if he be false,
It is too great an honour he should die
By your victorious hand.
Cæsar. He comes, and I
Shall do as I find cause.

Enter PTOLEMY, ACHOREUS, APOLLODORUS, *and* Attendants.

Ptol. Let not great Cæsar
Impute the breach of hospitality
To you, my guest, to me! I am contemn'd,
And my rebellious subjects lift their hands
Against my head; and 'would they aim'd no further,
Provided that I fell a sacrifice
To gain you safety! That this is not feign'd,
The boldness of my innocence may confirm you:
Had I been privy to their bloody plot,
I now had led them on, and given fair gloss
To their bad cause, by being present with them;
But I, that yet taste of the punishment
In being false to Pompey, will not make
A second fault to Cæsar uncompell'd;
With such as have not yet shook off obedience,
I yield myself to you, and will take part
In all your dangers.
Cæsar. This pleads your excuse,
And I receive it.
Achor. If they have any touch
Of justice, or religion, I will use

The authority of our gods to call them back
From their bad purpose.
Apol. This part of the palace
Is yet defensible; we may make it good
Till your powers rescue us.
Cæsar. Cæsar besieged?
Oh, stain to my great actions! 'Twas my custom,
An army routed, as my feet had wings,
To be first in the chase; nor walls nor bulwarks
Could guard those that escaped the battle's fury
From this strong arm; and I to be enclosed!
My heart! my heart! But 'tis necessity,
To which the gods must yield; and I obey,
'Till I redeem it, by some glorious way. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*Before the Palace.*

Enter PHOTINUS, ACHILLAS, SEPTIMIUS, *and* Soldiers.

Pho. There's no retiring now; we are broke in;
The deed past hope of pardon. If we prosper,
'Twill be styled lawful, and we shall give laws
To those that now command us: Stop not at
Or loyalty, or duty; bold ambition
To dare, and power to do, gave the first difference
Between the king and subject. Cæsar's motto,
Aut Cæsar aut nihil, each of us must claim,
And use it as our own.
Achil. The deed is bloody,
If we conclude in Ptolemy's death.
Pho. The better;
The globe of empire must be so manured.
Sept. Rome, that from Romulus first took her name,
Had her walls water'd with a crimson shower
Drain'd from a brother's heart; nor was she raised
To this prodigious height, that overlooks
Three full parts of the earth that pay her tribute,
But by enlarging of her narrow bounds
By the sack of neighbour cities, not made hers
Till they were cemented with the blood of those
That did possess 'em; Cæsar, Ptolemy,
Now I am steel'd, to me are empty names,
Esteem'd as Pompey's was.
Pho. Well said, Septimius!
Thou now art right again.
Achil. But what course take we
For the princess Cleopatra?
Pho. Let her live
A while, to make us sport; she shall authorize
Our undertakings to the ignorant people,
As if what we do were by her command:
But, our triumvirate government once confirm'd,
She bears her brother company: That's my pro-
Leave me to work her. [vince;
Achil. I will undertake for Ptolemy.
Sept. Cæsar shall be my task;
And as in Pompey I began a name,
I'll perfect it in Cæsar!

Enter, on a Balcony of the Palace, CÆSAR, PTOLEMY, ACHORÆUS, APOLLODORUS, ANTONY, *and* DOLABELLA.

Pho. 'Tis resolved then;
We'll force our passage.
Achil. See, they do appear,
As they desired a parley.
Pho. I am proud yet
I have brought them to capitulate.
Ptol. Now, Photinus?
Pho. Now, Ptolemy!
Ptol. No addition?
Pho. We are equal,
Though Cæsar's name were put into the scale,
In which our worth is weigh'd.
Cæsar. Presumptuous villain,
Upon what grounds hast thou presumed to raise
Thy servile hand against the king, or me,
That have a greater name?
Pho. On those by which
Thou didst presume to pass the Rubicon,
Against the laws of Rome; and at the name
Of traitor smile, as thou didst when Marcellus
The consul, with the senate's full consent,
Pronounced thee for an enemy to thy country:
Yet thou went'st on, and thy rebellious cause
Was crown'd with fair success. Why should we fear then?
Think on that, Cæsar!
Cæsar. Oh, the gods! be braved thus!
And be compell'd to bear this from a slave,
That would not brook great Pompey his superior!
Achil. Thy glories now have touch'd the highest point,
And must descend.
Pho. Despair, and think we stand
The champions of Rome, to wreak her wrongs,
Upon whose liberty thou hast set thy foot.
Sept. And that the ghosts of all those noble Romans
That by thy sword fell in this civil war,
Expect revenge.
Ant. Dar'st thou speak, and remember
There was a Pompey?
Pho. There is no hope to 'scape us:
If that, against the odds we have upon you,
You dare come forth and fight, receive the honour
To die like Romans; if ye faint, resolve
To starve like wretches! I disdain to change
Another syllable with you.
[*Exeunt* PHOTINUS, ACHILLAS, SEPTIMIUS, *and* Soldiers.
Ant. Let us die nobly!
And rather fall upon each other's sword,
Than come into these villains' hands.
Cæsar. That fortune
Which to this hour hath been a friend to Cæsar,
Though for a while she clothe her brow with frowns,
Will smile again upon me: Who will pay her
Or sacrifice, or vows, if she forsake
Her best of works in me? or suffer him,
Whom with a strong hand she hath led triumphant
Through the whole western world, and Rome acknowledged
Her sovereign lord, to end ingloriously
A life admired by all? The threaten'd danger
Must, by a way more horrid, be avoided,
And I will run the hazard. Fire the palace,
And the rich magazines that neighbour it,
In which the wealth of Egypt is contain'd!
Start not; it shall be so; that while the people
Labour in quenching the ensuing flames,
Like Cæsar, with this handful of my friends,
Through fire, and swords, I force a passage to
My conquering legions. King, if thou dar'st, follow
Where Cæsar leads; or live, or die a free man!
If not, stay here a bondman to thy slave,
And, dead, be thought unworthy of a grave!
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*An open Place in the City.*

Enter SEPTIMIUS.

Sept. I feel my resolution melts again,
And that I am not knave alone, but fool,
In all my purposes. This devil Photinus
Employs me as a property, and, grown useless,
Will shake me off again: He told me so
When I kill'd Pompey; nor can I hope better,
When Cæsar is despatched. Services done
For such as only study their own ends,
Too great to be rewarded, are return'd
With deadly hate: I learn'd this principle
In his own school. Yet still he fools me: well:—
And yet he trusts me: Since I in my nature
Was fashion'd to be false, wherefore should I,
That kill'd my general, and a Roman, one
To whom I owed all nourishments of life,
Be true to an Egyptian? To save Cæsar,
And turn Photinus' plots on his own head,
(As it is in my power) redeem my credit,
And live, to lie, and swear again in fashion,
Oh, 'twere a master-piece!—Ha! Curse me! Cæsar?
How's he got off?

Enter CÆSAR, PTOLEMY, ANTONY, DOLABELLA, ACHOREUS, APOLLODORUS, *and* Soldiers.

Cæsar. The fire has took,
And shews the city like a second Troy;
The navy too is scorch'd; the people greedy
To save their wealth and houses, while their soldiers
Make spoil of all: Only Achillas' troops
Make good their guard; break through them, we
I'll lead you like a thunder-bolt! [are safe.
Sept. Stay, Cæsar.
Cæsar. Who's this? the dog Septimius?
Ant. Cut his throat.
Dol. You bark'd but now; fawn you so soon?
Sept. Oh, hear me!
What I'll deliver is for Cæsar's safety,
For all your good.
Ant. Good from a mouth like thine,
That never belch'd but blasphemy and treason,
On festival days!
Sept. I am an alter'd man,
Alter'd indeed; and I will give you cause
To say I am a Roman.
Dol. Rogue, I grant thee.
Sept. Trust me, I'll make the passage smooth
For your escape. [and easy,
Ant. I'll trust the devil sooner,
And make a safer bargain.
Sept. I am trusted
With all Photinus' secrets.
Ant. There's no doubt then,
Thou wilt be false.
Sept. Still to be true to you.
Dol. And very likely.
Cæsar. Be brief; the means?
Sept. Thus, Cæsar:
To me alone, but bound by terrible oaths
Not to discover it, he hath revealed
A dismal vault, whose dreadful mouth does open
A mile beyond the city: In this cave
Lie but two hours conceal'd.
Ant. If you believe him,
He'll bury us alive.
Dol. I'll fly in the air first.
Sept. Then in the dead of night, I'll bring you back
Into a private room, where you shall find
Photinus, and Achillas, and the rest
Of their commanders, close at counsel.
Cæsar. Good;
What follows?
Sept. Fall me fairly on their throats:
Their heads cut off and shorn, the multitude
Will easily disperse.
Cæsar. Oh, devil!—Away with him!
Nor true to friend nor enemy? Cæsar scorns
To find his safety, or revenge his wrongs,
So base a way; or owe the means of life
To such a leprous traitor! I have tower'd
For victory like a falcon in the clouds,
Not digg'd for't like a mole. Our swords and cause
Make way for us: And that it may appear
We took a noble course, and hate base treason,
Some soldiers, that would merit Cæsar's favour,
Hang him on yonder turret, and then follow
The lane this sword makes for you.
[*Exeunt all but* SEPTIMIUS *and two* Soldiers, *who seize him.*
1 *Sold.* Here's a belt;
Though I die for it, I'll use it.
2 *Sold.* 'Tis too good to truss a cur in.
Sept. Save me! here's gold.
1 *Sold* If Rome
Were offer'd for thy ransom, it could not help thee.
2 *Sold.* Hang not an arse.
1 *Sold.* Goad him on with thy sword!
Thou dost deserve a worser end; and may
All such conclude so, that their friends betray!
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*Another Part of the City.*

Enter severally, ARSINOE, EROS, *and* CLEOPATRA.

Ars. We are lost!
Eros. Undone!
Ars. Confusion, fire and swords,
And fury in the soldier's face, more horrid,
Circle us round!
Eros. The king's command they laugh at,
And jeer at Cæsar's threats.
Ars. My brother seized on
By the Roman, as thought guilty of the tumult,
And forced to bear him company, as marked out
For his protection, or revenge.
Eros. They have broke
Into my cabinet; my trunks are ransack'd.
Ars. I have lost my jewels too; but that's the least:
The barbarous rascals, against all humanity
Or sense of pity, have kill'd my little dog,
And broke my monkey's chain.
Eros. They ruffled me:
But that I could endure, and tire 'em too,
Would they proceed no further.
Ars. Oh, my sister!
Eros. My queen, my mistress!
Ars. Can you stand unmoved,
When an earthquake of rebellion shakes the city,
And the court trembles?
Cleo. Yes, Arsinoë,
And with a masculine constancy deride
Fortune's worst malice, as a servant to
My virtues, not a mistress: Then we forsake
The strong fort of ourselves, when we once yield,
Or shrink at her assaults; I am still myself,
And though disrobed of sovereignty, and ravish'd
Of ceremonious duty that attends it:

Nay, grant they had slaved my body, my free mind,
Like to the palm-tree walling fruitful Nile,
Shall grow up straighter, and enlarge itself,
'Spite of the envious weight that loads it with.
Think of thy birth, Arsinoë; common burthens
Fit common shoulders: Teach the multitude,
By suffering nobly what they fear to touch at,
The greatness of thy mind does soar a pitch
Their dim eyes, darken'd by their narrow souls,
Cannot arrive at.

Ars. I am new created,
And owe this second being to you, best sister,
For now I feel you have infused into me
Part of your fortitude.

Eros. I still am fearful:
I dare not tell a lie: You, that were born
Daughters and sisters unto kings, may nourish
Great thoughts, which I, that am your humble handmaid,
Must not presume to rival.

Cleo. Yet, my Eros,
Though thou hast profited nothing by observing
The whole course of my life, learn in my death,
Though not to equal, yet to imitate,
Thy fearless mistress.

Enter PHOTINUS, *with* Soldiers.

Eros. Oh, a man in arms!
His weapon drawn too!

Cleo. Though upon the point
Death sate, I'll meet it, and out-dare the danger.

Pho. Keep the watch strong; and guard the passage sure
That leads unto the sea.

Cleo. What sea of rudeness
Breaks in upon us? or what subject's breath
Dare raise a storm, when we command a calm?
Are duty and obedience fled to Heaven,
And, in their room, ambition and pride
Sent into Egypt? That face speaks thee, Photinus,
A thing thy mother brought into the world
My brother's and my slave! But thy behaviour,
Opposed to that, an insolent intruder
Upon that sovereignty thou should'st bow to!
If in the gulph of base ingratitude,
All loyalty to Ptolemy the king
Be swallow'd up, remember who I am,
Whose daughter, and whose sister; or, suppose
That is forgot too, let the name of Cæsar
(Which nations quake at) stop thy desperate madness
From running headlong on to thy confusion.
Throw from thee quickly those rebellious arms,
And let me read submission in thine eyes;
Thy wrongs to us we will not only pardon,
But be a ready advocate to plead for thee
To Cæsar and my brother.

Pho. Plead my pardon?
To you I bow; but scorn as much to stoop thus
To Ptolemy, to Cæsar, nay the gods,
As to put off the figure of a man,
And change my essence with a sensual beast:
All my designs, my counsels, and dark ends,
Were aim'd to purchase you.

Cleo. How durst thou, being
The scorn of baseness, nourish such a thought!

Pho. They that have power are royal; and those base
That live at the devotion of another.
What birth gave Ptolemy, or fortune Cæsar,
By engines fashion'd in this Protean anvil,
I have made mine; and only stoop at you,
Whom I would still preserve free, to command me.
For Cæsar's frowns, they are below my thoughts;
And, but in these fair eyes I still have read
The story of a supreme monarchy,
To which all hearts, with mine, gladly pay tribute,
Photinus' name had long since been as great
As Ptolemy's e'er was, or Cæsar's is.
This made me, as a weaker tie, to unloose
The knot of loyalty, that chain'd my freedom,
And slight the fear that Cæsar's threats might cause;
That I and they might see no sun appear,
But Cleopatra in the Egyptian sphere.

Cleo. Oh, giant-like ambition, married to
Cymmerian darkness! Inconsiderate fool!
Though flatter'd with self-love, could'st thou believe,
Were all crowns on the earth made into one,
And that, by kings, set on thy head; all sceptres
Within thy grasp, and laid down at my feet,
I would vouchsafe a kiss to a no-man?
A gelded eunuch?

Pho. Fairest, that makes for me,
And shews it is no sensual appetite,
But true love to the greatness of thy spirit,
That, when that you are mine, shall yield me pleasures
Hymen, though blessing a new-married pair,
Shall blush to think on, and our certain issue,
The glorious splendour of dread majesty;
Whose beams shall dazzle Rome, and awe the world.
My wants in that kind others shall supply,
And I give way to it.

Cleo. Baser than thy birth!
Can there be gods, and hear this, and no thunder
Ram thee into the earth?

Pho. They are asleep,
And cannot hear thee: Or, with open eyes
Did Jove look on us, I would laugh and swear
That his artillery is cloy'd by me:
Or if that they have power to hurt, his bolts
Are in my hand.

Cleo. Most impious!

Pho. They are dreams
Religious fools shake at. Yet to assure thee,
If Nemesis, that scourges pride and scorn,
Be any thing but a name, she lives in me;
For, by myself (an oath to me more dreadful
Than Styx is to your gods) weak Ptolemy dead,
And Cæsar, both being in my toil, removed,
The poorest rascals that are in my camp
Shall, in my presence, quench their lustful heat
In thee, and young Arsincë, while I laugh
To hear you howl in vain. I deride those gods,
That you think can protect you!

Cleo. To prevent thee,
In that I am the mistress of my fate:
So hope I of my sister: To confirm it,
I spit at thee, and scorn thee!

Pho. I will tame
That haughty courage, and make it stoop too.

Cleo. Never!
I was born to command, and I will die so.

Enter ACHILLAS *and* Soldiers, *with the body of* PTOLEMY.

Pho. The king dead? This is a fair entrance to
Our future happiness.

Ars. Oh, my dear brother!

Cleo. Weep not, Arsinoë, (common women do so,)
Nor lose a tear for him; it cannot help him;
But study to die nobly.
Pho. Cæsar fled?
'Tis deadly aconite to my cold heart;
It choaks my vital spirits! Where was your care?
Did the guards sleep?
Achil. He roused them with his sword;
(We talk of Mars, but I am sure his courage
Admits of no comparison but itself!)
And, as inspired by him, his following friends,
With such a confidence as young eaglets prey
Under the large wing of their fiercer dam,
Brake through our troops, and scatter'd 'em. He went on,
But still pursued by us: When on the sudden
He turn'd his head, and from his eyes flew terror,
Which struck in us no less fear and amazement
Than if we had encountered with the lightning
Hurl'd from Jove's cloudy brow.
Cleo. 'Twas like my Cæsar!
Achil. We fallen back, he made on: and, as our fear
Had parted from us with his dreadful looks,
Again we follow'd: But, got near the sea,
On which his navy anchor'd, in one hand
Holding a scroll he had above the waves,
And in the other grasping fast his sword,
As it had been a trident forged by Vulcan
To calm the raging ocean, he made a way,
As if he had been Neptune; his friends, like
So many Tritons, follow'd, their bold shouts
Yielding a cheerful music. We shower'd darts
Upon them, but in vain; they reach'd their ships
And in their safety we are sunk; for Cæsar
Prepares for war.
Pho. How fell the king?
Achil. Unable
To follow Cæsar, he was trod to death
By the pursuers, and with him the priest
Of Isis, good Achoreus.
Ars. May the earth
Lie gently on their ashes!
Pho. I feel now,
That there are powers above us; and that 'tis not
Within the searching policies of man
To alter their decrees.
Cleo. I laugh at thee!
Where are thy threats now, fool? thy scoffs, and scorns
Against the gods? I see calamity
Is the best mistress of religion,
And can convert an atheist. [Shout within.
Pho. Oh, they come!
Mountains fall on me! Oh, for him to die
That placed his heaven on earth, is an assurance
Of his descent to hell! Where shall I hide me?
The greatest daring to a man dishonest,
Is but a bastard courage, ever fainting. [Exit.

Enter Cæsar, Sceva, Antony, *and* Dolabella.

Cæsar. Look on your Cæsar! banish fear, my fairest;
You now are safe!
Sce. By Venus, not a kiss
Till our work be done! The traitors once dispatch'd
To it, and we'll cry aim!
Cæsar. I will be speedy.
[*Exeunt* Cæsar *and train.*
Cleo. Farewell again!—Arsinoë! How now, Eros?
Ever faint-hearted?
Eros. But that I am assured
Your excellency can command the general,
I fear the soldiers, for they look as if
They would be nibbling too.
Cleo. He is all honour;
Nor do I now repent me of my favours,
Nor can I think Nature e'er made a woman,
That in her prime deserved him.

Enter Cæsar, Sceva, Antony, Dolabella, *and* Soldiers, *with the Heads of* Photinus *and* Achillas.

Ars. He's come back.
Cæsar. Pursue no farther; curb the soldiers' fury!—
See, beauteous mistress, their accursed heads,
That did conspire against us.
Sce. Furies plague 'em!
They had too fair an end, to die like soldiers:
Pompey fell by the sword; the cross or halter
Should have dispatch'd them.
Cæsar. All is but death, good Sceva;
Be therefore satisfied.—And now, my dearest,
Look upon Cæsar, as he still appear'd,
A conqueror! And, this unfortunate king
Entomb'd with honour, we'll to Rome, where Cæsar
Will shew he can give kingdoms; for the senate,
Thy brother dead, shall willingly decree
The crown of Egypt, that was his, to thee. [*Exeunt.*

EPILOGUE.

I now should wish another had my place,
But that I hope to come off, and with grace:
And, but express some sign that you are pleased,
We of our doubts, they of their fears, are eased.
I would beg further, gentlemen, and much say
I' th' favour of ourselves, them, and the play,
Did I not rest assured, the most I see
Hate impudence, and cherish modesty.

THE LITTLE FRENCH LAWYER.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

DINANT, *a Gentleman that formerly loved, and still pretends to love* LAMIRA.
CLERMONT, *a merry Gentleman, his Friend.*
CHAMPERNEL, *a Lame Old Gentleman, Husband to* LAMIRA.
VERTAIGNE, *a Nobleman and a Judge.*
BEAUPRE, *Son to* VERTAIGNE.
VERDONE, *Nephew to* CHAMPERNEL.
LA WRIT, *a Wrangling Advocate, or the* LITTLE LAWYER.
SAMPSON, *a Foolish Advocate, Kinsman to* VERTAIGNE.
Provost.
Gentlemen.
Clients.
Servants.

LAMIRA, *Wife to* CHAMPERNEL, *and Daughter to* VERTAIGNE.
ANABELL, *Niece to* CHAMPERNEL.
Nurse *to* LAMIRA.
CHARLOTTE, *Waiting-Gentlewoman to* LAMIRA.

SCENE,—PARIS, AND THE ADJACENT COUNTRY.

PROLOGUE.

To promise much before a play begin,
And when 'tis done ask pardon, were a sin
We'll not be guilty of! and to excuse
Before we know a fault, were to abuse
The writers and ourselves: For I dare say
We all are fool'd if this be not a play.
And such a play as shall (so should plays do)
Imp Time's dull wings, and make you merry too.
'Twas to that purpose writ, so we intend it;
And we have our wish'd ends, if you commend it.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—PARIS. *A Street.*

Enter DINANT *and* CLERMONT.

Din. Dissuade me not.
Cler. 'Twill breed a brawl!
Din. I care not;
I wear a sword!
Cler. And wear discretion with it,
Or cast it off; let that direct your arm;
'Tis madness else, not valour, and more base
Than to receive a wrong.
Din. Why, would you have me
Sit down with a disgrace, and thank the doer?
We are not stoicks, and that passive courage
Is only now commendable in lacquies,
Peasants, and tradesmen, not in men of rank
And quality, as I am.
Cler. Do not cherish
That daring vice, for which the whole age suffers.
The blood of our bold youth, that heretofore
Was spent in honourable action,
Or to defend or to enlarge the kingdom,
For the honour of our country, and our prince,
Pours itself out with prodigal expence
Upon our mother's lap, the earth that bred us,
For every trifle. And these private duels,
Which had their first original from the French,
And for which, to this day, we are justly censured,
Are banish'd from all civil governments:
Scarce three in Venice, in as many years;
In Florence they are rarer; and in all
The fair dominions of the Spanish king,
They are never heard of. Nay, those neighbour
Which gladly imitate our other follies, [countries,
And come at a dear rate to buy them of us,
Begin now to detest them.
Din. Will you end yet?
Cler. And I have heard that some of our late
For the lie, wearing of a mistress' favour, [kings,
A cheat at cards or dice, and such like causes,
Have lost us many gallant gentlemen,
As might have met the Great Turk in the field,
With confidence of a glorious victory:
And shall we then——

Din. No more, for shame, no more!
Are you become a patron too? 'Tis a new one,
No more on't, burn it, give it to some orator,
To help him to enlarge his exercise:
With such a one it might do well, and profit
The curate of the parish; but for Cleremont,
The bold and undertaking Cleremont,
To talk thus to his friend, his friend that knows him,
Dinant that knows his Cleremont, is absurd,
And mere apocrypha.
Cler. Why, what know you of me? [thee,
Din. Why, if thou hast forgot thyself, I'll tell
And not look back, to speak of what thou wert
At fifteen, for at those years I have heard
Thou wast flesh'd, and enter'd bravely.
Cler. Well, sir, well?
Din. But yesterday thou wast the common second
Of all that only knew thee; thou hadst bills
Set up on every post to give thee notice
Where any difference was, and who were parties.
And as, to save the charges of the law,
Poor men seek arbitrators, thou wert chosen
By such as knew thee not, to compound quarrels:
But thou wert so delighted with the sport,
That if there were no just cause, thou wouldst make one,
Or be engaged thyself. This goodly calling [died
Thou hast follow'd five-and-twenty years, and stu-
The criticisms of contentions; and art thou
In so few hours transform'd? Certain, this night
Thou hast had strange dreams, or rather visions.
Cler. Yes, sir,
I have seen fools and fighters chain'd together,
And the fighters had the upper hand, and whipp'd first,
The poor sots laughing at 'em. What I have been
It skills not; what I will be is resolved on.
Din. Why, then you'll fight no more?
Cler. Such is my purpose.
Din. On no occasion?
Cler. There you stagger me.
Some kind of wrongs there are, which flesh and
Cannot endure. [blood
Din. Thou would'st not willingly
Live a protested coward, or be call'd one?
Cler. Words are but words.
Din. Nor wouldst thou take a blow?
Cler. Not from my friend, though drunk; and
I think much less. [from an enemy,
Din. There's some hope of thee left then.
Wouldst thou hear me behind my back disgraced?
Cler. Do you think I am a rogue? They that
Had better been born dumb. [should do it
Din. Or in thy presence,
See me o'er-charged with odds?
Cler. I'd fall myself first.
Din. Wouldst thou endure thy mistress be ta'en
And thou sit quiet? [from thee,
Cler. There you touch my honour;
No Frenchman can endure that.
Din. Plague upon thee!
Why dost thou talk of peace then, that darest suffer
Nothing, or in thyself, or in thy friend,
That is unmanly?
Cler. That, I grant, I cannot:
But I'll not quarrel with this gentleman
For wearing stammel breeches; or this gamester
For playing a thousand pounds, that owes me no-
For this man's taking up a common wench [thing;
In rags, and lousy, then maintaining her
Caroch'd, in cloth of tissue; nor five hundred
Of such-like toys, that at no part concern me.
Marry, where my honour, or my friend's is ques-
I have a sword, and I think I may use it [tion'd,
To the cutting of a rascal's throat, or so,
Like a good Christian.
Din. Thou'rt of a fine religion;
And, rather than we'll make a schism in friendship,
I will be of it.—But, to be serious,
Thou art acquainted with my tedious love-suit
To fair Lamira?
Cler. Too well, sir, and remember
Your presents, courtship—that's too good a name—
Your slave-like services; your morning music,
Your walking three hours in the rain at midnight
To see her at her window, sometimes laugh'd at,
Sometimes admitted, and vouchsafed to kiss
Her glove, her skirt, nay, I have heard, her slippers;
How then you triumph'd! Here was love forsooth.
Din. These follies I deny not;
Such a contemptible thing my dotage made me:
But my reward for this——
Cler. As you deserved;
For he that makes a goddess of a puppet,
Merits no other recompense.
Din. This day, friend,
For thou art so——
Cler. I am no flatterer.
Din. This proud ingrateful she is married to
Lame Champernel.
Cler. I know him; he has been
As tall a seaman, and has thrived as well by't,
(The loss of a leg and an arm deducted) as any
That ever put from Marseilles. You are tame;
Plague on't, it mads me! If it were my case,
I should kill all the family.
Din. Yet, but now
You did preach patience.
Cler. I then came from confession;
And 'twas enjoin'd me three hours, for a penance,
To be a peaceable man, and to talk like one;
But now, all else being pardon'd, I begin
On a new tally. 'Foot, do anything,
I'll second you.
Din. I would not willingly
Make red my yet-white conscience; yet I purpose,
I' th' open street, as they come from the temple,
(For this way they must pass) to speak my wrongs,
And do it boldly. [*Music plays.*
Cler. Were thy tongue a cannon,
I would stand by thee, boy. They come; upon 'em!
Din. Observe a little first.
Cler. This is a fine fiddling.

Enter VERTAIGNE, CHAMPERNEL, LAMIRA, Nurse, BEAUPRE, *and* VERDONE; Musicians.

An Epithalamion Song at the Wedding.

Come away; bring on the bride,
And place her by her lover's side.
You fair troop of maids attend her,
Pure and holy thoughts befriend her.
Blush, and wish, you virgins all,
Many such fair nights may fall.

Chorus. Hymen fill the house with joy,
All thy sacred fires employ:
Bless the bed with holy love,
Now, fair orb of beauty, move.

Din. Stand by, for I will be heard.
Vert. This is strange rudeness!

Din. 'Tis courtship, balanced with [my] injuries!
You all look pale with guilt, but I will dye
Your cheeks with blushes, if in your sear'd veins
There yet remain so much of honest blood
To make the colour. First, to you, my lord,
The father of this bride, whom you have sent
Alive into her grave.
Champ. How! to her grave?
Din. Be patient, sir; I'll speak of you anon.—
You that allowed me liberal access,
To make my way with service, and approved of
My birth, my person, years, and no base fortune;
You that are rich, and, but in this, held wise too;
That as a father should have look'd upon
Your daughter in a husband, and aim'd more
At what her youth and heat of blood required
In lawful pleasures, than the parting from
Your crowns to pay her dower; you that already
Have one foot in the grave, yet study profit,
As if you were assured to live here ever;
What poor end had you in this choice? In what
Deserve I your contempt? My house, and honours,
At all parts equal yours, my fame as fair,
And, not to praise myself, the city ranks me
In the first file of her most hopeful gentry.
But Champernel is rich, and needs a nurse,
And not your gold; and, add to that, he's old too,
His whole estate in likelihood to descend
Upon your family: Here was providence,
I grant, but, in a nobleman, base thrift.
No merchants, nay, no pirates, sell for bondmen
Their countrymen; but you, a gentleman,
To save a little gold, have sold your daughter
To worse than slavery.
Cler. This was spoke home indeed.
Beau. Sir, I shall take some other time to tell
That this harsh language was delivered to [you,
An old man, but my father.
Din. At your pleasure.
Cler. Proceed in your design; let me alone
To answer him, or any man.
Verdone. You presume
Too much upon your name, but may be cozen'd.
Din. But for you, most unmindful of my service,
(For now I may upbraid you, and with honour,
Since all is lost; and yet I am a gainer,
In being deliver'd from a torment in you,
For such you must have been) you, to whom nature
Gave with a liberal hand most excellent form;
Your education, language, and discourse,
And judgment to distinguish; when you shall
With feeling sorrow understand how wretched
And miserable you have made yourself,
And but yourself have nothing to accuse,
Can you with hope from any beg compassion?
But you will say, you served your father's pleasure,
Forgetting that unjust commands of parents
Are not to be obey'd; or, that you are rich,
And that to wealth all pleasures else are servants:
Yet, but consider how this wealth was purchased,
'Twill trouble the possession.
Champ. You, sir, know
I got it, and with honour.
Din. But from whom?
Remember that, and how! You'll come indeed
To houses bravely furnish'd, but demanding
Where it was bought, this soldier will not lie,
But answer truly, "This rich cloth of arras
I made my prize in such a ship; this plate
Was my share in another; these fair jewels,
Coming ashore, I got in such a village,
The maid, or matron kill'd, from whom they were ravish'd.
The wines you drink are guilty too; for this,
This Candy wine, three merchants were undone;
These suckets break as many more." In brief,
All you shall wear, or touch, or see, is purchased
By lawless force, and you but revel in
The tears and groans of such as were the owners.
Champ. 'Tis false, most basely false!
Vert. Let losers talk.
Din. Lastly, those joys, those best of joys, which
Freely bestows on such that come to tie [Hymen
The sacred knot he blesses, won unto it
By equal love, and mutual affection,
Not blindly led with the desire of riches,
Most miserable, you shall never taste of!
This marriage-night you'll meet a widow's bed,
Or, failing of those pleasures all brides look for,
Sin in your wish it were so!
Champ. Thou'rt a villain,
A base, malicious slanderer!
Cler. Strike him.
Din. No, he's not worth a blow.
Champ. Oh, that I had thee
In some close vault, that only would yield room
To me to use my sword, to thee no hope
To run away, I would make thee on thy knees
Bite out the tongue that wrong'd me!
Vert. Pray you have patience.
Lam. This day I am to be your sovereign;
Let me command you.
Champ. I am lost with rage,
And know not what I am myself, nor you.
Away! dare such as you, that love the smoke
Of peace, more than the fire of glorious war,
And, like unprofitable drones, feed on
Your grandsires' labours, (that, as I am now,
Were gathering-bees, and fill'd their hive, this country,
With brave triumphant spoils) censure our actions?
You object my prizes to me: Had you seen
The horror of a sea-fight, with what danger
I made them mine; the fire I fearless fought in,
And quench'd it in mine enemies' blood, which straight
Like oil pour'd out on't, made it burn anew;
My deck blown up, with noise enough to mock
The loudest thunder, and the desperate fools
That boarded me, sent, to defy the tempests
That were against me, to the angry sea,
Frighted with men thrown o'er; no victory,
But in despite of the four elements,
The fire, the air, the sea, and sands hid in it,
To be achieved; you would confess, poor men,
(Though hopeless such an honourable way
To get or wealth or honour in yourselves)
He that through all these dreadful passages
Pursued and overtook them, unaffrighted,
Deserves reward, and not to have it styled
By the base name of theft.
Din. This is the courtship
That you must look for, madam.
Cler. 'Twill do well,
When nothing can be done, to spend the night with.
Your tongue is sound, good lord; and I could wish
For this young lady's sake, this leg, this arm,
And there is something else, I will not name,

(Though 'tis the only thing that must content her)
Had the same vigour.
Champ. You shall buy these scoffs [*Draws.*
With your best blood! Help me once, noble anger!
Nay, stir not; I alone must right myself,
And with one leg transport me, to correct
These scandalous praters! Oh, that noble wounds
[*Falls; they laugh.*
Should hinder just revenge! D'ye jeer me too?
I got these, not as you do your diseases,
In brothels, or with riotous abuse
Of wine in taverns; I have one leg shot,
One arm disabled, and am honour'd more
By losing them, as I did, in the face
Of a brave enemy, than if they were
As when I put to sea. You are Frenchmen only,
In that you have been laid, and cured. Go to!
You mock my leg, but every bone about you
Makes you good almanack-makers, to foretell
What weather we shall have.
Din. Put up your sword.
Cler. Or turn it to a crutch; there it may be
And live on the relation to your wife [useful;
Of what a brave man you were once.
Din. And tell her
What a fine virtue 'tis in a young lady
To give an old man pap.
Cler. Or hire a surgeon
To teach her to roll up your broken limbs.
Din. To make a poultice, and endure the scent
Of oils, and nasty plasters. [CHAMPERNEL *weeps.*
Vert. Fy, sir, fy!
You that have stood all dangers, of all kinds,
To yield to a rival's scoff?
Lam. Shed tears upon
Your wedding-day?—This is unmanly, gentlemen.
Cham. They are tears of anger. Oh, that I should live
To play the woman thus! All-powerful Heaven,
Restore me, but one hour, that strength again
That I had once, to chastise in these men
Their follies and ill manners; and that done,
When you please, I'll yield up the fort of life,
And do it gladly.
Cler. We ha' the better of him,
We ha' made him cry.
Verdone. You shall have satisfaction:
And I will do it nobly, or disclaim me.
Beau. I say no more; you have a brother, sister:
This is your wedding-day, we are in the street,
And howsoever they forget their honour,
'Tis fit I lose not mine, by their example.
Vert. If there be laws in Paris, look to answer
This insolent affront.
Cler. You that live by them,
Study 'em, for Heaven's sake! For my part, I know not,
Nor care not, what they are. Is there aught else
That you would say?
Din. Nothing; I have my ends.
Lamira weeps; I have said too much I fear!
So dearly once I loved her, that I cannot
Endure to see her tears.
[*Exeunt* DINANT *and* CLERMONT.
Champ. See you perform it,
And do it like my nephew.
Verdone. If I fail in't,
Never know me more. Cousin Beaupré!
[*They speak apart.*
Champ. Repent not
What thou hast done, my life; thou shalt not find
I am decrepid; in my love and service,
I will be young, and constant; and believe me,
(For thou shalt find it true, in scorn of all
The scandals these rude men have thrown upon me
I'll meet thy pleasures with a young man's ardour.
And in all circumstances of a husband
Perform my parts.
Lam. Good sir, I am your servant;
And 'tis too late now, if I did repent,
(Which, as I am a virgin yet, I do not)
To undo the knot, that by the church is tied.
Only I would beseech you, as you have
A good opinion of me, and my virtues,
For so you have pleased to style my innocent weakness,
That what hath pass'd between Dinant and me,
Or what now in your hearing he hath spoken,
Beget not doubts or fears.
Champ. I apprehend you;
You think I will be jealous: As I live,
Thou art mistaken, sweet! and, to confirm it,
Discourse with whom thou wilt, ride where thou [wilt.
Feast whom thou wilt, as often as thou wilt;
For I will have no other guards upon thee
Than thine own thoughts.
Lam. I'll use this liberty
With moderation, sir.
Beau. [*To* VERDONE.] I am resolved.
Steal off; I'll follow you.
Champ. Come, sir, you droop:
Till you find cause, which I shall never give,
Dislike not of your son-in-law.
Vert. Sir, you teach me
The language I should use: I am most happy
In being so near you. [*Exeunt* VERDONE *and* BEAUPRE.
Lam. Oh, my fears! Good nurse,
Follow my brother unobserved, and learn
Which way he takes.
Nurse. I will be careful, madam. [*Exit.*
Champ. Between us compliments are superfluous.
On, gentlemen! The affront we have met here
We'll think upon hereafter; 'twere unfit
To cherish any thought to breed unrest,
Or to ourselves, or to our nuptial feast. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*The Apartments of* DINANT.

Enter DINANT *and* CLERMONT.

Cler. We shall have sport, ne'er fear't.
Din. What sport, I pr'ythee?
Cler. Why, we must fight; I know it, and long [for't;
It was apparent in the fiery eye
Of young Verdone; Beaupré look'd pale and shook too,
Familiar signs of anger. They're both brave fellows.
Tried and approved, and I am proud to encounter
With men, from whom no honour can be lost;
They will play up to a man, and set him off.
Whene'er I go to th' field, Heaven keep me from
The meeting of an unflesh'd youth or coward!
The first, to get a name, comes on too hot;
The coward is so swift in giving ground,
There is no overtaking him without
A hunting nag, well breath'd too.
Din. All this while,
You ne'er think on the danger.

Cler. Why, 'tis no more
Than meeting of a dozen friends at supper, [for,
And drinking hard; mischief comes there unlook'd
I'm sure as sudden, and strikes home as often;
For this we are prepared.
Din. Lamira loves
Her brother Beaupré dearly.
Cler. What of that?
Din. And should he call me to account for what
But now I spake, (nor can I with mine honour
Recant my words,) that little hope is left me,
E'er to enjoy what, next to Heaven, I long for,
Is taken from me.
Cler. Why, what can you hope for,
She being now married?
Din. Oh, my Cleremont!
To you all secrets of my heart lie open,
And I rest most secure that whatsoe'er
I lock up there, is as a private thought,
And will no further wrong me. I am a Frenchman,
And for the greater part we are born courtiers;
She is a woman, and however yet
No heat of service had the power to melt
Her frozen chastity, time and opportunity
May work her to my ends; I confess ill ones,
And yet I must pursue 'em. Now her marriage,
In probability, will no way hurt,
But rather help me.
Cler. Sits the wind there! Pray you tell me
How far off dwells your love from lust?
Din. Too near:
But pr'ythee chide me not.
Cler. Not I; go on, boy!
I have faults myself, and will not reprehend
A crime I am not free from. For her marriage,
I do esteem it (and most bachelors are
Of my opinion) as a fair protection,
To play the wanton without loss of honour.
Din. Would she make use of't so, I were most happy.
Cler. No more of this. Judge now, whether I [have
The gift of prophecy.

Enter Beaupre *and* Verdone.

Beau. Monsieur Dinant,
I am glad to find you, sir.
Din. I am at your service.
Verdone. Good monsieur Cleremont, I have [longwish'd
To be known better to you.
Cler. My desires
Embrace your wishes, sir.
Beau. Sir, I have ever
Esteem'd you truly noble, and profess
I should have been most proud to have had the honour
To call you brother, but my father's pleasure
Denied that happiness. I know, no man lives
That can command his passions; and therefore
Dare not condemn the late intemperate language
Ye were pleased to use to my father and my sister:
He's old, and she a woman; I most sorry
My honour does compel me to entreat you
To do me the favour, with your sword, to meet me,
A mile without the city.
Din. You much honour me
In the demand; I ll gladly wait upon you.
Beau. Oh, sir, you teach me what to say. The [time?
Din. With the next sun, if you think fit.
Beau. The place? [city.
Din. Near to the vineyard, eastward from the
Beau. I like it well. This gentleman, if you [please,
Will keep me company.
Cler. That is agreed on;
And in my friend's behalf I will attend him.
Verdone. You shall not miss my service.
Beau. Good day, gentlemen!
Din. At your commandment.
Cler. Proud to be your servants.

[*Exeunt* Beaupre *and* Verdone.

I think there is no nation under Heaven
That cut their enemies' throats with compliment,
And such fine tricks, as we do. If you have
Any few prayers to say, this night you may
Call 'em to mind, and use 'em; for myself,
As I have little to lose, my care is less;
So, till to-morrow morning, I bequeath you
To your devotions, and those paid, but use
That noble courage I have seen, and we
Shall fight, as in a castle.
Din. Thou art all honour;
Thy resolution would steel a coward,
And I most fortunate in such a friend,
All tenderness and nice respect of woman
Be now far from me! Reputation, take
A full possession of my heart, and prove
Honour the first place holds, the second love!
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*A Room in the House of* Champernel.

Enter Lamira *and* Charlotte.

Lam. Sleeps my lord still, Charlotte?
Char. Not to be waked.
By your ladyship's cheerful looks, I well perceive
That this night the good lord hath been
At an unusual service; and no wonder
If he rests after it.
Lam. You are very bold.
Char. Your creature, madam, and, when you are pleased,
Sadness to me's a stranger. Your good pardon
If I speak like a fool; I could have wish'd
To have ta'en your place to-night, had bold Dinant,
Your first and most obsequious servant, tasted
Those delicates, which, by his lethargy,
As it appears, have cloy'd my lord.
Lam. No more!
Char. I am silenced, madam.
Lam. Saw you my nurse this morning?
Char. No, madam.
Lam. I am full of fears. Who's that?
[*Knock within.*
Char. She you inquired for.
Lam. Bring her in, and leave me.
[*Exit* Charlotte.

Enter Nurse.

Now, nurse, what news?
Nurse. Oh, lady, dreadful ones!
They are to fight this morning; there's no remedy.
I saw my lord your brother, and Verdone,
Take horse as I came by.
Lam. Where's Cleremont?
Nurse. I met him too, and mounted.
Lam. Where's Dinant?
Nurse. There's all the hope; I have staid him
If I have done well, so. [with a trick,
Lam. What trick?

Nurse. I told him,
Your ladyship laid your command upon him
To attend you presently; and, to confirm it,
Gave him the ring he oft hath seen you wear,
That you bestow'd on me. He waits without
Disguised, and if you have that power in him,
As I presume you have, it is in you
To stay or alter him.
Lam. Have you learnt the place
Where they are to encounter?
Nurse. Yes, 'tis where
The duke of Burgundy met Lewis Eleventh.
Lam. Enough; I will reward thee liberally.
[*Exit* Nurse.
Go, bring him in.—Full dear I loved Dinant,
While it was lawful, but those fires are quench'd,
I being now another's. Truth, forgive me,
And let dissimulation be no crime,
Though most unwillingly I put it on,
To guard a brother's safety!

Enter Dinant.

Din. Now, your pleasure.
Though ill you have deserved it, you perceive
I am still your fool, and cannot but obey
Whatever you command.
Lam. You speak as if
You did repent it; and 'tis not worth my thanks then:
But there has been a time, in which you would
Receive this as a favour.
Din. Hope was left then
Of recompense.
Lam. Why, I am still Lamira,
And you Dinant, and 'tis yet in my power
(I dare not say I'll put it into act)
To reward your love and service.
Din. There's some comfort.
Lam. But think not that so low I prize my fame,
To give it up to any man that refuses
To buy it; or with danger of performance
Of what I shall enjoin him——
Din. Name that danger,
(Be it of what horrid shape soever, lady,)
Which I will shrink it; only, at this instant,
Be speedy in't.
Lam. I'll put you to the trial:
You shall not fight to-day, (do you start at that?)
Not with my brother. I have heard your difference;
Mine is no Helen's beauty, to be purchased
With blood, and so defended: If you look for
Favours from me, deserve them with obedience;
There's no way else to gain 'em.
Din. You command
What with mine honour I cannot obey,
Which lies at pawn against it, and a friend
Equally dear as that, or life, engaged,
Not for himself, but me.
Lam. Why, foolish man,
Dare you solicit me to serve your lust,
In which not only I abuse my lord,
My father, and my family, but write whore,
Though not upon my forehead, in my conscience,
To be read hourly, and yet name your honours?
Yours suffers but in circumstance; mine in substance.
If you obey me, you part with some credit;
From whom? the giddy multitude: But mankind
Will censure me, and justly.
Din. I will lose
What most I do desire, rather than hazard
So dear a friend, or write myself a coward:
'Tis better be no man.
Lam. [*Aside.*] This will not do.—
Why, I desire not you should be a coward,
Nor do I weigh my brother's life with yours:
Meet him, fight with him, do, and kill him fairly:
Let me not suffer for you, I am careless.
Din. Suffer for me?
Lam. For you; my kindness to you
Already brands me with a strumpet's name.
Din. Oh, that I knew the wretch!
Lam. I will not name him,
Nor give you any character to know him;
But if you dare, and instantly, ride forth
At the west port of the city, and defend there
My reputation against all you meet,
For two hours only, I'll not swear, Dinant,
To satisfy, though sure I think I shall,
Whatever you desire. If you deny this,
Be desperate; for willingly, by this light,
I'll never see thee more.
Din. Two hours, do you say?
Lam. Only two hours.
Din. I were no gentleman,
Should I make scruple of it. This favour arms me,
And boldly I'll perform it. [*Exit.*
Lam. I am glad on't.
This will prevent their meeting yet, and keep
My brother safe, which was the mark I shot at.
[*Exit.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*A Field before the East Port of the City.*

Enter Cleremont.

Cler. I am first i' th' field, that honour's g
of our side;
Pray Heaven, I may get off as honourably!
The hour is past; I wonder Dinant comes n
This is the place; I cannot see him yet:
It is his quarrel too that brought me hither,
And I ne'er knew him yet but to his honou
A firm and worthy friend; yet I see nothi
Nor horse, nor man: 'Twould vex me to be l

To the mercy
I never knew

We have day enough.—Is't possible he comes not? [*Aside.*
You see I am ready here, and do but stay
Till my friend come! Walk but a turn or two;
'Twill not be long.
Verdone. We came to fight.
Cler. Ye shall fight, gentlemen,
And right enough: But a short turn or two!
I think I see him; set up your watch, we'll fight by it.
Beau. That is not he; we will not be deluded.
Cler. [*Aside.*] Am I bobb'd thus?—Pray take a pipe of tobacco,
Or sing but some new air; by that time, gentlemen—
Verdone. Come, draw your sword; you know the custom here, sir,
First come first served.
Cler. Though it be held a custom,
And practised so, I do not hold it honest.
What honour can you both win on me single?
Beau. Yield up your sword then.
Cler. Yield my sword! that's Hebrew;
I'll be first cut a-pieces. Hold but a while,
I'll take the next that comes.

Enter an Old Gentleman.

You are an old gentleman?
Gent. Yes, indeed am I, sir.
Cler. And wear no sword?
Gent. I need none, sir.
Cler. I would you did, and had one;
I want now such a foolish courtesy.
You see these gentlemen?
Gent. You want a second?
In good faith, sir, I was never handsome at it.
I would you had my son; but he's in Italy.
A proper gentleman.—You may do well, gallants,
If your quarrel be not capital, to have more mercy;
The gentleman may do his country——
Cler. Now I beseech you, sir,
Men dare not fight, do not stay to beg my pardon.
There lies your way.
Gent. Good morrow, gentlemen. [*Exit.*
Verdone. You see your fortune;
You had better yield your sword.
Cler. 'Pray ye stay a little;
Upon mine honesty, you shall be fought with.—

Enter two Gentlemen.

Well, Dinant, well!—These wear swords, and seem brave fellows.—
As you are gentlemen, one of you supply me:
I want a second now, to meet these gallants;
You know what honour is.
1 Gent. Sir, you must pardon us;
We go about the same work you are ready for,
And must fight presently; else we were your servants.
2 Gent. God speed you, and good day! [*Exeunt* Gentlemen.
Cler. Am I thus colted?
Beau. Come, either yield——
Cler. As you are honest gentlemen,
Fear but the next, and then I'll take my fortune;
And if I fight not like a man——Fy, Dinant! [*Aside.*
Cold now and treacherous!
La Writ. [*Within.*] I understand your causes;
Tears about corn, yours about pins and glasses—
Will ye make me mad? have I not all the parcels?
And his petition too, about bell-founding?
Send in your witnesses.—What will ye have me do?
Will you have me break my heart? my brains are melted!

And tell your master, as I am a gentleman,
His cause shall be the first. Commend me to your mistress,
And tell her, if there be an extraordinary feather,
And tall enough for her—I shall dispatch you too,
I know your cause, for transporting of farthingales:
Trouble me no more, I say again to you,
No more vexation!—Bid my wife send me some puddings;
I have a cause to run through requires puddings;
Puddings enough. Farewell!

Enter La Writ.

Cler. God speed you, sir!
Beau. 'Would he would take this fellow!
Verdone. A rare youth.
Cler. If you be not hasty, sir——
La Writ. Yes, I am hasty,
Exceeding hasty, sir; I am going to the parliament;
You understand this bag: If you have any business
Depending there, be short and let me hear it,
And pay your fees.
Cler. 'Faith, sir, I have a business,
But it depends upon no parliament.
La Writ. I have no skill in't then.
Cler. I must desire you;
'Tis a sword matter, sir.
La Writ. I am no cutler,
I am an advocate, sir.
Beau. How the thing looks!
Verdone. When he brings him to fight——
Cler. Be not so hasty;
You wear a good sword.
La Writ. I know not that,
I never drew it yet, or whether it be a sword——
Cler. I must entreat you try, sir, and bear a part
Against these gentlemen; I want a second:
You seem a man, and 'tis a noble office.
La Writ. I am a lawyer, sir, I am no fighter.
Cler. You that breed quarrels, sir, know best to satisfy.
Beau. This is some sport yet.
Verdone. If this fellow should fight.
La Writ. And, for anything I know, I am an arrant coward.
Do not trust me; I think I am a coward.
Cler. Try, try: you are mistaken.—Walk on, gentlemen,
The man shall follow presently.
La Writ. Are ye mad, gentlemen?
My business is within this half-hour.
Cler. That's all one;
We'll despatch within this quarter.—There, in that bottom;
'Tis most convenient, gentlemen.
Beau. Well, we'll wait, sir.
Verdone. Why, this will be a comic fight. You'll follow?
La Writ. As I am a true man, I cannot fight.
Cler. Away, away.—
[*Exeunt* Beaupre *and* Verdone.
I know you can; I like your modesty;
I know you will fight, and so fight, with such mettle,
And with such judgment meet your enemy's fury—
I see it in your eye, sir.
La Writ. I'll be hang'd then;
And I charge you, in the king's name, name no more fighting.
Cler. I charge you, in the king's name, play the man;
Which, if you do not quickly, I begin with you;
I'll make you dance. Do you see your fiddlestick?
Sweet advocate, thou shalt fight.

La Writ. Stand further, gentleman,
Or I'll give you such a dust o' th' chaps——
Cler. Spoke bravely,
And like thyself, a noble advocate!
Come, to thy tools.
La Writ. I do not say I'll fight.
Cler. I say thou shalt, and bravely.
La Writ. If I do fight—
I say, *if* I do, but don't depend upon't—
(And yet I have a foolish itch upon me)—
What shall become of my writings?
Cler. Let 'em lie by;
They will not run away, man.
La Writ. I may be kill'd too,
And where are all my causes then? my business?
I will not fight: I cannot fight. My causes——
Cler. Thou shalt fight, if thou hadst a thousand
Thou art a man to fight for any cause, [causes;
And carry it with honour.
La Writ. Hum! say you so? If I should
Be such a coxcomb to prove valiant now!
Cler. I know thou art most valiant.
La Writ. Do you think so?
I am undone for ever, if it prove so,
I tell you that, my honest friend, for ever;
For I shall ne'er leave quarrelling.
How long must we fight? for I cannot stay,
Nor will not stay! I have business.
Cler. We'll do it in a minute, in a moment.
La Writ. Here will I hang my bag then; it may save my belly;
[*Hangs his bag before him.*
I never loved cold iron there.
Cler. You do wisely.
La Writ. Help me to pluck my sword out then; quickly, quickly!
It has not seen sun these ten years.
Cler. How it grumbles!
This sword is vengeance angry.
La Writ. Now I'll put my hat up,
And say my prayers as I go. Away, boy!
If I be kill'd, remember the Little Lawyer!
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*Another part of the same.*

Enter BEAUPRE.

Beau. They are both come on; that may be a stubborn rascal.

Enter LA WRIT.

Take you that ground; I'll stay here. Fight bravely!
La Writ. To't cheerfully, my boys! You'll let's have fair play;
None of your foining tricks.
Beau. Come forward, monsieur!
What hast thou there? a pudding in thy belly?
I shall see what it holds.
La Writ. Put your spoon home then! [*Fight.*
Nay, since I must fight, have at you without wit, sir! [BEAUPRE *hits him on the bag.*
God-a-mercy, bag!
Beau. Nothing but bombast in you?
The rogue winks and fights.
[BEAUPRE *loses his sword;* LA WRIT *treads on it.*
La Writ. Now your fine fencing, sir!
Stand off; thou diest on the point else! I have it,
Yet further off!—I have his sword. [I have it!
[*Calls to* CLEREMONT.
Cler. [*Within.*] Then keep it:
Be sure you keep it!
La Writ. I'll put it in my mouth else.
Stand further off yet, and stand quietly,
And look another way, or I'll be with you!
Is this all! I'll undertake within these two days
To furnish any cutler in this kingdom.
Beau. Pox, what fortune's this! Disarmed by
A snail? a dog? [a puppy?
La Writ. No more o' these words, gentleman!
Sweet gentleman, no more! Do not provoke me!
Go walk i' th' horse-fair; whistle, gentleman.—
What must I do now? [*To* CLEREMONT, *entering.*

Enter CLEREMONT, *pursued by* VERDONE.

Cler. Help me; I am almost breathless.
La Writ. With all my heart. There's a cold pie for you, sir! [*Strikes* CLEREMONT.
Cler. Thou strik'st me, fool!
La Writ. Thou fool, stand further off then.—
Deliver, deliver!
[*Strikes up* VERDONE'S *heels and takes his sword too.*
Cler. Hold fast.
La Writ. I never fail in't.
There's twelve-pence; go, buy you two leaden dagger.
Have I done well? [gers!
Cler. Most like a gentleman.
Beau. And we two basely lost!
Verdone. 'Tis but a fortune.
We shall yet find an hour.
[*Exeunt* BEAUPRE *and* VERDONE, *sad.*
Cler. I shall be glad on't.
La Writ. Where's my cloak, and my trinkets?
Fight any longer for a crash or two? [Or will you
Cler. I am your noble friend, sir.
La Writ. It may be so.
Cler. What honour shall I do you, for this great courtesy?
La Writ. All I desire of you is to take [on't;
The quarrel to yourself, and let me hear no more
(I have no liking to't,—'tis a foolish matter;)
And help me to put up my sword.
Cler. Most willingly.
But I am bound to gratify you, and I must not leave you.
La Writ. I tell you I will not be gratified;
Nor I will hear no more on't. Take the swords too,
And do not anger me, but leave me quietly.
For the matter of honour, 'tis at your own disposure;
And so, and so—— [*Exit* LA WRIT.
Cler. This is a most rare lawyer;
I am sure, most valiant.—Well, Dinant, as you satisfy me—
I say no more. I am loaden like an armourer.
[*Exit with the swords.*

SCENE III.—*Before the West Port of the City.*

Enter DINANT.

Din. To be dispatch'd upon a sleeveless errand!
To leave my friend engaged, mine honour tainted!
These are trim things. I am set here like a perdue,
To watch a fellow that has wrong'd my mistress,
A scurvy fellow that must pass this way;
But what this scurvy fellow is, or whence,
Or whether his name be William, or John,
Or Anthony, or Dick, or anything, I know not;
A scurvy rascally fellow I must aim at;
And there's the office of an ass flung on me.
Sure Cleremont has fought, but how come off?
And what the world shall think of me hereafter!

Well, woman, woman! I must look your rascals,
And lose my reputation. Ye have a fine power over us.
These two long hours I have trotted here, and curiously
Survey'd all goers-by, yet find no rascal,
Nor any face to quarrel with.

LA WRIT *sings within, then enters.*

What's that?
This is a rascally voice; sure it comes this way.
La Writ. *He strook so hard, the bason broke,*
And Tarquin heard the sound.
Din. What mister-thing is this? let me survey it.
La Writ. *And then he struck his neck in two.*
Din. This may be a rascal, but 'tis a mad rascal.
What an alphabet of faces he puts on!
Hey, how it fences! If this should be the rogue—
As 'tis the likeliest rogue I see this day——
La Writ. *Was ever man for lady's sake? Down down!*
Din. And what are you, good sir?—[*Mimicks him.*]—*Down, down, down, down!*
La Writ. What's that to you, good sir?—[*Sings.*] *Down, down!*
Din. A pox on you, good sir! Down, down, down!
You with your buckram bag, what make you here?
And from whence come you?—I could fight with my shadow now.
La Writ. *Thou fierce man, that like*
Sir Lancelot dost appear,
I need not tell thee what I am,
Nor eke what I make here.
Din. This is a precious knave.—Stay, stay, good Tristrem,
And let me ask thy mightiness a question;
Did you ne'er abuse a lady?
La Writ. Not to abuse a lady
Is very hard, sir.
Din. Say you so, sir?
Didst thou never abuse her honour?
La Writ. Not to abuse her honour is impossible.
Din. Certain, this is the rascal. What's thy name?
La Writ. My name is Cock-a-two; use me respectively,
I will be cock of three else.
Din. What's all this?
You say, you did abuse a lady.
La Writ. You lie.
Din. And that you wrong'd her honour.
La Writ. That's two lies.
Speak suddenly, for I am full of business.
Din. What art thou, or what canst thou be, thou peagoose,
That durst give me the lie thus? thou mak'st me wonder.
La Writ. And wonder on, till time makes all this plain.
Din. You must not part so, sir. Art thou a gentleman?
La Writ. Ask those upon whose ruins I am mounted.
Din. This is some Cavaliero Knight o' th' Sun.
La Writ. I tell thee I'm as good a gentleman as the duke.
I have achieved——Go, follow thy business!
Din. But for this lady, sir——

La Writ. Why, hang this lady, sir!
And the lady-mother too, sir! What have I to do with ladies?

Enter CLEREMONT.

Cler. 'Tis the Little Lawyer's voice: Has he
It should be hereabouts. [got my way?
Din. You dry biscuit rogue,
I will so swinge you for this blasphemy!
Have I found you out? [*Draws.*
Cler. That should be Dinant's tongue too.
La Writ. And I defy thee; do thy worst!
Oh, ho, quoth Lancelot though!
And that thou shalt know I am a true gentleman,
And speak according to the phrase triumphant,
Thy lady is a scurvy lady, and a shitten lady,
And, though I never heard of her, a deboshed lady,
And thou a squire of low degree! Will that content thee?
Dost thou way-lay me with ladies?—A pretty sword, sir,
A very pretty sword! I have a great mind to't.
Din. You shall not lose your longing, rogue!
Cler. Hold, hold!
Hold, Dinant, as thou art a gentleman!
La Writ. As much as you will; my hand is in now.
Cler. I am your friend, sir.—Dinant, you draw your sword
Upon the gentleman preserved your honour:
This was my second, and did back me nobly.
For shame, forbear.
Din. I ask your mercy, sir,
And am your servant now.
La Writ. May we not fight then?
Cler. I am sure you shall not now.
La Writ. I am sorry for't;
I am sure I'll stay no longer then, not a jot longer.
Are there any more on ye afore? I will sing still, sir. [*Exit* LA WRIT, *singing.*
Din. I look now you should chide me, and 'tis fit,
And with much bitterness express your anger.
I have deserved: Yet, when you know——
Cler. I thank you!
Do you think that the wrong you have offer'd me,
The most unmanly wrong, unfriendly wrong——
Din. I do confess——
Cler. That boyish sleight——
Din. Not so, sir.
Cler. That poor and base renouncing of your honour,
Can be allay'd with words?
Din. I give you way still.
Cler. Colour'd with smooth excuses? Was it a friend's part,
A gentleman's, a man's that wears a sword,
And stands upon the point of reputation,
To hide his head then, when his honour call'd him;
Call'd him aloud, and led him to his fortune?
To halt, and slip the collar? By my life,
I would have given my life I had never known thee!
Thou hast eaten canker-like into my judgment,
With this disgrace, thy whole life cannot heal again.
Din. This I can suffer too; I find it honest.
Cler. Can you pretend an excuse now may absolve you,
Or anything like honest, to bring you off?
Engage me, like an ass!
Din. Will you but hear me?

Cler. Expose me like a jade, to tug, and hale through
(Laugh'd at, and almost hooted,) your disgraces!
Invite men's swords and angers to dispatch me!
Din. If you will be patient——
Cler. And be abused still! But that I have call'd thee friend,
And to that name allow a sanctuary,
You should hear further from me; I would not talk thus:
But henceforth stand upon your own bottom, sir,
And bear your own abuses: I scorn my sword
Should travel in so poor and empty quarrels.
Din. Ha' you done yet? take your whole swinge of anger;
I'll bear all with content.
Cler. Why were you absent?
Din. You know I am no coward, you have seen that,
And therefore, out of fear forsook you not:
You know I am not false, of a treacherous nature,
Apt to betray my friend; I have fought for you too:
You know no business that concern'd my state,
My kindred, or my life——
Cler. Where was the fault then?
Din. The honour of that lady I adore,
Her credit, and her name: You know she sent for [me,
And with what haste.
Cler. What was he that traduced?
Din. The man i' th' moon, I think; hither I was sent,
But to what end——

Enter Nurse.

Cler. This is a pretty flim-flam!
Nurse. I am glad I have met you, sir; I have been seeking,
And seeking everywhere.
Cler. And now you have found him,
Declare what business, our ambassador.
Nurse. What's that to you, goodman flouter?—Oh, sir, my lady——
Din. Pr'ythee, no more of thy lady; I have too much on't.
Cler. Let me have a little; speak to me.
Nurse. To you, sir?
'Tis more than time!—All occasions set aside, sir,
Or whatsoever may be thought a business——
Din. What then?
Nurse. Repair to me within this hour.
Cler. Where?
Nurse. What's that to you? come you, sir, when you're sent for.
Cler. God-a-mercy, Mumpsimus!—
You may go, Dinant, and follow this old fairy,
Till you have lost yourself, your friends, your credit,
And honey out your youth in rare adventures:
I can but grieve I have known you.
Nurse. Will you go, sir?
I come not often to you with these blessings:
You may believe that thing there, and repent it,
That dogged thing!
Cler. Peace, Touchwood!
Din. I will not go.
Go, bid your lady seek some fool to fawn on her,
Some unexperienced puppy to make sport with;
I have been her mirth too long! Thus I shake from me
The fetters she put on, thus her enchantments
I blow away like wind: No more her beauty——
Nurse. Take heed, sir, what you say.
Cler. Go forward, Dinant.
Din. The charms shot from her eyes——
Nurse. Be wise.
Cler. Be valiant.
Din. That tongue, that tells fair tales to men's destructions,
Shall never rack me more.
Nurse. Stay there.
Cler. Go forward.
Din. I will now hear her, see her, as a woman,
Survey her, and the power man has allow'd her,
As I would do the course of common things,
Unmoved, unstruck.
Cler. Hold there, and I forgive thee.
Din. She is not fair, and that that makes her proud
Is not her own, our eyes bestow it on her;
To touch and kiss her is no blessedness,
A sun-burnt Ethiop's lip's as soft as hers.
Go, bid her stick some other triumph up,
And take into her favour some dull fool,
That has no precious time to lose, no friends,
No honour, nor no life: Like a bold merchant,
A bold and bankrupt man, I have ventured all these,
And split my bottom. Return this answer to her.
I am awake again, and see her mischiefs,
And am not now, on every idle errand,
And new-coin'd anger, to be hurried,
And then despised again; I have forgot her.
Cler. If this be true——
Nurse. I am sorry I have troubled you;
More sorry, that my lady has adventured
So great a favour in so weak a mind.
This hour you have refused that, when you come to know it,
Will run you mad and make you curse that fellow!
She is not fair, nor handsome! so I leave you.
Cler. Stay, lady, stay; but is there such a business?
Nurse. You would break your neck, 'twere [yours.
Cler. My back, you would say.
Nurse. But play the friend's part still, sir, and undo him;
'Tis a fair office.
Din. I have spoke too liberally.
Nurse. I shall deliver what you say. [*Going.*
Cler. You shall be hang'd first;
You would fain be prating now! Take the man with you.
Nurse. Not I; I have no power.
Cler. You may go, Dinant.
Nurse. 'Tis in's own will; I had no further charge, sir,
Than to tell him what I did; which, if I had thought
It should have been received so——
Cler. 'Faith, you may;
You do not know how far it may concern you.
If I perceived any trick in't——
Din. 'Twill end there.
Cler. 'Tis my fault then. There is an hour in fortune,
That must be still observed: You think I'll chide you,
When things must be. Nay, see, an he will hold his head up!

Would such a lady send with such a charge too?
Say she has play'd the fool, play the fool with her again,
The great fool, the greater still the better.—
He shall go with you, woman.
Nurse. As it please him;
I know the way alone else.
Din. Where's your lady?
Nurse. I shall direct you quickly.
Din. Well, I'll go;
But what her wrongs will give me leave to say——
Cler. We'll leave that to yourselves. I shall hear from you?
Din. As soon as I come off.
Cler. Come on then bravely.
Farewell till then, and play the man!
Din. You are merry;
All I expect is scorn.—I'll lead you, lady.
[*Exeunt severally.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*A Hall in the House of* CHAMPERNEL.

Enter CHAMPERNEL, LAMIRA, BEAUPRE, VERDONE, *and* CHARLOTTE.

Beau. We'll venture on him.
Champ. Out of my doors! I charge thee,
See me no more!
Lam. Your nephew?
Champ. I disclaim him;
He has no part in me, nor in my blood.
My brother, that kept fortune bound, and left
Conquest hereditary to his issue,
Could not beget a coward.
Verdone. I fought, sir,
Like a good fellow, and a soldier too;
But men are men, and cannot make their fates:
Ascribe you to my father what you please,
I am born to suffer.
Champ. All disgraces, wretch!
Lam. Good sir, be patient.
Champ. Was there no tree,
(For to fall by a noble enemy's sword
A coward is unworthy) nor no river,
To force thy life out backward, or to drown it,
But that thou must survive thy infamy,
And kill me with the sight of one I hate,
And gladly would forget?
Beau. Sir, his misfortune
Deserves not this reproof.
Champ. In your opinion;
'Tis fit you two should be of one belief.
You are indeed fine gallants, and fight bravely
I' th' city with your tongues, but in the field
Have neither spirit to dare, nor power to do;
Your swords are all lead there.
Beau. I know no duty
(However you may wreak your spleen on him)
That binds me to endure this.
Champ. From Dinant
You'll suffer more! That ever cursed I
Should give my honour up to the defence
Of such a thing as he is! or my lady,
That is all innocent, for whom a dove would
Assume the courage of a daring eagle,
Repose her confidence in one that can
No better guard her! In contempt of you,
I love Dinant, mine enemy, nay, admire him;
His valour claims it from me, and with justice.
He that could fight thus, in a cause not honest,
His sword, edged with defence of right and honour,
Would pierce as deep as lightning, with that speed
And kill as deadly.
Verdone. You are as far from justice, [too,
In him you praise, as equity in the censure
You load me with.
Beau. Dinant? he durst not meet us.
Lam. How! durst not, brother?
Beau. Durst not; I repeat it.
Verdone. Nor was it Cleremont's valour that
I had the better of him. For Dinant, [disarm'd us;
If that might make my peace with you, I dare
Write him a coward upon every post,
And with the hazard of my life defend it.
Lam. If 'twere laid at the stake you'd lose it, nephew.
Champ. Came he not, say you?
Verdone. No; but in his room
There was a devil, hired from some magician,
I' th' shape of an attorney.
Beau. 'Twas he did it.
Verdone. And his the honour.
Beau. I could wish Dinant——
But what talk I of one that stepp'd aside,
And durst not come!
Lam. I am such a friend to truth,
I cannot hear this. Why do you detract
Thus poorly (I should say to others, basely,)
From one of such approved worth?
Champ. Ha! how's this?
Lam. From one so excellent in all that's noble,
Whose only weakness is excess of courage?
That knows no enemies, that he cannot master,
But his affections; and in them, the worst,
His love to me?
Champ. To you?
Lam. Yes, sir, to me:
I dare (for what is that which innocence dares not?)
To you profess it: And he shunn'd the combat
For fear or doubt of these! Blush, and repent
That you in thought e'er did that wrong to valour!
Beau. Why, this is rare.!—
Champ. 'Fore Heaven, exceeding rare!—
Why, modest lady, you that sing such encomiums
Of your first suitor——
Verdone. How can you convince us
In our reports?
Lam. With what you cannot answer:
'Twas my command that staid him.
Champ. Your command?
Lam. Mine, sir; and had my will rank'd with my power
And his obedience, I could have sent him,
With more ease, weaponless, to you, and bound,
Than have kept him back; so well he loves his honour
Beyond his life.
Champ. Better and better still!

Lam. I wrought with him in private, to divert him
From your assured destruction, had he met you.
Champ. In private?
Lam. Yes, and used all arts, all charms,
Of one that knew herself the absolute mistress
Of all his faculties.
Champ. Gave all rewards too
His service could desire? Did not he take
The measure of my sheets?
Lam. Do not look yellow;
I have cause to speak: frowns cannot fright me.
By all my hopes, as I am spotless to you,
If I rest once assured you do but doubt me,
Or curb me of that freedom you once gave me—
Champ. What then?
Lam. I'll not alone abuse your bed, (that's nothing!)
But, to your more vexation, 'tis resolved on,
I'll run away, and then try if Dinant
Have courage to defend me.
Champ. Impudent!
Verdone. And on the sudden——
Beau. How are you transform'd
From what you were!
Lam. I was an innocent virgin,
And I can truly swear, a wife as pure
As ever lay by husband, and will die so,
Let me live unsuspected: I am no servant,
Nor will be used like one! If you desire
To keep me constant, as I would be, let
Trust and belief in you beget and nurse it:
Unnecessary jealousies make more whores,
Than all baits else laid to entrap our frailties.
Beau. There's no contesting with her: From a child,
Once moved, she hardly was to be appeased;
Yet I dare swear her honest.
Champ. So I think too,
On better judgment. I am no Italian,
To lock her up; nor would I be a Dutchman,
To have my wife my sovereign, to command me:
I'll try the gentler way; but if that fail,
Believe it, sir, there's nothing but extremes
Which she must feel from me.
Beau. That as you please, sir.
Char. You have won the breeches, madam! Look up sweetly;
My lord limps toward you.
Lam. You will learn more manners! [*Strikes her.*
Char. This is a fee, for counsel that's unask'd for! [forgive me!
Champ. Come, I mistook thee, sweet; pr'ythee,
I never will be jealous: Ere I cherish
Such a mechanic humour, I'll be nothing.
I'll say, Dinant is all that thou wouldst have him;
Will that suffice?
Lam. 'Tis well, sir.
Champ. Use thy freedom
Uncheck'd and unobserv'd: If thou wilt have it,
These shall forget their honour, I my wrongs;
We'll all dote on him. Hell be my reward
If I dissemble!
Lam. And that hell take me,
If I affect him! He's a lustful villain
(But yet no coward), and solicits me
To my dishonour; that's indeed a quarrel,
And truly mine, which I will so revenge,
As it shall fright such as dare only think
To be adulterers.
Champ. Use thine own ways;
I give up all to thee.
Beau. Oh, women, women!
When you are pleased you are the least of evils.
Verdone. I'll rhime to't—But provoked, the worst of devils! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*A Street.*

Enter SAMPSON *and three* Clients.

Samp. I know monsieur La Writ.
1 *Client.* 'Would he knew himself, sir!
Samp. He was a pretty lawyer, a kind of pretty lawyer,
Of a kind of unable thing.
2 *Client.* A fine lawyer, sir,
And would have firk'd you up a business!
And out of this court into that!
Samp. You are too forward;
Not so fine, my friends; something he could have [done.
But short, short!
1 *Client.* I know your worship's favour;
You are a nephew to the judge, sir.
Samp. It may be so,
And something may be done, without trotting i' th' dirt, friends:
It may be I can take him in his chamber,
And have an hour's talk; it may be so;
And tell him that in's ear—there are such courtesies;
I will not say, I can.
3 *Client.* We know you can, sir.
Samp. Peradventure ay, peradventure no——
But where's La Writ?
Where's your sufficient lawyer?
1 *Client.* He's blown up, sir.
2 *Client.* Run mad, and quarrels with the dog he meets:
He is no lawyer of this world now.
Samp. Your reason?
Is he defunct? is he dead?
2 *Client.* No, he's not dead, yet, sir;
But I would be loth to take a lease on's life for two hours:
Alas, he is possess'd, sir, with the spirit of fighting,
And quarrels with all people; but how he came to it——
Samp. If he fight well, and like a gentleman,
The man may fight; for 'tis a lawful calling.
Look you, my friends, I am a civil gentleman,
And my lord my uncle loves me.
3 *Client.* We all know it, sir.
Samp. I think he does, sir; I have business too, much business,
Turn you some forty or fifty causes in a week:
Yet, when I get an hour of vacancy,
I can fight too, my friends; a little does well;
I would be loth to learn to fight.
1 *Client.* But, an't please you, sir,
His fighting has neglected all our business;
We are undone, our causes cast away, sir;
His not-appearance——
Samp. There he fought too long;
A little, and fight well: he fought too long, indeed, friends:
But, ne'ertheless, things must be as they may,
And there be ways——
1 *Client.* We know, sir, if you please——
Samp. Something I'll do. Go, rally up your causes.

Enter LA WRIT, *in the habit of a gallant and a* Gentleman *at the door.*

2 *Client.* Now you may behold, sir,
And be a witness, whether we lie or no.
La Writ. I'll meet you at the ordinary, sweet
And if there be a wench or two—— [gentlemen,
Gent. We'll have 'em.
La Writ. No handling any duels before I come;
We'll have no going less; I hate a coward!
Gent. There shall be nothing done.
La Writ. Make all the quarrels
You can devise before I come, and let's all fight;
There's no sport else.
Gent. We'll see what may be done, sir.
1 *Client.* Ha! monsieur La Writ!
La Writ. Baffled in way of business,
My causes cast away, judgment against us!
Why, there it goes.
2 *Client.* What shall we do the whilst, sir?
La Writ. Breed new dissensions; go hang yourselves!
'Tis all one to me; I have a new trade of living.
1 *Client.* Do you hear what he says, sir?
Samp. The gentleman speaks finely.
La Writ. Will any of you fight? Fighting's my
If you find yourselves aggrieved—— [occupation.
Samp. A complete gentleman!
La Writ. Avaunt, thou buckram budget of petitions! [*Throws away his bag of papers.*
Thou spital of lame causes!—I lament for thee;
And, till revenge be taken——
Samp. 'Tis most excellent.
La Writ. There, every man choose his paper, and his place:
I'll answer ye all; I will neglect no man's business,
But he shall have satisfaction like a gentleman.
The judge may do and not do; he's but a monsieur.
Samp. You have nothing of mine in your bag,
La Writ. I know not, sir; [sir.
But you may put anything in, any fighting thing.
Samp. It is sufficient! you may hear hereafter.
La Writ. I rest your servant, sir!
Samp. No more words, gentlemen,
But follow me; no more words, as you love me.
The gentleman's a noble gentleman!
I shall do what I can, and then——
Clients. We thank you, sir.
Samp. Not a word to disturb him; he's a gentleman. [*Exeunt* SAMPSON *and* Clients.
La Writ. No cause go o' my side? the judge cast all?
And, because I was honourably employ'd in action,
And not appear'd, pronounce? 'Tis very well,
'Tis well, faith! 'tis well, judge!

Enter CLEREMONT.

Cler. Who have we here?
My little furious lawyer!
La Writ. I say, 'tis well!
But mark the end!
Cler. How he is metamorphosed!
Nothing of lawyer left, not a bit of buckram,
No soliciting face now: This is no simple conver-
Your servant, sir, and friend! [sion.——
La Writ. You come in time, sir.
Cler. The happier man, to be at your command then.
La Writ. You may wonder to see me thus; but that's all one;
Time shall declare. 'Tis true, I was a lawyer,
But I have mew'd that coat; I hate a lawyer;
I talk'd much in the court; now I hate talking.
I did you the office of a man?
Cler. I must confess it.
La Writ. And budged not; no, I budged not.
Cler. No, you did not.
La Writ. There's it then; one good turn requires another.
Cler. Most willing, sir; I am ready at your service.
La Writ. [*Gives him a paper.*] There, read, and understand, and then deliver it.
Cler. This is a challenge, sir.
La Writ. 'Tis very like, sir;
I seldom now write sonnets.
Cler. *O, admirantis!* [*Reads.*
"To Monsieur Vertaigne, the president."
La Writ. I choose no fool, sir.
Cler. Why, he's no swordman, sir.
La Writ. Let him learn, let him learn;
Time, that trains chickens up, will teach him quickly.
Cler. Why, he's a judge, an old man!
La Writ. Never too old
To be a gentleman; and he that is a judge
Can judge best what belongs to wounded honour.
[*Points to the scattered papers.*
There are my griefs; he has cast away my causes,
In which he has bow'd my reputation:
And therefore, judge, or no judge——
Cler. Pray be ruled, sir!
This is the maddest thing——
La Writ. You will not carry it?
Cler. I do not tell you so; but, if you may be persuaded——
La Writ. You know how you used me when I
Do you remember, gentleman? [would not fight;
Cler. The devil's in him. [*Aside.*
La Writ. I see it in your eyes, that you dare do it;
You have a carrying face, and you shall carry it.
Cler. The least is banishment.
La Writ. Be banish'd then;
'Tis a friend's part: We'll meet in Africa,
Or any corner of the earth.
Cler. Say, he will not fight?
La Writ. I know then what to say; take you no care, sir.
Cler. Well, I will carry it, and deliver it,
And to-morrow morning meet you in the Louvre;
Till when, my service.
La Writ. A judge, or no judge? no judge! [*Exit.*
Cler. This is the prettiest rogue that e'er I read of;
None to provoke to th' field, but the old president?
What face shall I put on? If I come in earnest,
I am sure to wear a pair of bracelets,
This may make some sport yet; I will deliver it.
Here comes the president.

Enter VERTAIGNE, *with two* Gentlemen.

Vert. I shall find time, gentlemen,
To do your causes good.—Is not that Cleremont?
1 *Gent.* 'Tis he, my lord.
Vert. Why does he smile upon me?
Am I become ridiculous?—Has your fortune, sir,
Upon my son, made you contemn his father?
The glory of a gentleman is fair bearing.
Cler. Mistake me not, my lord; you shall not find that:

I come with no blown spirit to abuse you;
I know your place, and honour due unto it,
The reverence to your silver age and virtue.
Vert. Your face is merry still.
Cler. So is my business;
And I beseech your honour mistake me not.
I have brought you, from a wild, or rather mad, man,
As mad a piece of——You were wont to love mirth
In your young days; I have known your honour woo it:
This may be made no little one; 'tis a challenge, sir—
Nay, start not, I beseech you; it means you no harm,
Nor any man of honour or understanding;
'Tis to steal from your serious hours a little laughter;
I am bold to bring it to your lordship.
Vert. 'Tis to me, indeed.
Do they take me for a sword-man at these years?
Cler. 'Tis only worth your honour's mirth, that's all, sir;
It had been in me else a saucy rudeness.
Vert. From one La Writ; a very punctual challenge.
Cler. But, if your lordship mark it, no great matter.
Vert. I have known such a wrangling advocate,
Such a little figent thing. Oh, I remember him;
A notable talking knave! Now, out upon him!
He has challenged me downright, defied me mortally.
I do remember too, I cast his causes.
Cler. Why there's the quarrel, sir, the mortal quarrel.
Vert. Why, what a knave is this! As you're a gentleman,
Is there no further purpose but mere mirth?
What a bold man of war! he invites me roundly.
Cler. If there should be, I were no gentleman,
Nor worthy of the honour of my kindred.
And, though I am sure your lordship hates my person,
Which time may bring again into your favour,
Yet, for the manners——
Vert. I am satisfied;
You see, sir, I have out-lived those days of fighting,
And therefore cannot do him the honour to beat him myself;
But I have a kinsman much of his ability,
His wit and carriage (for this calls him fool),
One that will spit as senseless fire as this fellow.
Cler. And such a man to undertake, my lord?
Vert. Nay, he's too forward; these two pitch-barrels together——
Cler. Upon my soul, no harm.
Vert. It makes me smile.
Why, what a stinking smother will they utter!
Yes, he shall undertake, sir, as my champion,
(Since you propound it mirth, I'll venture on it)
And shall defend my cause: But, as you are honest,
Sport not with blood!
Cler. Think not so basely, good sir.
Vert. A squire shall wait upon you from my kinsman,
To-morrow morning; make your sport at full,
You want no subject: But, no wounds!
Cler. That's my care.
Vert. And so, good day!
[*Exeunt* VERTAIGNE *and* Gentlemen.

Cler. Many unto your honour!—
This is a noble fellow, of a sweet spirit.
Now must I think how to contrive this matter,
For together they shall go.

Enter DINANT.

Din. Oh, Cleremont!
I am glad I have found thee.
Cler. I can tell thee rare things.
Din. Oh, I can tell thee rarer;
Dost thou love me?
Cler. Love thee?
Din. Dost thou love me dearly?
Dar'st thou for my sake——
Cler Anything that's honest.
Din. Though it be dangerous?
Cler. Pox o' dangerous!
Din. Nay, wondrous dangerous?
Cler. Wilt thou break my heart?
Din. Along with me then.
Cler. I must part to-morrow.
Din. You shall, you shall. Be faithful for this night.
And thou hast made thy friend!
Cler. Away, and talk not! [*Exeunt*

SCENE III.—*Night.—A Room in* CHAMPERNEL'S *House, with a Gallery.*

Enter LAMIRA *and* Nurse.

Lam. Oh, nurse, welcome! Where's Dinant?
Nurse. He is at my back.
'Tis the most liberal gentleman—This gold
He gave me for my pains! Nor can I blame you,
If you yield up the fort.
Lam. How! yield it up?
Nurse. I know not; he that loves, and gives so largely,
And a young lord to boot (or I am cozen'd),
May enter every where.
Lam. Thou'lt make me angry.

Enter DINANT *and* CLEREMONT.

Nurse. Why, if you are, I hope here's one will please you;
Look on him with my eyes. Good luck go with you!
Were I young for your sake——
Din. I thank thee, nurse.
Nurse. I would be tractable; and, as I am——
Lam. Leave the room!
So old and so immodest! And be careful,
Since whispers will wake sleeping jealousies,
That none disturb my lord. [*Exit* Nurse.
Cler. Will you dispatch?
Till you come to the matter, be not rapt thus.
Walk in, walk in; I am your scout for once;
You owe me the like service.
Din. And will pay it.
Lam. As you respect our lives, speak not so loud.
Cler. Why, do it in dumb show then; I am silenced.
Lam. Be not so hasty, sir! The golden apples
Had a fell dragon for their guard; your pleasures
Are to be attempted with Herculean danger,
Or never to be gotten.
Din. Speak the means.
Lam. Thus, briefly: My lord sleeps now—and, alas,
Each night he only sleeps.

Cler. Go, keep her stirring.
Lam. Now, if he wake, as sometimes he does,
He only stretches out his hand, and feels
Whether I am a-bed, which being assured of,
He sleeps again; but, should he miss me, valour
Could not defend our lives.
Din. What's to be done then?
Lam. Servants have servile faiths, nor have I
That I dare trust; on noble Cleremont [any
We safely may rely.
Cler. What man can do,
Command, and boldly.
Lam. Thus then; in my place
You must lie with my lord.
Cler. With an old man?
Two beards together? that's preposterous!
Lam. There is no other way; and, though 'tis dangerous,
He having servants within call, and arm'd too,
Slaves fed to act all that his jealousy
And rage commands them, yet a true friend should
Check at the hazard of a life. [not
Cler. I thank you!
I love my friend, but know no reason why
To hate myself. To be a kind of pandar,
You see I am willing;
But, to betray mine own throat you must pardon.
Din. Then I am lost, and all my hopes defeated!
Were I to hazard ten times more for you,
You should find, Cleremont——
Cler. You shall not out-do me;
Fall what may fall, I'll do't.
Din. But, for his beard——
Lam. To cover that, you shall have my night-
And, you disposed of, my Dinant and I [linen;
Will have some private conference.

Enter CHAMPERNEL *privately.*

Cler. Private doing,
Or I'll not venture.
Lam. That's as we agree.
[*Exeunt all but* CHAMPERNEL.

Nurse *and* CHARLOTTE *pass over the Stage with pillows, night-clothes, and such things.*

Champ. What can this woman do, preserving her honour?
I have given her all the liberty that may be.
I will not be far off though, nor I will not be jealous,
Nor trust too much: I think she is virtuous;
Yet, when I hold her best, she's but a woman,
As full of frailty as of faith, a poor slight woman,
And her best thoughts but weak fortifications;
There may be a mine wrought. Well, let 'em work then;
I shall meet with it; till the signs be monstrous,
And stick upon my head, I will not believe it:
She may be, and she may not. Now to my observation. [*Stands private.*

Enter DINANT *and* LAMIRA.

Din. Why do you make me stay so? If you love me——
Lam. You are too hot and violent.
Din. Why do you shift thus
From one chamber to another?
Lam. A little delay, sir,
Like fire a little sprinkled o'er with water,
Makes the desires burn clear, and ten times hotter.
Din. Why do you speak so loud? I pray ye go in,
Sweet mistress, I am mad! Time steals away,
And when we would enjoy——
Lam. Now, fy, fy, servant!
Like sensual beasts shall we enjoy our pleasures?
Din. Pray do but kiss me then.
Lam. Why, that I will, [*Kisses him.*
And you shall find anon, servant——
Din. Softly, for Heaven's sake!
You know my friend's engaged. A little; now,
Will you go in again? [now!
Lam. Ha, ha, ha, ha!
Din. Why do you laugh so loud? precious!
Will you betray me? ha! my friend's throat cut?
Lam. Come, come, I'll kiss thee again.
Champ. [*Apart.*] Will you so? You are liberal!
If you do cozen me——

Enter Nurse, *with wine.*

Din. What's this?
Lam. Wine, wine; a draught or two.
Din. What does this woman here?
Lam. She shall not hinder you.
Din. This might have been spared;
'Tis but delay, and time lost. Pray send her softly off.
Lam. Sit down, and mix your spirits with wine;
I will make you another Hercules.
Din. I dare not drink.
Fy, what delays you make! I dare not;
I shall be drunk presently, and do strange things then.
Lam. Not drink a cup with your mistress! Oh, the pleasure!
Din. Lady, why this? [*Music.*
Lam. We must have mirth to our wine, man.
Din. Plague o' the music!
Champ. God-a-mercy, wench!
If thou dost cuckold me, I shall forgive thee.
Din. The house will all rise now; this will dis-
Did you do this? [turb all.
Lam. Peace, and sit quiet, fool!
You love me! Come, sit down, and drink.

Enter CLEREMONT *above.*

Cler. What a devil ail you?
How cold I sweat! A hog's pox stop your pipes! [*Music.*
The thing will wake. Now, now, methinks I find
His sword just gliding through my throat. What's that?
A vengeance choke your pipes! Are you there, lady?
Stop, stop those rascals! Do you bring me hither
To be cut into minced meat? Why, Dinant!
Din. I cannot do withal;
I have spoke, and spoke; I am betrayed and lost too.
Cler. Do you hear me? do you understand me!
Plague damn your whistles! [*Music ends.*
Lam. 'Twas but an over-sight;
They have done; lie down.
Cler. 'Would you had done too! you know not
In what a misery and fear I lie:
You have a lady in your arms.
Din. I would have. [*The recorders play again.*
Champ. I'll watch you, goodman 'Would-have!
Cler. Remove, for Heaven's sake,
And fall to that you come for.

Lam. Lie you down;
'Tis but an hour's endurance now.
Cler. I dare not;
Softly, sweet lady. God's heart!
Lam. 'Tis nothing but your fear; he sleeps still soundly.
Lie gently down.
Cler. Pray make an end.
Din. Come, madam.
Lam. These chambers are too near.
Champ. I shall be nearer.
[*Exeunt* DINANT *and* LAMIRA.
Well, go thy ways; I'll trust thee through the world,
Deal how thou wilt: That, that I never feel,
I'll never fear. Yet, by the honour of a soldier,
I hold thee truly noble. How these things will look,
And how their bloods will curdle! Play on, children;
You shall have pap anon. Oh, thou grand fool,
That thou knew'st but thy fortune!
[*Music ceases.*
Cler. Peace, good madam!
Stop her mouth, Dinant. It sleeps yet; pray be wary;
Dispatch; I cannot endure this misery;
I can hear nothing more; I'll say my prayers,
And down again. [*Whistle within.*
A thousand larums fall upon my quarters!
Heaven send me off! When I lie keeping corses—
Plague o' your fumbling, Dinant! How I shake!
'Tis still again. 'Would I were in the Indies!
[*Exit.*

Enter DINANT *and* LAMIRA, *with a light.*

Din. Why do you use me thus? thus poorly, basely?
Work me into a hope, and then destroy me?
Why did you send for me? this new way train me?
Lam. Madman, and fool, and false man, now I'll shew thee!
Din. Pray put your light out.
Lam. Nay, I'll hold it thus,
That all chaste eyes may see thy lust, and scorn it!
Tell me but this, when you first doted on me,
And made suit to enjoy me as your wife,
Did you not hold me honest?
Din. Yes, most virtuous.
Lam. And did not that appear the only lustre
That made me worth your love and admiration?
Din. I must confess—
Lam. Why would you deal so basely?
So like a thief, a villain?
Din. Peace, good madam!
Lam. I'll speak aloud too!—Thus maliciously,
Thus breaking all the rules of honesty,
Of honour and of truth (for which I loved you,
For which I call'd you servant, and admired you,)
To steal that jewel purchased by another,
Piously set in wedlock, even that jewel,
Because it had no flaw, you held unvaluable?
Can he, that has loved good, dote on the devil?
(For he that seeks a whore, seeks but his agent)
Or am I of so wild and low a blood,
So nursed in infamies——
Din. I do not think so,
And I repent.
Lam. That will not serve your turn, sir.
Din. It was your treaty drew me on.
Lam. But it was your villainy
Made you pursue it. I drew you but to try
How much a man, and nobly, you durst stand,
How well you had deserved the name of virtuous:
But you, like a wild torrent, mix'd with all
Beastly and base affections, came floating on,
Swelling your poison'd billows——
Din. Will you betray me?
Lam. To all the miseries a vexed woman may.
Din. Let me but out,
Give me but room to toss my sword about me,
And I will tell you, you're a treacherous woman!
Oh, that I had but words——
Lam. They will not serve you.
Din. But two-edged words, to cut thee! A lady-traitor!
Perish by a proud puppet! I did you too much honour,
To tender you my love; too much respected you,
To think you worthy of my worst embraces.
Go, take your groom, and let him dally with you,
Your greasy groom! I scorn to imp your lame stock;
You are not fair, nor handsome; I lied loudly,
This tongue abused you, when it spoke you beauteous.
Lam. 'Tis very well, 'tis brave.
Din. Put out your light;
Your lascivious eyes are flames enough
For fools to find you out. A lady-plotter!
Must I begin your sacrifice of mischief?
I and my friend, the first fruits of that blood
You and your honourable husband aim at?
Crooked and wretched you are both!
Lam. To you, sir;
Yet, to the eye of Justice, straight as truth.
Din. Is this a woman's love? a woman's mercy?
Do you profess this seriously? Do you laugh at me?
Lam. Ha, ha!
Din. Plague light upon your scorns, upon your flatteries!
Upon your tempting faces, all destructions!
A bed-rid winter hang upon your cheeks,
And blast, blast, blast those buds of pride that paint you!
Death in your eyes, to fright men from these dangers,
Raise up your trophy!—Cleremont!

Re-enter CLEREMONT *above.*

Cler. What a vengeance ail you? [*Noise within.*
Din. What dismal noise!—Is there no honour in you?—
Cleremont, we are betray'd, betray'd, sold by a woman!
Deal bravely for thyself.
Cler. This comes of rutting!
Are we made stales to one another?
Din. Yes;
We are undone, lost!
Cler. You shall pay for't, greybeard!
Up, up! you sleep your last else!

Enter above, ANABEL *and two* Servants *with lights.*

1 *Serv.* No, not yet, sir.—
Lady, look up.—Would you have wrong'd this beauty?
Wake so tender a virgin with rough terms?
You wear a sword; we must entreat you leave it.
2 *Serv.* Fy, sir! so sweet a lady?
Cler. Was this my bedfellow?
Pray, give me leave to look! I am not mad yet;
I may be by and by. Did this lie by me?
Did I fear this? Is this a cause to shake at?
Away with me, for shame! I am a rascal.

Enter CHAMPERNEL, BEAUPRE, VERDONE, LAMIRA, CLEREMONT, *and two* Servants.

Din. I am amazed too.
Beau. We'll recover you.
Verdone. You walk like Robin Good-fellow, all
And every man afraid of you. [the house over,
Din. 'Tis well, lady!
The honour of this deed will be your own;
The world shall know your bounty.
Beau. What shall we do with 'em?
Cler. Geld me;
For 'tis not fit I should be a man again;
I am an ass, a dog!
Lam. Take your revenges;
You know my husband's wrongs and your own losses.
Ana. A brave man, an admirable brave man!
Well, well, I would not be so tried again.
A very handsome proper gentleman!
Cler. Will you let me lie by her but one hour
And then hang me? [more,
Din. We wait your malice; put your swords
You have reason to seek blood. [home bravely!
Lam. Not, as you are noble!
Champ. Hands off, and give them liberty; only
Beau. We have done that already! [disarm 'em.
Champ. You are welcome, gentlemen!
I am glad my house has any pleasure for you.
I keep a couple of ladies here, they say fair,
And you are young and handsome gentlemen:
Have you any more mind to wenches?
Cler. To be abused too!—Lady, you might have help'd this.
Ana. Sir, now 'tis past; but it may be I may
Your friend hereafter in a greater matter. [stand
Cler. Never whilst you live.
Ana. You cannot tell.
Now, sir, a parting hand.
Cler. Down and roses!
Well, I may live to see you again.—A dull rogue!—
No revelation in thee?
Lam. Were you well frighted?
Were your fits from the heart? of all colds and colours?
That's all your punishment.
Cler. It might have been all yours,
Had not a blockhead undertaken it.
Champ. Your swords you must leave to these gentlemen.
Verdone. And now, when you dare fight,
We are on even ice again.
Din. 'Tis well.
To be a mistress, is to be a monster!
And so I leave your house, and you, for ever.
Lam. Leave your wild lusts, and then you are
Champ. You may depart too. [a master.
Cler. I had rather stay here.
Champ. 'Faith, we shall fright you worse.
Cler. Not in that manner;
There's five hundred crowns, fright me but so again.
Din. Come, Cleremont, this is the hour of fool.
Cler. Wiser the next shall be, or we'll to school.
[*Exeunt* CLEREMONT *and* DINANT.
Champ. How coolly these hot gallants are de-
'Faith, cousin, 'twas unconscionably done, [parted!
To lie so still, and so long.
Ana. 'Twas your pleasure;
If 'twere a fault, I may hereafter mend.
Champ. Oh, my best wife,
Take now what course thou wilt, and lead what life.
Lam. The more trust you commit, the more care
Goodness and virtue shall attend my will. [still,
Champ. Let's laugh this night out now, and count our gains;
We have our honours home, and they their pains.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*A Street.*

Enter CLEREMONT *and* DINANT.

Din. It holds, they will go thither.
Cler. To their summer-house?
Din. Thither i' th' evening; and, which is the most infliction,
Only to insult upon our miseries.
Cler. Are you provided?
Din. Yes, yes.
Cler. Throughly?
Din. Throughly.
Cler. Basta, enough! I have your mind; I will
Din. At such an hour. [not fail you.
Cler. Have I a memory?
A cause, and will to do?—Thou art so sullen——
Din. And shall be, till I have a fair reparation.
Cler. I have more reason, for I 'scaped a fortune,
Which, if I come so near again—I say nothing;
But if I sweat not in another fashion——
Oh, a delicate wench!
Din. 'Tis certain a most handsome one.
Cler. And, methought, the thing was angry with itself too,
It lay so long conceal'd. But I must part with you;
I have a scene of mirth, to drive this from my heart,
And my hour is come.
Din. Miss not your time.
Cler. I dare not. [*Exeunt severally.*

SCENE II.—*Another Street.*

Enter SAMPSON *and a* Gentleman.

Gent. I presume, sir, you now need no instruction,
But fairly know what belongs to a gentleman:
You bear your uncle's cause.
Samp. Do not disturb me;
I understand my cause, and the right carriage.
Gent. Be not too bloody.
Samp. As I find my enemy; if his sword bite,
If it bite, sir, you must pardon me.
Gent. No doubt he is valiant;
He durst not undertake else.
Samp. He's most welcome,
As he's most valiant; he were no man for me else.
Gent. But say he should relent?
Samp. He dies relenting,

(I cannot help it) he must die relenting;
If he pray, praying, *ipso facto*, praying;
(Your honourable way admits no prayer)
And if he fight, he falls; there's his *quietus*.
Gent. You're nobly punctual. Let's retire and [meet 'em;
But still, I say, have mercy!
Samp. I say, honour! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*A Room in* CHAMPERNEL'S *House.*

Enter CHAMPERNEL, LAMIRA, ANABEL, BEAUPRE, VERDONE, CHARLOTTE, *and a* Servant.

Lam. Will not you go, sweetheart!
Champ. Go? I'll fly with thee!
I stay behind!
Lam. My father will be there too,
And all our best friends.
Beau. And if we be not merry,
We have hard luck, lady.
Verdone. 'Faith, let's have a kind of play.
Champ. What shall it be?
Verdone. The story of Dinant.
Lam. With the merry conceits of Cleremont,
His fits and fevers.
Ana. But I'll lie still no more.
Lam. That, as you make the play. 'Twill be rare sport;
Any how 'twill vex my gallants, when they hear it!
Have you given order for the coach?
Char. Yes, madam.
Champ. My easy nag and pad?
Serv. 'Tis making ready.
Champ. Where are your horses?
Beau. Ready at an hour, sir.
We'll not be last.
Champ. Fly! What a night shall we have!
A roaring merry night!
Lam. We'll fly at all, sir.
Champ. I'll fly at thee too, finely, and so ruffle
I'll try your art upon a country pallet. [thee!
Lam. Brag not too much, for fear I should
Then, if you fail—— [expect it;
Champ. Thou say'st too true; we all talk.
But let's in, and prepare, and after dinner
Begin our mirthful pilgrimage.
Lam. He that's sad,
A crab-faced mistress cleave to him for this year! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*An open Field without the City.*

Enter CLEREMONT *and* LA WRIT.

La Writ. Since it cannot be the judge——
Cler. 'Tis a great deal better.
La Writ. You are sure he is his kinsman? a gentleman?
Cler. As arrant a gentleman, and a brave fellow,
And so near to his blood——
La Writ. It shall suffice:
I'll set him further off, I'll give a remove
Shall quit his kindred; I'll lop him.
Cler. Will you kill him?
La Writ. An there were no more cousins in the world, I kill him!
I do mean, sir, to kill all my lord's kindred;
For every cause a cousin.
Cler. How if he have no more cousins?
La Writ. The next a-kin then to his lordship's
The man he smiles upon. [favour;
Cler. Why, this is vengeance!
Horrid, and dire!
La Writ. I love a dire revenge:
"Give me the man that will all others kill,
And last himself."
Cler. You stole that resolution.
La Writ. I had it in a play, but that's all one.
I would see it done.
Cler. Come, you must be more merciful.
La Writ. To no lord's cousins in the world; I hate 'em!
A lord's cousin to me is a kind of cockatrice;
If I see him first, he dies.
Cler. A strange antipathy!
What think you of their nieces?
La Writ. If I like 'em,
They may live, and multiply.—'Tis a cold morning
Cler. 'Tis sharp indeed. You have broke your [fast
La Writ. No, verily.
Cler. Your valour would have ask'd a good foundation.
La Writ. Hang him, I'll kill him fasting.

Enter SAMPSON *and the* Gentleman.

Cler. Here they come.
Bear yourself, in your language, smooth and gentry.
When your swords argue——
La Writ. Pray, sir, spare your precepts.
Gent. I have brought you, sir——
La Writ. 'Tis very well; no words.——
You are welcome, sir!
Samp. I thank you, sir; few words.
La Writ. I'll kill you for your uncle's sake.
Samp. I love you;
I'll cut your throat for your own sake.
La Writ. I esteem of you.
Cler. Let's render 'em honest and fair gentlemen.
Search my friend, I'll search yours.
Gent. That's quickly done.
Cler. You come with no spells, nor witchcrafts?
Samp. I come fairly,
To kill him honestly.
La Writ. Hang spells and witchcrafts!
I come to kill my lord's nephew like a gentleman.
And so I kiss his hand.
Gent. This doublet is too stiff.
La Writ. Off with 't; I hate it, [*He strips.*
And all such fortifications: feel my skin;
If that be stiff, flea that off too.
Gent. 'Tis no soft one.
La Writ. Off with't, I say!
I'll fight with him like a flead cat.
Gent. You are well, you are well.
Cler. You must uncase too.
Samp. Yes, sir.
But tell me this, why should I mix mine honour
With a fellow that has ne'er a lace in's shirt?
Gent. That's a main point; my friend has two.
Cler. That's true, sir.
La Writ. Base and degenerate cousin, dost not thou know,
An old and tatter'd colours to the enemy
Is of more honour, and shews more ominous?
This shirt five times victorious I have fought under,
And cut through squadrons of your curious cut-works,
As I will do through thine. Shake, and be satisfied!
Cler. This is unanswerable.
Samp. But may I fight
With a foul shirt?

Gent. Most certain, so it be
A fighting shirt, let it be ne'er so foul, or lousy;
Cæsar wore such a one.
Samp. Saint Denis, then!
I accept your shirt.
Cler. Not so forward; first you must talk;
(It is a main point of the French method)
Talk civilly, and make your cause authentic.
Gent. No weapon must be near you, nor no anger.
Cler. When you have done, then stir your resolutions:
Take to your weapons bravely.
La Writ. 'Tis too cold,
This for a summer fight.
Cler. Not for a world
You should transgress the rules——
Samp. 'Tis peevish weather;
I had rather fight without.
Gent. An 'twere in a river——
Cler. Where both stood up to th' chins!
La Writ. Then let's talk quickly,
Plague o' this circumstance!
Cler. Are the horses come yet?
Gent. Yes, certain.—Give your swords to us; now civilly.
Cler. We'll stand a while off.—Take the things, and leave 'em— [*Aside to the* Gentleman.
You know when—and let the children play:
This is a dainty time of fear for puppies.
'Would the old lord were here!
Gent He would die with laughter.
Cler. I am sorry I have no time to see this game
Away, away! [out;
Gent. Here's like to be a hot fight.
Call when ye're fit.

[*Exeunt* CLEREMONT *and* Gentleman *with the Dresses and Swords.*

La Writ. Why, look you, sir, you seem to be a gentleman,
And you come in honour of your uncle—Boh, boh, 'tis very cold!—
Your uncle has offer'd me some few affronts,
Past flesh and blood to bear.—Boh, boh, wondrous cold!
Samp. My lord, mine uncle, is an honourable man,
And what he offers—Boh, boh, cold indeed!—
Having made choice of me, an unworthy kinsman,
Yet, take me with you,—Boh, boh, pestilence cold!
Not altogether——
La Writ. Boh, boh—I say altogether.
Samp. You say you know not what then—Boh, boh,—Sir.
La Writ. Sir me with your sword in your hand. You have
A scurvy uncle, you have a most scurvy cause,
And you are—Boh, boh!
Samp. Boh, boh—What?
La Writ. A shitten scurvy cousin!
Samp. Our swords, our swords!
Thou art a dog; and, like a dog—Our swords!
La Writ. Our weapons, gentlemen!—Ha!
Samp. Where's yours? [where's your second?
La Writ. So ho! our weapons!
Samp. Wa, ha, ho! our weapons!
Our doublets, and our weapons!—I am dead.
La Writ. First, second, third—A plague be wi' you, gentlemen! [starved.
Samp. Are these the rules of honour? I am
La Writ. They are gone, and we are here. What shall we do?
Samp. Oh, for a couple of faggots!
La Writ. Hang a couple of faggots!
Dar'st thou take a killing cold with me?
Samp. I have it already.
La Writ. Rogues, thieves—Boh, boh—Run away with our doublets!
To fight at buffets now, 'twere such a may-game!
Samp. There were no honour in't; pox on't, 'tis scurvy!
La Writ. Or to revenge my wrongs at fisty-cuffs—
Samp. My lord mine uncle's cause depend on boxes!
La Writ. Let's go in quest. If we recover 'em—
Samp. Ay, come, our colds together, and our doublets.
La Writ. Give me thy hand; thou art a valiant gentleman!
I say, if ever we recover 'em—
Samp. Let's get into a house, and warm our hearts.
La Writ. There's ne'er a house within this mile. Beat me,
Kick me and beat me as I go, and I'll beat thee too,
To keep us warm. If ever we recover 'em—
[*They kick one another.*
Kick hard; I'm frozen. So so; now I feel it.
Samp. I am dull yet.
La Writ. I'll warm thee, I'll warm thee—Gentlemen!
Rogues, thieves, thieves! Run now; I'll follow thee. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—*A Forest.*

Enter VERTAIGNE, CHAMPERNEL, BEAUPRE, VERDONE, LAMIRA, ANABEL, CHARLOTTE, *and* Nurse.

Vert. Use legs, and have legs.
Champ. You that have legs say so;
I put my one to too much stress.
Verdone. Your horse, sir,
Will meet you within half a mile.
Lam. I like
The walk so well, I should not miss my coach,
Though it were further.—Anabel, thou'rt sad:
What ails my niece?
Beau. She is still devising, sister,
How quietly her late bedfellow lay by her.
Nurse. Old as I am, he would have startled me;
Nor can you blame her.
Char. Had I ta'en her place,
I know not, but I fear I should ha' shrieked,
Though he had never offer'd—
Ana. Out upon thee!
Thou wouldst have taught him.
Char. I think, with your pardon,
That you wish now you had.
Ana. I am glad I yield you
Such ample scope of mirth. [*Music of cornets within.*
Vert. Nay, be not angry;
There's no ill meant.—Ha! music? and choice music?
Champ. 'Tis near us in the grove. What courteous bounty
Bestows it on us? My dancing days are done;
Yet I would thank the giver, did I know him.
Verdone. 'Tis, questionless, some one of your own village,
That, hearing of your purposed journey thither,
Prepares it for your entertainment, and
The honour of my lady.

Lam. I think, rather,
ome of your lordship's clients.
Beau. What say you, cousin,
: they should prove your suitors?
Verdone. That's most likely!
Nurse. I say, if you are noble, be't who will,
o presently, and thank 'em. I can jump yet,
r tread a measure.
Lam. Like a miller's mare.
Nurse. I warrant you, well enough to serve the country.
'll make one, and lead the way. [*Exit.*
Char. Do you note
low zealous the old crone is?
Lam. And you titter
s eagerly as she.—Come, sweet, we'll follow;
o ill can be intended. [*Music ends.*
Champ. I ne'er fear'd yet. [*Exeunt.*

Song in the Wood.

This way, this way, come and hear,
You that hold these pleasures dear;
Fill your ears with our sweet sound,
Whilst we melt the frozen ground.
This way come; make haste, oh, fair!
Let your clear eyes gild the air;
Come, and bless us with your sight!
This way, this way, seek delight!

Enter a company of Gentlemen, *habited like Ruffians.*

1 *Gent.* They are ours; but draw them on a little further
rom the footpath into the neighbouring thicket,
nd we may do't as safe as in a castle.
2 *Gent.* They follow still; the president Vertaigne
omes on apace, and Champernel limps after;
he women, as if they had wings, and walked
pon the air, fly to us.
1 *Gent.* They are welcome;
Ve'll make 'em sport. Make a stand here. All
low we are to proceed? [know
2 *Gent.* We are instructed.
1 *Gent.* One strain or two more.
[*Music continues within.*

Enter VERTAIGNE, CHAMPERNEL, BEAUPRE, VERDONE, LAMIRA, ANABEL, Nurse, *and* CHARLOTTE.

xcellent; they are come.
Nurse. We cannot miss; in such a business,
line ear ne'er fail'd me. [yet,
Char. 'Would we were at it once!
do not walk, but dance.
1 *Gent.* You shall have dancing!
egin; and when I give the word——
2 *Gent.* No more:
Ve are instructed.
[*Dance; after which, the* Gentlemen *rush on* BEAUPRE *and company, and seize them.*
1 *Gent.* Now!
Beau. But win us fairly!
1 *Gent.* Oh, sir, we do not come to try your valour,
ut to possess you; yet we use you kindly,
n that, like English thieves, we kill you not,
ut are contented with the spoil.
Vert. Oh, Heaven!
low hath mine age deserved this?
Champ. Hell confound it!
his comes of walking! Had I kept
ly legs on my good horse, my armour on,
My staff in my rest, and this good sword to friend.
How I would break and scatter these!
All the Gent. Ha, ha, ha!
Champ. Do you scorn me, rogues?
Nurse. Nay, gentlemen, kind gentlemen,
Or honest keepers of these woods! but hear me;
Be not so rough! If you are taken with
My beauty, as it hath been worth the seeking,
Some one or two of you try me in private;
You shall not find me squeamish.
Char. Do not kill me,
And do your worst; I'll suffer.
Lam. Peace, vile creatures!
Vert. Do you know me, or my place, that you presume not
To touch my person?
1 *Gent.* If you are well, rest so;
Provoke not angry wasps.
Vert. You are wasps indeed,
Never created to yield wax or honey,
But for your country's torment. Yet, if you are men,
(As you seem such in shape), if true-born Frenchmen,
However want compels you to these courses,
Rest satisfied with what you can take from us;
These ladies' honours, and our liberties safe,
We freely give it.
1 *Gent.* You give but our own.
Vert. Look on these grey hairs, as you would be old!
Their tears, as you would have yours to find mercy
When justice shall o'ertake you!
Champ. Look on me,
Look on me, rascals, and learn of me, too,
That have been in some part of your profession,
Before that most of you e'er suck'd, I know it;
I have rode hard, and late too.
Vert. Take heed, sir.
Champ. Then use me like a brother of the trade,
For I have been at sea, as you on land are.
Restore my matrimony undefiled,
Wrong not my niece, and for our gold or silver,
If I pursue you, hang me!
Nurse. 'Tis well offer'd;
And, as I said, sweet gentlemen with sour faces,
If you are high, and want some sport or so,
(As living without action here you may do),
Forbear their tender gristles; they are meat
Will wash away, there is no substance in it;
We that are expert in the game, and tough too,
Will hold you play.
1 *Gent.* This hen longs to be trodden.

Enter DINANT *and* CLEREMONT.

Din. Lacquey, my horse!
Cler. This way, I heard the cries
Of distress'd women.
2 *Gent.* Stand upon your guard!
Din. Who's here? my witty, scornful, lady-
In the hands of ruffians? [plot,
Cler. And my fine cold virgin,
That was insensible of man and woman?
Din. Justice too,
Without a sword to guard itself?
Cler. And valour with its hands bound?
Din. And the great soldier dull?
Why, this is strange.
Lam. Dinant, as thou art noble——
Ana. As thou art valiant, Cleremont——

Lam. As ever I
Appeared lovely——
Ana. As you ever hope
For what I would give gladly——
Cler. Pretty conjurations!
Lam. All injuries a little laid behind you——
Ana. Shew yourselves men, and help us.
Din. Though your many
And gross abuses of me should more move me
To triumph in your miseries than relieve you,
Yet, that hereafter you may know that I,
The scorn'd and despised Dinant, know what does
Belong to honour, thus——
Cler. I will say little! [*They fight.*
Speak thou for me!
Champ. 'Tis bravely fought.
Vert. Brave tempers,
To do thus for their enemies!
Champ. They are lost yet.
1 *Gent.* You, that would rescue others, shall
What they were born to. [now feel
2 *Gent.* Hurry them away!!
[*Exeunt all but* VERTAIGNE *and* CHAMPERNEL.
Champ. That I could follow them!
Vert. I only can
Lament my fortune, and desire of Heaven
A little life for my revenge.
Champ. The provost
Shall fire the woods, but I will find 'em out:
No cave, no rock, nor hell, shall keep them from
My searching vengeance!

Enter LA WRIT *and* SAMPSON.

La Writ. Oh, cold! oh, fearful cold! Plague of all seconds.
Samp. Oh, for a pint of burnt wine, or a sip
Of aquafortis!
Champ. The rogues have met with these two,
Upon my life, and robb'd 'em.
La Writ. As you are honourable gentlemen,
Impart unto a couple of cold combatants——
Samp. My lord mine uncle, as I live!
La Writ. Pox take him!
How that word has warm'd my mouth!
Vert. Why, how now, cousin?
Why, why—and where, man, have you been? at a poulter's,
That you are cased thus like a rabbet? I could laugh now,
And I shall laugh, for all I have lost my children;
Laugh monstrously.
Champ. What are they?
Vert. Give me leave, sir;
Laugh more and more, never leave laughing!
Champ. Why, sir?
Vert. Why, 'tis such a thing, (I smell it, sir, I
Such a ridiculous thing!—— [smell it;)
La Writ. Do you laugh at me, my lord?
I am very cold, but that should not be laugh'd at.
Champ. What art thou?
La Writ. What art thou?
Samp. If he had his doublet,
And his sword by his side, as a gentleman ought to
Vert. Peace, monsieur Sampson! [have——
Champ. Come hither, little gentleman.
La Writ. Base is the slave commanded: Come
Vert. This is the Little Advocate. [to me.
Champ. What Advocate?
Vert. The Little Advocate that sent me a challenge.
I told you that my nephew undertook it,
And what 'twas like to prove: Now you see the
Champ. Is this the Little Lawyer? [issue.
La Writ. You have a sword, sir,
And I have none; you have a doublet too,
That keeps you warm, and makes you merry.
Samp. If your lordship knew
The nature and the nobleness of the gentleman,
Though he shew slight here, and at what gusts of danger
His manhood has arrived, but that men's fates are foolish,
And often headlong over-run their fortunes——
La Writ. That Little Lawyer would so prick his ears up,
And bite your honour by the nose——
Champ. Say you so, sir?
La Writ. So niggle about your grave shins, lord Vertaigne, too——
Samp. No more, sweet gentleman; no more of that, sir.
La Writ. I will have more, I must have more.
Vert. Out with it.
Samp. Nay, he is as brave a fellow——
Champ. Have I caught you? [*Strikes him down.*
Vert. Do not kill him, do not kill him.
Champ. No, no, no, I will not.
D'you peep again? Down, down, proud heart!
Samp. Oh, valour!
Look up, brave friend; I have no means to rescue thee.
My kingdom for a sword!
Champ. I'll sword you presently;
I'll claw your skin-coat too.
Vert. Away, good Sampson;
You go to grass else instantly.
Samp. But do not murder my brave friend.
Vert. Not one word.
Champ. If you do, sirrah——
Samp. Must I go off dishonour'd?
Adversity tries valour; so I leave thee! [*Exit.*
Champ. Are you a lawyer, sir?
La Writ. I was, I was, sir.
Champ. Nay, never look; your lawyer's pate is broken,
And your litigious blood about your ears, sirrah!
Why do you fight and snarl?
La Writ. I was possess'd.
Champ. I'll dispossess you. [*Beats him.*
Vert. Ha, ha, ha!
La Writ. *Et tu, Brute?*
Vert. Beat him no more.
Champ. Alas, sir, I must beat him,
Beat him into his business again; he will be lost
Vert. Then, take your way. [else.
Champ. Lie still, and do not struggle.
La Writ. I am patient.
I never saw my blood before; it jades me:
I have no more heart now than a goose.
Champ. Why, sirrah,
Why do you leave your trade, your trade of living,
And send your challenges like thunderbolts,
To men of honour'd place?
La Writ. I understand, sir;
I never understood before your beating.
Champ. Does this work on you?
La Writ. Yes.
Champ. Do you thank me for't?
La Writ. As well
As a beaten man can.

Champ. And do you promise me,
To fall close to your trade again? leave brawling?
La Writ. If you will give me leave and life.
Champ. And ask this nobleman forgiveness?
La Writ. Heartily.
Champ. Rise then, and get you gone; and let me hear of you
As of an advocate new-vamp'd. No more words;
Get you off quickly, and make no murmurs;
I shall pursue you else.
La Writ. I have done, sweet gentleman. [*Exit.*
Vert. But we forget ourselves, our friends, and children.
Champ. We'll raise the country first, then take our fortunes. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.—*Another part of the same, with a Cave in the Back-ground.*

Enter First Gentleman *and* LAMIRA.

1 *Gent.* Shall I entreat for what I may command?
Lam. Think on my birth.
1 *Gent.* Here I am only noble,
A king, and thou in my dominions, fool,
A subject, and a slave.
Lam. Be not a tyrant,
A ravisher of honour, gentle sir,
And I will think you such; and on my knees,
As to my sovereign, pay a subject's duty,
With prayers and tears.
1 *Gent.* I like this humble carriage.
I will walk by; but kneel you still, and weep too,
(It shews well) while I meditate on the prey,
Before I seize it.
Lam. Is there no mercy, Heaven?

Enter Second Gentleman *and* ANABEL.

2 *Gent.* Not kiss you? I will kiss, and kiss again.
Ana. Savage villain!
My innocence be my strength! I do defy thee,
Thus scorn and spit at thee. Will you come on, sir?
You're hot; there is a cooler. [*Draws out a knife.*
2 *Gent.* A virago?
Ana. No, loathsome goat, more, more; I am that goddess,
That here with whips of steel, in hell hereafter,
Scourge rape and theft.
2 *Gent.* I'll try your deity.
Ana. My chastity, and this knife held by a virgin,
Against thy lust, thy sword, and thee a beast,
Call on for the encounter.
[*Throws her and takes her knife.*
2 *Gent.* Now what think you?
Are you a goddess?
Ana. In me their power suffers
That should protect the innocent.
1 *Gent.* I am
All fire, and thou shalt quench it, and serve my pleasures.———
Come, partner in the spoil and the reward,
Let us enjoy our purchase.
Lam. Oh, Dinant!
Oh, Heaven! oh, husband!
Ana. Oh, my Cleremont!
1 *Gent.* Two are our slaves they call on; bring 'em forth,
As they are chain'd together; let them see,
And suffer in the object.
2 *Gent.* While we sit,
And without pity hear 'em.

Enter the rest of the Gentlemen, *bringing in* DINANT *and* CLEREMONT, *bound.*

Cler. By my life,
I suffer more for thee than for myself.
Din. Be a man, Cleremont, and look upon 'em
As such that not alone abused our service,
Fed us with hopes most bitter in digestion;
But, when love fail'd, to draw on further mischief.
The baits they laid for us were our own honours,
Which thus hath made us slaves too, worse than slaves.
2 *Gent.* He dies.
1 *Gent.* Pray hold; give him a little respite.
Din. I see you now beyond expression wretched.
The wit you bragg'd of fool'd that boasted honour.
(As you believed, compass'd with walls of brass,
To guard it sure.) subject to be o'er-thrown
With the least blast of lust.
Lam. A most sad truth.
Din. That confidence which was not to be shaken.
In a perpetual fever, and those favours,
Which, with so strong and ceremonious duty,
Your lover and a gentleman long sought for,
Sought, sued, and kneel'd in vain for, must you yield up
To a licentious villain, that will hardly
Allow you thanks for't.
Cler. Something I must say too,
And to you, pretty one, though crying one.
To be hang'd now, when these worshipful benchers please,
(Though I know not their faces that condemn me)
A little startles me; but a man is nothing,
A maidenhead is the thing, the thing all aim at.
Do not you wish now, and wish from your heart too,
When, scarce sweet with my fears, I long lay by you,
(Those fears you and your good aunt put upon me.
To make you sport) you had given a little hint,
A touch or so, to tell me I was mortal,
And by a mortal woman?
Ana. Pray you no more!
Cler. If I had loosed that virgin zone, observe me
I would have hired the best of all our poets
To have sung so much, and so well, in the honour
Of that night's joy, that Ovid's Afternoon,
Nor his Corinna, should again be mention'd.
Ana. I do repent, and wish I had.
Cler. That's comfort.
But now——
2 *Gent.* Another, that will have it offer'd,
Compel it to be offer'd, shall enjoy it!
Cler. A rogue, a ruffian?
2 *Gent.* As you love your throat——
1 *Gent.* Away with them.
Ana. Oh, Cleremont!
Lam. Oh, Dinant!
Din. I can but add your sorrows to my sorrows,
Your fears to my fears.
Cler. To your wishes mine,
This slave may prove unable to perform,
Till I perform the task that I was born for.
Ana. Amen, amen!

1 *Gent.* Drag the slaves hence. For you,
A while I'll lock you up here: Study all ways
You can to please me, or, the deed being done,
You are but dead.
2 *Gent.* This strong vault shall contain you;
There think how many for your maidenhead
Have pined away, and be prepared to lose it
With penitence.
1 *Gent.* No human help can save you.
Ladies. Help, help!
2 *Gent.* You cry in vain; rocks cannot hear you.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*A Room in the Cave.*

A horrid noise of music within. Enter one and opens the door, within which LAMIRA *and* ANABEL *were shut up, they in all fear.*

Lam. Oh, cousin, how I shake! all this long night,
What frights and noises we have heard! still they increase.
The villains put on shapes to torture us,
And, to their devil's form, such preparations
As if they were a-hatching new dishonours,
And fatal ruin, past dull man's invention.
Go not too far, and pray, good cousin, Anabel!
Hark, a new noise!
[*A strange music, sackbut, and troop-music.*
Ana. They are exquisite in mischief.
I will go on; this room gives no protection,
More than the next.—What's that! How sad and hollow,
The sound comes to us!
[Gentlemen *peeping above, disguised in horrid shapes.*
Lam. Groaning, or singing, is it? [*Louder noise.*
Ana. The wind, I think, murmuring amongst old rooms.
Lam. Now it grows louder; sure some sad presage
Of our foul loss.—[*A* Gentleman *peeps.*]—Look, now they peep.
Ana. Pox peep 'em!
Lam. Oh, give them gentle language.
Ana. Give 'em rats-bane. [Gentlemen *peep above.*
Lam. Now they're above.
Ana. I would they were i' th' centre.
Lam. Thou art so foolish desperate.
Ana. Since we must lose——
Lam. Call 'em brave fellows, gentlemen.
Ana. Call 'em rogues,
Rogues as they are, rude rogues, uncivil villains!
Lam. Look, an thou woo't beware; dost thou feel the danger?
Ana. 'Till the danger feel me, thus will I talk still,
And worse when that comes too; they cannot eat me.
This is a punishment upon our own prides
Most justly laid: We must abuse brave gentlemen,
Make 'em tame fools and hobby-horses; laugh and jeer at
Such men too, and so handsome and so noble,
That howsoe'er we seem'd to carry it——
'Would 'twere to do again!
Lam. I do confess, cousin,
It was too harsh, too foolish.
Ana. Do you feel it?
Do you find it now? take heed o' th' punishment.
We might have had two gallant gentlemen,
Proper, [and] young; oh, how it tortures me!
Two devils now, two rascals, two-and-twenty——
Lam. Oh, think not so.
Ana. Nay, an we 'scape so modestly——
Lam. May we be worthy any eyes, or knowledge,
When we are used thus?
Ana. Why not? why do you cry?
Are we not women still? what were we made for?
Lam. But thus, thus basely——
Ana. 'Tis against our wills;
And if there come a thousand, so.
Lam. Out on thee!
Ana. You are a fool: What we cannot resist,
Why should we grieve and blush for? There be women,
And they that bear the name of excellent women,
Would give their whole estates to meet this fortune.
Lam. Hark! a new noise! [*New sound within.*
Ana. Let 'em go on; I fear not.
If wrangling, fighting, and scratching, cannot preserve me,
Why, so be it, cousin. If I be ordain'd
To breed a race of rogues——

Enter four over the stage, with BEAUFRE *and* VERDONE *bound, and halters about their necks.*

Lam. They come.
Ana. Be firm;
They are welcome.
Lam. What mask of death is this? Oh, my dear brother!
Ana. My coz too? why, now you are glorious villains!
Lam. Oh, shall we lose our honours?
Ana. Let 'em go;
When death prepares the way, they are but pageants.
Why must these die?
Beau. Lament your own misfortunes;
We perish happily before your ruins.
Ana. Has mischief ne'er a tongue?
1 *Gent.* Yes, foolish woman,
Our captain's will is death.
Ana. You dare not do it.
Tell thy base boist'rous captain what I say,
Thy lawless captain, that he dares not!
D'you laugh, you rogue? you pamper'd rogue?
Lam. Good sir,
(Good cousin, gently!) as you are a gentleman——
Ana. A gentleman! A slave, a dog, the devil's harbinger!
Lam. Sir, as you had a mother——
Ana. He a mother?
Shame not the name of mother? A she-bear,
A bloody old wolf-bitch! A woman-mother?
Looks that rude lump, as if he had a mother?
Intreat him? Hang him!—Do thy worst; thou darest not,
Thou darest not wrong their lives; thy captain dares not;
They are persons of more price.

Verdone. Whate'er we suffer,
Let not your angers wrong you.
Ana. You cannot suffer;
The men that do this deed must live i' th' moon,
Free from the gripe of justice.
Lam. Is it not better——
Ana. Is it not better? Let 'em go on like rascals,
And put false faces on? they dare not do it!
Flatter such scabs of nature?
2 *Gent.* Woman, woman,
The next work is with you.
Ana. Unbind those gentlemen,
And put their fatal fortunes on our necks.
Lam. As you have mercy, do!
Ana. As you are monsters?
Lam. Fright us no more with shipwreck of our honours;
Nor, if there be a guilt by us committed,
Let it endanger those.
Ana. I say, they dare not.——
There be a thousand gallowses, ye rogues!
Tortures, ye bloody rogues! wheels!
2 *Gent.* Away.
Lam. Stay.
Ana. Stay;
Stay, and I'll flatter too. Good sweet-faced gentlemen,
You excellent in honesty!—Oh, kinsmen!
Oh, noble kinsmen!
Gent. Away with 'em!
[*Exeunt* VERDONE, BEAUPRE, *and* Gentlemen.
Ana. Stay yet.——
The devil and his lovely dam walk with you!
Come, fortify yourself; if they do die,
(Which all that ruggedness cannot rack into me)
They cannot find an hour more innocent,
Nor more friends to revenge 'em.

Enter CLEREMONT *disguised.*

Lam. Now stand constant;
For now our trial's come. [ANABEL *falls.*
Cler. This beauty's mine;
Your minute moves not yet.
Lam. She sinks!——If Christian,
If any spark of noble heat——
Cler. [*Apart to* ANABEL.] Rise, lady,
And fearless rise; there's no dishonour meant you.
Do you know my tongue?
Ana. I have heard it.
Cler. Mark it better.
I am one that loves you; fairly, nobly loves you.
Look on my face. [*Pulls off his mask.*
Ana. Oh, sir!
Cler. No more words; softly
Hark, but hark wisely how, understand well,
Suspect not, fear not.
Ana. You have brought me comfort.
Cler. If you think me worthy of your husband,
I am no rogue nor beggar; if you dare do thus——
Ana. You're monsieur Cleremont?
Cler. I am the same.
If you dare venture, speak; if not, I leave you,
And leave you to the mercy of these villains,
That will not woo you much.
Ana. Save my reputation,
And free me from these slaves!
Cler. By this kiss, I'll do it,
And from the least dishonour they dare aim at you.
I have a priest too shall be ready.
Ana. You are forward.
Lam. Is this my constant cousin? How she
Kisses and hugs the thief! [whispers.
Ana. You'll offer nothing?
Cler. Till all be tied, not, as I am a gentleman.
Ana. Can you relieve my aunt too?
Cler. Not yet, mistress,
But fear nothing; all shall be well. Away, quickly:
It must be done i' th' moment, or——
Ana. I am with you.
Cler. I'll know now who sleeps by me.—Keep your standing.
[*Exeunt* CLEREMONT *and* ANABEL.
Lam. Well, go thy way, and thine own shame dwell with thee!
Is this the constancy she shew'd, the bravery?
The dear love and the life she owed her kinsmen?
Oh, brave tongue-valiant, glorious woman!
Is this the noble anger you arrived at?
Are these the thieves you scorn'd, the rogues you rail'd at,
The scabs and scums of nature? Oh, fair modesty,
Excellent virtue, whither art thou fled?
What hand of Heaven is over us, when strong virgins
Yield to their fears, and to their fears their fortunes?
Never, Belief, come near me more! Farewell, wench,
A long farewell from all that ever knew thee!
My turn is next; I am resolved. It comes;
But in a nobler shape? Ha!

Enter DINANT.

Din. Bless you, lady!
Lam. Indeed, sir, I had need of many blessings:
For all the hours I have had since I came here
Have been so many curses. How got you liberty?
For I presume you come to comfort me.
Din. To comfort you, and love you, 'tis most true;
My bondage was as yours, as full of bitterness,
And every hour my death.
Lam. Heaven was your comfort.
Din. Till the last evening, sitting full of sadness,
Wailing, sweet mistress, your unhappy fortunes
(Mine own I had the least care of), round about me
The captain and the company stood gaping,
When I began the story of my love
To you, fair saint, and with so full a sorrow
Follow'd each point, that, even from those rude eyes,
That never knew what pity meant, or mercy,
There stole down soft relentings: (Take heed mistress,
And let not such unholy hearts out-do you!
The soft-plumed god will see again!) Thus taken,
As men transform'd with the strange tale I told,
They stood amazed; then bid me rise and live,
Take liberty and means to see your person,
And wish'd me prosperous in your love: Wish you so;
Be wise and loving, lady; shew but you so!
Lam. Oh, sir, are these fit hours to talk of love
Shall we make fools of our afflictions? [in?
Can any thing sound sweetly in mine ears,
Where all the noise of bloody horror is?
My brother, and my cousin, they are dead, sir,
Dead, basely dead! Is this an age to fool in?
And I myself, I know not what I shall be!
Yet I must thank you; and if happily

You had ask'd me yesterday, when these were living,
And my fears less, I might have hearken'd to you.
Din. Peace to your grief! I bind you to your word.

Enter CLEREMONT, ANABEL, BEAUPRE, VERDONE, CHARLOTTE, Nurse, *and the* two Gentlemen.

Lam. How! do you conjure?
Din. Not to raise dreadful apparitions, madam,
But such as you would gladly see.
Lam. My brother,
And nephew living?
Beau. And both owe their lives
To the favour of these gentlemen.
Verdone. Who deserve
Our service, and, for us, your gracious thanks.
Lam. Which I give freely, and become a suitor,
To be hereafter more familiar [*Kisses them.*
With such great worth and virtue.
1 *Gent.* Ever think us
Your servants, madam.
Cler. Why, if thou wilt needs know
How we are freed, I will discover it,
And with laconic brevity. These gentlemen
This night encountering with those outlaws that
Yesterday made us prisoners, and, as we were
Attempted by 'em, they with greater courage,
(I am sure with better fortune) not alone
Guarded themselves, but forced the bloody thieves,
Being got between them and this hellish cave,
For safety of their lives, to fly up higher
Into the woods, all left to their possession:
This saved your brother and your nephew from
The gibbet, this redeem'd me from my chains,
And gave my friend his liberty; this preserved
Your honour, ready to be lost.
Din. But that [*Aside.*
I know this for a lie, and that the thieves
And gentlemen are the same men, by my practice
Suborn'd to this, he does deliver it
With such a constant brow, that, I am doubtful,
I should believe him too.
1 *Gent.* If we did well,
We are rewarded.
2 *Gent.* Thanks but take away
From what was freely purposed.
Cler. Now, by this hand, [*To the* Gentlemen *apart.*
You have so cunningly discharged your parts,
That, while we live, rest confident you shall
Command Dinant and Cleremont. Nor Beaupré
Nor Verdone scents it; for the ladies, they
Were easy to be gull'd.
1 *Gent.* 'Twas but a jest;
And yet the jest may chance to break our necks,
Should it be known.
Cler. Fear nothing.
Din. Cleremont,
Say, what success?
Cler. As thou wouldst wish; 'tis done, lad!
The grove will witness with me, that this night
I lay not like a block. But how speed you?
Din. I yet am in suspense; devise some means
To get these off, and speedily.
Cler. I have it.—
Come, we are dull; I think that the good fellows,
Our predecessors in this place, were not
So foolish and improvident husbands, but
'Twill yield us meat and wine.

1 *Gent.* Let's ransack it;
'Tis ours now by the law.
Cler. How say you, sweet one,
Have you an appetite?
Ana. To walk again
I' th' woods, if you think fit, rather than eat.
Cler. A little respite, pr'ythee. Nay, blush not;
You ask but what's your own, and warrantable.—
Monsieur Beaupré, Verdone,
What think you of the motion?
Verdone. Lead the way.
Beau. We follow willingly.
Cler. When you shall think fit,
We will expect you.
[*Exeunt all but* DINANT *and* LAMIRA.
Din. Now be mistress of
Your promise, lady.
Lam. 'Twas to give you hearing.
Din. But that word hearing did include a grant,
And you must make it good.
Lam. Must?
Din. Must and shall!
I will be fool'd no more: You had your tricks,
Made properties of me and of my friend,
Presumed upon your power, and whipp'd me with
The rod of mine own dotage: Do not flatter
Yourself with hope, that any human help
Can free you; and, for aid by miracle,
A base unthankful woman is unworthy.
Lam. You will not force me?
Din. Rather than enjoy you
With your consent; because I will torment you,
I'll make you feel th' effects of abused love,
And glory in your torture!
Lam. Brother! nephew!
Help, help, for Heaven's sake!
Din. Tear your throat, cry louder;
Though every leaf these trees bear were an echo,
And summon'd in your best friends to redeem you,
It should be fruitless: 'Tis not that I love you,
Or value those delights you prize so high,
That I'll enjoy you; a French crown will buy
More sport, and a companion to whom
You in your best trim are an Ethiop.
Lam. Forbear me then.
Din. Not so; I'll do't in spite,
And break that stubborn disobedient will,
That hath so long held out; that boasted honour
I will make equal with a common whore's:
The spring of chastity, that fed your pride,
And grew into a river of vain glory,
I will defile with mud, the mud of lust,
And make it loathsome even to goats!
Lam. Oh, Heaven!
No pity, sir?
Din. You taught me to be cruel,
And dare you think of mercy? I'll tell thee, fool;
Those that surprised thee were my instruments:
I can plot too, good madam, (you shall find it,)
And, in the stead of licking of my fingers,
Kneeling and whining like a boy new-breech'd,
To get a toy, forsooth, not worth an apple,
Thus make my way, and with authority
Command what I would have.
Lam. I am lost for ever! [*Kneels.*
Good sir, I do confess my fault, my gross fault,
And yield myself up, miserable guilty!
Thus kneeling, I confess you cannot study
Sufficient punishments to load me with;
I am in your power, and I confess again,

You cannot be too cruel. If there be,
Besides the loss of my long-guarded honour,
Anything else to make the balance even,
Pray put it in; all hopes, all helps have left me,
I am girt round with sorrow, hell's about me,
And ravishment the least that I can look for!
Do what you please.
Din. Indeed I will do nothing,
Nor touch, nor hurt you, lady; nor had ever
Such a lewd purpose.
Lam. Can there be such goodness,
And in a man so injured!
Din. Be confirmed in't; [*Kisses her.*
I seal it thus. I must confess you vex'd me,
In fooling me so often, and those fears
You threw upon me call'd for a requital,
Which now I have return'd. All unchaste love
Dinant thus throws away! Live to mankind,
As you have done to me, and I will honour
Your virtue, and no more think of your beauty.
Lam. All I possess comes short of satisfaction.
Din. No compliments. The terrors of this night
Imagine but a fearful dream, and so
With ease forget it: for Dinant, that labour'd
To blast your honour, is a champion for it,
And will protect and guard it.
Lam. 'Tis as safe, then,
As if a complete army undertook it. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—Paris. *A Street.*

Enter La Writ, Sampson, *and* Clients.

La Writ. Do not persuade me, gentle Monsieur
I am a mortal man again, a lawyer; [Sampson;
My martial part I have put off.
Samp. Sweet monsieur,
Let but our honours teach us.
La Writ. Monsieur Sampson,
My honourable friend, my valiant friend,
Be but so beaten—Forward, my brave clients;
I am yours, and you are mine again—Be but so thresht,
Receive that castigation with a cudgel——
Samp. Which calls upon us for a reparation.
La Writ. I have it, it cost me half-a-crown, I bear it,
All over me I bear it, Monsieur Sampson;
The oils, and the old woman that repairs to me,
To 'noint my beaten body.
Samp. It concerns you,
You have been swinged.
La Writ. Let it concern thee, too;
Go, and be beaten; speak scurvy words as I did;
Speak to that lion-lord, waken his anger,
And have a hundred bastinadoes, do;
Three broken pates, thy teeth knock'd out; do, Sampson;
Thy valiant arms and legs beaten to poultices;
Do, silly Sampson, do.
1 *Client.* You wrong the gentleman,
To try to put him out of his right mind, thus:
You wrong us, and our causes.
La Writ. Down with him, gentlemen;
Turn him, and beat him, if he break our peace,—
Then, when thou hast been lamed, thy small guts perish'd,
Then talk to me; before, I scorn thy counsel:
Feel what I feel, and let my lord repair thee.
Samp. And can the brave La Writ——
2 *Client.* Tempt him no further;
Be warn'd, and say no more!
La Writ. If thou dost, Sampson,
Thou seest my myrmidons, (I'll let 'em loose,)
That in a moment——
Samp. I say nothing, sir;
But I could wish——
La Writ. They shall destroy thee, wishing!
There's ne'er a man of these but have lost ten causes,
Dearer than ten men's lives; tempt, and thou diest!
Go home, and smile upon my lord, thine uncle;
Take money of the men thou mean'st to cozen;
Drink wine, and eat good meat, and live discreetly;
Talk little, 'tis an antidote against a beating;
Keep thy hand from thy sword, and from thy laundress' placket,
And thou wilt live long.
1 *Client.* Give ear, and be instructed.
La Writ. I find I am wiser than a justice of peace, now:
Give me the wisdom that's beaten into a man!
That sticks still by him.—Art thou a new man?
Samp. Yes, yes;
Thy learned precepts have enchanted me.
La Writ. Go, my son Sampson, I have now begot thee;
I'll send thee causes; speak to thy lord, and live,
And lay my share by; go, and live in peace,
Put on new suits, and shew fit for thy place:
That man neglects his living is an ass.
[*Exit* Sampson.
Farewell!—Come, chearly, boys, about our business!
Now, welcome tongue again, hang swords! [
1 *Client.* Sweet advocate! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*The Country-house of* Champernel.

Enter Nurse *and* Charlotte.

Nurse. I know not, wench; they may call 'em what they will,
Outlaws, or thieves; but, I am sure, to me
One was an honest man; he used me well:
What I did, 'tis no matter; he complain'd not.
Char. I must confess there was one bold with me, too;
Some coy thing would say rude, but 'tis no matter;
I was to pay a waiting woman's ransom,
And I have done't; and I would pay't again,
Were I ta'en to-morrow.
Nurse. Alas, there was no hurt!
If't be a sin for such as live at hard meat,
And keep a long Lent in the woods, as they do,
To taste a little flesh——
Char. God help the courtiers,
That lie at rack and manger!
Nurse. I shall love
A thief the better for this while I live;
They are men of a charitable vocation,
And give where there is need, and with discretion,
And put a good speed-penny in my purse,
That has been empty twenty years.
Char. Peace, nurse;
Farewell, and cry not roast meat. Methinks Cleremont
And my lady Anabel are in one night
Familiarly acquainted.

Nurse. I observe it.—
If she have got a penny too!

Enter VERTAIGNE, CHAMPERNEL, *and* Provost.

Char. No more.
My lord Monsieur Vertaigne; the provost too!
Haste, and acquaint my lady.
[*Exeunt* Nurse *and* CHARLOTTE.

Pro. Wondrous strange!
Vert. 'Tis true, sir, on my credit.
Champ. On mine honour.
Pro. I have been provost-marshal twenty years,
And have truss'd up a thousand of these rascals;
But so near Paris yet I never met with
One of that brotherhood.
Champ. We, to our cost, have.
But will you search the wood?
Pro. It is beset;
They cannot 'scape us. Nothing makes me wonder
So much, as, having you within their power,
They let you go; it was a courtesy
That French thieves use not often. I much pity
The gentle ladies; yet, I know not how,
I rather hope than fear.

Enter DINANT, CLEREMONT, VERDONE, BEAUPRE, LAMIRA, ANABEL, CHARLOTTE, *and* Nurse.

Are these the prisoners?
Din. We were such.
Vert. Kill me not, excess of joy!
Champ. I see thou livest; but hast thou had no foul play?
Lam. No, on my soul; my usage hath been
Far from all violence. [noble,
Champ. How were you freed?
But kiss me first; we'll talk of that at leisure;
I am glad I have thee.—Niece, how you keep off,
As you knew me not!
Ana. Sir, I am where
I owe most duty.
Cler. 'Tis indeed most true, sir;
The man that should have been your bed-fellow,
Your lordship's bed-fellow, that could not smell
A virgin of sixteen, that was your fool [out
To make you merry; this poor simple fellow
Has met the maid again, and now she knows
He is a man.
Champ. How; is she dishonour'd?
Cler. Not unless marriage be dishonourable:
Heaven is a witness of our happy contract,
And the next priest we meet shall warrant it
To all the world. I lay with her in jest;
'Tis turn'd to earnest now.
Champ. Is this true, niece?
Din. Her blushing silence grants it. Nay, sir, storm not;
He is my friend, and I can make this good,
His birth and fortunes equal hers; your lordship
Might have sought out a worse; we are all friends too,
All differences end thus. Now, sir, unless
You would raise new dissensions, make perfect
What is so well begun.
Vert. That were not manly.
Lam. Let me persuade you.
Champ. Well, God give you joy!
She shall not come a beggar to you, sir.—
For you, Monsieur Dinant, ere long I'll show you
Another niece, to this not much inferior;
As you shall like, proceed.
Din. I thank you, sir.
Champ. Back then to Paris. Well that travel ends,
That makes of deadly enemies perfect friends.
[*Exeunt.*

EPILOGUE.

GENTLEMEN,
I am sent forth to inquire what you decree
Of us, and of our poets; they will be
This night exceeding merry, so will we,
If you approve their labours. They profess
You are their patrons, and we say no less:
Resolve us, then, for you can only tell,
Whether we have done idly, or done well.

VALENTINIAN.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

VALENTINIAN, *Emperor of Rome.*
AECIUS, *the* Emperor's *Loyal General.*
BALBUS, PROCULUS, CHILAX, *a Greek,* } *Four Noble Pandars, and Flatterers to the* Emperor.
LICINIUS,
MAXIMUS, *a great Soldier, Husband to* LUCINA.
LYCIUS, *an Eunuch.*
PONTIUS, *an honest Centurion.*
PHIDIAS, ARETUS, } *Two bold and faithful Eunuchs, Servants to* AECIUS.
AFRANIUS, *an eminent Captain.*
PAULUS, *a Poet.*
LICIPPUS, *a Courtier.*

FULVIUS, LUCIUS, SEMPRONIUS, } *Senators.*

EUDOXIA, *Empress, Wife to* VALENTINIAN.
LUCINA, *the chaste abused Wife of* MAXIMUS.
CLAUDIA, MARCELLINA, } LUCINA'S *Waiting-Women.*
ARDELIA, PHORBA, } *Two of the* Emperor's *Bawds.*

Physicians, Gentlemen, Soldiers, *a* Boy, *a* Messenger, *and* Ladies.

SCENE,—ROME.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*The Court of the Imperial Palace.*

Enter BALBUS, PROCULUS, CHILAX, *and* LICINIUS.

Bal. I never saw the like; she's no more stirr'd,
o more another woman, no more alter'd
Vith any hopes or promises laid to her,
et 'em be ne'er so weighty, ne'er so winning,
han I am with the motion of my own legs.
Proc. Chilax,
ou are a stranger yet in these designs,
t least in Rome. Tell me, and tell me truth,
id you e'er know, in all your course of practice,
n all the ways of women you have run through—
'or I presume you have been brought up, Chilax,
s we, to fetch and carry.)
Chi. True, I have so.
Proc. Did you, I say again, in all this progress,
ver discover such a piece of beauty,
ver so rare a creature, (and, no doubt,
ne that must know her worth too, and affect it,
y, and be flatter'd, else 'tis none,) and honest?
onest, against the tide of all temptations?
Ionest to one man, to her husband only,
nd yet not eighteen, not of age to know
Vhy she is honest?
Chi. I confess it freely,
never saw her fellow, nor e'er shall:
or all our Grecian dames, all I have tried,
And sure I have tried a hundred, if I say two,
speak within my compass) all these beauties,
nd all the constancy of all these faces,
Maids, widows, wives, of what degree or calling,
So they be Greeks and fat, for there's my cunning,)
would undertake, and not sweat for it, Proculus,
Were they to try again, say twice as many,
Under a thousand pound, to lay 'em bed-rid:
But this wench staggers me.
Licin. Do you see these jewels?
You would think these pretty baits; now, I'll assure you,
Here's half the wealth of Asia.
Bal. These are nothing
To the full honours I propounded to her:
I bid her think, and be, and presently,
Whatever her ambition, what the counsel
Of others would add to her, what her dreams
Could more enlarge, what any precedent
Of any woman rising up to glory,
And standing certain there, and in the highest,
Could give her more; nay, to be empress.
Proc. And cold at all these offers?
Bal. Cold as crystal,
Ne'er to be thaw'd again.
Chi. I tried her further,
And so far, that I think she is no woman;
At least, as women go now.
Licin. Why, what did you?
Chi. I offer'd that, that had she been but mistress
Of as much spleen as doves have, I had reach'd her:
A safe revenge of all that ever hate her,
The crying-down for ever [of] all beauties
That may be thought come near her.
Proc. That was pretty.
Chi. I never knew that way fail; yet I'll tell you:
I offer'd her a gift beyond all yours,
That, that had made a saint start, well considered:
The law to be her creature, she to make it,
Her mouth to give it, every creature living

From her aspect to draw their good or evil,
Fix'd in 'em, spite of fortune; a new nature
She should be call'd, and mother of all ages;
Time should be hers; and what she did, lame Virtue
Should bless to all posterities: her air
Should give us life, her earth and water feed us;
And last, to none but to the emperor,
(And then but when she pleased to have it so,)
She should be held for mortal.
Licin. And she heard you?
Chi. Yes, as a sick man hears a noise; or he
That stands condemn'd, his judgment. Let me perish,
But, if there can be virtue; if that name
Be anything but name and empty title,
If it be so as fools have been pleased to feign it,
A power that can preserve us after ashes,
And make the names of men out-reckon ages,
This woman has a god of virtue in her!
Bal. I would the emperor were that god.
Chi. She has in her
All the contempt of glory and vain-seeming
Of all the Stoicks, all the truth of Christians,
And all their constancy: Modesty was made
When she was first intended. When she blushes,
It is the holiest thing to look upon;
The purest temple of her sect that ever
Made Nature a bless'd founder.
Proc. Is there no way
To take this phœnix?
Licin. None but in her ashes.
Chi. If she were fat, or any way inclining
To ease or pleasure, or affected glory,
Proud to be seen and worshipp'd, 'twere a venture;
But, on my soul, she is chaster than cold camphire.
Bal. I think so, too; for all the ways of woman,
Like a full sail, she bears against. I ask'd her,
After my many offers, walking with her,
And her as many down-denials, how
If th' emperor grown mad with love, should force her?
She pointed to a Lucrece, that hung by,
And with an angry look, that from her eyes
Shot vestal fire against me, she departed.
Proc. This is the first wench I was ever posed in;
Yet I have brought young loving things together
This two-and-thirty years.
Chi. I find, by this wench,
The calling of a bawd to be a strange,
A wise, and subtle calling, and for none
But staid, discreet, and understanding people:
And, as the tutor to great Alexander
Would say, a young man should not dare to read
His moral books, till after five-and-twenty;
So must that he or she, that will be bawdy,
(I mean discreetly bawdy, and be trusted,)
If they will rise, and gain experience,
Well steep'd in years, and discipline, begin it;
I take it, 'tis no boys' play.
Bal. Well, what's thought of?
Proc. The emperor must know it.
Licin. If the women
Should chance to fail too?
Chi. As 'tis ten to one.
Proc. Why, what remains, but new nets for the purchase?
Chi. Let's go consider, then; and if all fail,
This is the first quick eel that saved her tail.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*An Apartment in the House of* MAXIMUS.

Enter LUCINA, ARDELIA, *and* PHORBA.

Ard. You still insist upon that idol, honour:
Can it renew your youth? can it add wealth
That takes off wrinkles? can it draw men's eyes
To gaze upon you in your age? can honour
(That truly is a saint to none but soldiers,
And, look'd into, bears no reward but danger)
Leave you the most respected person living?
Or can the common kisses of a husband
(Which to a sprightly lady is a labour)
Make you almost immortal? You are cozen'd;
The honour of a woman is her praises;
The way to get these, to be seen, and sought to,
And not to bury such a happy sweetness
Under a smoaky roof.
Lucina. I'll hear no more.
Phorba. That white and red, and all that blessed beauty,
Kept from the eyes, that make it so, is nothing:
Then you are rarely fair, when men proclaim it.
The phœnix, were she never seen, were doubted;
That most unvalued horn the unicorn
Bears to oppose the huntsman, were it nothing
But tale, and mere tradition, would help no man;
But when the virtue's known, the honour's doubled.
Virtue is either lame, or not at all;
And Love a sacrilege, and not a saint,
When it bars up the way to men's petitions.
Ard. Nay, you shall love your husband too;
To make a monster of you. [we come not
Lucina. Are ye women?
Ard. You'll find us so; and women you shall
If you have grace to make your use. [thank too,
Lucina. Fy on ye!
Phorba. Alas, poor bashful lady! By my soul,
Had you no other virtue but your blushes,
And I a man, I should run mad for those.
How daintily they set her off, how sweetly!
Ard. Come, goddess, come; you move too near the earth;
It must not be! a better orb stays for you:
Here; be a maid, and take 'em. [*Offers her jewels.*
Lucina. Pray leave me.
Phorba. That were a sin, sweet lady, and a way
To make us guilty of your melancholy;
You must not be alone; in conversation
Doubts are resolved, and what sticks near the
Made easy, and allowable. [conscience
Lucina. Ye are devils!
Ard. That you may one day bless for your damnation.
Lucina. I charge ye, in the name of Chastity,
Tempt me no more! How ugly ye seem to me!
There is no wonder men defame our sex,
And lay the vices of all ages on us,
When such as you shall bear the names of women!
If ye had eyes to see yourselves, or sense
Above the base rewards ye play the bawds for;
If ever in your lives ye heard of goodness,
Though many regions off, as men hear thunder;
If ever ye had fathers, and they souls;
If ever mothers, and not such as you are;
If ever anything were constant in you,
Besides your sins, or common but your curses;
If ever any of your ancestors
Died worth a noble deed, that would be cherish'd;
Soul-frighted with this black infection,

You would run from one another to repentance,
And from your guilty eyes drop out those sins,
That made ye blind, and beasts!
Phor. You speak well, lady;
A sign of fruitful education,
If your religious zeal had wisdom with it.
Ard. This lady was ordain'd to bless the empire,
And we may all give thanks for't.
Phor. I believe you.
Ard. If anything redeem the emperor
From his wild flying courses, this is she:
She can instruct him, if ye mark; she is wise too.
Phor. Exceeding wise, which is a wonder in her;
And so religious, that I well believe,
Though she would sin, she cannot.
Ard. And besides,
She has the empire's cause in hand, not love's;
There lies the main consideration,
For which she's chiefly born.
Phor. She finds that point
Stronger than we can tell her; and, believe it,
I look by her means for a reformation,
And such a one, and such a rare way carried,
That all the world shall wonder at.
Ard. 'Tis true.
I never thought the emperor had wisdom,
Pity, or fair affection to his country,
'Till he profess'd this love: Gods give 'em children,
Such as her virtues merit, and his zeal!
I look to see a Numa from this lady,
Or greater than Octavius.
Phor. Do you mark too,
(Which is a noble virtue) how she blushes,
And what a flowing modesty runs through her,
When we but name the emperor?
Ard. But mark it?
Yes, and admire it too; for she considers,
Though she be fair as Heaven, and virtuous
As holy truth, yet, to the emperor,
She is a kind of nothing but her service,
Which she is bound to offer, and she'll do it;
And when her country's cause commands affection,
She knows obedience is the key of virtues:
Then fly the blushes out, like Cupid's arrows;
And though the tie of marriage to her lord
Would fain cry, "Stay, Lucina!" yet the cause,
And general wisdom of the prince's love,
Makes her find surer ends, and happier;
And if the first were chaste, this is twice doubled.
Phor. Her tartness unto us too——
Ard. That's a wise one——
Phor. I really like; it shews a rising wisdom,
That chides all common fools as dare inquire
What princes would have private.
Ard. What a lady
Shall we be bless'd to serve!
Lucina. Go, get ye from me!
Ye are your purses' agents, not the prince's.
Is this the virtuous lure ye train'd me out to?
Am I a woman fit to imp your vices?
But that I had a mother, and a woman,
Whose ever-living fame turns all it touches
Into the good itself is, I should now
Even doubt myself, I have been searched so near
The very soul of honour. Why should you two,
That happily have been as chaste as I am,
(Fairer I think by much, for yet your faces,
Like ancient well-built piles, shew worthy ruins)
After that angel-age, turn mortal devils?
For shame, for womanhood, for what ye have been,
(For rotten cedars have borne goodly branches)
If ye have hope of any Heaven, but court,
Which, like a dream, you'll find hereafter vanish.
Or, at the best, but subject to repentance,
Study no more to be ill spoken of!
Let women live themselves; if they must fall,
Their own destruction find 'em, not your fevers.
Ard. Madam, you are so excellent in all,
And, I must tell it you with admiration,
So true a joy you have, so sweet a fear,
And, when you come to anger, 'tis so noble,
That, for mine own part, I could still offend,
To hear you angry: Women that want that,
And your way guided (else I count it nothing),
Are either fools or cowards.
Phor. She were a mistress for no private greatness,
Could she not frown. A ravish'd kiss from anger,
And such an anger as this lady learns us,
Stuck with such pleasing dangers, gods, I ask ye,
Which of ye all could hold from?
Lucina. I perceive ye;
Your own dark sins dwell with ye! and that price
You sell the chastity of modest wives at,
Run to diseases with your bones! I scorn ye;
And all the nets ye have pitch'd to catch my virtues,
Like spiders' webs, I sweep away before me.
Go, tell the emperor ye have met a woman
That neither his own person, which is godlike,
The world he rules, nor what that world can purchase,
Nor all the glories subject to a Cæsar,
The honours that he offers for my body,
The hopes, gifts, everlasting flatteries,
Nor anything that's his, and apt to tempt me,
No, not to be the mother of the empire,
And queen of all the holy fires he worships,
Can make a whore of!
Ard. You mistake us, lady.
Lucina. Yet, tell him this has thus much weakenʼd me,
That I have heard his knaves, and you his matrons,
(Fit nurses for his sins) which gods forgive me!
But, ever to be leaning to his folly,
Or to be brought to love his lust, assure him,
And, from her mouth whose life shall make it certain,
I never can! I have a noble husband,
(Pray tell him that too) yet, a noble name,
A noble family, and, last, a conscience.
Thus much for your answer: For yourselves,
Ye have lived the shame of women, die the better!
[*Exit.*
Phor. What's now to do?
Ard. Even as she said, to die;
For there's no living here, and women thus,
I am sure, for us two.
Phor. Nothing stick upon her?
Ard. We have lost a mass of money. Well, dame Virtue,
Yet you may halt, if good luck serve.
Phor. Worms take her!
She has almost spoil'd our trade.
Ard. So godly!
This is ill breeding, Phorba.
Phor. If the women
Should have a longing now to see this monster,
And she convert 'em all!
Ard. That may be, Phorba;
But if it be, I'll have the young men gelded.
Come, let's go think; she must not 'scape us thus:
There is a certain season, if we hit,
That women may be rid without a bit.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*An Apartment in the Palace.*

Enter MAXIMUS *and* AECIUS.

Max. I cannot blame the nations, noble friend,
That they fall off so fast from this wild man;
When (under our allegiance be it spoken,
And the most happy tie of our affections)
The world's weight groans beneath him. Where lives virtue,
Honour, discretion, wisdom? Who are call'd
And chosen to the steering of the empire,
But bawds, and singing-girls? Oh, my Aëcius!
The glory of a soldier, and the truth
Of men, made up for goodness' sake, like shells,
Grow to the ragged walls for want of action:
Only your happy self, and I that love you,
Which is a larger means to me than favour——
Aëcius. No more, my worthy friend; though these be truths,
And though these truths would ask a reformation,
At least, a little squaring, yet remember,
We are but subjects, Maximus; obedience
To what is done, and grief for what is ill done
Is all we can call ours. The hearts of princes
Are like the temples of the gods; pure incense,
Until unhallow'd hands defile those offerings,
Burns ever there; we must not put 'em out,
Because the priests that touch those sweets are wicked;
We dare not, dearest friend, nay, more, we can-
Whilst we consider who we are, and how, [not,—
To what laws bound, much more to what lawgiver;
Whilst majesty is made to be obey'd,
And not inquired into; whilst gods and angels
Make but a rule as we do, though a stricter,—
Like desperate and unseason'd fools, let fly
Our killing angers, and forsake our honours.
Max. My noble friend, (from whose instructions
I never yet took surfeit) weigh but thus much;—
Nor think I speak it with ambition,
For, by the gods, I do not!—Why, Aëcius,
Why are we thus, or how become thus wretched?
Aëcius. You'll fall again into your fit.
Max. I will not.—
Or, are we now no more the sons of Romans,
No more the followers of their happy fortunes,
But conquer'd Gauls, or quivers for the Parthians?
Why is this emperor, this man we honour,
This god that ought to be——
Aëcius. You are too curious.
Max, Good, give me leave.—Why is this author of us——
Aëcius. I dare not hear you speak thus.
Max. I'll be modest.—
Thus led away, thus vainly led away,
And we beholders?—Misconceive me not;
I sow no danger in my words.—But wherefore,
And to what end, are we the sons of fathers
Famous, and fast to Rome? Why are their virtues
Stamp'd in the dangers of a thousand battles,
For goodness' sake? their honours time out-daring?
I think, for our example.
Aëcius. You speak nobly.
Max. Why are we seeds of these then, to shake hands
With bawds and base informers, kiss discredit,
And court her like a mistress?—'Pray, your leave
You'll say, the emperor is young, and apt [yet.—
To take impression rather from his pleasures,
Than any constant worthiness: It may be.
But, why do these, the people call his pleasures,
Exceed the moderation of a man?
Nay, to say justly, friend, why are they vices,
And such as shake our worths with foreign nations?
Aëcius. You search the sore too deep, and I must tell you,
In any other man this had been boldness,
And so rewarded. Pray depress your spirit:
For, though I constantly believe you honest,
(You were no friend for me else) and what now
You freely spake, but good you owe to th' empire,
Yet take heed, worthy Maximus; all ears
Hear not with that distinction mine do, few
You'll find admonishers, but urgers of your actions,
And to the heaviest, friend: And pray, consider
We are but shadows, motions others give us;
And though our pities may become the times,
Justly our powers cannot. Make me worthy
To be your ever-friend in fair allegiance,
But not in force: For, durst mine own soul urge me
(And, by that soul, I speak my just affections)
To turn my hand from truth, which is obedience,
And give the helm my virtue holds to anger,
Though I had both the blessings of the Bruti,
And both their instigations; though my cause
Carried a face of justice beyond theirs,
And, as I am, a servant to my fortunes,
That daring soul, that first taught disobedience,
Should feel the first example. Say the prince,
As I may well believe, seems vicious,
Who justly knows 'tis not to try our honours?
Or, say he be an ill prince, are we therefore
Fit fires to purge him? No, my dearest friend,
The elephant is never won with anger,
Nor must that man that would reclaim a lion,
Take him by the teeth.
Max. I pray mistake me not.
Aëcius. Our honest actions, and the light that breaks
Like morning from our service, chaste and blushing,
Is that that pulls a prince back; then he sees,
And not till then truly repents his errors,
When subjects' crystal souls are glasses to him.
Max. My ever honour'd friend, I'll take your counsel.
The emperor appears; I'll leave you to him;
And, as we both affect him, may he flourish! [*Exit.*

Enter VALENTINIAN *and* CHILAX.

Val. Is that the best news?
Chi. Yet the best we know, sir.
Val. Bid Maximus come to me, and be gone then. [*Exit* CHILAX.
Mine own head be my helper; these are fools.—
How now, Aëcius? are the soldiers quiet?
Aëcius. Better, I hope, sir, than they were.
Val. They are pleased, I hear,
To censure me extremely for my pleasures;
Shortly they'll fight against me.
Aëcius. Gods defend, sir!
And, for their censures, they are such shrewd [judgers,
A donative of ten sesterties,
I'll undertake, shall make 'em ring your praises,
More than they sang your pleasures.
Val. I believe thee.
Art thou in love, Aëcius, yet?
Aëcius. Oh, no, sir!
I am too coarse for ladies; my embraces,

That only am acquainted with alarums,
Would break their tender bodies.
Val. Never fear it;
They are stronger than you think; they'll hold the hammer.
My empress swears thou art a lusty soldier;
A good one, I believe thee.
Aëcius. All that goodness
Is but your grace's creature.
Val. Tell me truly,—
For thou darest tell me——
Aëcius. Any thing concerns you,
That's fit for me to speak, and you to pardon.
Val. What say the soldiers of me? and the same words;
Mince 'em not, good Aëcius, but deliver
The very forms and tongues they talk withal.
Aëcius. I'll tell your grace; but, with this caution,
You be not stirr'd: For, should the gods live with us,
Even those we certainly believe are righteous,
Give 'em but drink, they would censure them too.
Val. Forward.
Aëcius. Then, to begin, they say you sleep too much,
By which they judge your majesty too sensual,
Apt to decline your strength to ease and pleasures;
And when you do not sleep, you drink too much,
From which they fear suspicions first, then ruins;
And when ye neither drink nor sleep, ye wench much,
Which, they affirm, first breaks your understanding,
Then takes the edge of honour, makes us seem
(That are the ribs and rampires of the empire)
Fencers, and beaten fools, and so regarded.
But I believe 'em not; for, were these truths,
Your virtue can correct them.
Val. They speak plainly.
Aëcius. They say moreover (since your grace will have it;
For they will talk their freedoms, though the sword
Were in their throat) that of late time, like Nero,
And with the same forgetfulness of glory,
You have got a vein of fidling; so they term it.—
Val. Some drunken dreams, Aëcius.
Aëcius. So I hope, sir.—
And that you rather study cruelty,
And to be fear'd for blood, than loved for bounty,
(Which makes the nations, as they say, despise you,)
Telling your years and actions by their deaths
Whose truth and strength of duty made you Cæsar.
They say besides, you nourish strange devourers,
Fed with the fat o' th' empire, they call bawds,
Lazy and lustful creatures, that abuse you;
A people as they term 'em, made of paper,
In which the secret sins of each man's monies
Are seal'd and sent a-working.
Val. What sin's next?
For I perceive they have no mind to spare me.
Aëcius. Nor hurt ye, o' my soul, sir! But such people
(Nor can the power of man restrain it) when
They are full of meat and ease, must prattle.
Val. Forward.
Aëcius. I have spoken too much, sir.
Val. I'll have all.
Aëcius. It fits not
Your ears should hear their vanities; no profit
Can justly rise to you from their behaviour,
Unless you were guilty of those crimes.
Val. It may be
I am so; therefore forward.
Aëcius. I have ever
Learn'd to obey, nor shall my life resist it.
Val. No more apologies.
Aëcius. They grieve besides, sir,
To see the nations, whom our ancient virtue
With many a weary march and hunger conquer'd,
With loss of many a daring life subdued,
Fall from their fair obedience, and even murmur
To see the warlike eagles mew their honours
In obscure towns, that wont to prey on princes.
They cry for enemies, and tell the captains,
"The fruits of Italy are luscious; give us Egypt,
Or sandy Afric, to display our valours,
There where our swords may make us meat, and danger
Digest our well-got viands. Here our weapons,
And bodies that were made for shining brass,
Are both unedged, and old with ease and women."
And then they cry again, "Where are the Germans,
Lined with hot Spain, or Gallia? Bring 'em on,
And let the son of war, steeled Mithridates,
Lead up his winged Parthians like a storm,
Hiding the face of heaven with showers of arrows:
Yet we dare fight like Romans!" Then, as soldiers
Tired with a weary march, they tell their wounds,
Even weeping-ripe they were no more, nor deeper,
And glory in those scars that make 'em lovely.
And, sitting where a camp was, like sad pilgrims,
They reckon up the times, and living labours,
Of Julius or Germanicus; and wonder
That Rome, whose turrets once were topt with honours,
Can now forget the custom of her conquests:
And then they blame your grace, and say, "Who leads us?
Shall we stand here like statues? were our fathers
The sons of lazy Moors? our princes Persians?
Nothing but silks and softness? Curses on 'em
That first taught Nero wantonness and blood,
Tiberius doubts, Caligula all vices!
For, from the spring of these, succeeding princes"—
Thus they talk, sir.
Val. Well,
Why do you hear these things?
Aëcius. Why do you do 'em?
I take the gods to witness, with more sorrow,
And more vexation, do I hear these taintures,
Than were my life dropped from me through an hour-glass!
Val. Belike then you believe 'em, or at least
Are glad they should be so. Take heed! you were better
Build your own tomb, and run into it living,
Than dare a prince's anger!
Aëcius. I am old, sir,
And ten years more addition is but nothing:
Now, if my life be pleasing to you, take it! [*Kneels*
Upon my knees, if ever any service,
(As, let me brag, some have been worthy notice,)
If ever any worth, or trust you gave me,
Deserved a fair respect; if all my actions,
The hazards of my youth, colds, burnings, wants,
For you and for the empire, be not vices;
By that style you have stamp'd upon me, soldier;
Let me not fall into the hands of wretches!
Val. I understand you not.
Aëcius. Let not this body,
That has look'd bravely in his blood for Cæsar,

And covetous of wounds, and for your safety,
After the 'scape of swords, spears, slings, and arrows,
('Gainst which my beaten body was mine armour)
The seas, and thirsty desarts, now be purchase
For slaves, and base informers. I see anger
And death look through your eyes; I am mark'd for slaughter,
And know the telling of this truth has made me
A man clean lost to this world: I embrace it;
Only my last petition, sacred Cæsar,
Is, I may die a Roman!
Val. Rise, my friend still,
And worthy of my love. Reclaim the soldier;
I'll study to do so upon myself too. Go;
Keep your command, and prosper.
Aëcius. Life to Cæsar! [*Exit.*

Enter CHILAX.

Chi. Lord Maximus attends your grace.
Val. Go tell him
I'll meet him in the gallery.—
The honesty of this Aëcius
(Who is indeed the bulwark of the empire)
Has dived so deep into me, that of all
The sins I covet, but this woman's beauty,
With much repentance, now I could be quit of;
But she is such a pleasure, being good,
That, though I were a god, she'd fire my blood.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*An Apartment in the same.*

VALENTINIAN, MAXIMUS, LICINIUS, PROCULUS, *and* CHILAX, *discovered playing at Dice.*

Val. Nay, ye shall set my hand out; 'tis not just
I should neglect my fortune, now 'tis prosperous.
Licin. If I have anything to set your grace,
But clothes, or good conditions, let me perish!
You have all my money, sir.
Proc. And mine.
Chi. And mine too.
Max. Unless your grace will credit us.
Val. No bare board.
Licin. Then, at my garden-house.
Val. The orchard too?
Licin. An't please your grace.
Val. Have at 'em. [*They throw.*
Proc. They are lost.
Licin. Why, farewell, fig-trees!
Val. Who sets more?
Chi. At my horse, sir.
Val. The dappled Spaniard?
Chi. He.
Val. He's mine. [*Throws.*
Chi. He is so.
Max. Your short horse is soon curried.
Chi. So it seems, sir;
So may your mare be too, if luck serve.
Max. Ha?
Chi. Nothing, my lord, but grieving at my fortune.
Val. Come, Maximus, you were not wont to flinch thus.
Max. By Heaven, sir, I have lost all!
Val. There's a ring yet.
Max. This was not made to lose, sir.
Val. Some love-token?
Set it, I say!
Max. I do beseech your grace,
Rather name any house I have.
Val. How strange
And curious you are grown of toys! Redeem it,
If so I win it, when you please; to-morrow,
Or next day, as you will, I care not;
But only for my luck sake: 'Tis not rings
Can make me richer.
Max. Will you throw, sir? There 'tis.
Val. Why, then, have at it fairly. [*Throws.*]—Mine.
Max. Your grace
Is only ever fortunate. To-morrow,
An't be your pleasure, sir, I'll pay the price on't.
Val. To-morrow you shall have it without price, sir,
But this day 'tis my victory. Good Maximus,
Now I bethink myself, go to Aëcius,
And bid him muster all the cohorts presently;
(They mutiny for pay, I hear,) and be you
Assistant to him. When you know their numbers,
Ye shall have monies for 'em, and above
Something to stop their tongues withal.
Max. I will, sir;
And gods preserve you in this mind still!
Val. Shortly,
I'll see 'em march myself.
Max. Gods ever keep you! [*Exit.*
Val. To what end do you think this ring shall serve now?
For you are fellows only know by rote,
As birds record their lessons.
Chi. For the lady.
Val. But how for her?
Chi. That I confess I know not.
Val. Then pray for him that does. Fetch me an eunuch
That never saw her yet; and you two see
The court made like a paradise. [*Exit* CHILAX.
Licin. We will, sir.
Val. Full of fair shows and musics; all your arts
(As I shall give instructions) screw to th' highest,
For my main piece is now a-doing: And, for fear
You should not take, I'll have another engine,
Such as, if virtue be not only in her,
She shall not choose but lean to. Let the women
Put on a graver show of welcome.
Proc. Well, sir.
Val. They are thought too eager.

Enter CHILAX *and* LYCIAS.

Chi. Here's the eunuch.
Lycias. Long life to Cæsar!
Val. I must use you, Lycias:
Come, let's walk in, and then I'll show you all:
If women may be frail, this wench shall fall.
[*Exeunt*

SCENE II.—*A Room in the House of* MAXIMUS.

Enter CLAUDIA *and* MARCELLINA.

Clau. Sirrah, what ails my lady, that of late
She never cares for company?
Marc. I know not,
Unless it be that company causes cuckolds.
Clau. That were a childish fear.
Marc. What were those ladies
Came to her lately? from the court?
Clau. The same, wench.
Some grave instructors, on my life; they look
For all the world like old hatch'd hilts.
Marc. 'Tis true, wench.
For here and there (and yet they painted well too)
One might discover, where the gold was worn,
Their iron ages.
Clau. If my judgment fail not,
They have been sheath'd like rotten ships——
Marc. It may be.
Clau. For, if ye mark their rudders, they hang weakly.
Marc. They have past the line, belike.—Wouldst live, Claudia,
Till thou wert such as they are?
Clau. Chimney-pieces!
Now, Heaven have mercy on me, and young men!
I had rather make a drollery till thirty.
While I were able to endure a tempest,
And bear my fights out bravely, till my tackle
Whistled i' th' wind, and held against all weathers,
While I were able to bear with my tires,
And so discharge 'em, I would willingly
Live, Marcellina; not 'till barnacles
Bred in my sides.
Marc. Thou art i' th' right, wench:
For who would live, whom pleasures had forsaken,
To stand at mark, and cry, "A bow short, signior!"
Were there not men came hither too?
Clau. Brave fellows;
I fear me, bawds of five i' th' pound.
Marc. How know you?
Clau. They gave me great lights to it.
Marc. Take heed, Claudia!
Clau. Let them take heed; the spring comes on.
Marc. To me now,
They seem'd as noble visitants.
Clau. To me now,
Nothing less, Marcellina; for I mark'd 'em,
And, by this honest light (for yet 'tis morning),
Saving the reverence of their gilded doublets
And Milan skins——
Marc. Thou art a strange wench, Claudia.
Clau. You are deceived.—They shew'd to me directly
Court-crabs, that creep a side-way for their living:
I know 'em by the breeches that they begg'd last.
Marc. Peace! My lady comes. What may that be?

Enter LUCINA *and* LYCIAS.

Clau. A sumner,
That cites her to appear.
Marc. No more of that, wench.
Lycias. Madam, what answer to your lord?
Lucina. Pray tell him
I am subject to his will.
Lycias. Why weep you, madam?
Excellent lady, there are none will hurt you.
Lucina. I do beseech you tell me, sir——
Lycias. What, lady?
Lucina. Serve you the emperor?
Lycias. I do.
Lucina. In what place?
Lycias. In's chamber, madam.
Lucina. Do you serve his will too?
Lycias. In fair and just commands.
Lucina. Are you a Roman?
Lycias. Yes, noble lady, and a Mantuan.
Lucina. What office bore your parents?
Lycias. One was a prætor.
Lucina. Take heed then how you stain his repe- [tation.
Lycias. Why, worthy lady?
Lucina. If you know, I charge you,
Aught in this message but what honesty,
The trust and fair obedience of a servant,
May well deliver, yet take heed, and help me.
Lycias. Madam, I am no broker——
Clau. I'll be hanged then. [*Aside.*
Lycias. Nor base procurer of men's lusts. Your husband
Pray'd me to do this office; I have done it;
It rests in you to come, or no.
Lucina. I will, sir.
Lycias. If you mistrust me, do not.
Lucina. You appear
So worthy, and to all my sense so honest,
And this is such a certain sign you have brought [me,
That I believe.
Lycias. Why should I cozen you?
Or, were I bribed to do this villainy,
Can money prosper, or the fool that takes it,
When such a virtue falls?
Lucina. You speak well, sir:
'Would all the rest that serve the emperor
Had but your way!
Clau. And so they have, *ad unguem.* [*Aside.*
Lucina. Pray tell my lord I have received his token,
And will not fail to meet him. Yet, good sir, thus much
Before you go; I do beseech you too,
As little notice as you can, deliver
Of my appearance there.
Lycias. It shall be, madam;
And so I wish you happiness!
Lucina. I thank you. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*An Open Place in the City.—Tumult and noise within.*

Enter AECIUS, *with his sword drawn, pursuing* PONTIUS; MAXIMUS *following.*

Max. Temper yourself, Aëcius!
Pont. Hold, my lord!
I am a Roman, and a soldier.
Max. Pray, sir!
Aëcius. Thou art a lying villain and a traitor!— [MAXIMUS *holds him.*
Give me myself, or, by the gods, my friend,
You'll make me dangerous!—How darest thou
The soldiers to sedition, and I living? [pluck
And sow rebellion in 'em, and even then
When I am drawing out to action?
Pont. Hear me.
Max. Are you a man?
Aëcius. I am a true-hearted, Maximus,
And if the villain live, we are dishonour'd.

Max. But hear him what he can say.
Aëcius. That's the way
To pardon him: I am so easy-natured,
That if he speak but humbly, I forgive him.
Pont. I do beseech you, noble general——
Aëcius. He has found the way already! Give me room;
One stroke; and if he 'scape me then, he has mercy.
Pont. I do not call you noble that I fear you;
I never cared for death! If you will kill me,
Consider first for what, not what you can do.
'Tis true, I know you for my general,
And by that great prerogative may kill:
But do it justly then.
Aëcius. He argues with me:
By Heaven, a made-up rebel!
Max. Pray consider
What certain grounds you have for this.
Aëcius. What grounds?
Did I not take him preaching to the soldiers
How lazily they lived? and what dishonours
It was to serve a prince so full of woman?
Those were his very words, friend.
Max. These, Aëcius,
Though they were rashly spoke, (which was an error,
A great one, Pontius!) yet, from him that hungers
For wars, and brave employment, might be pardon'd.
The heart, and harbour'd thoughts of ill, make traitors,
Not spleeny speeches.
Aëcius. Why should you protect him?
Go to; it shows not honest.
Max. Taint me not;
For that shews worse, Aëcius! All your friendship,
And that pretended love you lay upon me,
Hold back my honesty, is like a favour
You do your slave to-day, to-morrow hang him.
Was I your bosom-piece for this?
Aëcius. Forgive me:
The nature of my zeal, and for my country,
Makes me sometimes forget myself; for know,
Though I most strive to be without my passions,
I am no god.—For you, sir, whose infection
Has spread itself like poison through the army,
And cast a killing fog on fair allegiance,
First thank this noble gentleman; you had died else;
Next, from your place, and honour of a soldier,
I here seclude you;—
Pont. May I speak yet?
Max. Hear him.
Aëcius. And, while Aëcius holds a reputation,
At least command, you bear no arms for Rome, sir.
Pont. Against her I shall never. The condemned man
Has yet that privilege to speak, my lord;
Law were not equal else.
Max. Pray hear, Aëcius;
For happily the fault he has committed,
Though I believe it mighty, yet, considered,
(If mercy may be thought upon) will prove
Rather a hasty sin, than heinous.
Aëcius. Speak.
Pont. 'Tis true, my lord, you took me tired with peace,
My words almost as ragged as my fortunes:
'Tis true, I told the soldier whom we served,
And then bewail'd, we had an emperor
Led from us by the flourishes of fencers;
I blamed him too for women.
Aëcius. To the rest, sir!
Pont. And, like enough, I bless'd him then as soldiers
Will do sometimes: 'Tis true I told 'em too,
We lay at home, to shew our country
We durst go naked, durst want meat, and money;
And, when the slave drinks wine, we durst be thirsty;
I told 'em this too, that the trees and roots
Were our best pay-masters; the charity
Of longing women, that had bought our bodies,
Our beds, fires, tailors, nurses; nay, I told 'em,
(For you shall hear the greatest sin I said, sir)
By that time there be wars again, our bodies,
Laden with scars and aches, and ill lodgings,
Heats, and perpetual wants, were fitter prayers,
And certain graves, than cope the foe on crutches:
'Tis likely too, I counsell'd 'em to turn
Their warlike pikes to plough-shares, their sure targets
And swords, hatch'd with the blood of many nations,
To spades and pruning knives (for those get money),
Their warlike eagles into daws, or starlings,
To give an *Ave Cæsar* as he passes,
And be rewarded with a thousand drachmas;
For thus we get but years and beats.
Aëcius. What think you,
Were these words to be spoken by a captain?
One that should give example?
Max. 'Twas too much.
Pont. My lord, I did not woo 'em from the empire,
Nor bid 'em turn their daring steel 'gainst Cæsar;
The gods for ever hate me, if that motion
Were part of me! Give me but employment, sir,
And way to live; and, where you hold me vicious,
Bred up in mutiny, my sword shall tell you,
(And if you please, that place I held maintain it,
'Gainst the most daring foes of Rome,) I'm honest,
A lover of my country, one that holds
His life no longer his, than kept for Cæsar.
[*Kneels.*
Weigh not (I thus low on my knee beseech you)
What my rude tongue discover'd; 'twas my want,
No other part of Pontius. You have seen me,
And you, my lord, do something for my country,
And both beheld the wounds I gave and took,
Not like a backward traitor.
Aëcius. All this language
Makes but against you, Pontius: you are cast,
And, by mine honour and my love to Cæsar,
By me shall never be restored: In my camp
I will not have a tongue, though to himself,
Dare talk but near sedition; as I govern,
All shall obey; and when they want, their duty
And ready service shall redress their needs,
Not prating what they would be.
Pont. Thus I leave you;
Yet shall my prayers still, although my fortunes
Must follow you no more, be still about you:
Gods give you, where you fight, the victory!
You cannot cast my wishes.
Aëcius. Come, my lord,
Now to the field again.
Max. Alas, poor Pontius! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*A Hall in the Palace.*

Enter CHILAX *at one door*, LICINIUS *and* BALBUS *at another.*

Licin. How now?
Chi. She's come.
Bal. Then I'll to th' emperor. [*Exit.*
Chi. Do. Is the music placed well?
Licin. Excellent.
Chi. Licinius, you and Proculus receive her
In the great chamber; at her entrance,
Let me alone; and do you hear, Licinius?
Pray let the ladies ply her further off,
And with much more discretion. One word more.
Licin. Well?
Chi. Are the jewels, and those ropes of pearl,
Laid in the way she passes?

Enter VALENTINIAN, BALBUS, *and* PROCULUS.

Licin. Take no care, man. [*Exit.*
Val. What, is she come?
Chi. She is, sir; but 'twere best
Your grace were seen last to her.
Val. So I mean.—
Keep the court empty, Proculus.
Proc. 'Tis done, sir.
Val. Be not too sudden to her.
Chi. Good, your grace,
Retire, and man yourself; let us alone;
We are no children this way. Do you hear, sir?
'Tis necessary that her waiting-women
Be cut off in the lobby by some ladies;
They would break the business else.
Val. 'Tis true; they shall.
Chi. Remember your place, Proculus.
Proc. I warrant you.
[*Exeunt* VALENTINIAN, BALBUS, *and* PROCULUS.

Enter LUCINA, CLAUDIA, *and* MARCELLINA.

Chi. She enters.—Who are waiters there? The emperor
Calls for his horse to air himself.
Lucina. I am glad
I come so happily to take him absent;
This takes away a little fear. I know him;
Now I begin to fear again. Oh, Honour,
If ever thou hadst temple in weak woman,
And sacrifice of modesty burnt to thee,
Hold me fast now, and help me!
Chi. Noble madam,
You're welcome to the court, most nobly welcome!
You are a stranger, lady.
Lucina. I desire so.
Chi. A wond'rous stranger here; nothing so
And therefore need a guide, I think. [strange:
Lucina. I do, sir,
And that a good one too.
Chi. My service, lady,
Shall be your guide in this place. But pray tell
Are you resolved a courtier? [me,
Lucina. No, I hope, sir.
Clau. You are, sir.
Chi. Yes, my fair one.
Clau. So it seems,
You are so ready to bestow yourself.
Pray what might cost those breeches?
Chi. Would you wear 'em?—
Madam, you have a witty woman.
Marc. Two, sir,
Or else you underbuy us.
Lucina. Leave your talking.—
But is my lord here, I beseech you, sir?
Chi. He is, sweet lady, and must take this kindly,
Exceeding kindly of you, wond'rous kindly,
You come so far to visit him. I'll guide you.
Lucina. Whither?
Chi. Why, to your lord.
Lucina. Is it so hard, sir,
To find him in this place without a guide?
For I would willingly not trouble you.
Chi. It will be so for you, that are a stranger:
Nor can it be a trouble to do service
To such a worthy beauty; and besides——
Marc. I see he will go with us.
Clau. Let him amble.
Chi. It fits not that a lady of your reckoning.
Should pass without attendants.
Lucina. I have two, sir.
Chi. I mean, without a man. You'll see the
Lucina. Alas, I am not fit, sir. [emperor:
Chi. You are well enough;
He'll take it wond'rous kindly. Hark!
Lucina. You flatter:
Good sir, no more of that.
Chi. Well, I but tell you—
Lucina. Will you go forward? Since I must be
Pray take your place. [mann'd,
Clau. Cannot you man us too, sir?
Chi. Give me but time.
Marc. And you'll try all things?
Chi. No;
I'll make you no such promise.
Clau. If you do, sir,
Take heed you stand to't.
Chi. Wond'rous merry, ladies!
Lucina. The wenches are disposed!——Pray
keep your way, sir. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—*Another Apartment in the same. A Recess behind a Curtain.*

Enter LICINIUS, PROCULUS, *and* BALBUS.

Licin. She's coming up the stairs. Now, the music;
And, as that stirs her, let's set on. Perfumes there!
Proc. Discover all the jewels!
Licin. Peace! [*Music.*

Enter CHILAX, LUCINA, CLAUDIA, *and* MARCELLINA.

SONG.

Now the lusty spring is seen;
Golden yellow, gaudy blue,
Daintily invite the view.
Every where, on every green,
Roses blushing as they blow,
And enticing men to pull;
Lilies whiter than the snow,
Woodbines of sweet honey full:
All love's emblems, and all cry,
"Ladies, if not pluck'd, we die."

Yet the lusty spring hath staid;
Blushing red, and purest white,
Daintily to love invite
Every woman, every maid.
Cherries kissing as they grow,
And inviting men to taste;
Apples even ripe below,
Winding gently to the waist:
All love's emblems, and all cry,
"Ladies, if not pluck'd, we die."

SECOND.

Hear ye, ladies that despise,
What the mighty Love has done;
Fear examples, and be wise:
Fair Calisto was a nun;
Leda, sailing on the stream
To deceive the hopes of man,
Love accounting but a dream,
Doted on a silver swan;
Danaë, in a brazen tower,
Where no love was, loved a shower.

Hear ye, ladies that are coy,
What the mighty Love can do;
Fear the fierceness of the boy:
The chaste moon he makes to woo;
Vesta, kindling holy fires,
Circled round about with spies,
Never dreaming loose desires,
Doting at the altar dies;
Ilion, in a short hour, higher
He can build, and once more fire.

Lucina. Pray Heaven my lord be here! for now I fear it.
Well, ring, if thou be'st counterfeit, or stolen,
As by this preparation I suspect it,
Thou hast betray'd thy mistress.—Pray, sir, for-
I would fain see my lord. [ward;
Chi. But tell me, madam,
How do you like the song?
Lucina. I like the air well,
But, for the words, they are lascivious,
And over-light for ladies.
Chi. All ours love 'em.
Lucina. 'Tis like enough, for yours are loving ladies.
Licin. Madam, you are welcome to the court.—
Attendants for this lady! [Who waits?
Lucina. You mistake, sir;
I bring no triumph with me.
Licin. But much honour.
Proc. Why, this was nobly done, and like a
So freely of yourself to be a visitant: [neighbour,
The emperor shall give you thanks for this.
Lucina. Oh no, sir;
There's nothing to deserve 'em.
Proc. Yes, your presence.
Lucina. Good gentlemen, be patient, and believe
I come to see my husband, on command too;
I were no courtier else.
Licin. That's all one, lady;
Now you are here, you're welcome: And the empe-
Who loves you but too well—— [ror,
Lucina. No more of that, sir;
I came not to be catechized.
Proc. Ah, sirrah!
And have we got you here? 'Faith, noble lady,
We'll keep you one month courtier.
Lucina. Gods defend, sir!
I never liked a trade worse.
Proc. Hark you. [*Whispers.*
Lucina. No, sir!
Proc. You're grown the strangest lady!
Lucina. How!
Proc. By Heaven,
'Tis true I tell you; and you'll find it.
Lucina. I?
I'll rather find my grave, and so inform him.
Proc. Is it not pity, gentlemen, this lady
(Nay, I'll deal roughly with you, yet not hurt you)
Should live alone, and give such heavenly beauty
Only to walls and hangings?
Lucina. Good sir, patience!
I am no wonder, neither come to that end.
You do my lord an injury to stay me,
Who, though you are the prince's, yet dare tell you,
He keeps no wife for your ways.
Bal. Well, well, lady,
However you are pleased to think of us,
You are welcome, and you shall be welcome.
Lucina. Shew it
In that I come for then, in leading me
Where my loved lord is, not in flattery.
[BALBUS *draws the curtain; caskets with jewels set out in the recess.*
Nay, you may draw the curtain; I have seen 'em,
But none worth half my honesty.
Clau. Are these, sir,
Laid here to take?
Proc. Yes, for your lady, gentlewoman.
Marc. We had been doing else.
Bal. Meaner jewels
Would fit your worths.
Clau. And meaner clothes your bodies.
Lucina. The gods shall kill me first!
Licin. There's better dying
I' th' emperor's arms. Go to; but be not angry!
These are but talks, sweet lady.

Enter PHORBA, ARDELIA, *and* Ladies, *strewing the floor with rushes.*

Phor. Where is this stranger? Rushes, ladies, rushes!
Rushes as green as summer, for this stranger!
Proc. Here's ladies come to see you.
Lucina. You are gone, then?
I take it, 'tis your cue.
Proc. Or rather manners:
You are better fitted, madam; we but tire you,
Therefore we'll leave you for an hour, and bring
Your much loved lord unto you.
[*Exeunt* CHILAX, LICINIUS, *and* PROCULUS.
Lucina. Then I'll thank you.—
I am betray'd, for certain! Well, Lucina,
If thou dost fall from virtue, may the earth,
That after death should shoot up gardens of thee,
Spreading thy living goodness into branches,
Fly from thee, and the hot sun find thy vices!
Phor. You are a welcome woman.
Ard. Bless me, Heaven!
How did you find the way to court?
Lucina. I know not;
'Would I had never trod it!
Phor. Pr'ythee tell me,
Good noble lady, (and, good sweetheart, love us,
For we love thee extremely,) is not this place
A paradise to live in?
Lucina. To those people
That know no other paradise but pleasure:
That little I enjoy contents me better.
Ard. What, heard you any music yet?
Lucina. Too much.
Phor. You must not be thus froward: What! this gown
Is one o' th' prettiest, by my troth, Ardelia,
I ever saw yet; 'twas not to frown in, lady,
You put this gown on when you came.
Ard. How do you?
Alas, poor wretch, how cold it is!
Lucina. Content you;
I am as well as may be, and as temperate,
If you will let me be so. Where's my lord?
For there's the business that I came for, ladies.

Phor. We'll lead you to him; he's i' th' gallery.
Ard. We'll shew you all the court too.
Lucina. Shew me him,
And you have shew'd me all I come to look on.
Phor. Come on; we'll be your guides, and, as you go,
We have some pretty tales to tell you, lady,
Shall make you merry too. You come not here
To be a sad Lucina.
Lucina. 'Would I might not! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.—*Another in the same.*

Enter CHILAX *and* BALBUS.

Chi. Now the soft music! Balbus, run!
Bal. I fly, boy. [*Exit.*
Chi. The women by this time are worming of her;
If she can hold out them, the emperor [*Music.*
Takes her to task. He has her. Hark, the music!

Enter VALENTINIAN *and* LUCINA.

Lucina. Good, your grace!
Where are my women, sir?
Val. They are wise, beholding
What you think scorn to look on, the court's bra-
Would you have run away so slily, lady, [very.
And not have seen me?
Lucina. I beseech your majesty,
Consider what I am, and whose.
Val. I do so.
Lucina. Believe me, I shall never make a whore, sir.
Val. A friend you may, and to that man that loves you,
More than you love your virtue.
Lucina. Sacred Cæsar! [*Kneels.*
Val. You shall not kneel to me, sweet.
Lucina. Look upon me,
And, if you be so cruel to abuse me,
Think how the gods will take it! Does this beauty
Afflict your soul? I'll hide it from you ever;
Nay, more, I will become so leperous,
That you shall curse me from you. My dear lord
Has served you ever truly, fought your battles,
As if he daily long'd to die for Cæsar;
Was never traitor, sir, nor never tainted
In all the actions of his life.
Val. I know it.
Lucina. His fame and family have grown toge-
And spread together, like two sailing cedars, [ther,
Over the Roman diadem: Oh, let not
(As you have any flesh that's humane in you)
The having of a modest wife decline him!
Let not my virtue be the wedge to break him!
I do not think you are lascivious;
These wanton men belie you: You are Cæsar,
Which is, "the father of the empire's honour."
You are too near the nature of the gods,
To wrong the weakest of all creatures, women.
Val. I dare not do it here.—Rise, fair Lucina,
I did but try your temper; you are honest;
And, with the commendations wait on that,
I'll lead you to your lord, and give you to him.
Wipe your fair eyes.—He that endeavours ill,
May well delay, but never quench his hell.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*The Court of the Palace.*

Enter CHILAX, LICINIUS, PROCULUS, *and* BALBUS.

Chi. 'Tis done, Licinius.
Licin. How?
Chi. I shame to tell it.
If there be any justice, we are villains,
And must be so rewarded!
Bal. If it be done,
I take it, 'tis no time now to repent it;
Let's make the best o' th' trade.
Proc. Now vengeance take it!
Why should not he have settled on a beauty,
Whose honesty stuck in a piece of tissue,
Or one a ring might rule, or such a one
That had an itching husband to be honourable,
And groan'd to get it? If he must have women,
And no allay without 'em, why not those
That know the mystery, and are best able
To play again with judgment? Such as she is,
Grant they be won with long siege, endless travel,
And brought to opportunity with millions,
Yet, when they come to motion, their cold virtue
Keeps 'em like cakes of ice: I'll melt a crystal,
And make a dead flint fire himself, ere they
Give greater heat than now-departing embers
Give to old men that watch 'em.
Licin. A good whore
Had saved all this, and happily as wholesome,
Ay, and the thing once done too, as well thought
But this same chastity forsooth—— [of;
Proc. A pox on't!
Why should not women be as free as we are?
They are (but not in open), and far freer,
And the more bold ye bear yourself, more welcome!
And there is nothing ye dare say, but truth,
But they dare hear.

Enter VALENTINIAN *and* LUCINA.

Chi. The emperor! Away;
And, if we can repent, let's home and pray.
[*Exeunt.*
Val. Your only virtue now is patience;
Take heed, and save your honour. If you talk—
Lucina. As long as there is motion in my body,
And life to give me words, I'll cry for justice!
Val. Justice shall never hear you; I am justice!
Lucina. Wilt thou not kill me, monster, ravisher?
Thou bitter bane o' th' empire, look upon me,
And, if thy guilty eyes dare see these ruins
Thy wild lust hath laid level with dishonour,
The sacrilegious razing of this temple,
The mother of thy black sins would have blush'd at,
Behold, and curse thyself! The gods will find thee,
(That's all my refuge now) for they are righteous:
Vengeance and horror circle thee! The empire,
In which thou livest a strong continued surfeit,
Like poison will disgorge thee; good men raze thee
For ever being read again, but vicious;

Women, and fearful maids, make vows against thee;
Thy own slaves, if they hear of this, shall hate thee;
And those thou hast corrupted, first fall from thee;
And, if thou let'st me live, the soldier,
Tired with thy tyrannies, break through obedience,
And shake his strong steel at thee!

Val. This prevails not,
Nor any agony you utter, lady.
If I have done a sin, curse her that drew me, [me,
Curse the first cause, the witchcraft that abused
Curse those fair eyes, and curse that heavenly
And curse your being good too. [beauty,

Lucina. Glorious thief,
What restitution canst thou make to save me?

Val. I'll ever love and honour you.

Lucina. Thou canst not,
For that which was mine honour, thou hast murder'd;
And can there be a love in violence?

Val. You shall be only mine.

Lucina. Yet I like better
Thy villainy than flattery; that's thine own,
The other basely counterfeit. Fly from me,
Or, for thy safety-sake and wisdom, kill me!
For I am worse than thou art: Thou may'st pray,
And so recover grace; I am lost for ever!
And, if thou let'st me live, thou'rt lost thyself too.

Val. I fear no loss but love; I stand above it.

Lucina. Call in your lady bawds, and gilded pandars,
And let them triumph too, and sing to Cæsar,
Lucina's fallen, the chaste Lucina's conquer'd!
Gods, what a wretched thing has this man made
For I am now no wife for Maximus, [me!
No company for women that are virtuous;
No family I now can claim, nor country,
Nor name, but Cæsar's whore.—Oh, sacred Cæsar,
(For that should be your title) was your empire;
Your rods, and axes, that are types of justice;
Those fires that ever burn, to beg you blessings;
The people's adoration; fear of nations;
What victory can bring you home; what else
The useful elements can make your servants,
Even light itself, and suns of light, truth, justice,
Mercy, and star-like piety, sent to you,
And from the gods themselves, to ravish women?
The curses that I owe to enemies,
Even those the Sabines sent, when Romulus
(As thou hast me) ravish'd their noble maids,
Made more, and heavier, light on thee!

Val. This helps not.

Lucina. The sins of Tarquin be remember'd in thee!
And where there has a chaste wife been abused,
Let it be thine, the shame thine, thine the slaugh-
And last, for ever thine the fear'd example! [ter,
Where shall poor Virtue live, now I am fallen?
What can your honours now, and empire, make
But a more glorious whore? [me,

Val. A better woman:
But if you will be blind, and scorn it, who can help it?
Come, leave these lamentations; they do nothing
But make a noise. I am the same man still:
Were it to do again, (therefore be wiser)
By all this holy light, I should attempt it!
You are so excellent, and made to ravish,
(There were no pleasure in

Lucina. Oh, villain!

Val. So bred for man's amazement, that my reason,
And every help to hold me right, has lost me!
The god of love himself had been before me,
Had he but power to see you: tell me justly,
How can I choose but err then? If you dare,
Be mine, and only mine, (for you are so precious,
I envy any other should enjoy you,
Almost look on you; and your darling husband
Shall know he has kept an offering from the empire,
Too holy for his altars) be the mightiest;
More than myself, I'll make it. If you will not,
Sit down with this and silence (for which wisdom,
You shall have use of me, and much honour ever,
And be the same you were:) If you divulge it,
Know I am far above the faults I do,
And those I do, I am able to forgive too;
And where your credit, in the knowledge of it,
May be with gloss enough suspected, mine
Is as mine own command shall make it. Princes,
Though they be sometimes subject to loose whispers,
Yet wear they two-edged swords for open censures.
Your husband cannot help you, nor the soldier;
Your husband is my creature, they my weapons,
And only where I bid 'em, strike; I feed 'em.
Nor can the gods be angry at this action;
For, as they make me most, they make me happiest,
Which I had never been without this pleasure.
Consider, and farewell! You'll find your women
At home before you; they have had some sport too,
But are more thankful for it. [*Exit.*

Lucina. Destruction find thee!
Now which way must I go? my honest house
Will shake to shelter me; my husband fly me;
My family, because they're honest, and desire to be so,
Must not endure me; not a neighbour know me!
What woman now dare see me without blushes,
And, pointing as I pass, "There, there, behold
Look on her, little children; that is she, [her;
That handsome lady, mark!" Oh, my sad fortunes!
Is this the end of goodness? this the price
Of all my early prayers to protect me?
Why then, I see there is no god but power,
Nor virtue now alive that cares for us,
But what is either lame or sensual!
How had I been thus wretched else!

Enter MAXIMUS *and* AECIUS.

Aëcius. [*Entering.*] Let Titius
Command the company that Pontius lost,
And see the fosses deeper.

Max. How now, sweetheart?
What make you here, and thus?

Aëcius. Lucina weeping?
This must be much offence.

Max. Look up, and tell me,
Why are you thus?—My ring? oh, friend, I have
You are at court, sweet! [found it!——

Lucina. Yes; this brought me hither.

Max. Rise, and go home.—I have my fears, Aëcius:
Oh, my best friend, I am ruin'd!—Go, Lucina;
Already in thy tears I have read thy wrongs,
Already found a Cæsar. Go, thou lily,

Thou sweetly-drooping flower! Go, silver swan,
And sing thine own sad requiem! Go, Lucina,
And, if thou darest, out-live this wrong!
Lucina. I dare not.
Aëcius. Is that the ring you lost?
Max. That, that, Aëcius,
That cursed ring, myself, and all my fortunes.
'T has pleased the emperor, my noble master,
For all my services, and dangers for him,
To make me mine own pandar. Was this justice,
Oh, my Aëcius? have I lived to bear this?
Lucina. Farewell for ever, sir!
Max. That's a sad saying;
But such a one becomes you well, Lucina:
And yet, methinks, we should not part so lightly;
Our loves have been of longer growth, more rooted,
Than the sharp word of one farewell can scatter.
Kiss me. I find no Cæsar here; these lips
Taste not of ravisher, in my opinion.
Was it not so?
Lucina. Oh, yes!
Max. I dare believe thee;
For thou wert ever truth itself, and sweetness.
Indeed she was, Aëcius.
Aëcius. So she is still.
Max. Once more! Oh, my Lucina, oh, my comfort,
The blessing of my youth, the life of my life!
Aëcius. I have seen enough to stagger my obedience;
Hold me, ye equal gods! this is too sinful.
Max. Why wert thou chosen out to make a whore of?
To me thou wert too chaste. Fall, crystal fountains,
And ever feed your streams, you rising sorrows,
Till you have dropt your mistress into marble.
Now, go for ever from me.
Lucina. Long farewell, sir!
And, as I have been loyal, gods, think on me!
Max. Stay; let me once more bid farewell, Lucina.
Farewell, thou excellent example of us!
Thou starry virtue, fare thee well! seek Heaven,
And there by Cassiopeia shine in glory!
We are too base and dirty to preserve thee.
Aëcius. Nay, I must kiss too. Such a kiss again,
And from a woman of so ripe a virtue,
Aëcius must not take. Farewell, thou phœnix,
If thou wilt die, Lucina! which, well weigh'd,
If you can cease a while from these strange thoughts,
I wish were rather alter'd.
Lucina. No.
Aëcius. Mistake not.
I would not stain your honour for the empire,
Nor any way decline you to discredit:
'Tis not my fair profession, but a villain's.
I find and feel your loss as deep as you do,
And am the same Aëcius, still as honest,
The same life I have still for Maximus, me,
The same sword wear for you, where justice wills
And 'tis no dull one: Therefore, misconceive not;
Only I would have you live a little longer,
But a short year.
Max. She must not.
Lucina. Why so long, sir?
Am I not grey enough with grief already?
Aëcius. To draw from that wild man a sweet repentance,
And goodness in his days to come.
Max. They are so,
And will be ever coming, my Aëcius.
Aëcius. For who knows, but the sight of you, presenting
His swol'n sins at the full, and your fair virtues,
May, like a fearful vision, fright his follies,
And once more bend him right again? which blessing
(If your dark wrongs would give you leave to read)
Is more than death, and the reward more glorious:
Death only eases you; this, the whole empire.
Besides, compell'd and forced with violence
To what you have done, the deed is none of yours,
No, nor the justice neither: You may live,
And still a worthier woman, still more honour'd;
For, are those trees the worse we tear the fruits from?
Or, should the eternal gods desire to perish,
Because we daily violate their truths,
Which is the chastity of Heaven? No, lady;
If you dare live, you may: And as our sins
Make them more full of equity and justice,
So this compulsive wrong makes you more perfect.
The empire too will bless you.
Max. Noble sir,
If she were any thing to me but honour,
And that that's wedded to me too, laid in,
Not to be worn away without my being;
Or could the wrongs be hers alone, or mine,
Or both our wrongs, not tied to after issues,
Not born anew in all our names and kindreds,
I would desire her live; nay more, compel her:
But, since it was not youth, but malice did it,
And not her own, nor mine, but both our losses;
Nor stays it there, but that our names must find it,
Even those to come, and when they read she lived,
Must they not ask how often she was ravish'd,
And make a doubt she loved that more than wedlock?
Therefore she must not live.
Aëcius. Therefore she must live,
To teach the world such deaths are superstitious.
Lucina. The tongues of angels cannot alter me;
For, could the world again restore my credit,
As fair and absolute as first I bred it,
That world I should not trust again. The empire
By my life can get nothing but my story,
Which, whilst I breathe, must be but his abuses.
And where you counsel me to live, that Cæsar
May see his errors, and repent, I'll tell you,
His penitence is but increase of pleasures,
His prayers never said but to deceive us;
And when he weeps, as you think for his vices,
'Tis but as killing drops from baleful yew-trees,
That rot their honest neighbour. If he can grieve,
As one that yet desires his free conversion,
And almost glories in his penitence,
I'll leave him robes to mourn in, my sad ashes.
Aëcius. The farewells then of happy souls be with thee,
And to thy memory be ever sung
The praises of a just and constant lady!
This sad day, whilst I live, a soldier's tears
I'll offer on thy monument, and bring,
Full of thy noble self, with tears untold yet,
Many a worthy wife, to weep thy ruin!
Max. All that is chaste upon thy tomb shall flourish,
All living epitaphs be thine: Time, story,
And what is left behind to piece our lives,
Shall be no more abused with tales and trifles,
But, full of thee, stand to eternity!
Aëcius. Once more, farewell! Go, find Elysium,

There where the happy souls are crown'd with blessings,
There, where 'tis ever spring, and ever summer!
Max. There, where no bed-rid justice comes! Truth, Honour,
Are keepers of that blessed place: Go thither;
For here thou livest chaste fire in rotten timber.
Aëcius. And so, our last farewells!
Max. Gods give thee justice! [*Exit* LUCINA.
Aëcius. [*Aside.*] His thoughts begin to work; I fear him: Yet
He ever was a noble Roman; but
I know not what to think on't; he hath suffer'd
Beyond a man, if he stand this.
Max. Aëcius!
Am I alive, or has a dead sleep seized me?
It was my wife the emperor abused thus!
And I must say, "I am glad I had her for him;"
Must I not, my Aëcius?
Aëcius. I am stricken
With such a stiff amazement, that no answer
Can readily come from me, nor no comfort.
Will you go home, or go to my house?
Max. Neither:
I have no home; and you are mad, Aëcius,
To keep me company! I am a fellow
My own sword would forsake, not tied unto me.
A pandar is a prince to what I'm fallen!
By Heaven I dare do nothing.
Aëcius. You do better.
Max. I am made a branded slave, Aëcius,
And yet I bless the maker.
Death o' my soul! must I endure this tamely?
Must Maximus be mention'd for his tales?
I am a child too; what should I do railing?
I cannot mend myself; 'tis Cæsar did it,
And what am I to him?
Aëcius. 'Tis well considered;
However you are tainted, be no traitor:
Time may out-wear the first, the last lives ever.
Max. Oh, that thou wert not living and my friend!
Aëcius. [*Aside.*] I'll bear a wary eye upon your actions:
I fear you, Maximus; nor can I blame thee
If thou break'st out; for, by the gods, thy wrong
Deserves a general ruin!—Do you love me?
Max. That's all I have to live on.
Aëcius. Then go with me;
You shall not to your own house.
Max. Nor to any;
My griefs are greater far than walls can compass!
And yet I wonder how it happens with me,
I am not dangerous; and o' my conscience,
Should I now see the emperor i' th' heat on't,
I should not chide him for't: An awe runs through me,
I feel it sensibly, that binds me to it;
'Tis at my heart now, there it sits and rules,
And methinks 'tis a pleasure to obey it.
Aëcius. [*Aside.*] This is a mask to cozen me: I know you,
And how far you dare do; no Roman farther,
Nor with more fearless valour; and I'll watch you.—
Keep that obedience still.
Max. Is a wife's loss
(For her abuse, much good may do his grace;
I'll make as bold with his wife, if I can)
More than the fading of a few fresh colours?
More than a lusty spring lost?

Aëcius. No more, Maximus,
To one that truly lives.
Max. Why then, I care not;
I can live well enough, Aëcius:
For look you, friend, for virtue, and those trifles,
They may be bought, they say.
Aëcius He's crazed a little; [*Aside.*
His grief has made him talk things from his nature.
Max. But chastity is not a thing, I take it,
To get in Rome, unless it be bespoken
A hundred years before, is it, Aëcius?—
By'r lady, and well handled too i' th' breeding.
Aëcius. Will you go any way?
Max. I'll tell thee, friend:
If my wife, for all this, should be a whore now,
A kind of kicker-out of sheets, 'twould vex me;
For I'm not angry yet. The emperor
Is young and handsome, and the woman flesh,
And may not these two couple without scratching?
Aëcius. Alas, my noble friend!
Max. Alas not me!
I am not wretched; for there's no man miserable
But he that makes himself so.
Aëcius. Will you walk yet?
Max. Come, come, she dare not die, friend; that's the truth on't;
She knows the enticing sweets and delicacies
Of a young prince's pleasures, and, I thank her,
She has made a way for Maximus to rise by:
Will't not become me bravely? Why do you think
She wept, and said she was ravish'd? Keep it here,
And I'll discover to you.
Aëcius. Well?
Max. She knows
I love no bitten flesh, and out of that hope
She might be from me, she contrived this knavery.
Was it not monstrous, friend?
Aëcius. Does he but seem so, [*Aside.*
Or is he mad indeed?
Max. Oh, gods, my heart!
Aëcius. 'Would it would fairly break!
Max. Methinks I'm somewhat wilder than I was;
And yet, I thank the gods, I know my duty!

Enter CLAUDIA.

Clau. Nay, you may spare your tears; she's dead, she is so.
Max. Why, so it should be. How?
Clau. When first she enter'd
Into her house, after a world of weeping,
And blushing like the sun-set, as we saw her,
"Dare I," said she, "defile this house with whore,
In which his noble family has flourish'd?"
At which she fell, and stirr'd no more. We rubb'd her——
Max. No more of that; be gone.—Now, my Aëcius, [*Exit* CLAUDIA.
If thou wilt do me pleasure, weep a little;
I am so parch'd I cannot. Your example
Has brought the rain down now: Now lead me, friend;
And as we walk together, let's pray truly,
I may not fall from faith.
Aëcius. That's nobly spoken.
Max. Was I not wild, Aëcius?
Aëcius. Somewhat troubled.
Max. I felt no sorrow then. Now I'll go with you;
But do not name the woman! Fy, what fool
Am I to weep thus! Gods, Lucina, take thee,
For thou wert even the best and worthiest lady—

Aëcius. Good sir, no more; I shall be melted with it.
Max. I have done; and, good sir, comfort me.
'Would there were wars now!
Aëcius. Settle your thoughts; come.
Max. So I have now, friend.
Of my deep lamentations here's an end. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*A Street.*

Enter PONTIUS, PHIDIAS, *and* ARETUS.

Phid. By my faith, Captain Pontius, besides pity
Of your fallen fortunes, what to say I know not;
For 'tis too true the emperor desires not,
But my best master, any soldier near him.
Are. And when he understands, he cast your fortunes
For disobedience, how can we incline him
(That are but under-persons to his favours)
To any fair opinion? Can you sing?
Pont. Not to please him, Aretus; for my songs
Go not to th' lute or viol, but to th' trumpet;
My tune kept on a target, and my subject
The well-struck wounds of men, not love, or women.
Phid. And those he understands not.
Pont. He should, Phidias.
Are. Could you not leave this killing way a little,
(You must, if here you would plant yourself) and rather
Learn, as we do, to like what those affect
That are above us? Wear their actions,
And think they keep us warm too? What they say,
Though oftentimes they speak a little foolishly,
Not stay to construe, but prepare to execute?
And think, however the end falls, the business
Cannot run empty-handed?
Phid. Can you flatter,
And, if it were put to you, lie a little?
Pont. Yes, if it be a living.
Are. That's well said then.
Pont. But must these lies and flatteries be believed, then?
Phid. Oh, yes, by any means.
Pont. By any means then,
I cannot lie, nor flatter.
Are. You must swear too,
If you be there.
Pont. I can swear, if they move me.
Phid. Cannot you forswear too?
Pont. The court for ever,
If it be grown so wicked.
Are. You should procure a little too.
Pont. What's that?
Men's honest sayings for my truth?
Are. Oh, no, sir,
But women's honest actions for your trial.
Pont. Do you do all these things?
Phid. Do you not like 'em?
Pont. Do you ask me seriously, or trifle with me?
I am not so low yet, to be your mirth!
Are. You do mistake us, captain; for sincerely
We ask you how you like 'em?
Pont. Then sincerely
I tell you I abhor 'em: They are ill ways,
And I will starve before I fall into 'em;
The doers of 'em wretches, their base hungers
Care not whose bread they eat, nor how they get it.
Are. What then, sir?
Pont. If you profess this wickedness,
Because ye have been soldiers, and borne arms,
The servants of the brave Aëcius,
And by him put to th' emperor, give me leave,
(Or I must take it else) to say ye are villains!
For all your golden coats, debosh'd base villains!
Yet I do wear a sword to tell ye so.
Is this the way ye mark out for a soldier,
A man that has commanded for the empire,
And borne the reputation of a man?
Are there not lazy things enough, called fools and cowards,
And poor enough to be preferred for pandars,
But wanting soldiers must be knaves too? ha?
This the trim course of life? Were not ye born
And so inherit by your rights? I am poor, bawds,
And may expect a worse; yet, digging, pruning,
Mending of broken ways, carrying of water,
Planting of worts and onions, any thing
That's honest, and a man's, I'll rather chuse,
Ay, and live better on it, which is juster;
Drink my well-gotten water with more pleasure,
When my endeavour's done, and wages paid me,
Than you do wine; eat my coarse bread not cursed
And mend upon't (your diets are diseases;)
And sleep as soundly, when my labour bids me,
As any forward pandar of ye all,
And rise a great deal honester! My garments,
Though not as yours, the soft sins of the empire,
Yet may be warm, and keep the biting wind out,
When every single breath of poor opinion
Finds you through all your velvets!
Are. You have hit it;
Nor are we those we seem. The Lord Aëcius
Puts good men to th' emperor, so we have served him,
Though much neglected for it; so dare be still:
Your curses are not ours. We have seen your fortune,
But yet know no way to redeem it: Means,
Such as as we have, you shall not want, brave Pontius;
But pray be temperate. If we can wipe out
The way of your offences, we are yours, sir;
And you shall live at court an honest man too.
Phid. That little meat and means we have, we'll share it.
Fear not to be as we are; what we told you
Were but mere trials of your truth: You are worthy,
And so we'll ever hold you; suffer better,
And then you are a right man, Pontius.
If my good master be not ever angry,
You shall command again.
Pont. I have found two good men: Use my life,
For it is yours, and all I have to thank ye! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*A Room in the House of* MAXIMUS.

Enter MAXIMUS.

Max. There's no way else to do it; he must die:
This friend must die, this soul of Maximus,
Without whom I am nothing but my shame;
This perfectness that keeps me from opinion,
Must die, or I must live thus branded ever:
A hard choice, and a fatal! Gods, ye have given me
A way to credit, but the ground to go on
Ye have levell'd with that precious life I love most;

Yet I must on, and through: For, if I offer
To take my way without him, like a sea
He bears his high command, 'twixt me and vengeance,
And in mine own road sinks me. He is honest,
Of a most constant loyalty to Cæsar,
And when he shall but doubt I dare attempt him,
But make a question of his ill, but say
"What is a Cæsar, that he dare do this?"
Dead sure he cuts me off: Aëcius dies,
Or I have lost myself. Why should I kill him?
Why should I kill myself? for 'tis my killing;
Aëcius is my root, and, wither him,
Like a decaying branch I fall to nothing.
Is he not more to me than wife? than Cæsar,
Though I had now my safe revenge upon him?
Is he not more than rumour, and his friendship
Sweeter than the love of women? What is honour,
We all so strangely are bewitch'd withal?
Can it relieve me if I want? he has;
Can honour, 'twixt the incensed prince and envy,
Bear up the lives of worthy men? he has;
Can honour pull the wings of fearful cowards,
And make 'em turn again like tigers? he has;
And I have lived to see this, and preserved so.
Why should this empty word incite me then
To what is ill and cruel? Let her perish:
A friend is more than all the world, than honour!
She is a woman, and her loss the less,
And with her go my griefs!—But, hark you, Maximus,
Was she not yours? Did she not die to tell you
She was a ravish'd woman? Did not justice
Nobly begin with her, that not deserved it?
And shall he live that did it? Stay a little!
Can this abuse die here? Shall not men's tongues
Dispute it afterward, and say I gave
(Affecting dull obedience, and tame duty,
And led away with fondness of a friendship)
The only virtue of the world to slander?
Is not this certain, was not she a chaste one,
And such a one, that no compare dwelt with her?
One of so sweet a virtue, that Aëcius,
(Even he himself, this friend that holds me from it)
Out of his worthy love to me, and justice,
Had it not been on Cæsar, had revenged her?
By Heaven, he told me so! What shall I do then?
Can other men affect it, and I cold?
I fear he must not live.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. My lord, the general
Is come to seek you.
Max. Go, entreat him to enter.— [*Exit* Serv.
Oh, brave Aëcius, I could wish thee now
As far from friendship to me as from fears,
That I might cut thee off like that I weigh'd not.
Is there no way without him, to come near it?
For out of honesty he must destroy me
If I attempt it. He must die, as others,
And I must lose him; 'tis necessity;
Only the time, and means, is all the difference.
But yet I would not make a murder of him,
Take him directly for my doubts; he shall die;
I have found a way to do it, and a safe one;
It shall be honour to him too. I know not
What to determine certain, I am so troubled,
And such a deal of conscience presses me:
'Would I were dead myself!

Enter Aëcius.

Aëcius. You run away well;
How got you from me, friend?
Max. That that leads mad men,
A strong imagination, made me wander.
Aëcius. I thought you had been more settled.
Max. I am well;
But you must give me leave a little sometimes
To have a buzzing in my brains.
Aëcius. [*Aside.*] You are dangerous,
But I'll prevent it if I can.—You told me
You would go to th' army.
Max. Why? to have my throat cut?
Must he not be the bravest man, Aëcius,
That strikes me first?
Aëcius. You promised me a freedom
From all these thoughts. And why should any strike you?
Max. I am an enemy, a wicked one,
Worse than the foes of Rome; I am a coward,
A cuckold, and a coward; that's two causes
Why every one should beat me.
Aëcius. You are neither;
And durst another tell me so, he died for't.
For thus far on mine honour, I'll assure you,
No man more loved than you; and, for your valour,
And what else may be fair, no man more follow'd.
Max. A doughty man, indeed! But that's all
The emperor, nor all the princes living, [one;
Shall find a flaw in my coat: I have suffer'd,
And can yet; let them find inflictions,
I'll find a body for 'em, or I'll break it.
'Tis not a wife can thrust me out; some look'd for't,
But let 'em look till they are blind with looking;
They are but fools! Yet there is anger in me,
That I would fain disperse; and, now I think on't,
You told me, friend, the provinces are stirring;
We shall have sport I hope then, and what's
A battle shall beat from me. [dangerous
Aëcius. Why do you eye me
With such a settled look?
Max. Pray tell me this,
Do we not love extremely? I love you so.
Aëcius. If I should say I loved not you as truly,
I should do that I never durst do,—lie.
Max. If I should die, would it not grieve you
Aëcius. Without all doubt. [much?
Max. And could you live without me?
Aëcius. It would much trouble me to live without you,
Our loves, and loving souls have been so used
But to one household in us: But to die
Because I could not make you live, were woman,
Far much too weak; were it to save your worth,
Or to redeem your name from rooting out,
To quit you bravely fighting from the foe,
Or fetch you off, where honour had engaged you,
I ought, and would die for you.
Max. Truly spoken!—
What beast but I, that must, could hurt this man now? [*Aside.*
'Would he had ravish'd me! I would have paid him,
I would have taught him such a trick, his eunuchs,
Nor his black-eyed boys, e'er dream'd of yet!
By all the gods, I am mad now! Now were Cæsar
Within my reach, and on his glorious top
The pile of all the world, he went to nothing
The destinies, nor all the dames of hell,

Were I once grappled with him, should relieve him,
No, not the hope of mankind, more; all perish'd!
But this is words and weakness.—
Aëcius. You look strangely.
Max. I look but as I am; I am a stranger.
Aëcius. To me?
Max. To every one; I am no Roman,
Nor what I am do I know.
Aëcius. Then I'll leave you.
Max. I find I am best so. If you meet with Maximus,
Pray bid him be an honest man, for my sake:
You may do much upon him: For his shadow,
Let me alone.
Aëcius. You were not wont to talk thus,
And to your friend; you have some danger in you,
That willingly would run to action:
Take heed, by all our love, take heed!
Max. I danger?
I willing to do anything? I die?
Has not my wife been dead two days already?
Are not my mournings by this time moth-eaten?
Are not her sins dispersed to other women,
And many one ravished to relieve her?
Have I shed tears these twelve hours?
Aëcius. Now you weep.
Max. Some lazy drops that stay'd behind.
Aëcius. I'll tell you,
(And I must tell you truth) were it not hazard,
And almost certain loss of all the empire,
I would join with you: Were it any man's
But his life, that is life of us, he lost it,
For doing of this mischief: I would take it;
And to your rest give you a brave revenge:
But, as the rule now stands, and as he rules,
And as the nations hold, in disobedience,
One pillar failing, all must fall, I dare not:
Nor is it just you should be suffer'd in it;
Therefore again take heed! On foreign foes
We are our own revengers; but at home,
On princes that are eminent, and ours,
'Tis fit the gods should judge us. Be not rash,
Nor let your angry steel cut those you know not:
For, by this fatal blow, if you dare strike it,
(As I see great aims in you) those unborn yet,
And those to come, of them and these succeeding,
Shall bleed the wrath of Maximus. For me,
As you now bear yourself, I am your friend still;
If you fall off, I will not flatter you,
And in my hands, were you my soul, you perish'd.
Once more be careful, stand, and still be worthy:
I'll leave you for this hour. [*Exit.*
Max. Pray do.—'Tis done:
And, friendship, since thou canst not hold in dan-[gers,
Give me a certain ruin, I must through it! [*Exit.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*An Apartment in the Palace.*

Enter VALENTINIAN, LICINIUS, CHILAX, *and* BALBUS.

Val. Dead?
Chi. So 'tis thought, sir.
Val. How?
Licin. Grief, and disgrace,
As people say.
Val. No more; I have too much on't,
Too much by you, you whetters of my follies,
Ye angel-formers of my sins, but devils!
Where is your cunning now? You would work wonders,
There was no chastity above your practice,
You would undertake to make her love her wrongs,
And dote upon her rape! Mark what I tell ye,
If she be dead——
Chi. Alas, sir!
Val. Hang ye, rascals,
Ye blasters of my youth, if she be gone,
'Twere better ye had been your father's camels,
Groan'd under daily weights of wood and water—
Am I not Cæsar!
Licin. Mighty, and our maker.——
Val. Than thus have given my pleasures to de-[struction!
Look she be living, slaves!
Licin. We are no gods, sir,
If she be dead, to make her new again.
Val. She cannot die! she must not die! Are those
I plant my love upon but common livers?
Their hours, as others, told 'em? can they be ashes?
Why do ye flatter a belief into me,
That I am all that is, "The world's my creature;
The trees bring forth their fruits when I say 'summer;'
The wind, that knows no limit but his wildness,
At my command moves not a leaf; the sea,
With his proud mountain waters envying Heaven,
When I say, 'still,' runs into crystal mirrors?"
Can I do this, and she die? Why, ye bubbles,
That with my least breath break, no more remember'd,
Ye moths that fly about my flame and perish,
Ye golden canker-worms, that eat my honours,
Living no longer than my spring of favour,
Why do ye make me god, that can do nothing?
Is she not dead?
Chi. All women are not with her.
Val. A common whore serves ye, and far above ye,
The pleasures of a body lamed with lewdness;
A mere perpetual motion makes ye happy:
Am I a man to traffic with diseases?
Can any but a chastity serve Cæsar?
And such a one that gods would kneel to purchase?
You think, because you have bred me up to pleasures,
And almost run me over all the rare ones,
Your wives will serve the turn: I care not for 'em.
Your wives are fencers' whores, and shall be footmen's!
Though sometimes my nice will, or rather anger,
Have made ye cuckolds for variety,
I would not have ye hope, nor dream, ye poor ones,
Always so great a blessing from me. Go,
Get your own infamy hereafter, rascals!
I have done too nobly for ye; ye enjoy
Each one an heir, the royal seed of Cæsar,
And I may curse ye for it: Your wanton jennets,
That are so proud the wind gets 'em with fillies,
Taught me this foul intemperance. Thou, Licinius,
Hast such a Messalina, such a Laïs,

The backs of bulls cannot content, nor stallions;
The sweat of fifty men a-night does nothing.
Licin. Your grace but jests, I hope.
Val. 'Tis oracle.
The sins of other women, put by hers,
Shew off like sanctities. Thine's a fool, Chilax,
Yet she can tell to twenty, and all lovers,
And all lien with her too, and all as she is,
Rotten and ready for an hospital.
Yours is a holy whore, friend Balbus.
Bal. Well, sir.
Val. One that can pray away the sins she suffers,
But not the punishments: She has had ten bas-
Five of 'em now are lictors, yet she prays; [tards,
She has been the song of Rome, and common Pasquil;
Since I durst see a wench, she was camp-mistress,
And muster'd all the cohorts, paid 'em too,
They have it yet to shew, and yet she prays;
She is now to enter old men that are children,
And have forgot their rudiments: Am I
Left for these wither'd vices! And but one,
But one of all the world, that could content me,
And snatch'd away in shewing? If your wives
Be not yet witches, or yourselves, now be so,
And save your lives; raise me this noble beauty,
As when I forced her, full of constancy,
Or, by the gods——
Licin. Most sacred Cæsar——
Val. Slaves——

Enter Proculus *and* Lycias.

Lycias. Good Proculus!
Proc. By Heaven, you shall not see it;
It may concern the empire.
Val. Ha! What saidst thou?
Is she not dead?
Proc. Not any one I know, sir:
I come to bring your grace a letter, here
Scatter'd belike i' th' court: 'Tis sent to Maximus,
And bearing danger in it.
Val. Danger? where?
Double our guard!
Proc. Nay, no where, but i' th' letter.
Val. What an afflicted conscience do I live with,
And what a beast I'm grown! I had forgotten
To ask Heaven mercy for my fault, and was now
Even ravishing again her memory.
I find there must be danger in this deed:
Why do I stand disputing then, and whining,
For what is not the gods' to give? they cannot,
Though they would link their powers in one, do mischief!
This letter may betray me.—Get ye gone,
And wait me in the garden; guard the house well,
And keep this from the empress.—[*Exeunt.*] The name Maximus
Runs through me like a fever! This may be
Some private letter, upon private business,
Nothing concerning me: Why should I open it?
I have done him wrong enough already. Yet,
It may concern me too; the time so tells me;
The wicked deed I have done assures me 'tis so.
Be what it will, I'll see it; if that be not
Part of my fears, among my other sins,
I'll purge it out in prayers.—How! what's this?
"Lord Maximus, you love Aëcius, [*Reads.*
And are his noble friend too: Bid him be less,
I mean less with the people; times are dangerous,
The army's his, the emperor in doubts,
And, as some will not stick to say, declining:
You stand a constant man in either fortunes:
Persuade him: he is lost else. Though ambition
Be the last sin he touches at, or never,
Yet what the people, mad with loving him,
And as they willingly desire another,
May tempt him to, or rather force his goodness,
Is to be doubted mainly. He is all
(As he stands now) but the mere name of Cæsar,
And should the emperor enforce him lesser,
Not coming from himself, it were more dangerous:
He is honest, and will hear you. Doubts are scatter'd,
And almost come to growth in every household;
Yet, in my foolish judgment, were this master'd,
The people that are now but rage, and his,
Might be again obedience. You shall know me
When Rome is fair again; till when, I love you."—
No name? This may be cunning; yet it seems not,
For there is nothing in it but is certain,
Besides my safety. Had not good Germanicus,
That was as loyal and as straight as he is,
If not prevented by Tiberius,
Been by the soldiers forced their emperor?
He had, and 'tis my wisdom to remember it.
And was not Corbulo, (even that Corbulo,
That ever-fortunate and living Roman,
That broke the heart-strings of the Parthians,
And brought Arsaces' line upon their knees,
Chain'd to the awe of Rome) because he was thought
(And but in wine once) fit to make a Cæsar,
Cut off by Nero? I must seek my safety;
For 'tis the same again, if not beyond it.
I know the soldier loves him more than Heaven,
And will adventure all his gods to raise him;
Me he hates more than peace: What this may breed,
If dull security and confidence
Let him grow up, a fool may find, and laugh at.
But why Lord Maximus, I injured so,
Should be the man to counsel him, I know not,
More than he has been friend, and loved allegiance:
What now he is, I fear; for his abuses,
Without the people, dare draw blood.—Who waits there?

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Your grace?
Val. Call Phidias and Aretus hither.—
[*Exit* Servant.
I'll find a day for him too. "Times are dangerous,
The army his, the emperor in doubts:"
I find it is too true. Did he not tell me,
As if he had intent to make me odious,
And to my face, and by a way of terror,
What vices I was grounded in, and almost
Proclaim'd the soldiers' hate against me? Is not
The sacred name and dignity of Cæsar
(Were this Aëcius more than man) sufficient
To shake off all his honesty? He's dangerous,
Though he be good; and, though a friend, a fear'd one;
And such I must not sleep by.—Are they come yet?—
I do believe this fellow, and I thank him.
'Twas time to look about: If I must perish,
Yet shall my fears go foremost.

Enter PHIDIAS *and* ARETUS.

Phid. Life to Cæsar!
Val. Is Lord Aëcius waiting?
Phid. Not this morning;
I rather think he's with the army.
Val. Army?
I do not like that "army." Go unto him,
And bid him straight attend me, and—do you hear?—
Come private without any; I have business
Only for him.
Phid. Your grace's pleasure. [*Exit.*
Val. Go.
What soldier is the same (I have seen him often)
That keeps you company, Aretus?
Are. Me, sir?
Val. Ay, you, sir.
Are. One they call Pontius,
An't please your grace.
Val. A captain?
Are. Yes, he was so;
But speaking something roughly in his want,
Especially of wars, the noble general,
Out of a strict allegiance, cast his fortunes.
Val. He has been a valiant fellow?
Are. So he's still.
Val. Alas, the general might have pardon'd follies:
Soldiers will talk sometimes.
Are. I am glad of this.
Val. He wants preferment, as I take it?
Are. Yes, sir;
And for that noble grace his life shall serve.
Val. I have a service for him.
I shame a soldier should become a beggar!
I like the man, Aretus.
Are. Gods protect you!
Val. Bid him repair to Proculus, and there
He shall receive the business, and reward for't:
I'll see him settled too, and as a soldier;
We shall want such.
Are. The sweets of Heaven still crown you! [*Exit.*
Val. I have a fearful darkness in my soul,
And, till I be deliver'd,
Still am dying! [*Exit.*

SCENE II.—*Before the Palace.*

Enter MAXIMUS.

Max. My way has taken: All the court's in guard,
And business every where, and every corner
Full of strange whispers. I am least in rumour,
And so I'll keep myself.

Enter AECIUS, *with his arm in a sling, and* PHIDIAS.

Here comes Aëcius;
I see the bait is swallow'd: If he be lost
He is my martyr, and my way stands open;
And, Honour, on thy head his blood is reckon'd.
Aëcius. Why, how now, friend? what makes you here unarm'd?
Are you turn'd merchant?
Max. By your fair persuasions,
And such a merchant traffics without danger.
I have forgotten all, Aëcius,
And, which is more, forgiven.
Aëcius. Now I love you,
Truly I do; you are a worthy Roman.
Max. The fair repentance of my prince, to me
Is more than sacrifice of blood and vengeance:
No eyes shall weep her ruins, but mine own.
Aëcius. Still you take more love for me. Virtuous friend,
The gods make poor Aëcius worthy of thee!
Max. Only in me you are poor, sir, and I worthy
Only in being yours. But, why your arm thus?
Have you been hurt, Aëcius?
Aëcius. Bruis'd a little;
My horse fell with me, friend, which, till this morning,
I never knew him do.
Max. Pray gods it bode well!
And, now I think on't better, you shall back;
Let my persuasions rule you.
Aëcius. Back! why Maximus?
The emperor commands me come.
Max. I like not
At this time his command.
Aëcius. I do at all times,
And all times will obey it; why not now then?
Max. I'll tell you why, and, as I have been govern'd,
Be you so, noble friend: The court's in guard,
Arm'd strongly; for what purpose let me fear;
I do not like your going.
Aëcius. Were it fire,
And that fire certain to consume this body,
If Cæsar sent, I would go. Never fear, man;
If he take me, he takes his arms away.
I am too plain and true to be suspected.
Max. Then I have dealt unwisely. [*Apart.*
Aëcius. If the emperor,
Because he merely may, will have my life,
That's all he has to work on, and all shall have;
Let him; he loves me better. Here I wither,
And happily may live, till ignorantly
I run into a fault worth death; nay more, dishonour.
Now all my sins, I dare say those of duty,
Are printed here; and if I fall so happy,
I bless the grave I lie in, and the gods,
Equal as dying on the enemy,
Must take me up a sacrifice.
Max. Go on then;
And I'll go with you.
Aëcius. No, you may not, friend.
Max. He cannot be a friend bars me, Aëcius:
Shall I forsake you in my doubts?
Aëcius. You must.
Max. I must not, nor I will not. Have I lived
Only to be a carpet-friend, for pleasure?
I can endure a death as well as Cato.
Aëcius. There is no death nor danger in my going.
Nor none must go along.
Max. I have a sword too,
And once I could have used it for my friend.
Aëcius. I need no sword, nor friend, in this.—Pray leave me;
And, as you love me, do not over-love me.
I am commanded none shall come. At supper
I'll meet you, and we'll drink a cup or two;
You need good wine, you have been sad. Farewell!
Max. Farewell, my noble friend! Let me embrace you
Ere you depart! It may be one of us
Shall never do the like again.
Aëcius. Yes, often.
Max. Farewell, good dear Aëcius!

Aëcius. Farewell, Maximus,
Till night! Indeed you doubt too much.
[*Exit with* PHIDIAS.
Max. I do not.
Go, worthy innocent, and make the number
Of Cæsar's sins so great, Heaven may want mercy!
I'll hover hereabout, to know what passes;
And, if he be so devilish to destroy thee,
In thy blood shall begin his tragedy. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.—*A Street.*

Enter PROCULUS *and* PONTIUS.

Proc. Besides this, if you do it, you enjoy
The noble name Patrician; more than that too,
The friend of Cæsar you are stiled. There's nothing
Within the hopes of Rome, or present being,
But you may safely say is yours.
Pont. Pray stay, sir:
What has Aëcius done, to be destroy'd?
At least, I would have a colour.
Proc. You have more,
Nay, all that may be given; he is a traitor,
One any man would strike that were a subject.
Pont. Is he so foul?
Proc. Yes, a most fearful traitor.
Pont. [*Aside.*] A fearful plague upon thee, for thou liest!——
I ever thought the soldier would undo him
With his too-much affection.
Proc. You have hit it;
They have brought him to ambition.
Pont. Then he's gone.
Proc. The emperor, out of a foolish pity,
Would save him yet.
Pont. Is he so mad?
Proc. He's madder—
Would go to th' army to him.
Pont. Would he so?
Proc. Yes, Pontius; but we consider——
Pont. Wisely?
Proc. How else, man?—that the state lies in it.
Pont. And your lives too?
Proc. And every man's.
Pont. He did me
All the disgrace he could.
Proc. And scurvily. [it?
Pont. Out of a mischief merely: Did you mark
Proc. Yes, well enough: Now you have means
The deed done, take his place. [to quit it.
Pont. Pray let me think on't;
'Tis ten to one I do it.
Proc. Do, and be happy. [*Exit.*
Pont. This emperor is made of nought but mischief:
Sure, Murder was his mother. None to lop,
But the main link he had? Upon my conscience,
The man is truly honest, and that kills him;
For, to live here, and study to be true,
Is all one to be traitors. Why should he die?
Have they not slaves and rascals for their offerings,
In full abundance? Bawds more than beasts for slaughter?
Have they not singing whores enough, and knaves
And millions of such martyrs, to sink Charon, [too,
But the best sons of Rome must sail too? I will
(Since he must die) a way to do it truly: [shew him
And, though he bears me hard, yet shall he know,
I am born to make him bless me for a blow. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.—*The Court of the Palace.*

Enter AECIUS, PHIDIAS, *and* ARETUS.

Phid. Yet you may 'scape to th' camp; we'll hazard with you.
Are. Lose not your life so basely, sir! You are arm'd;
And many, when they see your sword out, and
Must follow your adventure. [know why,
Aëcius. Get ye from me!
Is not the doom of Cæsar on this body?
Do not I bear my last hour here, now sent me?
Am I not old Aëcius, ever dying?
You think this tenderness and love you bring me;
'Tis treason, and the strength of disobedience,
And, if ye tempt me further, ye shall feel it.
I seek the camp for safety, when my death
(Ten times more glorious than my life, and lasting)
Bids me be happy! Let the fool fear dying,
Or he that weds a woman for his honour,
Dreaming no other life to come but kisses:
Aëcius is not now to learn to suffer.
If ye dare shew a just affection, kill me;
I stay but those that must. Why do ye weep?
Am I so wretched to deserve men's pities?
Go, give your tears to those that lose their worths,
Bewail their miseries; for me, wear garlands,
Drink wine, and much: Sing pæans to my praise;
I am to triumph, friends; and more than Cæsar;
For Cæsar fears to die, I love to die!
Phid. Oh, my dear lord!
Aëcius. No more! Go, go, I say!
Shew me not signs of sorrow; I deserve none.
Dare any man lament I should die nobly?
Am I grown old, to have such enemies?
When I am dead, speak honourably of me,
That is, preserve my memory from dying;
There, if you needs must weep your ruin'd master,
A tear or two will seem well. This I charge ye,
(Because ye say ye yet love old Aëcius)
See my poor body burnt, and some to sing
About my pile, and what I have done and suffer'd,
If Cæsar kill not that too: At your banquets,
When I am gone, if any chance to number
The times that have been sad and dangerous,
Say how I fell, and 'tis sufficient.
No more, I say; he that laments my end,
By all the gods, dishonours me! Be gone,
And suddenly, and wisely, from my dangers;
My death is catching else.
Phid. We fear not dying.
Aëcius. Yet fear a wilful death; the just gods
I need no company to that, that children [hate it:
Dare do alone, and slaves are proud to purchase.
Live till your honesties, as mine has done,
Make this corrupted age sick of your virtues;
Then die a sacrifice, and then ye know
The noble use of dying well, and Roman.
Are. And must we leave ye, sir?
Aëcius. We must all die,
All leave ourselves; it matters not where, when,
Nor how, so we die well: And can that man that
Need lamentation for him? Children weep [does so
Because they have offended, or for fear;
Women for want of will, and anger: Is there
In noble man, that truly feels both poises
Of life and death, so much of this wet weakness,
To drown a glorious death in child and woman?
I am ashamed to see ye! Yet ye move me,

And, were it not my manhood would accuse me
For covetous to live, I should weep with ye.
Phid. Oh, we shall never see you more!
Aëcius. 'Tis true;
Nor I the miseries that Rome shall suffer,
Which is a benefit life cannot reckon.
But what I have been, which is just and faithful,
One that grew old for Rome, when Rome forgot
And, for he was an honest man, durst die, [him,
Ye shall have daily with ye: Could that die too,
And I return no traffic of my travails,
No pay to have been soldier, but this silver,
No annals of Aëcius, but "he lived,"
My friends, he had cause to weep, and bitterly:
The common overflows of tender women,
And children new-born crying, were too little
To shew me then most wretched. If tears must be,
I should in justice weep 'em, and for you;
You are to live, and yet behold those slaughters
The dry and wither'd bones of death would bleed at:
But, sooner than I have time to think what must be,
I fear you'll find what shall be. If ye love me,
(Let that word serve for all) be gone and leave me:
I have some little practice with my soul,
And then the sharpest sword is welcomest.
Go, pray be gone; ye have obey'd me living,
Be not for shame now stubborn. So, I thank ye,
And fare ye well! a better fortune guide ye!
[*Exeunt* PHIDIAS *and* ARETUS.
I am a little thirsty; not for fear,
And yet it is a kind of fear I say so.
Is it to be a just man now again,
And leave my flesh unthought of? 'Tis departed!
I hear 'em come.—Who strikes first? I stay for ye!
Enter BALBUS, CHILAX, *and* LICINIUS.
Yet I will die a soldier, my sword drawn, [*Draws.*
But against none. Why do ye fear? come forward.
Bal. You were a soldier, Chilax.
Chi. Yes, I muster'd,
But never saw the enemy.
Licin. He 's drawn;
By Heaven, I dare not do it!
Aëcius. Why do ye tremble?
I am to die: Come ye not now from Cæsar,
To that end? speak!
Bal. We do, and we must kill you;
'Tis Cæsar's will.
Chi. I charge ye put your sword up,
That we may do it handsomely.
Aëcius. Ha, ha, ha!
My sword up? handsomely? Where were ye bred?
Ye are the merriest murderers, my masters,
I ever met withal. Come forward, fools!
Why do ye stare? Upon mine honour, bawds,
I will not strike ye.
Licin. I'll not be first.
Bal. Nor I.
Chi. You had best die quietly: The emperor
Sees how you bear yourself.
Aëcius. I would die, rascals,
If you would kill me quietly.
Bal. Pox o' Proculus,
He promised us to bring a captain hither,
That has been used to kill.
Aëcius. I'll call the guard,
Unless you kill me quickly, and proclaim
What beastly, base, and cowardly companions,
The emperor has trusted with his safety:
Nay, I'll give out, ye fell of my side, villains.
Strike home, ye bawdy slaves!
Chi. By heaven, he'll kill us!
I mark'd his hand; he waits but time to reach us.
Now do you offer.
Aëcius. If ye do mangle me,
And kill me not at two blows, or at three,
Or not so stagger me my senses fail me,
Look to yourselves!
Chi. I told ye.
Aëcius. Strike me manly,
And take a thousand strokes.
Enter PONTIUS.
Bal. Here's Pontius.
Pont. Not kill'd him yet?
Is this the love ye bear the emperor?
Nay then, I see ye are traitors all: Have at ye!
[*Draws and wounds them.*
Chi. Oh, I am hurt! [LICIN. *runs away.*
Bal. And I am kill'd. [*Exeunt* CHILAX *and* BALBUS.
Pont. Die, bawds,
As ye have lived and flourish'd!
Aëcius. Wretched fellow,
What hast thou done?
Pont. Kill'd them that durst not kill;
And you are next.
Aëcius. Art thou not Pontius?
Pont. I am the same you cast, Aëcius,
And in the face of all the camp disgraced.
Aëcius. Then so much nobler, as thou wert a soldier,
Shall my death be. Is it revenge provoked thee,
Or art thou hired to kill me?
Pont. Both.
Aëcius. Then do it.
Pont. Is that all?
Aëcius. Yes.
Pont. Would you not live?
Aëcius. Why should I?
To thank thee for my life?
Pont. Yes, if I spare it.
Aëcius. Be not deceived; I was not made to thank
For any courtesy but killing me,
A fellow of thy fortune. Do thy duty!
Pont. Do not you fear me?
Aëcius. No.
Pont. Nor love me for it.
Aëcius. That's as thou dost thy business.
Pont. When you are dead,
Your place is mine, Aëcius.
Aëcius. Now I fear thee;
And not alone thee, Pontius, but the empire.
Pont. Why, I can govern, sir.
Aëcius. I would thou couldst,
And first thyself. Thou canst fight well, and bravely,
Thou canst endure all dangers, heats, colds, hun-
Heaven's angry flashes are not suddener [gers:
Than I have seen thee execute, nor more mortal;
The winged feet of flying enemies
I have stood and view'd thee mow away like rushes.
And still kill the killer: Were thy mind
But half so sweet in peace as rough in dangers,
I died to leave a happy heir behind me.
Come, strike, and be a general!
Pont. Prepare then:
And, for I see your honour cannot lessen,
And 'twere a shame for me to strike a dead man,
Fight your short span out.
Aëcius. No, thou know'st I must not;
I dare not give thee so much 'vantage of me,
As disobedience.

Pont. Dare you not defend you
Against your enemy?
Aëcius. Not sent from Cæsar;
I have no power to make such enemies:
For, as I am condemn'd, my naked sword
Stands but a hatchment by me; only held
To shew I was a soldier. Had not Cæsar
Chain'd all defence in this doom, "Let him die,"
Old as I am, and quench'd with scars and sorrows,
Yet would I make this wither'd arm do wonders,
And open in an enemy such wounds
Mercy would weep to look on.
Pont. Then have at you;
And look upon me, and be sure you fear not:
Remember who you are, and why you live,
And what I have been to you; cry not "hold,"
Nor think it base injustice I should kill you.
Aëcius. I am prepared for all.
Pont. For now, Aëcius,
Thou shalt behold and find I was no traitor,
And, as I do it, bless me! Die as I do!
[PONTIUS *stabs himself.*
Aëcius. Thou hast deceived me, Pontius, and I thank thee:
By all my hopes in Heaven, thou art a Roman!
Pont. To shew you what you ought to do, this is not;
For Slander's self would shame to find you coward,
Or willing to out-live your honesty;
But, noble sir, you have been jealous of me,
And held me in the rank of dangerous persons;
And I must dying say, it was but justice,
Ye cast me from my credit: Yet, believe me,
(For there is nothing now but truth to save me,
And your forgiveness) though you held me heinous,
And of a troubled spirit, that like fire
Turns all to flames it meets with, you mistook me:
If I were foe to anything, 'twas ease,
Want of the soldier's due, the enemy;
The nakedness we found at home, and scorn,
Children of peace and pleasures; no regard
Nor comfort for our scars, but how we got 'em;
To rusty time, that eat our bodies up,
And e'en began to prey upon our honours;
To wants at home, and, more than wants, abuses;
To them that, when the enemy invaded,
Made us their saints, but now the sores of Rome;
To silken flattery, and pride plumed over,
Forgetting with what wind their feathers sail,
And under whose protection their soft pleasures
Grow full and numberless: To this I am foe,
Not to the state, or any point of duty.
And, let me speak but what a soldier may,
(Truly I ought to be so) yet I err'd,
Because a far more noble sufferer
Shew'd me the way to patience, and I lost it:
This is the end I die, sir; To live basely,
And not the follower of him that bred me
In full account and virtue, Pontius dare not,
Much less to out-live what is good, and flatter.
Aëcius. I want a name to give thy virtue, soldier,
For only *good* is far below thee, Pontius;
The gods shall find thee one! Thou hast fashion'd death
In such an excellent and beauteous manner,
I wonder men can live! Canst thou speak once more?
For thy words are such harmony, a soul
Would choose to fly to heaven in.
Pont. A farewell.
Good noble general, your hand! Forgive me,
And think whatever was displeasing you,
Was none of mine. You cannot live.
Aëcius. I will not!
Yet one word more.
Pont. Die nobly!—Rome, farewell!
And, Valentinian, fall! thou hast broke thy basis,
In joy you have given me a quiet death:
I would strike more wounds, if I had more breath.
[*Dies.*
Aëcius. Is there an hour of goodness beyond this?
Or any man would out-live such a dying?
Would Cæsar double all my honours on me,
And stick me o'er with favours, like a mistress,
Yet would I grow to this man! I have loved,
But never doted on a face till now.
Oh, death, thou'rt more than beauty, and thy pleasure
Beyond posterity!—Come, friends, and kill me.
Cæsar, be kind, and send a thousand swords;
The more, the greater is my fall.—Why stay ye?
Come, and I'll kiss your weapons. Fear me not:
By all the gods, I'll honour ye for killing!
Appear, or through the court, and world, I'll search ye!
My sword is gone. [*Throws it from him.*] Ye are traitors if ye spare me,
And Cæsar must consume ye!—All base cowards?
I'll follow ye, and, ere I die, proclaim ye
The weeds of Italy, the dross of nature!
Where are ye, villains, traitors, slaves? [*Exit.*

Enter PROCULUS, *and three others, running over the Stage.*

Proc. I knew
He had kill'd the captain.
1. Here's his sword.
Proc. Let it alone; 'twill fight itself else, friends.
An hundred men are not enough to do it:
I'll to the emperor, and get more aid.
Aëcius. [*Within.*] None strike a poor condemn'd man?
Proc. He is mad:
Shift for yourselves, my masters! [*Exeunt.*

Enter AECIUS.

Aëcius. Then, Aëcius, [*Takes up his sword.*
See what thou darest thyself.—Hold, my good sword;
Thou hast been kept from blood too long. I'll kiss thee,
For thou art more than friend now, my preserver!
Shew me the way to happiness; I seek it.
And all you great ones, that have fallen as I do,
To keep your memories and honours living,
Be present in your virtues, and assist me,
That, like strong Cato, I may put away
All promises, but what shall crown my ashes.
Rome, fare thee well! Stand long, and know to conquer,
Whilst there is people, and ambition.—
Now for a stroke shall turn me to a star!
I come, ye blessed spirits! make me room
To live for ever in Elysium! [*Falls on his sword.*
Do men fear this? Oh, that posterity
Could learn from him but this, that loves his wound,
There is no pain at all in dying well,
For none are lost, but those that make their hell!
[*Dies.*

Enter PROCULUS, *and two others.*

1. [*Within.*] He's dead; draw in the guard again.
Proc. He's dead indeed,
And I am glad he's gone: He was a devil!
His body, if his eunuchs come, is theirs;

The emperor, out of his love to virtue,
Has given 'em that: Let no man stop their entrance.
[*Exeunt.*

Enter PHIDIAS *and* ARETUS.

Phid. Oh, my most noble lord! Look here,
Here's a sad sight! [Aretus,
Are. Oh, cruelty! Oh, Cæsar!
Oh, times that bring forth nothing but destruction,
And overflows of blood! Why wast thou kill'd?
Is it to be a just man now again,
As when Tiberius and wild Nero reign'd,
Only assurance of his overthrow?
Phid. It is, Aretus: He that would live now,
Must, like the toad, feed only on corruptions,
And grow with those to greatness. Honest virtue,
And the true Roman honour, faith and valour,
That have been all the riches of the empire,
Now, like the fearful tokens of the plague,
Are mere fore-runners of their ends that owe them.
Are. Never-enough-lamented lord! dear master!

Enter MAXIMUS.

Of whom now shall we learn to live like men?
From whom draw out our actions just and worthy?
Oh, thou art gone, and gone with thee all goodness,
The great example of all equity,
(Oh, thou alone a Roman, thou art perish'd,)
Faith, fortitude, and constant nobleness!
Weep, Rome! weep, Italy! weep, all that knew
And you that fear'd him as a noble foe, [him!
(If enemies have honourable tears)
Weep this decay'd Aëcius, fallen and scatter'd,
By foul and base suggestion!
Phid. Oh, Lord Maximus!
This was your worthy friend.
Max. The gods forgive me!—
Think not the worse, my friends, I shed not tears;
Great griefs lament within. Yet, now I have found 'em.
'Would I had never known the world, nor women,
Nor what that cursed name of honour was,
So this were once again Aëcius!
But I am destined to a mighty action,
And beg my pardon, friend; my vengeance taken,
I will not be long from thee.—Ye have a great loss,
But bear it patiently; yet, to say truth,
In justice 'tis not sufferable. I am next,
And were it now, I would be glad on't. Friends,
Who shall preserve ye now?
Are. Nay, we are lost too.
Max. I fear ye are; for likely such as love
The man that's fallen, and have been nourish'd by him,
Do not stay long behind: 'Tis held no wisdom.
I know what I must do.—Oh, my Aëcius,
Canst thou thus perish, pluck'd up by the roots,
And no man feel thy worthiness?—From boys
He bred you both, I think.
Phid. And from the poorest.
Max. And loved ye as his own?
Are. We found it, sir.
Max. Is not this a loss then?
Phid. Oh, a loss of losses!
Our lives, and ruins of our families,
The utter being nothing of our names,
Were nothing near it.
Max. As I take it too,
He put ye to the emperor?
Are. He did so.
Max. And kept ye still in credit?
Phid. 'Tis most true, sir.
Max. He fed your fathers too, and made them means;
Your sisters he preferr'd to noble wedlocks;
Did he not, friends?
Are. Oh, yes, sir.
Max. As I take it,
This worthy man would not be now forgotten.
I tell ye, to my grief, he was basely murder'd;
And something would be done, by those that loved him;
And something may be. Pray stand off a little;
Let me bewail him private.—Oh, my dearest—
[*Kneels by the body of* ARETUS.
Phid. Aretus, if we be not sudden, he out-does us;
I know he points at vengeance; we are cold
And base ungrateful wretches, if we shun it.
Are we to hope for more rewards or greatness,
Or anything but death, now he is dead?
Darest thou resolve?
Are. I am perfect.
Phid. Then like flowers
That grew together all, we'll fall together,
And with us that that bore us: When 'tis done,
The world shall style us two deserving servants.
I fear he'll be before us.
Are. This night, Phidias——
Phid. No more.
Max. Now, worthy friends, I have done my mournings.
Let's burn this noble body: Sweets as many
As sun-burnt Meroe breeds, I'll make a flame of,
Shall reach his soul in heaven. He that shall live
Ten ages hence, but to rehearse this story,
Shall, with the sad discourse on't, darken heaven.
And force the painful burdens from the wombs,
Conceived a-new, with sorrow: Even the grave
Where mighty Sylla sleeps shall rend asunder,
And give her shadow up, to come and groan
About our piles; which will be more, and greater,
Than green Olympus, Ida, or old Latmus
Can feed with cedar, or the east with gums,
Greece with her wines, or Thessaly with flowers,
Or willing Heaven can weep for in her showers.
[*Exeunt with the body.*

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*A Gallery in the Palace.*

Enter PHIDIAS *with his dagger in him, and* ARETUS, *poisoned.*

Are. He has his last.
Phid. Then, come the worst of danger!
Aëcius, to thy soul we give a Cæsar.—
How long is't since you gave it him?
Are. An hour;
Mine own two hours before him. How it boils me!
Phid. It was not to be cured, I hope.
Are. No, Phidias;
I dealt above his antidotes: Physicians
May find the cause, but where the cure?

Phid. Done bravely;
We are got before his tyranny, Aretus.
Are. We had lost our worthiest end else, Phi-
Phid. Canst thou hold out a while? [dias.
Are. To torture him,
Anger would give me leave to live an age yet:
That man is poorly spirited, whose life
Runs in his blood alone, and not in his wishes.
And yet I swell and burn like flaming Ætna;
A thousand new-found fires are kindled in me,
But yet I must not die these four hours, Phidias.
Phid. Remember who dies with thee, and despise death.
Are. I need no exhortation: The joy in me,
Of what I have done, and why, makes poison plea-
And my most killing torments, mistresses. [sure,
For how can he have time to die, or pleasure,
That falls as fools unsatisfied, and simple?
Phid. This that consumes my life, yet keeps it
Nor do I feel the danger of a dying; [in me,
And if I but endure to hear the curses
Of this fell tyrant dead, I have half my heaven.
Are. Hold thy soul fast but four hours, Phidias,
And thou shalt see to wishes beyond ours,
Nay, more, beyond our meanings.
Phid. Thou hast steel'd me.
Farewell, Aretus; and the souls of good men,
That, as ours do, have left their Roman bodies
In brave revenge for virtue, guide our shadows!
I would not faint yet.
Are. Farewell, Phidias:
And, as we have done nobly, gods look on us!
[*Exeunt severally.*

SCENE II.—*An Apartment in the same.*

Enter LYCIAS *and* PROCULUS.

Lycias. Sicker and sicker, Proculus?
Proc. Oh, Lycias,
What shall become of us? 'Would we had died
With happy Chilax, or with Balbus bed-rid,
And made too lame for justice!

Enter LICINIUS.

Licin. The soft music;
And let one sing to fasten sleep upon him.—
Oh, friends, the emperor!
Proc. What say the doctors?
Licin. For us a most sad saying; he is poison'd,
Beyond all cure too.
Lycias. Who?
Licin. The wretch Aretus,
That most unhappy villain.
Lycias. How do you know it?
Licin. He gave him drink last. Let's disperse, and find him;
And, since he has open'd misery to all,
Let it begin with him first. Softly; he slumbers.
[*Exeunt.*

VALENTINIAN *brought in sick in a chair, with* EUDOXIA, Physicians, *and* Attendants.

MUSIC AND SONG.

Care-charming Sleep, thou easer of all woes,
Brother to Death, sweetly thyself dispose
On this afflicted prince; fall like a cloud,
In gentle showers; give nothing that is loud,
Or painful to his slumbers; easy, sweet,
And as a purling stream, thou son of Night,
Pass by his troubled senses, sing his pain,
Like hollow murmuring wind, or silver rain.
Into this prince gently, oh, gently slide,
And kiss him into slumbers like a bride!

Val. Oh, gods, gods! Drink, drink! colder, colder
Than snow on Scythian mountains! Oh, my heart-
Eud. How does your grace? [strings!
Phys. The empress speaks, sir.
Val. Dying,
Dying, Eudoxia, dying.
Phys. Good sir, patience.
Eud. What have you given him?
Phys. Precious things, dear lady,
We hope sball comfort him.
Val. Oh, flatter'd fool,
See what thy god-head's come to! Oh, Eudoxia!
Eud. Oh, patience, patience, sir!
Val. Danubius
I'll have brought through my body——
Eud. Gods give comfort!
Val. And Volga, on whose face the north wind
I am an hundred hells! an hundred piles [freezes.
Already to my funeral are flaming!
Shall I not drink?
Phys. You must not, sir.
Val. By Heaven,
I'll let my breath out, that shall burn ye all,
If ye deny me longer! Tempests blow me,
And inundations that have drunk up kingdoms,
Flow over me, and quench me! Where's the vil-
Am I immortal now, ye slaves? By Numa, [lain?
If he do 'scape—Oh! oh!
Eud. Dear sir!
Val. Like Nero,
But far more terrible, and full of slaughter,
In the midst of all my flames, I'll fire the empire!
A thousand fans, a thousand fans to cool me!
Invite the gentle winds, Eudoxia.
Eud. Sir!
Val. Oh, do not flatter me! I am but flesh,—
A man, a mortal man. Drink, drink, ye dunces!
What can your doses now do, and your scrapings,
Your oils, and Mithridates? If I do die,
You only words of health, and names of sickness,
Finding no true disease in man but money,
That talk yourselves into revenues—oh!—
And, ere you kill your patients, beggar 'em,
I'll have ye flea'd and dried!

Enter PROCULUS *and* LICINIUS, *with* ARETUS.

Proc. The villain, sir;
The most accursed wretch.
Val. Be gone, my queen;
This is no sight for thee: Go to the vestals,
Cast holy incense in the fire, and offer
One powerful sacrifice to free thy Cæsar.
Proc. Go, go, and be happy. [*Exit* EUDOXIA.
Are. Go; but give no ease.—
The gods have set thy last hour, Valentinian;
Thou art but man, a bad man too, a beast,
And, like a sensual bloody thing, thou diest!
Proc. Oh, damned traitor!
Are. Curse yourselves, ye flatterers,
And howl your miseries to come, ye wretches!
You taught him to be poison'd.
Val. Yet no comfort?
Are. Be not abused with priests nor 'pothecarie
They cannot help thee: Thou hast now to live
A short half-hour, no more, and I ten minutes.

I gave thee poison for Aëcius' sake,
Such a destroying poison would kill nature;
And, for thou shalt not die alone, I took it.
If mankind had been in thee at this murder,
No more to people earth again, the wings
Of old Time clipp'd for ever, Reason lost,
In what I had attempted, yet, oh, Cæsar,
To purchase fair revenge, I had poison'd them too.
Val. Oh, villain!—I grow hotter, hotter.
Are. Yes;
But not near my heat yet. What thou feel'st now
(Mark me with horror, Cæsar) are but embers
Of lust and lechery thou hast committed;
But there be flames of murder!
Val. Fetch out tortures.
Are. Do, and I'll flatter thee; nay, more, I'll love thee.
Thy tortures, to what now I suffer, Cæsar,
At which thou must arrive too, ere thou diest,
Are lighter, and more full of mirth, than laughter.
Val. Let 'em alone. I must drink.
Are. Now be mad;
But not near me yet.
Val. Hold me, hold me, hold me!
Hold me, or I shall burst else!
Are. See me, Cæsar,
And see to what thou must come for thy murder.
Millions of women's labours, all diseases——
Val. Oh, my afflicted soul too!
Are. Women's fears, horrors,
Despairs, and all the plagues the hot sun breeds—
Val. Aëcius, oh, Aëcius! Oh, Lucina!
Are. Are but my torments' shadows!
Val. Hide me, mountains!
The gods have found my sins. Now break!
Are. Not yet, sir;
Thou hast a pull beyond all these.
Val. Oh, hell!
Oh villain, cursed villain!
Are. Oh, brave villain!
My poison dances in me at this deed!
Now, Cæsar, now behold me; this is torment,
And this is thine before thou diest: I am wild-fire!
The brazen bull of Phalaris was feign'd,
The miseries of souls despising heaven,
But emblems of my torment,——
Val. Oh, quench me, quench me, quench me!
Are. Fire a flattery,
And all the poets' tales of sad Avernus,
To my pains less than fictions. Yet, to shew thee
What constant love I bore my murder'd master,
Like a south wind, I have sung through all these tempests.
My heart, my wither'd heart! Fear, fear, thou monster!
Fear the just gods! I have my peace! [*Dies.*
Val. More drink!
A thousand April showers fall in my bosom!
How dare ye let me be tormented thus?
Away with that prodigious body. Gods,
Gods, let me ask ye what I am, ye lay
All your inflictions on me? Hear me, hear me!
I do confess I am a ravisher,
A murderer, a hated Cæsar: Oh!
Are there not vows enough, and flaming altars,
The fat of all the world for sacrifice,
And, where that fails, the blood of thousand captives,
To purge those sins, but I must make the incense?
I do despise ye all! ye have no mercy,
And wanting that, ye are no gods! Your parole
Is only preach'd abroad to make fools fearful,
And women made of awe, believe your heaven!
Oh, torments, torments, torments! Pains above
If ye be any thing but dreams, and ghosts, pains
And truly hold the guidance of things mortal;
Have in yourselves times past, to come, and present;
Fashion the souls of men, and make flesh for 'em,
Weighing our fates and fortunes beyond reason;
Be more than all, ye gods, great in forgiveness!
Break not the goodly frame ye build in anger,
For you are things, men teach us, without passions.
Give me an hour to know ye in; Oh, save me!
But so much perfect time ye make a soul in,
Take this destruction from me!—No, ye cannot;
The more I would believe ye, more I suffer.
My brains are ashes! now my heart, my eyes!
Friends,
I go, I go! More air, more air!—I am mortal! [*Dies.*
Proc. Take in the body.—Oh, Licinius,
The misery that we are left to suffer!
No pity shall find us.
Licin. Our lives deserve none.
'Would I were chain'd again to slavery,
With any hope of life!
Proc. A quiet grave,
Or a consumption now, Licinius,
That we might be too poor to kill, were something.
Licin. Let's make our best use; we have money, Proculus,
And if that cannot save us, we have swords.
Proc. Yes, but we dare not die.
Licin. I had forgot that.
There's other countries, then.
Proc. But the same hate still,
Of what we are.
Licin. Think any thing; I'll follow.

Enter a Messenger.

Proc. How now? what news?
Mess. Shift for yourselves; ye are lost else.
The soldier is in arms for great Aëcius,
And their lieutenant-general, that stopp'd 'em,
Cut in a thousand pieces: They march hither.
Beside, the women of the town have murder'd
Phorba, and loose Ardelia, Cæsar's she-bawds.
Licin. Then here's no staying, Proculus!
Proc. Oh, Cæsar,
That we had never known thy lusts! Let's fly,
And where we find no woman's man let's die. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*A Street.*

Enter Maximus.

Max. Gods, what a sluice of blood have I let
My happy ends are come to birth; he's dead, [open
And I revenged; the empire's all a-fire,
And desolation every where inhabits.
And shall I live that am the author of it,
To know Rome, from the awe o' the world, the pity?
My friends are gone before too, of my sending;
And shall I stay? is aught else to be lived for?
Is there another friend, another wife,
Or any third, holds half their worthiness,
To linger here alive for? Is not virtue,
In their two everlasting souls, departed?
And in their bodies' first flame fled to heaven?
Can any man discover this, and love me?

For though my justice were as white as truth,
My way was crooked to it; that condemns me.
And now, Aëcius, and my honour'd lady,
That were preparers to my rest and quiet,
The lines to lead me to Elysium;
You that but stept before me on assurance
I would not leave your friendship unrewarded;
First smile upon the sacrifice I have sent ye,
Then see me coming boldly!—Stay; I am foolish,
Somewhat too sudden, to mine own destruction;
This great end of my vengeance may grow greater;
Why may not I be Cæsar? Yet no dying:
Why should not I catch at it? Fools and children
Have had that strength before me, and obtain'd it,
And, as the danger stands, my reason bids me;
I will, I dare. My dear friends, pardon me;
I am not fit to die yet, if not Cæsar.
I am sure the soldier loves me, and the people,
And I will forward; and, as goodly cedars,
Rent from Oëta by a sweeping tempest,
Jointed again, and made tall masts, defy
Those angry winds that split 'em, so will I,
New pieced again, above the fate of women,
And made more perfect far, than growing private,
Stand and defy bad fortunes. If I rise,
My wife was ravish'd well; If then I fall,
My great attempt honours my funeral. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.—*An open Place in the City.*

Enter FULVIUS, LUCIUS, SEMPRONIUS, *and* AFRANIUS.

Fulv. Guard all the posterns to the camp, Afranius,
And see 'em fast; we shall be rifled else.
Thou art an honest and a worthy captain.
Luc. Promise the soldier any thing.
Semp. Speak gently,
And tell 'em we are now in council for 'em,
Labouring to choose a Cæsar fit for them,
A soldier, and a giver.
Fulv. Tell 'em further,
Their free and liberal voices shall go with us.
Luc. Nay more, a negative (say) we allow 'em.
Semp. And if our choice displease 'em, they shall name him.
Fulv. Promise three donatives, and large, Afranius.
And, Cæsar, once elected, present foes,
With distribution of all necessaries,
Corn, wine, and oil.
Semp. New garments, and new arms,
And equal portions of the provinces
To them, and to their families for ever.
Fulv. And see the city strengthen'd.
Afr. I shall do it. [*Exit.*
Luc. Sempronius, these are woful times.
Semp. Oh, Brutus,
We want thy honesty again: These Cæsars,
What noble consuls got with blood, in blood
Consume again and scatter.
Fulv. Which way shall we?
Luc. Not any way of safety I can think on.
Semp. Now go our wives to ruin, and our daughters,
And we beholders, Fulvius.
Fulv. Every thing
Is every man's that will.
Luc. The vestals now
Must only feed the soldier's fire of lust,
And sensual gods be glutted with those offerings;
Age, like the hidden bowels of the earth,
Open'd with swords for treasure. Gods defend us!
We are chaff before their fury, else.
Fulv. Away!
Let's to the temples.
Luc. To the capitol;
'Tis not a time to pray now; let's be strengthen'd.

Enter AFRANIUS.

Semp. How now, Afranius? What good news?
Afr. A Cæsar!
Fulv. Oh, who?
Afr. Lord Maximus is with the soldier,
And all the camp rings, "Cæsar, Cæsar, Cæsar!"
He forced the empress with him, for more honour.
Luc. A happy choice: Let's meet him.
Semp. Blessed fortune!
Fulv. Away, away! Make room there, room there, room! [*Exeunt* Senators. *Flourish.*
[*Within.*] Lord Maximus is Cæsar, Cæsar, Cæsar!
Hail, Cæsar Maximus! [*Within*, Cæsar!
Afr. Oh, turning people!
Oh, people excellent in war, and govern'd!
In peace more raging than the furious North,
When he ploughs up the sea, and makes him brine,
Or the loud falls of Nile. I must give way.
Although I neither love nor hoped this,
Or like a rotten bridge that dares a current
When he is swell'd and high, crack and farewell.

A Flourish. Enter MAXIMUS, EUDOXIA, FULVIUS, LUCIUS, SEMPRONIUS, *and* Soldiers.

Senators. Room for the emperor!
Sold. Long life to Cæsar!
Afr. Hail, Cæsar Maximus!
Mar. Your hand, Afranius.
Lead to the palace; there my thanks, in general,
I'll shower among ye all. Gods, give me life,
First to defend the empire, then you, fathers.—
And, valiant friends, the heirs of strength and virtue,
The rampires of old Rome, of us the refuge,
To you I open this day all I have,
Even all the hazard that my youth hath purchased;
Ye are my children, family, and friends,
And ever so respected shall be. Forward.—
There's a proscription, grave Sempronius,
'Gainst all the flatterers, and lazy bawds,
Led loose-lived Valentinian to his vices.
See it effected [*Flourish.*
Senators. Honour wait on Cæsar!
Sold. Make room for Cæsar there!
[*Exeunt all but* AFRANIUS.
Afr. Thou hast my fears.
But Valentinian keeps my vows. Oh, gods!
Why do we like to feed the greedy raven
Of these blown men, that must, before they stand
And fix in eminence, cast life on life,
And trench their safeties in with wounds, and bodies?
Well, froward Rome, thou wilt grow weak with changing,
And die without an heir, that lovest to breed
Sons for the killing hate of sons. For me,
I only live to find an enemy. [*Exit.*

SCENE V.—*A Street.*

Enter PAULUS *and* LICIPPUS.

Pau. When is the inauguration?
Licippus. Why, to-morrow.

Pau. 'Twill be short time.
Licippus. Any device that's handsome,
A Cupid, or the god o' th' place, will do it,
Where he must take the fasces.
Pau. Or a Grace.
Licippus. A good Grace has no fellow.
Pau. Let me see;
Will not his name yield something? Maximus,
By th' way of anagram? I have found out *axis;*
You know he bears the empire.
Licippus. Get him wheels too;
'Twill be a cruel carriage else.
Pau. Some songs too?
Licippus. By any means, some songs; but very short ones,
And honest language, Paulus, without bursting,
The air will fall the sweeter.
Pau. A Grace must do it.
Licippus. Why, let a Grace then.
Pau. Yes, it must be so;
And in a robe of blue, too, as I take it.
Licippus. This poet is a little kin to th' painter
That could paint nothing but a ramping lion;
So all his learned fancies are Blue Graces. [*Aside.*
Pau. What think you of a sea-nymph? and a heaven?
Licippus. Why, what should she do there, man? There's no water.
Pau. By th' mass, that's true; it must be a Grace; and yet,
Methinks, a rainbow——
Licippus. And in blue?
Pau. Oh, yes!
Hanging in arch above him, and i' th' middle——
Licippus. A shower of rain?
Pau. No, no; it must be a Grace.
Licippus. Why pr'ythee, grace him then.
Pau. Or Orpheus,
Coming from hell——
Licippus. In blue, too?
Pau. 'Tis the better.——
And, as he rises, full of fires——
Licippus. Now bless us!
Will not that spoil his lute-strings, Paulus?
Pau. Singing,
And crossing of his arms——
Licippus. How can he play then?
Pau. It shall be a Grace; I'll do it.
Licippus. Pr'ythee do,
And with as good a grace as thou canst possible,
Good Fury Paulus! Be i' th' morning with me;
And pray take measure of his mouth that speaks it.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.—*An Apartment in the Palace.*

Enter MAXIMUS, EUDOXIA, *and* Messenger.

Max. Come, my best-loved Eudoxia.—Let the soldier
Want neither wine, nor any thing he calls for;
And, when the senate's ready, give us notice.
In the mean time, leave us.——
[*Exit* Messenger.
Oh, my dear sweet!
Eud. Is't possible, your grace
Should undertake such dangers for my beauty,
If it were excellent?
Max. By Heaven, 'tis all
The world has left to brag of!
Eud. Can a face
Long since bequeath'd to wrinkles with my sorrows,
Long since razed out o' th' book of youth and pleasure,
Have power to make the strongest man o' th' empire,
Nay, the most stay'd, and knowing what woman
The greatest aim of perfectness men lived by,
The most true, constant lover of his wedlock,
Such a still-blowing beauty earth was proud of,
Lose such a noble wife, and wilfully?
Himself prepare the way? nay, make the rape?
Did you not tell me so?
Max. 'Tis true, Eudoxia.
Eud. Lay desolate his dearest piece of friendship,
Break his strong helm he steer'd by, sink the virtue,
That valour, that even all the gods can give us,
Without whom he was nothing, with whom worthiest;
Nay more, arrive at Cæsar, and kill him too,
And for my sake? Either you love too dearly,
Or deeply you dissemble, sir.
Max. I do so;
And, till I am more strengthen'd, so I must do:
Yet would my joy and wine had fashion'd out
Some safer lie! [*Aside.*]—Can these things be, Eudoxia,
And I dissemble? Can there be but goodness,
And only thine, dear lady; any end,
Any imagination but a lost one,
Why I should run this hazard? Oh, thou virtue!
Were it to do again, and Valentinian
Once more to hold thee, sinful Valentinian,
In whom thou wert set, as pearls are in salt oysters,
As roses are in rank weeds, I would find
Yet to thy sacred self, a dearer danger:
The gods know how I honour thee!
Eud. What love, sir,
Can I return for this, but my obedience?
My life, if so you please, and 'tis too little.
Max. 'Tis too much to redeem the world.
Eud. From this hour,
The sorrows of my dead lord, fare ye well!
My living lord has dried ye. And, in token
As emperor this day I honour you,
And the great caster-new of all my wishes,
The wreath of living laurel, that must compass
That sacred head, Eudoxia makes for Cæsar.
I am, methinks, too much in love with fortune;
But with you, ever royal sir, my maker,
The once-more-summer of me, mere *in love*
Is poor expression of my doting.
Max. Sweetest!
Eud. Now, of my troth, you have bought me dear, sir.
Max. No,
Had I at loss of mankind.

Enter a Messenger.

Eud. Now you flatter.
Mess. The senate waits your grace.
Max. Let 'em come on,
And in a full form bring the ceremony.—
This day I am your servant, dear, and proudly
I'll wear your honour'd favour.
Eud. May it prove so! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.—*A Street.*

Enter PAULUS *and* LICIPPUS.

Licippus. Is your grace done?
Pau. 'Tis done.
Licippus. Who speaks?
Pau. A boy.
Licippus. A dainty blue boy, Paulus?
Pau. Yes.
Licippus. Have you view'd
The work above?
Pau. Yes; and all up, and ready.
Licippus. The empress does you simple honour, Paulus;
The wreath your Blue Grace must present, she made.
But, hark you, for the soldiers?
Pau. That's done too:
I'll bring 'em in, I warrant you.
Licippus. A Grace too?
Pau. The same Grace serves for both.
Licippus. About it then.
I must to th' cup-board; and be sure, good Paulus,
Your grace be fasting, that he may hang cleanly.
If there should need another voice, what then?
Pau. I'll hang another grace in.
Licippus. Grace be with you! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VIII.—*The Presence-Chamber in the Same.*

A Synnet, with Trumpets: A Banquet prepared, with music.

Enter, in state, MAXIMUS, EUDOXIA, Gentlemen *and* Soldiers; *then the three* Senators, FULVIUS, LUCIUS, *and* SEMPRONIUS; Lictors *bearing rods and axes before them.*

Semp. Hail to thy imperial honour, sacred Cæsar!
And from the old Rome take these wishes;
You holy gods, that hitherto have held,
As justice holds her balance, equal poised,
This glory of our nation, this full Roman,
And made him fit for what he is, confirm him!
Look on this son, oh, Jupiter, our helper,
And, Romulus, thou father of our honour,
Preserve him like thyself, just, valiant, noble,
A lover and encreaser of his people!
Let him begin with Numa, stand with Cato,
The first five years of Nero be his wishes,
Give him the age and fortune of Emilius,
And his whole reign, renew a great Augustus!

[*A* Boy *descends from the clouds, habited like one of the* Graces, *and sings.*

SONG.

Honour, that is ever living,
Honour, that is ever giving,
Honour, that sees all, and knows
Both the ebbs of man and flows;
Honour, that rewards the best,
Sends thee thy rich labour's rest;
Thou hast studied still to please her,
Therefore now she calls thee Cæsar.

Chorus. Hail, hail, Cæsar, hail, and stand,
And thy name out-live the land!
Noble fathers, to his brows,
Bind this wreath with thousand vows!

[*The* Boy *gives a wreath, which the* Senators *place on the head of* MAXIMUS.

All. Stand to eternity!

Max. I thank ye, fathers;
And, as I rule, may it still grow or wither!
Now, to the banquet; ye are all my guests;
This day be liberal, friends; to wine we give it,
And smiling pleasures. Sit, my queen of beauty.
Fathers, your places. These are fair wars, soldiers,
And thus I give the first charge to ye all. [*Drinks.*
You are my second, sweet. To every cup,
I add unto the senate a new honour,
And to the sons of Mars a donative.
[*The* Boy *sings.*

SONG.

God Bysæus, ever young,
Ever honour'd, ever sung;
Stain'd with blood of lusty grapes,
In a thousand lusty shapes,
Dance upon the mazer's brim,
In the crimson liquor swim;
From thy plenteous hand divine,
Let a river run with wine.
God of youth, let this day here
Enter neither care nor fear!

Boy. Bellona's seed, the glory of old Rome,
Envy of conquer'd nations, nobly come,
And, to the fulness of your warlike noise,
Let your feet move; make up this hour of joys.
Come, come, I say; range your fair troop at large,
And your high measure turn into a charge.

[*A martial dance by the* Soldiers, *during which* MAXIMUS *falls back upon his couch.*

Semp. The emperor's grown heavy with his wine.
Afr. The senate stays, sir, for your thanks.
Semp. Great Cæsar!
Eud. [*Aside.*] I have my wish!
Afr. Will't please your grace speak to him?
Eud. Yes; but he will not hear, lords.
Semp. Stir him, Lucius;
The senate must have thanks.
Luc. Your grace! sir! Cæsar!
Eud. Did I not tell you he was well? He's dead!
Semp. Dead?—Treason! guard the court! let no man pass!
Soldiers, your Cæsar's murdered.
Eud. Make no tumult,
Nor arm the court; ye have his killer with ye,
And the just cause, if ye can stay the hearing:
I was his death! That wreath that made him Cæsar,
Has made him earth.
Sold. Cut her in thousand pieces! [*They draw.*
Eud. Wise men would know the reason first. To die
Is that I wish for, Romans, and your swords
The heavenliest way of death: Yet, soldiers, grant me
(That was your empress once, and honour'd by ye)
But so much time to tell ye why I kill'd him,
And weigh my reasons well, if man be in you;
Then, if ye dare, do cruelly condemn me.
Afr. Hear her, ye noble Romans! 'Tis a woman;
A subject not for swords, but pity. Heaven,
If she be guilty of malicious murder,
Has given us laws to make example of her;
If only of revenge, and blood hid from us,
Let us consider first, then execute.
Semp. Speak, bloody woman!
Eud. Yes: This Maximus,
That was your Cæsar, lords, and noble soldiers,

(And if I wrong the dead, Heaven perish me,
Or speak, to win your favours, but the truth!)
Was to his country, to his friends, and Cæsar,
A most malicious traitor.

Semp. Take heed, woman.

Eud. I speak not for compassion. Brave Aëcius
(Whose blest soul, if I lie, shall afflict me),
The man that all the world loved, you adored,
That was the master-piece of arms, and bounty,
(Mine own grief shall come last) this friend of his,
This soldier, this your right arm, noble Romans,
By a base letter to the emperor,
Stuff'd full of fears, and poor suggestions,
And by himself unto himself directed,
Was cut off basely, basely, cruelly!
Oh, loss! Oh, innocent! Can ye now kill me?
And the poor stale, my noble lord, that knew not
More of this villain, than his forced fears,
Like one foreseen to satisfy, died for it:
There was a murder too, Rome would have blush'd at!
Was this worth being Cæsar? or my patience? Nay, his wife,
(By Heaven, he told it me in wine, and joy,
And swore it deeply!) he himself prepared
To be abused. How? Let me grieve, not tell ye,
And weep the sins that did it: And his end
Was only me, and Cæsar: But me he lied in.
These are my reasons, Romans, and my soul
Tells me sufficient; and my deed is justice!
Now, as I have done well or ill, look on me.

Afr. What less could nature do? What less had we done,
Had we known this before? Romans, she's righteous;
And such a piece of justice Heaven must smile on!
Bend all your swords on me, if this displease ye.
For I must kneel, and on this virtuous hand
Seal my new joy and thanks.—Thou hast done truly.

Semp. Up with your arms; ye strike a saint else, Romans.
May'st thou live ever spoken our protector:
Rome yet has many noble heirs. Let's in,
And pray before we choose; then plant a Cæsar
Above the reach of envy, blood, and murder!

Afr. Take up the body, nobly, to his urn,
And may our sins and his together burn.

[*Exeunt with the body. A dead march.*

EPILOGUE.

We would fain please ye, and as fain be pleased;
'Tis but a little liking, both are eased;
We have your money, and you have our ware,
And, to our understanding, good and fair:
For your own wisdom's sake, be not so mad
To acknowledge ye have bought things dear and bad:
Let not a brack i' th' stuff, or here and there
The fading gloss, a general loss appear!
We know ye take up worse commodities,
And dearer pay, yet think your bargains wise;
We know, in meat and wine ye fling away
More time and wealth, which is but dearer pay,
And with the reckoning all the pleasure lost.
We bid ye not unto repenting cost:
The price is easy, and so light the play,
That ye may new-digest it every day.
Then, noble friends, as ye would choose a miss,
Only to please the eye a while, and kiss,
'Till a good wife be got; so let this play
Hold ye a while until a better may.

MONSIEUR THOMAS.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

VALENTINE, *a Gentleman lately returned from Travel.*
MONSIEUR THOMAS, *his Fellow-Traveller.*
SEBASTIAN, *his Father.*
FRANCISCO, VALENTINE'S *Son, in Love with* CELLIDE.
HYLAS, *a general Lover.*
SAM, *a Gentleman, his Friend.*
LAUNCELOT, Monsieur THOMAS'S *Man.*
MICHAEL, *a Gentleman,* VALENTINE'S *Neighbour.*
Three Physicians, *and an* Apothecary.
A Barber.

ALICE, VALENTINE'S *Sister.*
CELLIDE, *beloved by* VALENTINE, *in Love with* FRANCISCO.
MARY, *Niece to* VALENTINE *and* ALICE, *in Love with* Monsieur THOMAS.
DOROTHEA, Monsieur THOMAS'S *Sister.*
Abbess of St. Katherine's, *Aunt to* Monsieur THOMAS.
MADGE, KATE, *a* Black-a-Moor, *and other* Maids.

SCENE,—LONDON.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*A Room in the House of* VALENTINE.

Enter ALICE *and* VALENTINE.

Alice. How dearly welcome you are!
Val. I know it;
And, my best sister, you as dear to my sight,
And pray let this confirm it: How you have govern'd
My poor state in my absence, how my servants,
I dare, and must believe (else I should wrong ye)
The best and worthiest.
Alice. As my woman's wit, sir,
Which is but weak and crazy.
Val. But, good Alice,
Tell me how fares the gentle Cellidè,
The life of my affection, since my travel,
My long and lazy travel? Is her love still
Upon the growing hand? does it not stop
And wither at my years? has she not view'd
And entertain'd some younger smooth behaviour,
Some youth but in his blossom, as herself is?
There lie my fears.
Alice. They need not; for, believe me,
So well you have managed her, and won her mind,
Even from her hours of childhood to this ripeness
(And, in your absence, that by me enforced still),
So well distill'd your gentleness into her,
Observed her, fed her fancy, lived still in her,
And, though Love be a boy, and ever youthful,
And young and beauteous objects ever aim'd at,
Yet here you have gone beyond Love, better'd Nature,
Made him appear in years, in grey years fiery,
His bow at full bent ever. Fear not, brother;
For though your body has been far off from her,
Yet every hour your heart, which is your goodness,
I have forced into her, won a place prepared too,
And willingly, to give it ever harbour;
Believe she is so much your's, and won by miracle,
(Which is by age) so deep a stamp set on her
By your observances, she cannot alter.
Were the child living now you lost at sea
Among the Genoa gallies, what a happiness!
What a main blessing!
Val. Oh, no more, good sister;
Touch no more that string, 'tis too harsh and jarring!
With that child all my hopes went, and, you know,
The root of all those hopes, the mother too,
Within few days.
Alice. 'Tis too true, and too fatal;
But peace be with their souls!
Val. For her loss,
I hope the beauteous Cellidè——
Alice. You may, sir,
For all she is, is yours.
Val. For the poor boy's loss,
I have brought a noble friend I found in travel;
A worthier mind, and a more temperate spirit,
If I have so much judgment to discern 'em,
Man yet was never master of.
Alice. What is he?
Val. A gentleman, I do assure myself,
And of a worthy breeding, though he hide it.
I found him at Valentia, poor and needy,
Only his mind the master of a treasure:
I sought his friendship, won him by much violence,
His honesty and modesty still fearing
To thrust a charge upon me. How I love him,
He shall now know, where want and he hereafter
Shall be no more companions. Use him nobly;
It is my will, good sister; all I have
I make him free companion in, and partner,
But only——
Alice. I observe you; hold your right there;

Love and high rule allow no rivals, brother.
He shall have fair regard, and all observance.

Enter HYLAS.

Hylas. You are welcome, noble sir.
Val. What, Monsieur Hylas!
I'm glad to see your merry body well yet.
Hylas. I'faith you're welcome home! What news beyond seas?
Val. None, but new men expected, such as you
To breed new admirations. 'Tis my sister; [are,
'Pray you know her, sir.
Hylas. With all my heart. Your leave, lady?
Alice. You have it, sir. [*They salute.*
Hylas. A shrewd smart touch! which does prognosticate [*Aside.*
A body keen and active: Somewhat old,
But that's all one; age brings experience
And knowledge to dispatch.—I must be better,
And nearer in my service, with your leave sir,
To this fair lady.
Val. What, the old 'Squire of Dames still?
Hylas. Still the admirer of their goodness.—With all my heart now, [*Aside.*
I love a woman of her years, a pacer,
That, lay the bridle on her neck, will travel——
Forty, and somewhat fulsome, is a fine dish;
These young colts are too skittish.

Enter MARY.

Alice. My cousin Mary,
In all her joy, sir, to congratulate
Your fair return.
Val. My loving and kind cousin,
A thousand welcomes!
Mary. A thousand thanks to Heaven, sir,
For your safe voyage and return!
Val. I thank you.
But where's my blessed Cellidè? Her slackness
In visitation——
Mary. Think not so, dear uncle;
I left her on her knees, thanking the gods
With tears and prayers.
Val. You have given me too much comfort.
Mary. She will not be long from you.
Hylas. Your fair cousin?
Val. It is so, and a bait you cannot balk, sir,
If your old rule reign in you. You may know her.
Hylas. A happy stock you have.—Right worthy lady,
The poorest of your servants vows his duty
And obliged faith.
Mary. Oh, 'tis a kiss you would, sir;
Take it, and tie your tongue up.
Hylas. I'm an ass,
I do perceive now, a blind ass, a blockhead;
For this is handsomeness, this that that draws us,
Body and bones. Oh, what a mounted forehead,
What eyes and lips, what every thing about her!
How like a swan she swims her pace, and bears
Her silver breasts! This is the woman, she,
And only she, that I will so much honour
As to think worthy of my love; all older idols
I heartily abhor, and give to gunpowder,
And all complexions besides hers, to gypsies.

Enter FRANCISCO *at one door, and* CELLIDE *at another.*

Val. Oh, my dear life, my better heart! all dangers,
Distresses in my travel, all misfortunes,
Had they been endless like the hours upon me,
In this kiss had been buried in oblivion.
How happy have you made me, truly happy!
Cel. My joy has so much over-master'd me,
That, in my tears for your return——
Val. Oh, dearest!—
My noble friend too? What a blessedness
Have I about me now! how full my wishes
Are come again! A thousand hearty welcomes
I once more lay upon you! All I have,
The fair and liberal use of all my servants
To be at your command, and all the uses
Of all within my power,—
Fran. (You're too munificent;
Nor am I able to conceive those thanks, sir—
Val. You wrong my tender love now)—even my service;
Nothing excepted; nothing stuck between us
And our entire affections, but this woman;
This I beseech ye, friend——
Fran. It is a jewel,
I do confess, would make a thief, but never
Of him that's so much yours, and bound your servant
That were a base ingratitude. [*Fran.*
Val. You are noble!
Pray be acquainted with her. Keep your way, sir.
My cousin, and my sister.
Alice. You are most welcome.
Mary. If anything in our poor powers, fair sir,
To render you content, and liberal welcome,
May but appear, command it.
Alice. You shall find us
Happy in our performance.
Fran. The poor servant
Of both your goodnesses presents his service.
Val. Come, no more compliment; custom has made it
Dull, old, and tedious: You are once more welcome
As your own thoughts can make ye, and the same
And so we'll in to ratify it. [*Exeunt.*
Hylas. Hark ye, Valentine:
Is Wild-Oats yet come over?
Val. Yes, with me, sir.
Mary. How does he bear himself?
Val. A great deal better.
Why do you blush? The gentleman will do well.
Mary. I should be glad on't, sir.
Val. How does his father?
Hylas. As mad a worm as e'er he was.
Val. I look'd for't;
Shall we enjoy your company?
Hylas. I'll wait on ye:
Only a thought or two.
Val. We bar all prayers. [*Exeunt all but* HYLAS.
Hylas. This last wench! ay, this last wench was a fair one,
A dainty wench, a right one! A devil take it,
What do I ail? to have fifteen now in liking!
Enough, a man would think, to stay my stomach.
But what's fifteen, or fifteen score, to my thoughts?
And wherefore are mine eyes made, and have lights,
But to increase my objects? This last wench
Sticks plaguy close unto me; a hundred pound
I were as close to her! If I loved now,
As many foolish men do, I should run mad. [*Ex.*

SCENE II.—*An Apartment in* SEBASTIAN'S *House.*

Enter SEBASTIAN *and* LAUNCELOT.

Seb. Sirrah, no more of your French shrugs, I advise you
If you be lousy, shift yourself. [

Laun. May it please your worship——
Seb. Only to see my son; my son, good Laun-
Your master and my son! Body o' me, sir, [celot;
No money, no more money, Monsieur Launcelot,
Not a denier, sweet signior! Bring the person,
The person of my boy, my boy Tom, Monsieur Thomas,
Or get you gone again! *Du gata whee*, sir!
Bassa mi cu, good Launcelot! *valetote!*
My boy, or nothing!
Laun. Then, to answer punctually,—
Seb. I say to th' purpose.
Laun. Then I say to th' purpose;
Because your worship's vulgar understanding
May meet me at the nearest: Your son, my master,
Or Monsieur Thomas (for so his travel styles him),
Through many foreign plots that virtue meets with,
And dangers (I beseech you give attention)
Is at the last arrived,
To ask your (as the Frenchman calls it sweetly)
Benediction de jour en jour.
Seb. Sirrah, don't conjure me with your French
Laun. *Che ditt'a vous*, monsieur? [furies.
Seb. *Che doga vou*, rascal!
Leave me your rotten language, and tell me plainly,
And quickly, sirrah, lest I crack your French crown,
What your good master means. I have maintain'd
You and your monsieur, as I take it, Launcelot,
These two years at your *ditty vous*, your *jours!*
Jour me no more; for not another penny
Shall pass my purse.
Laun. Your worship is erroneous;
For, as I told you, your son Tom, or Thomas,
My master and your son, is now arrived
To ask you (as our language bears it nearest)
Your quotidian blessing; and here he is in person.

Enter THOMAS.

Seb. What, Tom, boy! welcome with all my heart, boy!
Welcome, 'faith! thou hast gladded me at soul, boy!
Infinite glad I am. I have pray'd too, Thomas,
For you, wild Thomas. Tom, I thank thee heartily
For coming home.
Tho. Sir, I do find your prayers
Have much prevail'd above my sins——
Seb. How's this?
Tho. Else certain I had perish'd with my rude-
Ere I had won myself to that discretion [ness
I hope you shall hereafter find.
Seb. Humh, humh!
Discretion? is it come to that? the boy's spoil'd.
Tho. Sirrah, you rogue, look for't! for I will make thee
Ten times more miserable than thou thought'st thyself
Before thou travell'dst: Thou hast told my father
(I know it, and I find it) all my rogueries,
By mere way of prevention, to undo me.
Laun. Sir, as I speak eight languages, I only
Told him you came to ask his benediction,
De jour en jour!
Tho. But that I must be civil,
I would beat thee like a dog.—Sir, howsoever
The time I have misspent, may make you doubtful,
Nay, harden your belief 'gainst my conversion—
Seb. A pox o' travel, I say!
Tho. Yet, dear father,
Your own experience in my after-courses——

Enter DOROTHEA.

Seb. Pr'ythee no more; 'tis scurvy! There's thy sister.—
Undone, without redemption! he eats with picks;
Utterly spoil'd, his spirit baffled in him!
How have I sinn'd, that this affliction
Should light so heavy on me? I have no more sons,
And this no more mine own; no spark of nature
Allows him mine now; he's grown tame. My grand curse
Hang o'er his head that thus transform'd thee: Travel!
I'll send my horse to travel next!—*We, Monsieur!*
Now will my most canonical dear neighbours
Say, I have found my son, and rejoice with me,
Because he has mew'd his mad tricks off. I know not,
But I am sure this Monsieur, this fine gentleman,
Will never be in my books like mad Thomas.
I must go seek an heir; for my inheritance
Must not turn secretary. My name and quality
Have kept my land three hundred years in madness:
An it slip now, may it sink! [*Exit.*
Tho. Excellent sister,
I am glad to see thee well.—But where's my father?
Dor. Gone discontent, it seems.
Tho. He did ill in it,
As he does all; for I was uttering
A handsome speech or two, I have been studying
E'er since I came from Paris. How glad to see thee!
Dor. I am gladder to see you (with more love too,
I dare maintain it) than my father's sorry
To see (as he supposes) your conversion;
And I am sure he's vexed; nay, more, I know it;
He has pray'd against it mainly: But it appears, sir,
You had rather blind him with that poor opinion
Than in yourself correct it. Dearest brother,
Since there is in our uniform resemblance
No more to make us two but our bare sexes,
And since one happy birth produced us hither,
Let one more happy mind——
Tho. It shall be, sister;
For I can do it when I list, and yet, wench,
Be mad too when I please; I have the trick on't:
Beware a traveller.
Dor. Leave that trick too.
Tho. Not for the world. But where's my mistress?
And pr'ythee say how does she! I melt to see her,
And presently: I must away.
Dor. Then do so,
For o' my faith she will not see you, brother.
Tho. Not see me? I'll——
Dor. Now you play your true self;
How would my father love this! I'll assure you
She will not see you; she has heard (and loudly)
The gambols that you play'd since your departure,
In every town you came, your several mischiefs,
Your rouses and your wenches; all your quarrels,
And the no-causes of 'em; these, I take it,
Although she love you well, to modest ears,
To one that waited for your reformation,
To which end travel was propounded by her uncle,
Must needs, and reason for it, be examined,
And by her modesty: and fear'd too light too,
To file with her affections: You have lost her,
For any thing I see, exiled yourself.
Tho. No more of that, sweet Doll; I will be [civil.
Dor. But how long?

Tho. Wouldst thou have me lose my birth-
For yond old thing will disinherit me, [right?
If I grow too demure. Good sweet Doll, pr'ythee,
Pr'ythee, dear sister, let me see her!
Dor. No.
Tho. Nay, I beseech thee. By this light——
Dor. Ay, swagger.
Tho. Kiss me, and be my friend; we two were
And shall we now grow strangers? [twins,
Dor. 'Tis not my fault.
Tho. Well, there be other women; and remember you,
You, you were the cause of this; there be more lands too,
And better people in 'em, (fare ye well!)
And other loves. What shall become of me,
And of my vanities, because they grieve you?
Dor. Come hither, come; do you see that cloud that flies there?
So light are you, and blown with every fancy.
Will you but make me hope you may be civil?
I know your nature's sweet enough, and tender,
Not grated on, nor curb'd: Do you love your
Tho. He lies that says I do not. [mistress?
Dor. Would you see her?
Tho. If you please, for it must be so.
Dor. And appear to her
A thing to be beloved?
Tho. Yes.
Dor. Change then
A little of your wildness into wisdom.
And put on a more smoothness.
I'll do the best I can to help you; yet
I do protest she swore, and swore it deeply,
She would never see you more. Where's your
What, do you faint at this? [man's heart now?
Tho. She is a woman:
But he she entertains next for a servant,
I shall be bold to quarter!
Dor. No thought of fighting.
Go in, and there we'll talk more; be but ruled,
And what lies in my power, ye shall be sure of.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*A Room in the Lodge of* MARY.

Enter ALICE *and* MARY.

Alice. He cannot be so wild still!
Mary. 'Tis most certain;
I have now heard all, and all the truth.
Alice. Grant all that;
Is he the first that has been given a lost man,
And yet come fairly home? He is young and tender,
And fit for that impression your affections
Shall stamp upon him. Age brings on discretion;
A year hence, these mad toys that now possess him
Will shew like bugbears to him, shapes to fright
Marriage dissolves all these like mists. [him;
Mary. They are grounded
Hereditary in him, from his father,
And to his grave they'll haunt him.
Alice. 'Tis your fear,
Which is a wise part in you; yet your love,
However you may seem to lessen it
With these dislikes, and choak it with these errors,
Do what you can, will break out to excuse him:
You have him in your heart, and planted, cousin,
From whence the power of reason, nor discretion,
Can ever root him.
Mary. Planted in my heart, aunt?
Believe it, no; I never was so liberal.
What though he shew a so-so-comely fellow,
Which we call pretty, or say it may be handsome:
What though his promises may stumble at
The power of goodness in him, sometimes we too—
Alice. How willingly thy heart betrays thee: cousin,
Cozen thyself no more: Thou hast no more power
To leave off loving him, than he that's thirsty
Has to abstain from drink, standing before him.
His mind is not so monstrous; for his shape,
If I have eyes, I have not seen his better;
A handsome brown complexion——
Mary. Reasonable,
Inclining to a tawny.
Alice. Had I said so
You would have wish'd my tongue out. Then his making——
Mary. Which may be mended; I have seen legs straighter
And cleaner made. [
Alice. A body too——
Mary. Far neater,
And better set together.
Alice. God forgive thee!
For 'gainst thy conscience thou liest stubbornly.
Mary. I grant 'tis neat enough.
Alice. 'Tis excellent;
And where the outward parts are fair and lovely
(Which are but moulds o' th' mind), what must the soul be?
Put case, youth has his swinge, and fiery nature
Flames to mad uses many times——
Mary. All this
You only use to make me say I love him:
I do confess I do; but that my fondness
Should fling itself upon his desperate follies——
Alice. I do not counsel that; see him reclaim'd first,
Which will not prove a miracle: Yet, Mary,
I am afraid 'twill vex thee horribly
To stay so long.
Mary. No, no, aunt; no, believe me.
Alice. What was your dream to-night? for I observed you
Hugging of me, with, "Good dear, sweet Tom:"
Mary. Fy, aunt!
Upon my conscience——
Alice. On my word 'tis true, wench. [too.
And then you kiss'd me, Mary, more than once,
And sigh'd, and "Oh, sweet Tom" again. Nay, do not blush;
You have it at the heart, wench.
Mary. I'll be hang'd first;
But you must have your way.
Alice. And so will you too,
Or break down hedges for it. Dorothea!

Enter DOROTHEA.

Thou welcomest woman living. How does thy brother?
I hear he's turn'd a wond'rous civil gentleman,
Since his short travel.
Dor. 'Pray Heaven be make it good, Alice.
Mary. How do you, friend? I have a quarrel to you;
You stole away and left my company.

Dor. Oh, pardon me, dear friend; it was to welcome
A brother, that I have some cause to love well.
Mary. Pr'ythee how is he? thou speak'st truth.
Dor. Not perfect;
I hope he will be.
Mary. Never. He has forgot me,
I bear, wench, and his hot love too——
Alice. Thou wouldst howl then.
Mary. And I am glad it should be so: His [travels
Have yielded him variety of mistresses,
Fairer in his eye far.
Alice. Oh, cogging rascal!
Mary. I was a fool, but better thoughts, I thank Heaven——
Dor. Pray do not think so, for he loves you dearly,
Upon my troth, most firmly; would fain see you.
Mary. See me, friend! Do you think it fit?
Dor. It may be,
Without the loss of credit too: He's not
Such a prodigious thing, so monstrous,
To fling from all society.
Mary. He's so much contrary
To my desires, such an antipathy,
That I must sooner see my grave.
Dor. Dear friend,
He was not so before he went.
Mary. I grant it,
For then I daily hoped his fair conversion.
Alice. Come, do not mask yourself, but see him [freely;
You have a mind.
Mary. That mind I'll master then.
Dor. And is your hate so mortal?
Mary. Not to his person,
But to his qualities, his mad-cap follies,
Which still, like Hydra's heads, grow thicker on him.
I have a credit, friend; and maids of my sort
Love where their modesties may live untainted.
Dor. I give up that hope then: 'Pray, for your [friend's sake,
If I have any interest within you,
Do but this courtesy, accept this letter.
Mary. From him?
Dor. The same. 'Tis but a minute's reading;
And, as we look on shapes of painted devils,
Which for the present may disturb our fancy,
But with the next new object lose 'em, so,
If this be foul, you may forget it. 'Pray!
Mary. Have you seen it, friend?
Dor. I will not lie, I have not;
But I presume, so much he honours you,
The worst part of himself was cast away
When to his best part he writ this.
Mary. For your sake;
Not that I any way shall like his scribbling——
Alice. A shrewd dissembling quean!
Dor. I thank you, dear friend.
I know she loves him.
Alice. Yes, and will not lose him,
Unless he leap into the moon, believe that,
And then she'll scramble too. Young wenches' loves
Are like the course of quartans; they may shift,
And seem to cease sometimes, and yet we see
The least distemper pulls 'em back again,
And seats 'em in their old course: Fear her not,
Unless he be a devil.
Mary. Now Heaven bless me!
Dor. What has he writ?
Mary. Out, out upon him!
Dor. Ha! what has the madman done?
Mary. Worse, worse, and worse still!
Alice. Some Northern toy, a little broad.
Mary. Still fouler!
Hey, hey, boys! Goodness keep me! Oh!
Dor. What ail you?
Mary. Here, take your spell again; it burns my fingers.
Was ever lover writ so sweet a letter,
So elegant a style? Pray look upon't;
The rarest inventory of rank oaths
That ever cut-purse cast.
Alice. What a mad boy is this!
Mary. Only i' th' bottom
A little julep gently sprinkled over
To cool his mouth, lest it break out in blisters;
"Indeed la, yours for ever."
Dor. I am sorry.
Mary. You shall be welcome to me, come when you please,
And ever may command me virtuously;
But for your brother, you must pardon me:
Till I am of his nature, no access, friend,
No word of visitation, as you love me.
And so for now I'll leave you. [*Exit.*
Alice. What a letter
Has this thing written! how it roars like thunder!
With what a state he enters into style!
"Dear mistress!"
Dor. Out upon him, bedlam!
Alice. Well, there be ways to reach her yet: Such likeness
As you two carry, methinks——
Dor. I am mad too,
And yet can apprehend you. Fare you well!
The fool shall now fish for himself.
Alice. Be sure then
His tewgh be tith and strong; and next, no swearing;
He'll catch no fish else. Farewell, Doll!
Dor. Farewell, Alice! [*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*An Apartment in* VALENTINE'S *House.*

Enter VALENTINE, ALICE, *and* CELLIDE.

Cel. Indeed he is much changed, extremely [alter'd,
His colour faded strangely too.
Val. The air,
The sharp and nipping air of our new climate,
I hope, is all, which will as well restore
To health again the affected body by it,
And make it stronger far, as leave it dangerous.
How does my sweet? Our blessed hour comes on [now
Apace, my Cellidè (it knocks at door),
In which our loves and long desires, like rivers
Rising asunder far, shall fall together.
Within these two days, dear——

Cel. When Heaven and you, sir,
Still think it fit; for by your wills I am govern'd.
Alice. 'Twere good some preparation——

Enter FRANCISCO.

Val. All that may be;
It shall be no blind wedding: And all the joy
Of all our friends, I hope.—He looks worse hourly:
How does my friend? myself? He sweats too, coldly;
His pulse, like the slow dropping of a spout,
Scarce gives his function. How is't, man? Alas,
You look extreme ill: Is it any old grief, [sir,
The weight of which——
Fran. None, gentle sir, that I feel;
Your love is too, too tender. Nay, believe, sir—
Cel. You cannot be the master of your health:
Either some fever lies in wait to catch you,
Whose harbingers already in your face
We see preparing, or some discontent,
Which, if it lie in this house—I dare say,
Both for this noble gentleman, and all
That live within it—shall as readily
Be purged away, and with as much care soften'd,
And where the cause is——
Fran. 'Tis a joy to be ill,
Where such a virtuous fair physician
Is ready to relieve: Your noble cares
I must, and ever shall, be thankful for;
And would my service—(I dare not look upon her)—
But be not fearful; I feel nothing dangerous;
A grudging, caused by the alteration
Of air, may hang upon me: My heart 's whole.—
I would it were!—— [*Aside.*
Val. I knew the cause to be so.
Fran. No, you shall never know it. [*Aside.*
Alice. Some warm broths,
To purge the blood, and keep your bed a day, sir,
And sweat it out.
Cel. I have such cordials.
That, if you will but promise me to take 'em,
Indeed you shall be well, and very quickly.
I'll be your doctor; you shall see how finely
I'll fetch you up again.
Val. He sweats extremely;
Hot, very hot: His pulse beats like a drum now.
Feel, sister, feel! feel, sweet!
Fran. How that touch stung me! [*Aside.*
Val. My gown there!
Cel. And those juleps in the window!
Alice. Some see his bed made.
Val. This is most unhappy!
Take courage, man; 'tis nothing but an ague.
Cel. And this shall be the last fit.
Fran. Not by thousands! [*Aside.*
Now what 'tis to be truly miserable,
I feel at full experience.
Alice. He grows fainter.
Val. Come, lead him in; he shall to bed. A
I'll have a vomit for him. [vomit;
Alice. A purge first;
And if he breathed a vein——
Val. No, no, no bleeding;
A clyster will cool all.
Cel. Be of good chear, sir!
Alice. He's loth to speak.
Cel. How hard he holds my hand, aunt!
Alice. I do not like that sign.
Val. Away to his chamber,
Softly; he's full of pain; be diligent,
With all the care ye have. 'Would I had 'scused him? [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*A Room in* SEBASTIAN'S *House.*

Enter DOROTHEA *and* THOMAS.

Dor. Why do you rail at me? Do I dwell in her.
To force her to do this or that? Your letter!
A wild-fire on your letter, your sweet letter!
You are so learned in your writs; You stand now
As if you had worried sheep. You must turn
And suddenly, and truly, and discreetly, [tippet.
Put on the shape of order and humanity,
Or you must marry Malkyn the May-lady;
You must, dear brother. Do you make me carrier
Of your confound-me's, and your culverins?
Am I a seemly agent for your oaths?
Who would have writ such a deboah'd——
Tho. Your patience;
May not a man profess his love?
Dor. In blasphemies?
Rack a maid's tender ears with damns and devils?
Out, out upon thee!
Tho. How would you have me write?
Begin with "My love premised; surely,
And by my truly, mistress"?
Dor. Take your own course,
For I see all persuasion's lost upon you,
Humanity all drown'd: From this hour fairly
I'll wash my hands of all you do. Farewell, sir!
Tho. Thou art not mad?
Dor. No; if I were, dear brother,
I would keep you company. Get a new mistress.
Some suburb saint, that sixpence and some oaths
Will draw to parley; carouse her health in cans
And candles' ends, and quarrel for her beauty;
Such a sweetheart must serve your turn: Your old love
Releases you of all your ties, disclaims you,
And utterly abjures your memory,
Till time has better managed you. Will you com-
Tho. What, bobb'd of all sides? [mand me—
Dor. Any worthy service
Unto my father, sir, that I may tell him,
Even to his peace of heart, and much rejoicing,
You are his true son Tom still? Will it please you
To beat some half-a-dozen of his servants presently,
That I may testify you have brought the same faith
Unblemish'd home, you carried out? Or, if it like you,
There be two chambermaids within, young wenches,
Handsome, and apt for exercise: You have been good, sir,
And charitable, though I say it, signior,
To such poor orphans. And now, by th' way, I think on't,
Your young rear admiral, I mean your last bastard,
Don John, you had by Lady Blanch the dairymaid,
Is by an acadèmy of learn'd gypsies,
Foreseeing some strange wonder in the infant,
Stolen from the nurse, and wanders with those prophets.
There is plate in the parlour, and good store, sir,
When you want, shall supply it. So most humbly
(First rend'ring my due service) I take leave, sir! [*Exit.*

Tho. Why, Doll! why, Doll, I say!—My letter fubb'd too,—
And no access without I mend my manners?
All my designs in limbo? I will have her,
Yes, I will have her, though the devil roar,
I am resolved that, if she live above ground,
I'll not be bobb'd i' th' nose with every bobtail.
I will be civil too, now I think better,
Exceeding civil, wond'rous finely carried;
And yet be mad upon occasion,
And stark mad too, and save my land: My father,
I'll have my will of him, howe'er my wench goes.
[*Exit.*

SCENE III.—*The Street before the same.*

Enter SEBASTIAN *and* LAUNCELOT.

Seb. Sirrah, I say still you have spoil'd your master: Leave your stitches!
I say, thou hast spoil'd thy master.
Laun. I say, how, sir?
Seb. Marry, thou hast taught him, like an arrant rascal,
First, to read perfectly, which on my blessing
I warn'd him from; for I knew if he read once,
He was a lost man. Secondly, Sir Launcelot,
Sir lousy Launcelot, you have suffer'd him,
Against my power first, then against my precept,
To keep that simpering sort of people company,
That sober men call civil: Mark you that, sir?
Laun. An't please your worship——
Seb. It does not please my worship,
Nor shall not please my worship! Third and lastly,
Which, if the law were here, I would hang thee for
(However, I will lame thee), like a villain,
Thou hast wrought him
Clean to forget what 'tis to do a mischief,
A handsome mischief, such as thou knew'st I loved well.
My servants all are sound now, my drink sour'd,
Not a horse pawn'd, nor play'd away; no warrants
Come for the breach of peace;
Men travel with their money, and nothing meets
I was accursed to send thee! thou wert ever ['em,
Leaning to laziness, and loss of spirit;
Thou sleep'st still like a cork upon the water.
Laun. Your worship knows I ever was accounted
The most debosh'd—And, please you to remember,
Every day drunk too, for your worship's credit;
I broke the butler's head, too.
Seb. No, base palliard,
I do remember yet that onslaught; thou wast beaten,
And fled'st before the butler, a black jack
Playing upon thee furiously; I saw it;
I saw thee scatter'd, rogue. Behold thy master!

Enter THOMAS, *with a book.*

Tho. What sweet content dwells here!
Laun. Put up your book, sir;
We are all undone else.
Seb. Tom, when is the horse-race?
Tho. I know not, sir.
Seb. You will be there?
Tho. Not I, sir;
I have forgot those journies.
Seb. Spoil'd for ever!—
The cocking holds at Derby, and there will be
Jack Wild-Oats and Will Purser.
Tho. I am sorry, sir,
They should employ their time so slenderly;
Their understandings will bear better courses.
Seb. [*Aside.*] Yes, I will marry again!—But, Monsieur Thomas,
What say you to the gentleman that challenged you
Before ye went, and the fellow ye fell out with?
Tho. Oh, good sir,
Remember not those follies. Where I have wrong'd, sir,
(So much I have now learn'd to discern myself)
My means, and my repentance shall make even;
Nor do I think it any imputation
To let the law persuade me.
Seb. Any woman;
I care not of what colour, or complexion;
Any that can bear children!—Rest you merry!
[*Exit.*
Laun. Ye have utterly undone, clean discharged
I am for the ragged regiment. [me;
Tho. Eight languages,
And wither at an old man's words?
Laun. Oh, pardon me!
I know him but too well. Eightscore, I take it,
Will not keep me from beating, if not killing:
I'll give him leave to break a leg, and thank him.
You might have saved all this, and sworn a little;
What had an oath or two been? or a head broke,
Though 't had been mine, to have satisfied the old [man?
Tho. I'll break it yet.
Laun. Now 'tis too late, I take it.
Will you be drunk to-night (a less entreaty
Has served your turn), and save all yet? not mad drunk,
For then you are the devil; yet the drunker
The better for your father still. Your state is desperate,
And with a desperate cure you must recover it:
Do something, do, sir; do some drunken thing,
Some mad thing, or some any thing to help us.
Tho. Go for a fiddler then; the poor old fiddler
That says his songs. But first, where lies my [mistress?
Did you inquire out that?
Laun. I' th' lodge alone, sir,
None but her own attendants.
Tho. 'Tis the happier:
Away then, find this fiddler, and do not miss me
By nine o'clock.
Laun. *Via!* [*Exit.*
Tho. My father's mad now,
And ten to one will disinherit me:
I'll put him to his plunge, and yet be merry.

Enter HYLAS *and* SAM.

What Rybabalde?
Hylas. Don Thomasio!
De bene venew.
Tho. I do embrace your body.—
How dost thou, Sam?
Sam. The same Sam still; your friend, sir.
Tho. And how is't, bouncing boys?
Hylas. Thou art not alter'd;
They said thou wert all Monsieur.
Tho. Oh, believe it,
I am much alter'd, much another way;
The civil'st gentleman in all your country:
Do not ye see me alter'd? "Yea and nay," gentlemen;
A much-converted man. Where's the best wine, [boys?
Hylas. A sound convertite!

Tho. What, hast thou made up twenty yet?
Hylas. By'r lady,
I have given a shrewd push at it, for, as I take it,
The last I fell in love with scored sixteen.
Tho. Look to your skin; Rambaldo the sleep-
Will rouse and rent thee piece-meal. [ing giant
Sam. He ne'er perceives 'em
Longer than looking on.
Tho. Thou never mean'st then
To marry any that thou lov'st?
Hylas. No surely,
Nor any wise man, I think. Marriage?
Would you have me now begin to be 'prentice,
And learn to cobble other men's old boots?
Sam. Why, you may take a maid.
Hylas. Where? can you tell me?
Or, if 'twere possible I might get a maid,
To what use should I put her? Look upon her,
Dandle her upon my knee, and give her sugar-sops?
All the new gowns i' th' parish will not please her,
If she be high bred (for there's the sport she aims
Nor all the feathers in the Fryars. [at),
Tho. Then take a widow,
A good staunch wench, that's tith.
Hylas. And begin a new order?
Live in a dead man's monument? Not, I, sir.
I'll keep mine old road, a true mendicant;
What pleasure this day yields me, I never covet
To lay up for the morrow; And methinks ever
Another man's cook dresses my diet neatest.
Tho. Thou wast wont to love old women, fat and flat-nosed,
And thou wouldst say they kiss'd like flounders,
All the face over. [flat
Hylas. I have had such damsels,
I must confess.
Tho. Thou hast been a precious rogue.
Sam. Only his eyes; and, o' my conscience,
They lie with half the kingdom.

Enter, over the Stage, Physicians *and others.*

Tho. What's the matter?
Whither go all these men-menders, these physi-
Whose dog lies sick o'the mulligrubs? [cians?
Sam. Oh, the gentleman,
The young smug signior, Master Valentine
Brought out of travel with him, as I hear,
Is fallen sick o' th' sudden, desperate sick;
And likely they go thither.
Tho. Who? young Frank?
The only temper'd spirit, scholar, soldier,
Courtier, and all in one piece? 'tis not possible.

Enter ALICE.

Sam. There's one can better satisfy you.
Tho. Mistress Alice,
I joy to see you, lady.
Alice. Good Monsieur Thomas,
You are welcome from your travel. I am hasty;
A gentleman lies sick, sir.
Tho. And how dost thou?
I must know, and I will know.
Alice. Excellent well;
As well as may be, thank you.
Tho. I am glad on't;
And pr'ythee hark!
Alice. I cannot stay. [*They walk apart.*
Tho. A while, Alice!
Sam. Never look so narrowly; the mark's in
her mouth still. [quiet.
Hylas. I am looking at her legs; pr'ythee be
Alice. I cannot stay.
Tho. Oh, sweet Alice!
Hylas. A clean instep,
And that I love a' life. I did not mark
This woman half so well before; how quick
And nimble, like a shadow, there her leg shew'd
By th' mass, a neat one! the colour of her stock-
A much inviting colour. [ing.
Alice. My good Monsieur,
I have no time to talk now.
Hylas. Pretty breeches,
Finely becoming too.
Tho. By Heaven——
Alice. She will not,
I can assure you that, and so——
Tho. But this word!
Alice. I cannot, nor I will not. Good Lord
[*Exit.*
Hylas. Well, you shall hear more from me.
Tho. We'll go visit;
'Tis charity; besides, I know she is there;
And under visitation I shall see her.
Will ye along?
Hylas. By any means.
Tho. Be sure then
I be a civil man. I have sport in hand, boys,
Shall make mirth for a marriage day.
Hylas. Away then. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*A Room in* VALENTINE'S *House.*

Enter three Physicians, *with an urinal.*

1 *Phys.* A pleurisy, I see it.
2 *Phys.* I rather hold it
For *tremor cordis.*
3 *Phys.* Do you mark the *fæces?*
'Tis a most pestilent contagious fever;
A surfeit, a plaguy surfeit; he must bleed.
1 *Phys.* By no means.
3 *Phys.* I say bleed.
1 *Phys.* I say 'tis dangerous,
The person being spent so much before-hand.
And nature drawn so low; clysters, cool clysters—
2 *Phys.* Now, with your favours; I should think
a vomit;
For, take away the cause, the effect must follow;
The stomach's foul and furr'd, the pot's unflamm'd
yet.
3 *Phys.* No, no, we'll rectify that part by mild
Nature so sunk must find no violence. [means.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Will't please ye draw near? The wrak
Grows worse and worse still. [gentleman
1 *Phys.* Come, we will attend him.
2 *Phys.* He shall do well, my friend.
Serv. My master's love, sir.
1 *Phys.* Excellent well, I warrant thee; right
and straight, friend.
3 *Phys.* There's no doubt in him, none at all;
ne'er fear him. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—*Another in the same.*

Enter VALENTINE *and* MICHAEL.

Mich. That he is desperate sick, I do believe
well,
And that without a speedy cure it kills him;

But that it lies within the help of physic
Now to restore his health, or art to cure him,
Believe it you are cozen'd; clean beside it.
I would tell you the true cause too, but 'twould vex you,
Nay, run you mad.
Val. May all I have restore him?
So dearly and so tenderly I love him——
(I do not know the cause why) yea, my life too?
Mich. Now I perceive ye so well set, I'll tell you:
Hei mihi quod nullis amor est medicabilis herbis!
Val. 'Twas that I only fear'd! Good friend, go from me;
I find my heart too full for further conference.
You are assured of this?
Mich. It will prove too certain;
But bear it nobly, sir; youth hath his errors.
Val. I shall do, and I thank you; pray you no words on't.
Mich. I do not use to talk, sir.
Val. You are welcome. [*Exit* MICHAEL.
Is there no constancy in earthly things,
No happiness in us but what must alter?
No life without the heavy load of fortune?
What miseries we are, and to ourselves!
Even then when full content seems to sit by us,
What daily sores and sorrows!

Enter ALICE.

Alice. Oh, dear brother!
The gentleman, if ever you will see him
Alive, as I think——

Enter CELLIDE.

Cel. Oh, he faints! For Heaven sake,
For Heaven sake, sir——
Val. Go comfort him, dear sister. [*Exit* ALICE.
And one word, sweet, with you; then we'll go to him.
What think you of this gentleman?
Cel. My pity thinks, sir,
'Tis great misfortune that he should thus perish.
Val. It is, indeed; but, Cellidè, he must die.
Cel. That were a cruelty, when care may cure him.
Why do ye weep so, sir? he may recover.
Val. He may, but with much danger. My sweet Cellidè,
You have a powerful tongue.
Cel. To do you service.
Val. I will betray his grief: He loves a gentlewoman,
A friend of yours, whose heart another holds;
He knows it too: yet such a sway blind fancy,
And his not daring to deliver it,
Have won upon him, that they must undo him:
Never so hopeful and so sweet a spirit
Misfortune fell so foul on.
Cel. Sure she's hard-hearted,
That can look on and not relent, and deeply,
At such a misery. She is not married?
Val. Not yet.
Cel. Nor near it?
Val. When she please.
Cel. And pray, sir,
Does he deserve her truly, that she loves so?
Val. His love may merit much, his person little,
For there the match lies mangled.
Cel. Is he your friend?
Val. He should be, for he is near me.
Cel. Will not he die then,
When the other shall recover?
Val. You have posed me.
Cel. Methinks he should go near it, if he love her.
If she love him.
Val. She does, and would do equal.
Cel. 'Tis a hard task you put upon me; yet, for your sake,
I will speak to her: All the art I have;
My best endeavours; all his youth and person,
His mind more full of beauties; all his hopes;
The memory of such a sad example,
Ill spoken of, and never old; the curses
Of loving maids, and what may be alledged,
I'll lay before her. What's her name? I am ready.
Val. But will you deal effectually?
Cel. Most truly;
Nay, were it myself, at your entreaty.
Val. And could you be so pitiful?
Cel. So dutiful,
Because you urge it, sir.
Val. It may be then
It is yourself.
Cel. It is indeed; I know it,
And now know how you love me.
Val. Oh, my dearest,
Let but your goodness judge: your own part's pity;
Set but your eyes on his afflictions;
He's mine, and so becomes your charge: But think
What ruin Nature suffers in this young man,
What loss humanity, and noble manhood;
Take to your better judgment my declining,
My age hung full of impotence and ills,
My body budding now no more; sear winter
Hath seal'd that sap up; at the best and happiest
I can but be your infant, you my nurse,
And how unequal, dearest! where his years,
His sweetness, and his ever spring of goodness,
My fortunes growing in him, and myself too,
Which makes him all your old love—Misconceive not;
I say not this as weary of my bondage,
Or ready to infringe my faith; bear witness,
Those eyes that I adore still, those lamps that light me
To all the joy I have!
Cel. You have said enough, sir,
And more than e'er I thought that tongue could utter;
But you are a man, a false man too!
Val. Dear Cellidè!
Cel. And now, to shew you that I am a woman
Robb'd of her rest, and fool'd out of her fondness,
The gentleman shall live, and, if he love me,
Ye shall be both my triumphs. I will to him;
And, as you carelessly fling off your fortune,
And now grow weary of my easy winning,
So will I lose the name of Valentine,
From henceforth all his flatteries; and, believe it,
Since you have so slightly parted with affection,
And that affection you have pawn'd your faith for,
From this hour no repentance, vows, nor prayers,
Shall pluck me back again: What I shall do
(Yet I will undertake his cure), expect it,
Shall minister no comfort, no content,
To either of ye, but hourly more vexations!
Val. Why, let him die then.
Cel. No; so much I have loved
To be commanded by you, that even now,
Even in my hate, I will obey your wishes.
Val. What shall I do?
Cel. Die like a fool unsorrow'd,
A bankrupt fool, that flings away his treasure!
I must begin my cure.
Val. And I my crosses. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*Another Apartment in the same.*

FRANCISCO *discovered sick in a bed; the three* Physicians *and an* Apothecary.

1 *Phys.* Clap on the cataplasm.
Fran. Good gentlemen,
Good learned gentlemen——
2 *Phys.* And see those broths there,
Ready within this hour. Pray keep your arms in;
The air is raw, and ministers much evil.
Fran. Pray leave me; I beseech ye leave me, gentlemen!
I have no other sickness but your presence.
Convey your cataplasms to those that need 'em:
Your vomits, and your clysters.
3 *Phys.* Pray be ruled, sir.
1 *Phys.* Bring in the lettice cap. You must be shaved, sir,
And then how suddenly we'll make you sleep!
Fran. Till dooms-day. What unnecessary no-
Are these about a wounded mind! [things
2 *Phys.* How do ye?
Fran. What questions they propound too!
I am glad to see you well. [How do you, sir?
3 *Phys.* A great distemper; it grows hotter still.
1 *Phys.* Open your mouth, I pray, sir.
Fran. And can you tell me
How old I am then? There's my hand; pray shew me
How many broken shins within this two year.—
Who would be thus in fetters!—Good master doctor,
And you, dear doctor, and the third sweet doctor,
And precious master apothecary, I do pray ye
To give me leave to live a little longer:
Ye stand before me like my blacks.
2 *Phys.* 'Tis dangerous;
For now his fancy turns too.

Enter CELLIDE.

Cel. By your leave, gentlemen;
And pray ye your leave a while too; I have some-
Of secret to impart unto the patient. [thing
1 *Phys.* With all our hearts.
3 *Phys.* Ay, marry, such a physic
May chance to find the humour. Be not long, lady,
For we must minister within this half-hour.
Cel. You shall not stay for me.
[*Exeunt* Physicians *and* Apothecary.
Fran. 'Would you were all rotten, [*Rises.*
That ye might only intend one another's itches!
Or would the gentlemen, with one consent,
Would drink small beer but seven years, and abolish
That wildfire of the blood, unsatiate wenching,
That your two Indies, springs and falls, might fail
What torments these intruders into bodies— [ye!
Cel. How do you, worthy sir?
Fran. Bless me, what beams
Flew from those angel eyes! Oh, what a misery,
What a most studied torment 'tis to me now
To be an honest man!—Dare you sit by me?
Cel. Yes, and do more than that too, comfort
I see you have need. [you;
Fran. You are a fair physician:
You bring no bitterness gilt o'er to gull us,
No danger in your looks; yet there my death lies!
Cel. I would be sorry, sir, my charity,
And my good wishes for your health, should merit
So stubborn a construction. Will it please you
To taste a little of this cordial?

Enter VALENTINE *privately.*

For this I think must cure you.
Fran. Of which, lady?—
Sure she has found my grief.—Why do you blush so?
Cel. Do you not understand? of this, this cordial. [*Kisses him.*
Val. Oh, my afflicted heart! She is gone for ever.
Fran. What Heaven you have brought me, lady.
Cel. Do not wonder:
For 'tis not impudence, nor want of honour,
Makes me do this; but love, to save your life, sir.
Your life too excellent to lose in wishes;
Love, virtuous love.
Fran. A virtuous blessing crown you!
Oh, goodly sweet, can there be so much charity,
So noble a compassion in that heart,
That's fill'd up with another's fair affections?
Can mercy drop from those eyes?
Can miracles be wrought upon a dead man,
When all the power you have, and perfect object,
Lies in another's light, and his deserves it?
Cel. Do not despair; nor do not think too boldly
I dare abuse my promise: 'Twas your friend's,
And so fast tied I thought no time could ruin:
But so much has your danger, and that spell
The powerful name of Friend, prevail'd above him
To whom I ever owe obedience,
That here I am, by his command, to cure ye;
Nay more, for ever, by his full resignment;
And willingly I ratify it.
Fran. Hold, for Heaven sake!
Must my friend's misery make me a triumph?
Bear I that noble name, to be a traitor?
Oh, virtuous goodness, keep thyself untainted:
You have no power to yield, nor he to render,
Nor I to take: I am resolved to die first;—
Val. Ha! say'st thou so? Nay, then thou shalt not perish. [*Aside.*
Fran. And though I love ye above the light shines on me;
Beyond the wealth of kingdoms, free content;
Sooner would snatch at such a blessing offer'd
Than at my pardon'd life by the law forfeited;
Yet, yet, oh, noble beauty, yet, oh, Paradise
(For you are all the wonder reveal'd of it),
Yet is a gratitude to be preserved,
A worthy gratitude, to one most worthy
The name and nobleness of friends.
Cel. Pray tell me,
If I had never known that gentleman,
Would you not willingly embrace my offer?
Fran. Do you make a doubt?
Cel. And can you be unwilling,
He being old and impotent? his aim too
Levell'd at you, for your good? not constrain'd,
But out of cure, and counsel? Alas, consider,
Play but the woman with me, and consider,
As he himself does, and I now dare see it,
Truly consider sir, what misery——
Fran. For Virtue's sake, take heed!
Cel. What loss of youth,
What everlasting banishment from that

Our years do only covet to arrive at,
Equal affections, [born] and shot together?
What living name can dead age leave behind him,
What art of memory, but fruitless doting?
Fran. This cannot be.
Cel. To you, unless you apply it
With more and firmer faith, and so digest it;
I speak but of things possible, not done,
Nor like to be; a posset cures your sickness,
And yet I know you grieve this; and howsoever
The worthiness of friend may make you stagger
(Which is a fair thing in you), yet, my patient,
My gentle patient, I would fain say more,
If you would understand.
Val. Oh, cruel woman!
Cel. Yet sure your sickness is not so forgetful,
Nor you so willing to be lost!
Fran. Pray stay there:
Methinks you are not fair now; methinks more,
That modest virtue, men deliver'd of you,
Shews but like shadow to me, thin and fading!
Val. Excellent friend! [*Apart.*
Fran. You have no share in goodness;
You are belied; you are not Cellidè,
The modest, [the] immaculate! Who are you?
For I will know! What devil, to do mischief
Unto my virtuous friend, hath shifted shapes
With that unblemish'd beauty?
Cel. Do not rave, sir,
Nor let the violence of thoughts distract you:
You shall enjoy me; I am yours; I pity,
By those fair eyes I do.
Fran. Oh, double-hearted!
Oh, woman, perfect woman! what distraction
Was meant to mankind when thou wast made a [devil!
What an inviting hell invented! Tell me,
And, if you yet remember what is goodness,
Tell me by that, and truth, can one so cherish'd,
So sainted in the soul of him whose service
Is almost turn'd to superstition,
Whose every day endeavours and desires
Offer themselves like incense on your altar,
Whose heart holds no intelligence but holy
And most religious with his love, whose life
(And let it ever be remember'd, lady)
Is drawn out only for your ends——
Val. Oh, miracle!—— [*Apart.*
Fran. Whose all, and every part of man (pray mark me)
Like ready pages wait upon your pleasures,
Whose breath is but your bubble—Can you, dare you,
Must you cast off this man, (though he were willing,
Though in a nobleness to cross my danger,
His friendship durst confirm it) without baseness,
Without the stain of honour? Shall not people
Say liberally hereafter, "There's the lady
That lost her father, friend, herself, her faith too,
To fawn upon a stranger;" for aught you know
As faithless as yourself, in love as fruitless?
Val. [*Apart.*] Take her with all my heart! Thou art so honest
That 'tis most necessary I be undone.
With all my soul possess her.
Cel. Till this minute,
I scorn'd and hated you, and came to cozen you;
Utter'd those things might draw a wonder on me,
To make you mad.
Fran. Good Heaven, what is this woman?
Cel. Nor did your danger, but in charity,
Move me a whit; nor you appear unto me
More than a common object: Yet now truly,
Truly, and nobly, I do love you dearly,
And from this hour you are the man I honour;
You are the man, the excellence, the honesty,
The only friend: And I am glad your sickness
Fell so most happily at this time on you,
To make this truth the world's.
Fran. Whither do you drive me?
Cel. Back to your honesty; make that good ever;
'Tis like a strong-built castle, seated high,
That draws on all ambitions; still repair it,
Still fortify it: There are thousand foes,
Besides the tyrant Beauty, will assail it:
Look to your centinels that watch it hourly,
Your eyes, let them not wander!
Fran. Is this serious,
Or does she play still with me?
Cel. Keep your ears,
The two main ports that may betray you, strongly
From light belief first, then from flattery,
Especially where woman beats the parley;
The body of your strength, your noble heart,
From ever yielding to dishonest ends,
Ridged round about with virtue, that no breaches,
No subtle mines may meet you!
Fran. How like the sun
Labouring in his eclipse, dark and prodigious,
She shew'd till now! when having won his way,
How full of wonder he breaks out again,
And sheds his virtuous beams! Excellent angel,
For no less can that heavenly mind proclaim thee,
Honour of all thy sex, let it be lawful
(And like a pilgrim thus I kneel to beg it,
Not with profane lips now, nor burnt affections,
But, reconciled to faith, with holy wishes),
To kiss that virgin hand!
Cel. Take your desire, sir,
And in a nobler way, for I dare trust you;
No other fruit my love must ever yield you,
I fear, no more! Yet your most constant memory
(So much I am wedded to that worthiness)
Shall ever be my friend, companion, husband.
Farewell, and fairly govern your affections;
Stand, and deceive me not!—Oh, noble young man, [*Aside.*
I love thee with my soul, but dare not say it!—
Once more, farewell, and prosper! [*Exit.*
Fran. Goodness guide thee!
My wonder, like to fearful shapes in dreams,
Has waken'd me out of my fit of folly,
But not to shake it off. A spell dwells in me,
A hidden charm, shot from this beauteous woman,
That fate can ne'er avoid, nor physic find;
And, by her counsel strengthen'd, only this
Is all the help I have, I love fair virtue.
Well, something I must do, to be a friend:
Yet I am poor and tardy: Something for her too,
Though I can never reach her excellence,
Yet but to give an offer at a greatness.

Enter VALENTINE, THOMAS, HYLAS, *and* SAM.

Val. Be not uncivil, Tom, and take your pleasure.
Tho. Do you think I am mad? You'll give me [leave
To try her fairly?
Val. Do your best.
Tho. Why there, boy——
But where's the sick man?
Hylas. Where are the gentlewomen

That should attend him? there's the patient.
Methinks these women——
Tho. Thou think'st nothing else.
Val. Go to him, friend, and comfort him; I'll lead ye.—
Oh, my best joy, my worthiest friend, pray pardon me.
I am so overjoy'd I want expression:
I may live to be thankful. Bid your friends welcome! [*Exit.*
Tho. How dost thou, Frank? how dost thou, boy? Bear up, man!
What, shrink i' th' sinews for a little sickness?
Diavolo, morte!
Fran. I am o' th' mending hand.
Tho. How like a flute thou speak'st! "O' th' mending hand," man?
"Gogs bores, I am well!" Speak like a man of worship.
Fran. Thou art a mad companion; never staid, Tom?
Tho. Let rogues be staid that have no habitation;
A gentleman may wander. Sit thee down, Frank,
And see what I have brought thee. Come, discover; [*Draws out a bottle.*
Open the scene and let the work appear.
A friend, at need, you rogue, is worth a million.
Fran. What hast thou there? a julep?
Hylas. He must not touch it;
'Tis present death.
Tho. You are an ass, a twirepipe,
A Jeffery John Bo-peep! Thou minister?
Thou mend a left-handed pack-saddle. Out, puppy!—
My friend, Frank, but a very foolish fellow.
Dost thou see that bottle? View it well.
Fran. I do, Tom.
Tho. There be as many lives in't as a cat carries;
'Tis everlasting liquor.
Fran. What?
Tho. Old sack, boy,
Old reverend sack, which, for aught that I can read yet,
Was that philosopher's stone the wise king Ptolomeus
Did all his wonders by.
Fran. I see no harm, Tom,
Drink with a moderation.
Tho. Drink with sugar,
Which I have ready here, and here a glass, boy.
Take me without my tools?
Sam. Pray, sir, be temperate;
You know your own state best.
Fran. Sir, I much thank you,
And shall be careful: Yet a glass or two,
So fit I find my body, and that so needful——
Tho. Fill it, and leave your fooling. Thou say'st true, Frank——
Hylas. Where are these women, I say?
Tho. 'Tis most necessary;
Hang up your juleps, and your Portugal possets,
Your barley broths, and sorrel sops; they are mangy,
And breed the scratches only: Give me sack!—
I wonder where this wench is though.—Have at thee!
Hylas. So long, and yet no bolting?
Fran. Do; I'll pledge thee.
Tho. Take it off thrice, and then cry "heigh!" like a huntsman,
With a clear heart; and no more fits I warrant thee:
The only cordial, Frank.
[Physicians *and* Servants *within.*

1 *Phys.* Are the things ready?
And is the barber come?
Serv. An hour ago, sir.
1 *Phys.* Bring out the oils then.
Fran. Now or never, gentlemen,
Do me a kindness, and deliver me.
Tho. From whom, boy?
Fran. From these things that talk within there
Physicians, Tom, physicians, scow'ring-sticks:
They mean to read upon me.

Enter three Physicians, Apothecary, *and* Barber.

Hylas. Let 'em enter.
Tho. And be thou confident we will deliver thee.
For, look ye, doctor; say the devil were sick now,
His horns saw'd off, and his head bound with a bigger,
Sick of a calenture, taken by a surfeit
Of stinking souls at his nephew's at St. Dunstan's.
What would you minister upon the sudden?
Your judgment short and sound.
1 *Phys.* A fool's head.
Tho. No, sir,
It must be a physician's, for three causes:
The first, because it is a bald-head likely,
Which will down easily without applepap.
3 *Phys.* A main cause!
Tho. So it is, and well consider'd.
The second, for 'tis fill'd with broken Greek, sir,
Which will so tumble in his stomach, doctor,
And work upon the crudities (conceive me),
The fears and the fiddle-strings within it,
That those damn'd souls must disembogue again.
Hylas. Or meeting with the Stygian humour—
Tho. Right, sir.
Hylas. Forced with a cataplasm of crackers—
Tho. Ever.
Hylas. Scour all before him, like a scavenger.
Tho. *Satisfecisti, domine.* My last cause,
My last is, and not least, most learned doctors,
Because in most physicians' heads—I mean those
That are most excellent, and old withal,
And angry, though a patient say his prayers,
And Paracelsians that do trade with poisons,
We have it by tradition of great writers—
There is a kind of toad-stone bred, whose virtue,
The doctor being dried——
1 *Phys.* We are abused, sirs.
Hylas. I take it so, or shall be. For say the belly-ache,
Caused by an inundation of pease-porridge,
Are we therefore to open the port vein,
Or the port esquiline?
Sam. A learned question!
Or grant the diaphragma by a rupture,
The sign being then in the head of Capricorn—
Tho. Meet with the passion Hyperchondriaca.
And so cause a carnosity in the kidnies,
Must not the brains, being butter'd with this humour—
Answer me that.
Sam. Most excellently argued!
2 *Phys.* The next fit you will have, my most fine scholar,
Bedlam shall find a salve for. Fare you well, sir!
We came to do you good, but these young doctors
It seems have bored our noses.
3 *Phys.* Drink hard, gentlemen,
And get unwholesome drabs: 'Tis ten to one then
We shall hear further from ye, your note alter'd.
[*Exeunt* Phys. Apoth. *and* Barber.

Tho. *And wilt thou be gone, says one?*
[They sing.
Hylas. *And wilt thou be gone, says t'other?*
Tho. *Then take the odd crown,*
To mend thy old gown,
Sam. *And we'll be gone all together.*
Fran. My learned Tom!

Enter Servant.

Serv. Sir, the young gentlewomen
Sent me to see what company you had with you;
They much desire to visit you.
Fran. Pray you thank 'em,
And tell 'em my most sickness is their absence:
You see my company.
Tho. Come hither, Crab;
What gentlewomen are these? my mistress?
Serv. Yes, sir.
Hylas. And who else?
Serv. Mistress Alice.
Hylas. Oh!
Tho. Hark you, sirrah:
No word of my being here, unless she know it.
Serv. I do not think she does.
Tho. Take that, and mum then.
Serv. You have tied my tongue up. [*Exit.*
Tho. Sit you down, good Francis,
And not a word of me till you hear from me;
And, as you find my humour, follow it.
You two come hither, and stand close, unseen,
And do as I shall tutor you. [boys,
Fran. What new work?
Tho. Pr'ythee no more, but help me now.
Hylas. I would fain
Talk with the gentlewomen.
Tho. Talk with the gentlewomen?
Of what, forsooth? whose maidenhead the last masque
Suffer'd impression? or whose clyster wrought
Take me as I shall tell thee. [best?
Hylas. To what end?
What other end came we along?
Sam. Be ruled though.
Tho. Your weasel face must needs be ferreting
About the farthingale! Do as I bid you,
Or by this light——
Hylas. Come, then.
Tho. Stand close, and mark me.
[*They stand apart.*
Fran. All this forced foolery will never do it.

Enter Alice *and* Mary.

Alice. I hope we bring you health, sir: How is't with you?
Mary. You look far better, trust me.—The Creeps now again into his cheeks. [fresh colour
Alice. Your enemy,
I see, has done his worst. Come, we must have you
Lusty again, and frolic, man; leave thinking.
Mary. Indeed it does you harm, sir.
Fran. My best visitants,
I shall be govern'd by you.
Alice. You shall be well, then,
And suddenly, and soundly well.
Mary. This air, sir,
Having now season'd you, will keep you ever.
Tho. No, no, I have no hope! nor is it fit, friends,
(My life has been so lewd, my loose condition,
Which I repent too late, so lamentable,)
That anything but curses light upon me;
Exorbitant in all my ways!
Alice. Who's that, sir?
Another sick man?
Mary. Sure I know that voice well.
Tho. In all my courses careless disobedience!
Fran. What a strange fellow's this!
Tho. No counsel, friends;
No look before I leap'd.
Alice. Do you know the voice, sir?
Fran. Yes; 'tis a gentleman's that's much
In his mind: Great pity, ladies. [afflicted
Alice. Now Heaven help him!
Fran. He came to me, to ask free pardon of me,
For some things done long since, which his distemper
Made to appear like wrong, but 'twas not so.
Mary. Oh, that this could be truth!
Hylas. Persuade yourself!
Tho. To what end, gentlemen? when all is perish'd
Upon a wreck, is there a hope remaining
The sea, that ne'er knew sorrow, may be pitiful?
My credit's split, and sunk; nor is it possible,
Were my life lengthened out as long as——
Mary. I like this well.
Sam. Your mind is too mistrustful.
Tho. I have a virtuous sister, but I scorn'd her;
A mistress too, a noble gentlewoman,
For goodness all out-going——
Alice. Now I know him.
Tho. Which these eyes, friends, my eyes, must never see more.
Alice. This is for your sake, Mary: take heed,
A man is not so soon made. [cousin;
Tho. Oh, my fortune!
But it is just, I be despised and hated.
Hylas. Despair not, 'tis not manly: one hour's goodness
Strikes off an infinite of ills.
Alice. Weep truly,
And with compassion, cousin.
Fran. How exactly
This cunning young thief plays his part! [*Aside.*
Mary. Well, Tom,
My Tom again, if this be truth.
Hylas. She weeps, boy.
Tho. Oh, I shall die!
Mary. Now Heaven defend!
Sam. Thou hast her.
Tho. Come, lead me to my friend, to take his farewell;
And then what fortune shall befall me, welcome!
How does it shew? [*Aside to* Hylas.
Hylas. Oh, rarely well.
Mary. Say you so, sir?
Fran. Oh, you grand ass!
Mary. And are you there, my juggler?
Away; we are abused, Alice.
Alice. Fool be with thee!
[*Exeunt* Mary *and* Alice.
Tho. Where is she?
Fran. Gone; she found you out, and finely;
In your own noose she halter'd you: you must be whispering,
To know how things shew'd; not content to fare well,
But you must roar out roast meat. Till that suspicion,
You carried it most neatly; she believed, too,

And wept most tenderly; had you continued,
Without doubt you had brought her off.
Tho. This was thy roguing,
For thou wert ever whispering: fy upon thee!
Now could I break thy head.
Hylas. You spoke to me first.
Tho. Do not anger me,
For, by this hand, I'll beat thee buzzard-blind, then!
She shall not 'scape me thus: farewell for this time.
Fran. Good night. 'Tis almost bed time; yet no sleep
Must enter these eyes, till I work a wonder. [*Exit.*
Tho. Thou shalt along, too; for I mean to plague thee
For this night's sins; I'll ne'er leave walking of thee
Till I have worn thee out.
Hylas. Your will be done, sir.
Tho. You will not leave me, Sam?
Sam. Not I.
Tho. Away, then;
I'll be your guide. Now, if my man be trusty,
My spiteful dame, I'll pipe you such a hunts-up
Shall make you dance a tipvaes. Keep close to me.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*A Room in* SEBASTIAN'S *House.*

Enter SEBASTIAN *and* DOROTHEA.

Seb. Never persuade me; I will marry again.
What, should I leave my state to pins and poking-sticks,
To farthingales and flounces? to fore-horses,
And an old leathern bawdy-house behind 'em?
To thee?
Dor. You have a son, sir.
Seb. Where? What is he?
Who is he like?
Dor. Yourself.
Seb. Thou liest; thou hast marr'd him,
Thou, and thy prayer-books: I do disclaim him!
Did not I take him singing yesternight
A godly ballad, to a godly tune too,
And had a catechism in's pocket, damsel?
One of our dear disciples, I perceive it.
When did he ride abroad since he came over?
What tavern has he used to? what things done
That shews a man, and mettle? When was my
At such a shame before, to creep to bed [house
At ten o'clock, and twelve, for want of company?
No singing, nor no dancing, nor no drinking?
Thou think'st not of these scandals. When, and
Has he but shew'd his sword of late? [where
Dor. Despair not,
I do beseech you, sir, nor tempt your weakness;
For, if you like it so, I can assure you,
He is the same man still.
Seb. 'Would thou wert ashes
On that condition! But, believe it, gossip,
You shall know you have wrong'd——
Dor. You never, sir;
So well I know my duty. And, for Heaven sake,
Take but this counsel with you ere you marry
(You were wont to hear me); take him, and confess him,
Search him to th' quick, and if you find him false,
Do as you please; a mother's name I honour.
Seb. He's lost and spoil'd; I am resolved my roof
Shall never harbour him: And for you, minion,
I'll keep you close enough, lest you break loose.
And do more mischief. Get you in!—Who waits?
[*Exit* DOROTHEA.

Enter Servant.

Serv. Do you call, sir?
Seb. Seek the boy, and bid him wait
My pleasure in the morning: Mark what house
He is in, and what he does; and truly tell me.
Serv. I will not fail, sir.
Seb. If you do, I'll hang you. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*Before the Residence of* MARY. *Night.*

Enter THOMAS, HYLAS, *and* SAM.

Tho. Keep you the back-door there, and be sure
None of the servants enter, or go out.
If any woman pass, she's lawful prize, boys;
Cut off all convoys.
Hylas. Who shall answer this?
Tho. Why, I shall answer it, you fearful widgeon.
I shall appear to th' action.
Hylas. May we discourse too,
On honourable terms?
Tho. With any gentlewoman
That shall appear at window: You may rehearse too,
By your commission safely, some sweet parcels
Of poetry to a chambermaid.
Hylas. May we sing too?
For there's my master-piece.
Tho. By no means; no, boys;
I am the man reserved for air, 'tis my part;
And if she be not rock, my voice shall reach her.
Ye may record a little, or ye may whistle,
As time shall minister; but, for main singing,
Pray ye satisfy yourselves. Away; be careful!
Hylas. But hark you; one word, Tom! we may be beaten.
Tho. That's as you think good yourselves: If you deserve it,
Why, 'tis the easiest thing to compass. Beaten!
What bugbears dwell in thy brains? who shou[illegible]
Hylas. She has men enough. [beat thee?
Tho. Art not thou man enough too?
Thou hast flesh enough about thee: If all that mass
Will not maintain a little spirit, hang it,
And dry it too for dog's meat. Get you gone;
I have things of moment in my mind. That door
Keep it as thou wouldst keep thy wife from [illegible]
No more, I say: Away, Sam! [serving-man
Sam. At your will, sir.
[*Exeunt* HYLAS *and* SAM.

Enter LAUNCELOT *and* Fiddler.

Laun. I have him here; a rare rogue. Good sweet master,
Do something of some savour suddenly,
That we may eat, and live; I am almost starved:
No point manieur, no point devein, no Signieur
Not by the virtue of my languages;
Nothing at my old master's to be hoped for!
Oh, Signeur Du! nothing to line my life with,
But cold pies, with a cudgel, till you help us!
Tho. Nothing but famine frights thee. Come hither, fiddler;
What ballads are you seen in best? Be short, sir.
Fid. Under your mastership's correction, I can sing

"The Duke of Norfolk;" or "The merry ballad
Of Diverus and Lazarus;" "The Rose of England;"
"In Crete when Dedimus first began;"
"Jonas his Crying-out against Coventry ——
Tho. Excellent!
Rare matters all.
Fid. "Mawdlin the Merchant's Daughter;
"The Devil, and ye dainty Dames"——
Tho. Rare still!
Fid. "The Landing of the Spaniards at Bow.
"With the Bloody Battle at Mile-End."
Tho. All excellent!
No tuning, as ye love me; let thy fiddle
Speak Welch, or any thing that's out of all tune;
The viler still the better, like thyself,
For I presume thy voice will make no trees dance.
Fid. Nay truly, you shall have it even as homely.—
Tho. Keep ye to that key. Are they all a-bed, trow?
Laun. I hear no stirring any where, no light
In any window; 'tis a night for the nonce, sir.
Tho. Come, strike up then, and say "The Merchant's Daughter;"
We'll bear the burthen: Proceed to incision, fiddler. [*Song.*

Enter Servant, *above.*

Serv. Who's there? what noise is this? what rogue at these hours?
Tho. [*Sings.*] Oh, what is that to you, my fool?
Oh, what is that to you?
Pluck in your face, you bawling ass,
Or I will break your brow.
Hey down, down, a-down.
A new ballad, a new, a new!
Fid. *The twelfth of April, on May-day,*
My house and goods were burnt away, &c.
Maid. [*Above.*] Why, who is this?
Laun. *Oh, damsel dear,*
Open the door, and it shall appear;
Open the door!
Maid. *Oh, gentle squire,*
I'll see thee hang first; farewell, my dear!—

Enter Mary *above.*

'Tis Master Thomas; there he stands.
Mary. 'Tis strange
That nothing can redeem him. Rail him hence,
Or sing him out in's own way; any thing
To be deliver'd of him.
Maid. Then have at him. [*Sings.*

My man Thomas
Did me promise,
He would visit me this night.
Tho. I am here, love;
Tell me, dear love,
How I may obtain thy sight.
Maid. Come up to my window, love;
Come, come, come!
Come to my window, my dear;
The wind nor the rain
Shall trouble thee again,
But thou shalt be lodged here.

Tho. And art thou strong enough?
Laun. Up, up; I warrant you.—
Mary. What dost thou mean to do?
Maid. Good mistress, peace;
I'll warrant you we'll cool him. Madge!
Madge. [*Above.*] I am ready.
Tho. *The love of Greece, and it tickled him so,*
That he devised a way to go.
Now, sing "The Duke of Northumberland."
Fid. *And climbing to promotion,*
He fell down suddenly.

[*Enter, below,* Madge, *with a devil's vizard, roaring, offers to kiss him, he falls down, and she exit.*

Maid. Farewell, sir!
Mary. What hast thou done? Thou hast broke [his neck.
Maid. Not hurt him;
He pitch'd upon his legs like a cat.
Tho. Oh, woman!
Oh, miserable woman! I am spoil'd!
My leg, my leg, my leg! Oh, both my legs!
Mary. I told thee what thou hadst done; mischief go with thee!
Tho. Oh, I am lamed for ever! Oh, my leg,
Broken in twenty places! Oh, take heed,
Take heed of women, Fiddler! Oh, a surgeon,
A surgeon, or I die! Oh, my good people!
No charitable people? all despiteful?
Oh, what a misery am I in! Oh, my leg!
Laun. Be patient, sir, be patient: Let me bind it.

Enter Sam, *and* Hylas *with his head broken.*

Tho. Oh, do not touch it, rogue.
Hylas. My head, my head!
Oh, my head's kill'd!
Sam. You must be courting wenches
Through key-holes, Captain Hylas! Come, and be [comforted;
The skin is scarce broke.
Tho. Oh, my leg!
Sam. How do you, sir?
Tho. Oh, maim'd for ever with a fall. He's [spoil'd too;
I see his brains.
Hylas. Away with me, for God's sake!
A surgeon!
Sam. Here's a night indeed.
Hylas. A surgeon!

[*Exeunt all but* Fiddler *and* Thomas.

Enter Mary *and* Servant, *below.*

Mary. Go, run for help.
Tho. Oh!
Mary. Run all, and all too little.
Oh, cursed beast that hurt him! Run, run, fly,
He will be dead else!
Tho. Oh!
Mary. Good friend, go you too.
Fid. Who pays me for my music?
Mary. Pox o' your music!
There's twelvepence for you.
Fid. There's two groats again, forsooth;
I never take above, and rest you merry! [*Exit.*
Mary. A grease-pot gild your fiddle-strings!—
How is my dear? [How do you?
Tho. [*Rises.*] Why, well, I thank you, sweetheart. [us?
Shall we walk in; for now there's none to trouble
Mary. Are you so crafty, sir? I shall meet with you.— [*Aside.*
I knew your trick, and I was willing, my Tom,
Mine own Tom, now to satisfy thee. Welcome, welcome!
Welcome, my best friend, to me; all my dearest!
Tho. Now you are my noble mistress. We lose time, sweet.
Mary. I think they are all gone.
Tho. All; you did wisely.
Mary. And you as craftily.

Tho. We are well met, mistress.
Mary. Come, let's go in then lovingly.—Oh, my scarf, Tom!
I lost it thereabout; find it, and wear it
As your poor mistress' favour.
[*Exit into the house.*
Tho. I am made now;
I see no venture is in no hand.—I have it.—
How now? the door lock'd, and she in before?
Am I so trimm'd?
Mary. [*Above.*] One parting word, sweet Thomas:
Though, to save your credit, I discharged your fiddler,
I must not satisfy your folly too, sir.
You are subtle; but, believe it, fox, I'll find you.
The surgeons will be here straight; roar again, boy
And break thy legs for shame; thou wilt be spent else.
Good night! [*Exit from the window.*
Tho. She says most true; I must not stay:
She has bobb'd me;
Which, if I live, I'll recompence, and shortly.
Now for a ballad to bring me off again: [*Sings.*

All young men, be warn'd by me,
How you do go a-wooing;
Seek not to climb, for fear ye fall,
Thereby comes your undoing, &c. [*Exit.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*A Room in* VALENTINE'S *House.*

Enter VALENTINE, ALICE, *and* Servant.

Val. He cannot go, and take no farewell of me?
Can he be so unkind? He's but retired
Into the garden or the orchard. See, sirs.
Alice. He would not ride there, certain; those
Only for walks, I take it. [were planted
Val. Ride? Nay then——
Had he a horse out?
Serv. So the groom delivers,
Somewhat before the break of day.
Fal. He's gone, [blest,
My best friend's gone, Alice! I have lost the no-
The truest, and the most man, I e'er found yet.
Alice. Indeed, sir, he deserves all praise.
Val. All, sister;
All, all, and all too little. Oh, that honesty,
That ermine honesty, unspotted ever,
That perfect goodness!
Alice. Sure he will return, sir;
He cannot be so harsh.
Val. Oh, never, never,
Never return; thou know'st not where the cause
Alice. He was the worthiest welcome— [lies.
Val. He deserved it.
Alice. Nor wanted, to our knowledge——
Val. I will tell thee,
Within this hour, things that shall startle thee.
He never must return.

Enter MICHAEL.

Mich. Good morrow, signior.
Val. Good morrow, master Michael.
Mich. My good neighbour,
Methinks you are stirring early, since your travel;
You have learnt the rule of health, sir. Where's your mistress?
She keeps her warm, I warrant you, a-bed yet.
Val. I think she does.
Alice. 'Tis not her hour of waking.
Mich. Did you lie with her, lady?
Alice. Not to-night, sir,
Nor any night this week else.
Mich. When last saw you her?
Alice. Late yesternight.
Mich. Was she a-bed then?
Alice. No, sir:
I left her at her prayers. Why do you ask me?
Mich. I have been strangely haunted with a dream
All this long night, and, after many wakings,
The same dream still: Methought I met young Cellidè
Just at St. Katherine's gate, the nunnery,——
Val. Ha!
Mich. Her face slubber'd o'er with tears and troubles;
Methought she cried unto the lady abbess,
"For charity receive me, holy woman,
A maid that has forgot the world's affections,
Into thy virgin order;" methought she took her,
Put on a stole and sacred robe upon her,
And there I left her.
Val. Dream?
Mich. Good mistress Alice,
Do me the favour (yet to satisfy me)
To step but up and see.
Alice. I know she's there, sir,
And all this but a dream.
Mich. You know not my dreams;
They are unhappy ones, and often truths:
But this, I hope yet——
Alice. I will satisfy you. [*Exit.*
Mich. Neighbour, how does the gentleman?
Val. I know not.—
Dream of a nunnery?
Mich. How found you my words
About the nature of his sickness, Valentine?
Val. Did she not cry out 'twas my folly too
That forced her to this nunnery? did she not curse me?
For God sake speak! did you not dream of me too?
How basely, poorly, tamely, like a fool,
Tired with his joys——
Mich. Alas, poor gentleman!
You promised me, sir, to bear all these crosses.
Val. I bear 'em till I break again!
Mich. But nobly,
Truly to weigh——
Val. Good neighbour, no more of it;
You do but fling flax on my fire.—Where is she?

Enter ALICE.

Alice. Not yonder, sir, nor has not this night
Been in her bed. [certain
Mich. It must be truth she tells you;
And now I'll shew you why I came: This morning
A man of mine, being employed about business,
Came early home, who, at St. Katherine's nunnery,

About day-peep, told me he met your mistress;
And, as I spoke it in a dream, so troubled,
And so received by the abbess, did he see her:
The wonder made me rise, and haste unto you,
To know the cause.
Val. Farewell! I cannot speak it.
[*Exit* VALENTINE.
Alice. For Heaven sake, leave him not!
Mich. I will not, lady.
Alice. Alas, he's much afflicted.
Mich. We shall know shortly more. Apply your own care
At home, good Alice, and trust him to my counsel.
Nay, do not weep; all shall be well, despair not.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*An Apartment in* SEBASTIAN'S *House.*

Enter SEBASTIAN *and a* Servant.

Seb. At Valentine's house so merry?
Serv. As a pie, sir.
Seb. So gamesome, dost thou say?
Serv. I am sure I heard it.
Seb. Ballads, and fiddles too?
Serv. No, but one fiddle;
But twenty noises.

Enter LAUNCELOT.

Seb. Did he do devises?
Serv. The best devises, sir. Here's my fellow Launcelot,
He can inform you all; he was among 'em,
A mad thing too; I stood but in a corner.
Seb. Come, sir; what can you say? Is there any hope yet
Your master may return?
Laun. He went far else:
I will assure your worship, on my credit,
By the faith of a traveller, and a gentleman,
Your son is found again, the son, the Tom.
Seb. Is he the old Tom?
Laun. The old Tom.
Seb. Go forward.
Laun. Next, to consider how he is the old Tom.
Seb. Handle me that.
Laun. I would ye had seen it handled
Last night, sir, as we handled it: *Cap-a-pie! Foutra* for leers and leerings! Oh, the noise,
The noise we made!
Seb. Good, good!
Laun. The windows clattering,
And all the chambermaids in such a whobub,
One with her smock half off, another in haste
With a serving-man's hose upon her head——
Seb. Good still!
Laun. A fellow railing out of a loop-hole there,
And his mouth stopt with dirt——
Seb. I'faith, a fine boy!
Laun. Here one of our heads broke——
Seb. Excellent good still!
Laun. The gentleman himself, young master Thomas,
(Environ'd with his furious myrmidons,
The fiery fiddler, and myself) now singing
Now beating at the door, there parleying,
Courting at that window, at the other scaling,
And all these several noises to two trenchers,
Strung with a bottom of brown thread, which shew'd admirable.
Seb. There; eat, and grow again: I am pleased.
[*Gives him money.*

Laun. Nor here, sir,
Gave we the frolic over, though at length
We quit the lady's sconce on composition;
But to the silent streets we turn'd our furies:
A sleeping watchman here we stole the shoes from,
There made a noise, at which he wakes, and follows;
The streets are dirty, takes a Queenhithe cold,
Hard cheese, and that, chokes him o' Monday next:
Windows and signs we sent to Erebus:
A crew of bawling curs we entertain'd last,
When having let the pigs loose in out-parishes,
Oh, the brave cry we made as high as Aldgate!
Down comes a constable, and the sow his sister
Most traitorously tramples upon authority:
There a whole stand of rug gowns routed manly,
And the king's peace put to flight: A purblind pig here
Runs me his head into the admiral's lanthorn;
Out goes the light, and all turns to confusion:
A potter rises, to inquire this passion;
A boar imbost takes sanctuary in his shop,
When twenty dogs rush after, we still cheering;
Down go the pots, and pipkins, down the pudding-pans,
The cream-bowls cry revenge here, there the candlesticks!

SEB. [*Sings.*]

If this be true, thou little tiny page,
This tale that thou tell'st me,
Then on thy back will I presently hang
A handsome new livery;
But if this be false, thou little tiny page,
As false it well may be,
Then with a cudgel of four foot long
I'll beat thee from head to toe.

Enter Servant.

Seb. Will the boy come?
Serv. He will, sir.

Enter THOMAS.

Seb. Time tries all then.
Laun. Here he comes now himself, sir.
Seb. To be short, Thomas,
Because I feel a scruple in my conscience
Concerning thy demeanour, and a main one,
And therefore, like a father, would be satisfied,
Get up to that window there, and presently,
Like a most complete gentleman, come from Tripoly.
Tho. Good lord, sir, how are you misled! What fancies—
Fitter for idle boys and drunkards, let me speak't,
And with a little wonder, I beseech you—
Choke up your noble judgment!
Seb. You rogue, Launcelot,
You lying rascal!
Laun. Will you spoil all again, sir?
Why, what a devil do you mean?
Tho. Away, knave!—
You keep a company of saucy fellows,
Debosh'd, and daily drunkards, to devour you;
Things, whose dull souls tend to the cellar only:
You are ill advised, sir, to commit your credit—
Seb. Sirrah, sirrah!
Laun. Let me never eat again, sir,
Nor feel the blessing of another blue coat,
If this young gentleman, sweet Master Thomas,
Be not as mad as heart can wish, your heart, sir:
If yesternight's discourse—Speak, fellow Robin;
And if thou speakest less than truth——

Tho. 'Tis strange these varlets——
Serv. By these ten bones, sir, if these eyes and ears
Can hear and see——
Tho. Extreme strange!—Should thus boldly
Bud in your sight, unto your son.
Laun. Oh, *Deu guin!*
Can you deny you beat a constable
Last night?
Tho. I touch authority, ye rascal?
I violate the law?
Laun. Good Master Thomas!
Serv. Did you not take two wenches from the watch too,
And put 'em into Pudding-Lane?
Laun. We mean not
Those civil things you did at Master Valentine's,
The fiddle, and the *fa las?*
Tho. Oh, strange impudence!—
I do beseech you, sir, give no such licence
To knaves and drunkards, to abuse your son thus:
Be wise in time, and turn 'em off. We live, sir,
In a state govern'd civilly, and soberly,
Where each man's actions should confirm the law,
Not crack, and cancel it.
Seb. Launcelot du Lake,
Get you upon adventures! cast your coat,
And make your exit.
Laun. *Pour l'amour de Dieu!*
Seb. *Pur* me no *purs;* but *pur* at that door;
out, sirrah! [*Beats him.*
I'll beat ye *purblind* else; out, ye eight languages!
Laun. My blood upon your head! [*Exit.*
Tho. Purge me 'em all, sir.
Seb. And you too, presently.
Tho. Even as you please, sir.
Seb. Bid my maid-servants come, and bring my daughter;
I will have one shall please me. [*Exit* Servant.
Tho. 'Tis most fit, sir.
Seb. Bring me the money there. Here, Master Thomas!

Enter two Servants, *with two bags.*

I pray sit down; you are no more my son now;
Good gentleman, be cover'd.
Tho. At your pleasure.
Seb. This money I do give ye, because of whilom
You have been thought my son, and by myself too,
And some things done like me: Ye are now another.
There is two hundred pound, a civil sum
For a young civil man: Much land and lordship
Will, as I take it, now but prove temptation
To dread ye from your settled and sweet carriage.
Tho. You say right, sir.
Seb. Nay, I beseech you cover.
Tho. At your dispose. And I beseech you too,
For the word civil, and more settled course, [sir,
It may be put to use, that on the interest,
Like a poor gentleman——
Seb. It shall, to my use,
To mine again; do you see, sir; good fine gentle-
I give no brooding money for a scrivener; [man,
Mine is for present traffic, and so I'll use it.
Tho. So much for that then.

Enter Dorothy *and four* Maids.

Seb. For the main cause, Monsieur,
I sent to treat with you about, behold it;
Behold that piece of story-work, and view it.
I want a right heir to inherit me;
Not my estate alone, but my conditions,
From which you are revolted, therefore dead,
And I will break my back, but I will get one.
Tho. Will you choose there, sir?
Seb. There, among those damsels,
In mine own tribe: I know their qualities,
Which cannot fail to please me. For their beauties,
A matter of a three farthings makes all perfect,
A little beer, and beef-broth; they are sound too.
Stand all a-breast. Now, gentle Master Thomas,
Before I choose, you having lived long with me,
And happily sometimes with some of these too,
(Which fault I never frown'd upon) pray shew me
(For fear we confound our genealogies)
Which have you laid aboard; speak your mind freely:
Have you had copulation with that damsel?
Tho. I have.
Seb. Stand you aside then. How with her, sir?
Tho. How, is not seemly here to say.
Dor. Here's fine sport!
Seb. Retire you too. Speak forward, Master Thomas.
Tho. I will, and to the purpose; even with all.
Seb. With all? that's somewhat large. [sir.
Dor. And yet you like it.
Was ever sin so glorious?
Seb. With all, Thomas?
Tho. All surely, sir.
Seb. A sign thou art mine own yet!
In again all, and to your several functions!
[*Exeunt* Maids.
What say you to young Luce, my neighbour's daughter?
She was too young, I take it, when you travell'd;
Some twelve years old.
Tho. Her will was fifteen, sir.
Seb. A pretty answer, to cut off long discourse.
For I have many yet to ask you of, [finger
Where I can choose, and nobly. Hold up your
When you are right: What say you to Valeria,
Whose husband lies a-dying now?—Why two,
And in that form?
Tho. Her husband is recover'd.
Seb. A witty moral! Have at ye once more, Thomas;
The sisters of St. Albans?—All five? Dat boy!
Dat's mine own boy!
Dor. Now out upon thee, monster!
Tho. Still hoping of your pardon.
Seb. There needs none, man;
A straw on pardon! pr'ythee, need no pardon.
I'll ask no more, nor think no more of marriage,
For o' my conscience I shall be thy cuckold.—
There's some good yet left in him.—Bear yourself well,
You may recover me. There's twenty pound, sir;
I see some sparkles which may flame again.
You may eat with me when you please; you know me. [*Exit* Sebastian.
Dor. Why do you lie so damnably, so foolishly?
Tho. Dost thou long to have thy head broke? Hold thy peace,
And do as I would have thee, or by this hand
I'll kill thy parrot, hang up thy small hound,
And drink away thy dowry to a penny.
Dor. Was ever such a wild ass?
Tho. Pr'ythee be quiet!
Dor. And dost thou think men will not beat thee monstrously,
For abusing their wives and children?

Tho. And dost thou think
Men's wives and children can be abused too much?
Dor. I wonder at thee.
Tho. Nay, thou shalt adjure me
Before I have done.
Dor. How stand you with your mistress?
Tho. I shall stand nearer
Ere I be twelve hours older: There's my business.
She's monstrous subtle, Doll.
Dor. The devil, I think,
Cannot out-subtle thee.
Tho. If he play fair play.
Come, you must help me presently.
Dor. I discard you.
Tho. Thou shalt not sleep nor eat!
Dor. I'll no hand with you,
No bawd to your abuses.
Tho. By this light, Doll,
Nothing but in the way of honesty!
Dor. Thou never knew'st that road: I hear your vigils.
Tho. Sweet honey Doll—If I don't marry her,
Honestly marry her; if I mean not honourably—
Come, thou shalt help me—Take heed how you vex me!
I'll help thee to a husband too, a fine gentleman,
(I know thou'rt mad) a tall young man, a brown man;
I swear he has his maidenhead; a rich man——
Dor. You may come in to dinner, and I'll answer ye.
Tho. Nay, I'll go with thee, Doll.—Four Hundred a-year, wench! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*A Street.*

Enter MICHAEL *and* VALENTINE.

Mich. Good sir, go back again, and take my counsel:
Sores are not cured by sorrows, nor time broke
Pull'd back again by sighs. [from us
Val. What should I do, friend?
Mich. Do that that may redeem you, go back quickly:
Sebastian's daughter can prevail much with her;
The abbess is her aunt too.
Val. But my friend then,
Whose love and loss is equal tied?
Mich. Content you;
That shall be my task. If he be alive,
Or where my travel and my care may reach him,
I'll bring him back again.
Val. Say he come back
To piece his poor friend's life out, and my mistress
Be vow'd for ever a recluse?
Mich. So suddenly
She cannot; haste you therefore instantly away,
To put that danger by. First, as to a father, [sir,
Then as a friend, she was committed to you,
And all the care she now has: By which privilege
She cannot do herself this violence,
But you may break it, and the law allows you.
Val. Oh, but I forced her to it.
Mich. Leave disputing
Against yourself: If you will needs be miserable,
'Spite of her goodness, and your friend's persua-
Think on, and thrive thereafter. [sions,
Val. I will home then,
And follow your advice; and, good, good Michael—
Mich. No more; I know your soul's divided, Valentine:
Cure but that part at home with speedy marriage,
Ere my return; for then those thoughts that vex'd her,
While there ran any stream for loose affections,
Will be stopt up, and chaste-eyed honour guide her.
Away, and hope the best still! I'll work for you,
And pray too, heartily. Away; no more words!
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*Another Street.*

Enter HYLAS *and* SAM.

Hylas. I care not for my broken head.
But that it should be his plot, and a wench too,
A lousy, lazy wench prepared to do it!
Sam. Thou hadst as good be quiet; for o' my
He'll put another on thee else. [conscience
Hylas. I am resolved
To call him to account. Was it not manifest
He meant a mischief to me, and laugh'd at me,
When he lay roaring out his leg was broken,
And no such matter? Had he broke his neck,
Indeed 'twould ne'er have grieved me. Gallows
Why should he choose out me? [gall him!
Sam. Thou'rt ever ready
To thrust thyself into these she-occasions,
And he as full of knavery to accept it.
Hylas. Well, if I live, I'll have a new trick for him.
Sam. That will not be amiss, but to fight with him
Is to no purpose: Besides, he's truly valiant,
And a most deadly hand; thou never fought'st yet,
Nor o' my conscience, hast no faith in fighting.
Hylas. No, no, I will not fight.
Sam. Besides, the quarrel,
Which has a woman in't, to make it scurvy,
Who would lie stinking in a surgeon's hands,
A month or two this weather? for, believe it,
He never hurts under a quarter's healing.
Hylas. No; upon better thought, I will not fight, Sam,
But watch my time.
Sam. To pay him with a project;
Watch him too, I would wish you. Pr'ythee tell
Dost thou affect these women still? [me,
Hylas. Yes 'faith, Sam,
I love 'em even as well as e'er I did;
Nay, if my brains were beaten out, I must to 'em.
Sam. Dost thou love any woman?
Hylas. Any woman,
Of what degree or calling.
Sam. Of any age too?
Hylas. Of any age, from fourscore to fourteen,
Of any fashion. [boy;
Sam. And defect too?
Hylas. Right;
For those I love, to lead me to repentance.
A woman with no nose, after my surquedry,
Shews like King Philip's moral, *Memento mori;*
And she that has a wooden leg demonstrates,
"Like hypocrites, we halt before the gallows;"
An old one, with one tooth, seems to say to us,
"Sweet meats have sour sauce;" she that's full of aches,
"Crumb not your bread before your taste your
And many morals we may find. [porridge:"

Sam. 'Tis well, sir,
You make so worthy uses. But, *quid igitur?*
What shall we now determine?
Hylas. Let's consider
An hour or two how I may fit this fellow.
Sam. Let's find him first; he'll quickly give occasion:
But take heed to yourself, and say I warn'd you;
He has a plaguy pate.
Hylas. That at my danger. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—*The Harbour.*

Enter Sailors *singing; to them,* MICHAEL *and* FRANCISCO *severally.*

Sail. Aboard, aboard! the wind stands fair.
Mich. These call for passengers; I'll stay and see
What men they take aboard.
Fran. A boat, a boat, a boat!
Sail. Away then.
Fran. Whither are ye bound, friends?
Sail. Down to the Streights.
Mich. Ha! 'tis not much unlike him.
Fran. May I have passage for my money?
Sail. And welcome too.
Mich. 'Tis he; I know 'tis he now.
Fran. Then, merrily aboard. And, noble friend,
Heaven's goodness keep thee ever, and all virtue
Dwell in thy bosom, Cellidè! my last tears
I leave behind me thus, a sacrifice!
For I dare stay no longer to betray you.
Mich. Be not so quick, sir.—Sailors, I here charge ye,
By virtue of this warrant, as you'll answer it,
(For both your ship and merchant I know perfectly)
Lay hold upon this fellow!
Fran. Fellow?
Mich. Ay, sir.
Sail. No hand to sword, sir; we shall master you.
Fetch out the manacles!
Fran. I do obey ye.
But, I beseech you, sir, inform me truly
How I am guilty.
Mich. You have robb'd a gentleman,
One that you are bound to for your life and being;
Money and horse unjustly you took from him,
And something of more note; but for you're a gentleman——
Fran. It shall be so; and here I'll end all miseries,
Since friendship is so cruel!—I confess it,
And, which is more, a hundred of these robberies:
This ring I stole too from him, and this jewel,
The first and last of all my wealth.—Forgive me, [*Aside.*
My innocence and truth, for saying I stole 'em,
And may they prove of value but to recompence
The thousandth part of his love, and bread I have eaten!—
Pray see 'em render'd, noble sir! and so
I yield me to your power.
Mich. Guard him to th' water,
I charge you, sailors; there I will receive him,
And back convey him to a justice.
Sail. Come, sir;
Look to your neck; you are like to sail i' th' air now. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.—*A Room in* SEBASTIAN'S *House.*

Enter THOMAS, *in Woman's Clothes,* DOROTHY, *and* Maid.

Tho. Come, quickly, quickly, quickly; pin me handsomely;
Take heed my nose be not in grain too.
Come, Doll, Doll, dizen me.
Dor. If you should play now
Your devil's parts again——
Tho. "Yea and nay," Dorothy.
Dor. If ye do any thing, but that ye have sworn
Which only is access—— [*Ex.*
Tho. As I'm a gentleman!
Out with this hair, Doll, handsomely.
Dor. You have your breeches?
Tho. I pr'ythee away; thou know'st I'm monstrous ticklish:
What, dost thou think I love to blast my buttocks?
Dor. I'll plague you for this roguery; for I know well
What you intend, sir. [*Aside.*
Tho. On with my muffler!
Dor. You're a sweet lady! Come, let's see you curtsey:
What, broke i' th' bum? Hold up your head.
Tho. Plague on't,
I shall bepiss my breeches if I cower thus!
Come, am I ready?
Maid. At all points as like, sir,
As if you were my mistress.
Dor. Who goes with you?
Tho. None but my fortune and myself. [*Exit.*
Dor. Bless you!—
Now run thou for thy life, and get before him,
(Take the bye-way) and tell my cousin Mary
In what shape he intends to come to cozen her:
I'll follow at thy heels myself. Fly, wench!
Maid. I'll do it. [*Exit.*

Enter SEBASTIAN *and* THOMAS.

Dor. My father has met him; this goes excellent!
And I'll away in time. Look to your skin, Thomas! [*Exit.*
Seb. What, are you grown so corn-fed, goody Gillian,
You will not know your father? What vagaries
Have you in hand? what out-leaps, dirty heels,
That at these hours of night you must be gadding,
And through the orchard take your private passage?
What, is the breese in your breech? Or has your brother
Appointed you an hour of meditation
How to demean himself? Get you to bed, drab,
Or I'll so crab your shoulders—You demure slut,
You civil dish of sliced beef, get you in!
Tho. I wi' not, that I wi' not.
Seb. Is it even so, dame?
Have at you with a night-spell then!
Tho. Pray hold, sir!

Seb. St. George, St. George, our lady's knight,
He walks by day, so does he by night;
And when he had her found,
He her beat and her bound,
Until to him her troth she plight,
She would not stir from him that night.

Tho. Nay then, have at you with a counter spell:

From elves, hobs, and fairies,
That trouble our dairies,
From fire-drakes and fiends,
And such as the devil sends,
Defend us, good Heaven!
[*Knocks down* SEBASTIAN, *and exit.*

Enter LAUNCELOT.

Laun. Bless my master! Look up, sir, I
Up with your eyes to Heaven! [beseech you!
Seb. Up with your nose, sir!
I do not bleed. 'Twas a sound knock she gave me:
A plaguy mankind girl! How my brains totter!
Well, go thy ways; thou hast got one thousand pound more
With this dog trick. Mine own true spirit in her [too.
Laun. In her? Alas, sir,
Alas, poor gentlewoman, she a hand so heavy,
To knock you like a calf down, or so brave a courage
To beat her father? If you could believe, sir——
Seb. Who wouldst thou make me believe it was? the devil?
Laun. One that spits fire as fast as he sometimes, sir,
And changes shapes as often; your son Thomas.
Never wonder; if it be not he, straight hang me.
Seb. He? If it be so,
I'll put thee in my will; and there's an end on't.
Laun. I saw his legs; he has boots on like a player,
Under his wench's clothes; 'tis he, 'tis Thomas,
In his own sister's clothes, sir, and I canvast him.
Seb. No more words then; we'll watch him. Thou'lt not believe, Launce,
How heartily glad I am.
Laun. May you be gladder!
But not this way, sir.
Seb. No more words, but watch him. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.—*A Room in the Residence of* MARY.

Enter MARY, DOROTHY, *and* Maid.

Mary. When comes he?
Dor. Presently.
Mary. Then get you up, Doll;
Away; I'll straight come to you. Is all ready?
Maid. All.
Mary. Let the light stand far enough.
Maid. 'Tis placed so.
Mary. Stay you to entertain him to his chamber:
But keep close, wench; he flies at all.
Maid. I warrant you.
Mary. You need no more instruction?
Maid. I am perfect. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VIII.—*The Street before the same House.*

Enter VALENTINE *and* THOMAS.

Tho. More stops yet? Sure the fiend's my ghostly father.
Old Valentine! what wind's in his poop?
Val. Lady,
You are met most happily. Oh, gentle Doll,
You must now do me an especial favour.
Tho. What is it, Master Valentine? I am sorely troubled
With a salt rheum fallen i' my gums.
Val. I'll tell you,
And let it move you equally: My blest mistress,
Upon a slight occasion taking anger,
Took also (to undo me) your aunt's nunnery,
From whence, by my persuasion, to redeem her
Will be impossible; nor have I liberty
To come and visit her. My good, good Dorothy,
You are most powerful with her, and your aunt too,
And have access at all hours liberally;
Speak now or never for me.
Tho. In a nunnery?
That course must not be suffer'd, Master Valentine;
Her mother never knew it.—Rare sport for me! [*Aside.*
Sport upon sport!—By the break of day I'll meet ye;
And fear not, man; we'll have her out, I warrant ye.
I cannot stay now.
Val. You'll not break?
Tho. By no means.
Good night.
Val. Good night, kind mistress Doll. [*Exit.*
Tho. This thrives well;
Every one takes me for my sister; excellent!
This nunnery's fallen so pat too, to my figure,
Where there be handsome wenches, and they shall know it,
If once I creep in, ere they get me out again.
Stay, here's the house, and one of her maids.

Enter Maid.

Maid. Who's there?
Oh, Mistress Dorothy! You are a stranger.
Tho. Still Mistress Dorothy? This geer will cotton. [*Aside.*
Maid. Will you walk in, forsooth?
Tho. Where is your mistress?
Maid. Not very well; she's gone to bed: I am glad
You are come so fit to comfort her.
Tho. Yes, I'll comfort her.
Maid. 'Pray make not much noise, for she's sure asleep.
You know your side; creep softly in: your company
Will warm her well.
Tho. I warrant thee I'll warm her.
Maid. Your brother has been here; the strangest fellow!
Tho. A very rogue, a rank rogue!
Maid. I'll conduct you
Even to her chamber-door, and there commit you. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IX.—*Before the House of* MICHAEL.

Enter MICHAEL, FRANCISCO, *and* Officers.

Mich. Come, sir, for this night I shall entertain you,
And like a gentleman, howe'er your fortune
Hath cast you on the worst part.
Fran. How you please, sir:
I am resolved; nor can a joy or misery
Much move me now.
Mich. I am angry with myself now [*Aside.*
For putting this forced way upon his patience;
Yet any other course had been too slender.
Yet what to think I know not: for most liberally
He hath confess'd strange wrongs, which, if they prove so,
Howe'er the other's long love may forget all,

Yet 'twas most fit he should come back, and this way.—
Drink that; and now to my care leave your prisoner;
I'll be his guard for this night.
Offi. Good night to your worship. [*Exeunt.*
Mich. Good night, my honest friends. Come, sir, I hope
There shall be no such cause of such a sadness
As you put on.
Fran. 'Faith, sir, my rest is up,
And what I now pull shall no more afflict me
Than if I play'd at span-counter; nor is my face
The map of anything I seem to suffer:
Lighter affections seldom dwell in me, sir.
Mich. A constant gentleman.—'Would I had taken
A fever, when I took this harsh way to disturb him!—
Come, walk with me, sir; ere to-morrow night
I doubt not but to see all this blown over.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*Night. The Street before* VALENTINE'S *House.*

Enter HYLAS.

Hylas. I have dogg'd his sister, (sure 'twas she)
And I hope she will come back again this night
Sam I have lost of purpose: Now if I can, [too;
With all the art I have, as she comes back,
But win a parley for my broken pate,
Off goes her maidenhead, and there's *vindicta!*
They stir about the house; I'll stand at distance.
[*Exit.*

SCENE II.—*A Bed-chamber in the same. A* Black-Moor *discovered lying in the bed.*

Enter MARY *and* DOROTHY, *and then* THOMAS *and* Maid.

Dor. Is he come in?
Mary. Speak softly;
He is. and there he goes.
Tho. Good night, good night, wench!
Maid. As softly as you can. [*Exit.*
Tho. I'll play the mouse, Nan.—
How close the little thief lies!
Mary. How he itches!
[DOROTHY *and* MARY *stand apart.*
Dor. What would you give now to be there, and I
At home, Mall?
Mary. Peace; for shame!
Tho. In what a figure
The little fool has pull'd itself together!
Anon you will lie straighter; ha! there's rare circumstance
Belongs to such a treatise: Do you tumble?
I'll tumble with you straight, wench. She sleeps soundly,
Full little think'st thou of thy joy that's coming,
The sweet, sweet joy! full little of the kisses;
But those unthought-of things come ever happiest.
How soft the rogue feels! Oh, you little villain,
You delicate coy thief, how I shall thrum you!
Your "Fy; away, good servant! as you are a gentleman!"——
Mary. Pr'ythee leave laughing.
Tho. "Out upon you, Thomas!
What do you mean to do? I'll call the house up!
Oh, God, I am sure you will not!" shall not serve you,
For up you go now, an you were my father.
Mary. Your courage will be cool'd anon.
Tho. If I do hang for't,
Yet I'll be quarter'd here first.
Dor. Oh, fierce villain!
Mary. What would he do indeed, Doll?
Dor. You had best try him.
Tho. I'll kiss thee ere I come to bed, sweet
Mary. Pr'ythee, leave laughing. [Mary—
Dor. Oh, for gentle Nicholas!
Tho. And view that stormy face that has so thunder'd me.
A coldness crept over't now? By your leave, candle,
And next, door, by yours too! So; a pretty, pretty—
Shall I now look upon ye? By this light it moves
Mary. Much good may it do you, sir! [me.
Tho. Holy saints defend me!
The devil, devil, devil, devil! oh, the devil!
Mary, Dor. Ha, ha, ha, ha! The devil! oh, the devil!
Tho. I am abused most damnedly, most beastly!
Yet, if it be a she-devil—but the house is up,
And here's no staying longer in this cassock.—
Woman, I here disclaim thee; and, in vengeance,
I'll marry with that devil, but I'll vex thee!
Mary. By'r Lady, but you shall not, sir; I'll watch ye.
Tho. Plague o' your Spanish leather hide! I'll waken you. [*Beats the Moor*
Devil, good night! Good night, good devil!
Moor. Oh!
Tho. Roar again, devil, roar again. [*Exit.*
Moor. Oh, oh, sir!
Mary. Open the doors before him; let him vanish:
Now, let him come again, I'll use him kinder.—
How now, wench?
Moor. 'Pray lie here yourself next, mistress,
And entertain your sweetheart.
Mary. What said he to thee?
Moor. I had a soft bed, and I slept out all
But his kind farewell: You may bake me now,
For, o' my conscience, he has made me venison.
Mary. Alas, poor Kate! I'll give thee a new petticoat.
Dor. And I a waistcoat, wench. [
Mary. Draw in the bed, maids,
And see it made again; put fresh sheets on too,
For Doll and I. Come, wench, let's laugh an hour now.
To-morrow, early, will we see young Cellidè;
They say she has taken sanctuary: Love and hay
Are thick sown, but come up so full of thistles!
Dor. They must needs, Mall, for 'tis a pricking age grown.
Pr'ythee, to bed, for I am monstrous sleepy.

Mary. A match; but art not thou thy brother?
Dor. 'Would I were, wench!
You should hear further.
Mary. Come; no more of that, Doll!
[*The Scene shuts.*

SCENE III.—*Before the same House.*

Enter THOMAS *from the house;* HYLAS *at the door.*

Hylas. I heard the doors clap; now, an't be thy will, wench——
By th' mass, she comes.—You are fairly met, fair gentlewoman!
I take it, Mistress Doll, Sebastian's daughter.
Tho. You take [it] right, sir.—Hylas, are you ferreting? [*Aside.*
I'll fit you with a penny-worth presently.
Hylas. How dare you walk so late, sweet, so weak guarded?
Tho. 'Faith, sir, I do no harm, nor none I look for;
Yet I am glad I have met so good a gentleman,
Against all chances; for though I never knew you,
Yet I have heard much good spoke of you.
Hylas. Hark you;
What if a man should kiss you?
Tho. That's no harm, sir.—
'Pray God he 'scapes my beard! there lies the mischief.
Hylas. Her lips are monstrous rugged; but that surely [*Kisses him.*
Is but the sharpness of the weather.—Hark ye, once more,
And in your ear, sweet mistress, (for you are so,
And ever shall be from this hour, I have vow'd it)—

Enter SEBASTIAN *and* LAUNCELOT, *and stand apart.*

Seb. Why, that's my daughter, rogue; dost thou not see her
Kissing that fellow there, there in that corner?
Laun. Kissing?
Seb. Now, now; now they agree o' th' match too.—
Tho. Nay then, you love me not.
Hylas. By this white hand, Doll!
Tho. I must confess, I have long desired your sight, sir.—
Laun. Why, there's the boots still, sir.
Seb. Hang boots, sir!
Why, they'll wear breeches too.—
Tho. Dishonest me?
Not for the world.—
Seb. Why, now they kiss again; there!
I knew 'twas she, and that her crafty stealing
Out the back way must needs have such a meaning.
Laun. I am at my small wits' end.—
Tho. If you mean honourably—
Laun. Did she ne'er beat you before, sir?
Seb. Why dost thou follow me?
Thou rascal slave, hast thou not twice abused me?
Hast thou not spoil'd the boy? By thine own covenant,
Would'st thou not now be hang'd?
Laun. I think I would, sir;
But you are so impatient! Does not this shew, sir,—
I do beseech you speak, and speak with judgment,
And let the case be equally considered—
Far braver in your daughter? In a son now,
'Tis nothing, of no mark, every man does it;
But to beget a daughter, a man-maiden,
That reaches at these high exploits, is admirable!
Nay, she goes far beyond him; for when durst he,
But when he was drunk, do any thing to speak of?
This is Sebastian truly.
Seb. Thou say'st right, Launce;
And there's my hand once more.—
Tho. Not without marriage.
Seb. Didst thou hear that?
Laun. I think she spoke of marriage.
Seb. And he shall marry her (for it seems she likes him.)
And their first boy shall be my heir.
Laun. Ay, marry,
Now you go right to work.—
Tho. Fy, fy, sir!
Now I have promised you this night to marry,
Would you be so intemperate? are you a gentleman?
Hylas. I have no maw to marriage, yet this rascal [*Aside.*
Tempts me extremely.—Will you marry presently?
Tho. Get you afore, and stay me at the chapel,
Close by the nunnery; there you shall find a night-priest,
Little Sir Hugh, and he can say the matrimony
Over without book: for we must have no company,
Nor light, for fear my father know, which must not yet be;
And then to-morrow night——
Hylas. Nothing to-night, sweet?
Tho. No, not a bit. I am sent of business,
About my dowry, sweet; do not you spoil all now;
'Tis of much haste.—I can scarce stay the marriage!
Now, if you love me, get you gone! [
Hylas. You'll follow?
Tho. Within this hour, my sweet chick.
Hylas. Kiss.
Tho. [*Aside.*] A rope kiss you!—
Come, come; I stand o'thorns.
Hylas. Methinks her mouth still
Is monstrous rough; but they have ways to mend it.—
Farewell! [*Exit.*
Tho. Farewell!—I'll fit you with a wife, sir. [*Exit.*
Seb. Come, follow close; I'll see the end she aims at,
And if he be a handsome fellow, Launcelot,
Fiat! 'tis done, and all my state is settled. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*The Abbey of St. Katherine's.*

Enter Abbess, CELLIDE, *and* Nuns.

Abbess. Come, to your matins, maids!—These early hours,
My gentle daughter, will disturb a while
Your fair eyes, nurtured in ease.
Cel. No, virtuous mother,
'Tis for my holy health, to purchase which
They shall forget the child of ease, soft slumbers.
Oh, my afflicted heart, how thou art tortured! [*Aside.*
And, Love, how like a tyrant thou reign'st in me,
Commanding and forbidding at one instant!
Why came I hither, that desire to have
Only all liberty to make me happy?
Why didst thou bring that young man home, oh, Valentine,

That virtuous youth? Why didst thou speak his goodness,
In such a phrase as if all tongues, all praises,
Were made for him? Oh, fond and ignorant!
Why didst thou foster my affection
Till it grew up to know no other father,
And then betray it?
Abbess. Can you sing?
Cel. Yes, mother,
My sorrows only.
Abbess. Be gone, and to the choir, then.
[*Exeunt. Music, singing.*

SCENE V.—*A Room in* MICHAEL'S *House.*

Enter MICHAEL *and* Servant, *and* FRANCIS.

Mich. Hast thou inquired him out?
Serv. He's not at home, sir;
His sister thinks he's gone to th' nunnery.
Mich. Most likely; I'll away. An hour hence, sirrah,
Come you along with this young gentleman;
Do him all service, and fair office.
Serv. Yes, sir. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.—*A Street.*

Enter HYLAS *and* SAM.

Sam. Where hast thou been, man?
Hylas. Is there ne'er a shop open?
I'll give thee a pair of gloves, Sam.
Sam. What's the matter?
Hylas. What dost thou think?
Sam. Thou art not married?
Hylas. By th' mass but I am, all to be married;
I am i' th' order now, Sam.
Sam. To whom, pr'ythee?
I thought there was so much trick in't, you stole from me.
But who, for Heaven's sake?
Hylas. Even the sweetest woman,
The rarest woman, Samuel, and the lustiest;
But wond'rous honest, honest as the ice, boy,
Not a bit beforehand, for my life, sirrah;
And of a lusty kindred!
Sam. But who, Hylas?
Hylas. The young gentleman and I are like to be friends again;
The fates will have it so.
Sam. Who, Monsieur Thomas?
Hylas. All wrongs forgot.
Sam. Oh, now I smell you, Hylas;
Does he know of it?
Hylas. No, there's the trick I owe him;
'Tis done, boy; we are fast, 'faith! My youth
Shall know I am aforehand, for his qualities. [now
Sam. Is there no trick in't?
Hylas. None, but up and ride, boy.
I have made her no jointure neither; there I have paid him.
Sam. She's a brave wench.
Hylas. She shall be, as I'll use her;
And, if she anger me, all his abuses
I'll clap upon her cassock.
Sam. Take heed, Hylas!
Hylas. 'Tis past that, Sam. Come, I must meet her presently,
And thou shalt see me a most glorious husband.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.—*Before the Gates of the Nunnery.*

Enter DOROTHY, MARY, *and* VALENTINE.

Dor. In troth, sir, you ne'er spoke to me.
Val. Can you forget me?
Did not you promise all your help and cunning
In my behalf, but for one hour to see her?
Did you not swear it? By this hand no strictness
Nor rule this house holds, shall by me be broken.
Dor. I saw you not these two days.
Val. Do not wrong me!
I met you, by my life, just as you enter'd
This gentle lady's lodge, last night, thus suited,
About eleven o'clock.
Dor. 'Tis true, I was there;
But that I saw or spoke to you——
Mary. I have found it; [*Apart to* DOROTHY
Your brother Thomas, Doll!
Dor. Pray, sir, be satisfied,
And wherein I can do you good, command me.—
What a mad fool is this!—Stay here a while, sir,
Whilst we walk in and make your peace.
Val. I thank you. [*A squeak w[illegible]*
[*Exeunt seve[illegible]*

SCENE VIII.—*A Hall within the Nunnery.*

Enter Abbess.

Abbess. Why, what's the matter there among these maids?
Now, *benedicite!* Have you got the breeze there?
Give me my holy sprinkle!

Enter two Nuns.

1 *Nun.* Oh, madam,
There is a strange thing like a gentlewoman,
Like Mistress Dorothy, (I think the fiend)
Crept into the nunnery, we know not which way,
Plays revel-rout among us.
Abbess. Give me my holy-water pot!
1 *Nun.* Here, madam.
Abbess. [*Sprinkling the ground.*] Spirit of earth or air, I do conjure thee,
Of water, or of fire—— [*Squeak w[illegible]*
1 *Nun.* Hark, madam, hark!
Abbess. Be thou ghost that cannot rest,
Or a shadow of the bless'd,
Be thou black, or white, or green,
Be thou heard, or to be seen——

Enter THOMAS *and* CELLIDE.

2 *Nun.* It comes, it comes!
Cel. What are you? speak, speak gently;
And next, what would you with me?
Tho. Anything you'll let me.
Cel. You are no woman, certain.
Tho. Nor you no nun,
Nor shall not be.
Cel. What make you here?
Tho. I am a holy friar.
Abbess. Is this the spirit?
Tho. Nothing but spirit, aunt.
Abbess. Now out upon thee!
Tho. Peace, or I'll conjure too, aunt.
Abbess. Why come you thus?
Tho. That's all one; here's my purpose.
Out with this nun; she is too handsome for ye.
I'll tell thee, aunt, and I speak it with tears to thee.
If thou keep'st her here, as yet I hope thou art [wiser,
Mark but the mischief follows!

Abbess. She's but a votress.
Tho. Let her be what she will, she will undo thee.
Let her but one hour out, as I direct you,
Or have among your nuns again!
Abbess. You have no project
But fair and honest?
Tho. As thine eyes, sweet Abbess.
Abbess. I will be ruled then.
Tho. Thus, then, and persuade her—
But do not juggle with me; if you do, aunt——
Abbess. I must be there myself.
Tho. Away, and fit her.
Abbess. Come, daughter, you must now be ruled, or never.
Cel. I must obey your will.
Abbess. That's my good daughter. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IX.—*The Street.*

Enter DOROTHY *and* MARY.

Mary. What a coil has this fellow kept i' th' nunnery!
Sure he has run the Abbess out of her wits.
Dor. Out of the nunnery, I think; for we can neither see her,
Nor the young Cellidè.
Mary. Pray heavens he be not teasing!
Dor. Nay, you may thank yourself; 'twas your own structures.

Enter HYLAS *and* SAM.

Sam. Why, there's the gentlewoman.
Hylas. Mass, 'tis she indeed.
How smart the pretty thief looks!—'Morrow, mis-
Dor. Good morrow to you, sir! [tress!
Sam. How strange she bears it!
Hylas. Maids must do so at first.
Dor. Would you aught with us, gentlemen?
Hylas. Yes, marry, would I,
A little with your ladyship.
Dor. Your will, sir?
Hylas. Doll, I would have you presently prepare
Yourself and those things you would have with you;
For my house is ready.
Dor. How, sir?
Hylas. And this night, not to fail, you must come to me;
My friends will all be there too. For trunks, and those things,
And household-stuff, and clothes, you would have carried,
To-morrow, or the next day, I'll take order:
Only what money you have, bring away with you,
And jewels.
Dor. Jewels, sir?
Hylas. Ay, for adornment.
There's a bed up to play the game in, Dorothy:
And now, come kiss me heartily!
Dor. Who are you?
Hylas. This lady shall be welcome, too.
Mary. To what, sir?
Hylas. Your neighbour can resolve you.
Dor. The man's foolish!—
Sir, you look soberly: who is this fellow,
And where's his business?
Sam. By Heaven, thou art abused still.
Hylas. It may be so.—Come, ye may speak now
There's none but friends, wench. [boldly;
Dor. Came you out of Bedlam?—
Alas, 'tis ill, sir, that you suffer him
To walk i' th' open air thus; 'twill undo him.
A pretty handsome gentleman: great pity!
Sam. Let me not live more, if thou be'st not cozen'd.
Hylas. Are not you my wife? Did not I marry you last night,
At St. Michael's chapel?
Dor. Did not I say he was mad?
Hylas. Are not you Mistress Dorothy, Thomas's sister?
Mary. There he speaks sense; but I'll assure you, gentleman,
I think no wife of yours. At what hour was it?
Hylas. 'Sprecious, you'll make me mad! Did not the priest,
Sir Hugh, that you appointed, about twelve o'clock,
Tie our hands fast? Did not you swear you loved me?
Did not I court ye, coming from this gentlewoman's?
Mary. Good sir, go sleep; for, if I credit have,
She was in my arms then a-bed.
Sam. I told you.
Hylas. Be not so confident!
Dor. By th' mass, she must, sir;
For I'll no husband here, before I know him:
And so good morrow to ye!—Come, let's go seek
Sam. I told you what you had done. ['em.
Hylas. Is the devil stirring?
Well, go with me; for now I will be married.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE X.—*An Apartment in* VALENTINE'S *House.*

Enter MICHAEL, VALENTINE, *and* ALICE.

Mich. I have brought him back again.
Val. You have done a friendship,
Worthy the love you bear me.
Mich. 'Would he had so too!
Val. Oh, he's a worthy young man.
Mich. When all's tried,
I fear you'll change your faith. Bring in the gentleman.

Enter FRANCISCO *and* Servant, Abbess *and* CELLIDE, *severally.*

Val. My happy mistress, too? Now, Fortune, help me!
And all you stars that govern chaste desires,
Shine fair, and lovely!
Abbess. But one hour, dear daughter,
To hear your guardian, what he can deliver
In love's defence, and his; and then your pleasure.
Cel. Though much unwilling, you have made me yield,—
More for his sake I see: how full of sorrow,
[*Aside.*
Sweet catching sorrow, he appears! Oh, Love,
That thou but knew'st to heal, as well as hurt us!
Mich. Be ruled by me: I see her eye fast on him:
And what you heard believe; for 'tis so certain
He neither dared, nor must oppose my evidence:
And be you wise, young lady, and believe too.
This man you love, sir?
Val. As I love my soul, sir.

Mich. This man you put into a free possession
Of what his wants could ask, or yourself render?
Val. And shall do still.
Mich. Nothing was barr'd his liberty
But this fair maid: that friendship first was broken,
And you and she abused; next, (to my sorrow
So fair a form should hide so dark intentions)
He hath himself confess'd (my purpose being
Only to stop his journey, by that policy
Of laying felony to his charge, to fright the sailors)
Divers abuses done, thefts often practised,
Monies and jewels too, and those no trifles.
Cel. Oh, where have I bestow'd my faith? in neither—
Let's in for ever now—there is virtue!
Mich. Nay, do not wonder at it; he shall say it.
Are you not guilty thus?
Fran. Yes.—Oh, my fortune!
Mich. To give a proof I speak not enviously,
Look here: Do you know these jewels?
Cel. In, good mother!
Val. These jewels I have known.

Enter THOMAS, DOROTHY, *and* MARY; *then* SEBASTIAN *and* LAUNCELOT.

Dor. You have made brave sport!
Tho. I'll make more, if I live, wench.
Nay, do not look on me; I care not for you.
Laun. Do you see now plain? That's Mistress
And that's his mistress. [Dorothy,
Seb. Peace; let my joy work easily.—
Ha, boy! art there, my boy? mine own boy, Tom, boy!—
Home, Launce, and strike a fresh piece of wine; the town's ours!—
Val. Sure, I have known these jewels.
Alice. They are they, certain.
Val. Good Heaven, that they were!
Alice. I'll pawn my life on't;
And this is he.—Come hither, Mistress Dorothy,
And Mistress Mary: Who does that face look like?
And view my brother well.
Dor. In truth, like him.
Mary. Upon my troth, exceeding like.
Mich. Beshrew me,
But much, and main resemblance, both of face
And lineaments of body: Now Heaven grant it!
Alice. My brother's full of passion. I'll speak to him.—
Now, as you are a gentleman, resolve me,
Where did you get these jewels?
Fran. Now I'll tell you,
Because blind Fortune yet may make me happy.
Of whom I had 'em I have never heard yet,
But, from my infancy, upon this arm
I ever wore 'em.
Alice. 'Tis Francisco, brother;
By Heaven, I tied 'em on!—A little more, sir,
A little, little more; what parents have you?
Fran. None,
That I know yet, the more my stubborn fortune;
But, as I heard a merchant say that bred me,
Who, to my more affliction, died a poor man,
When I reach'd eighteen years——
Alice. What said that merchant?
Fran. He said an infant in the Genoa gallies,
(But from what place he never could direct me)
I was taken in a sea-fight, and from a mariner,
Out of his manly pity, he redeem'd me.
He told me of a nurse that waited on me,
But she, poor soul, he said, was kill'd:
A letter, too, I had inclosed within me,
To one Castruccio, a Venetian merchant,
To bring me up: The man, when years allow'd me,
And want of friends compell'd, I sought, but found him
Long dead before, and all my hopes gone with him.
The wars was my retreat then, and my travel,
In which I found this gentleman's free bounty,
For which Heaven recompence him! Now we have all.
Val. And all the worldly bliss that Heaven can send me,
And all my prayers and thanks!
Alice. Down o' your knees, sir!
For now you have found a father, and that father
That will not venture you again in gallies.
Mich. 'Tis true, believe her, sir; and we all joy with you.
Val. My best friend still, my dearest! Now Heaven bless thee,
And make me worthy of this benefit!—
Now, my best mistress.
Cel. Now, sir, I come to you——
Abbess. No, no; let's in, wench.
Cel. Not for the world, now, mother.—
And thus, sir, all my service I pay to you,
And all my love to him.
Val. And may it prosper!—
Take her, Francisco, now no more young Callidon,
And love her dearly; for thy father does so.
Fran. May all hate seek me else! and thus I seal it. [*Kisses her.*
Val. Nothing but mirth, now, friends.

Enter HYLAS *and* SAM.

Hylas. Nay, I will find him.
Sam. What do all these here?
Tho. You are a trusty husband,
And a hot lover too.
Hylas. Nay then, good morrow!
Now I peceive the knavery.
Sam. I still told you!
Tho. Stay, or I'll make you stay. Come hither, sister.
Val. Why, how now, Mistress Thomas?
Tho. Peace a little!—
Thou wouldst fain have a wife?
Hylas. Not I; by no means.
Tho. Thou shalt have a wife,
And a fruitful wife; for I find, Hylas,
That I shall never be able to bring thee children.
Seb. A notable brave boy! 'nown son again!
Hylas. I am very well, sir.
Tho. Thou shalt be better.
Hylas, thou hast seven hundred pounds a-year,
And thou shalt make her three hundred jointure.
Hylas. No.
Tho. Thou shalt, boy, and shalt bestow
Two hundred pounds in clothes. Look on her;
A delicate lusty wench; she has fifteen hundred,
And feasible: Strike hands, or I'll strike first.
Dor. You'll let me like?
Mary. He's a good handsome fellow;
Play not the fool.
Tho. Strike, brother Hylas, quickly.
Hylas. If you can love me well.
Dor. If you can please me.
Tho. Try that out soon: I say, my brother Hylas.

Sam. Take her, and use her well; she's a brave gentlewoman.
Hylas. You must allow me another mistress.
Dor. Then you must allow me another servant.
Hylas. Well, let's together then. A lusty kindred!
Seb. I'll give thee five hundred pounds more for that word.
Mary. Now, sir, for you and I to make the feast full.
Tho. No, not a bit; you are a virtuous lady,
And love to live in contemplation.
Mary. Come, fool; I am friends now.
Tho. The fool shall not ride you.
There lie, my woman! now my man again!
And now for travel once more!
Seb. I'll bar that first.
Mary. And I next.
Tho. Hold yourself contented; for I say I will travel:
And so long I will travel, till I find a father
That I never knew, and a wife that I never look'd [for,
And a state without expectation:
So rest you merry, gentlemen!
Mary. You shall not!
Upon my faith, I love you now extremely,
And now I'll kiss you.
Tho. This will not do it, mistress.
Mary. Why, when we are married we'll do more.
Seb. There's all, boy,
The keys of all I have. Come, let's be merry!
For now I see thou art right.
Tho. Shall we to church straight?
Val. Now, presently; and there with nuptial
The holy priest shall make ye happy all.
Tho. Away then, fair, afore! [*Exeunt.*

THE CHANCES.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

DUKE OF FERRARA.
PETRUCCIO, *Governor of Bologna.*
DON JOHN, } *Spanish Gentlemen, and Com-*
DON FREDERIC, } *rades.*
ANTONIO, *an old stout Gentleman, Kinsman to* PETRUCCIO.
Three Gentlemen, *Friends to the* Duke.
Two Gentlemen, *Friends to* PETRUCCIO.
FRANCISCO, *a Musician,* ANTONIO'S *Boy.*
PETER VECCHIO, *a Teacher of Latin and Music, a reputed Wizard.*
PETER, } *Servants to* DON JOHN *and* DON
ANTHONY, } FREDERIC.

ROWLAND, *Servant to* ANTONIO.
Surgeon.
Servants.

CONSTANTIA, *Sister to* PETRUCCIO, *and Mistress to the* Duke.
Gentlewoman, *Servant to* CONSTANTIA.
GILLIAN, *Landlady to* DON JOHN *and* DON FREDERIC.
CONSTANTIA, *a Whore to old* ANTONIO.
Bawd.

SCENE,—BOLOGNA, AND THE ADJACENT COUNTRY.

PROLOGUE.

APTNESS for mirth to all! This instant night
Thalia hath prepared, for your delight,
Her choice and curious viands, in each part
Seasoned with rarities of wit and art:
Nor fear I to be taxed for a vain boast;
My promise will find credit with the most,
When they know ingenious Fletcher made it, he
Being in himself a perfect Comedy.
And some sit here, I doubt not, dare aver
Living he made that house a theatre
Which he pleased to frequent; and thus much we
Could not but pay to his loud memory.
For ourselves, we do entreat that you would not
Expect strange turns and windings in the plot.
Objects of state, and now and then a rhyme,
To gall particular persons with the time;
Or that his towering muse hath made her flight
Nearer your apprehension than your sight;
But if that sweet expressions, quick conceit,
Familiar language, fashioned to the weight
Of such as speak it, have the power to raise
Your grace to us, with trophies to his praise;
We may profess, presuming on his skill,
If his CHANCES please not you, our fortune's ill.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*A Room in the House of the Landlady.*

Enter PETER *and* ANTHONY.

Peter. I would we were removed from this town, Anthony,
That we might taste some quiet: For mine own part,
I am almost melted with continual trotting
After inquiries, dreams, and revelations,
Of who knows whom, or where. Serve wenching soldiers,
That know no other paradise but plackets?
I'll serve a priest in lent first, and eat bell-ropes.
Anth. Thou art the frowardest fool——
Peter. Why, good tame Anthony,
Tell me but this; to what end came we hither?
Anth. To wait upon our masters.
Peter. But how, Anthony?
Answer me that; resolve me there, good Anthony.
Anth. To serve their uses.
Peter. Shew your uses, Anthony.
Anth. To be employed in any thing.
Peter. No, Anthony,
Not any thing, I take it; nor that thing
We travel to discover, like new islands;
A salt itch serve such uses! In things of moment,
Concerning things, I grant you; not things errant.
Sweet ladies' things, and things to thank the surgeon;
In no such things, sweet Anthony. Put case——
Anth. Come, come, all will be mended; this invisible woman,
Of infinite report for shape and virtue,
That bred us all this trouble to no purpose,
They are determined now no more to think on,
But fall close to their studies.
Peter. Was there ever

Men known to run mad with report before?
Or wander after that they know not where
To find? or, if found, how to enjoy? Are men's brains
Made now-a-days of malt, that their affections
Are never sober, but, like drunken people,
Founder at every new fame? I do believe, too,
That men in love are ever drunk, as drunken men
Are ever loving.
Anth. Pr'ythee be thou sober,
And know, that they are none of those; not guilty
Of the least vanity of love; only a doubt
Fame might too far report, or rather flatter
The graces of this woman, made them curious
To find the truth, which since they find so block'd
And lock'd up from their searches, they are now
To give the wonder over. [settled
Peter. 'Would they were settled
To give me some new shoes too! for I'll be sworn
These are e'en worn out to th' *reasonable soles*
In their good worships' business: and some sleep
Would not do much amiss, unless they mean
To make a bell-man of me. And what now
Mean they to study, Anthony? *moral* philosophy,
After their *mar-all* women?
Anth. Mar a fool's head!
Peter. It will mar two fools' heads, an they take not heed,
Besides the giblets to 'em.
Anth. Will you walk, sir,
And talk more out of hearing? your fool's head
May chance to find a wooden night-cap else.
Peter. I never lay in any.
Anth. Then leave your lying,
And your blind prophesying.

Enter Don John *and* Frederic.

Here they come;
You had best tell them as much.
Peter. I am no tell-tale.
[*Exeunt* Peter *and* Anthony.
John. I would we could have seen her though; for sure
She must be some rare creature, or report lies,
All men's reports too.
Fred. I could well wish I had seen her;
But since she's so conceal'd, so beyond venture
Kept and preserved from view, so like a Paradise,
Placed where no knowledge can come near her, so guarded
As 'twere impossible, though known, to reach her,
I have made up my belief.
John. Hang me, from this hour,
If I more think upon her, or believe her;
But, as she came, a strong report unto me,
So the next fame shall lose her.
Fred. 'Tis the next way.
But whither are you walking?
John. My old round
After my meat, and then to bed.
Fred. 'Tis healthful.
John. Will not you stir?
Fred. I have a little business.
John. Upon my life, this lady still——
Fred. Then you will lose it.
John. 'Pray let us walk together.
Fred. Now I cannot.
John. I have something to impart.
Fred. An hour hence
I will not miss to meet you.
John. Where?
Fred. I' th' High Street;
For, not to lie, I have a few devotions
To do first, then I am yours.
John. Remember. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*A Room in* Petruccio's *House.*

Enter Petruccio, Antonio, *and two* Gentlemen.

Ant. Cut his wind-pipe, I say!
1 *Gent.* Fy, Antonio!
Ant. Or knock his brains out first, and then forgive him!
If you do thrust, be sure it be to th' hilts,
A surgeon may see through him.
1 *Gent.* You are too violent.
2 *Gent.* Too open undiscreet.
Petr. Am I not ruin'd?
The honour of my house crack'd? my blood poi-
My credit, and my name? [son'd?
2 *Gent.* Be sure it be so,
Before you use this violence: Let not doubt,
And a suspecting anger, so much sway you:
Your wisdom may be question'd.
Ant. I say, kill him,
And then dispute the cause! Cut off what may be,
And what is shall be safe.
2 *Gent.* Hang up a true man,
Because 'tis possible he may be thievish?
Alas, is this good justice?
Petr. I know, as certain
As day must come again, as clear as truth,
And open as belief can lay it to me,
That I am basely wrong'd, wrong'd above recom-
Maliciously abused, blasted for ever [pense,
In name and honour, lost to all remembrance,
But what is smear'd and shameful! I must kill
Necessity compels me. [him;
1 *Gent.* But think better.
Petr. There is no other cure left: Yet, witness
All that is fair in man, all that is noble, [with me,
I am not greedy of this life I seek for,
Nor thirst to shed man's blood; and 'would 'twere possible—
I wish it with my soul, so much I tremble
To offend the sacred image of my Maker!—
My sword could only kill his crimes! No, 'tis Honour,
Honour, my noble friends, that idol Honour,
That all the world now worships, not Petruccio,
Must do this justice.
Ant. Let it once be done,
And 'tis no matter whether you, or Honour,
Or both, be accessary.
2 *Gent.* Do you weigh, Petruccio,
The value of the person, power and greatness,
And what this spark may kindle?
Petr. To perform it,
So much I am tied to reputation,
And credit of my house, let it raise wild-fires
That all this dukedom smoke, and storms that toss
Into the waves of everlasting ruin, [me
Yet I must through. If ye dare side me——
Ant. Dare?
Petr. Ye are friends indeed; if not——
2 *Gent.* Here's none flies from you;
Do it in what design you please, we'll back you.
Ant. But then, be sure ye kill him!
2 *Gent.* Is the cause
So mortal, nothing but his life——
Petr. Believe me,

A less offence has been the desolation
Of a whole name.
2 *Gent.* No other way to purge it?
Petr. There is, but never to be hoped for.
2 *Gent.* Think an hour more:
And if then you find no safer road to guide you,
We'll set up our rests too.
Ant. Mine's up already;
And hang him, for my part, goes less than life!
2 *Gent.* If we see noble cause, 'tis like our swords
May be as free and forward as your words. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*A Street before the House of* CONSTANTIA.

Enter DON JOHN.

John. The civil order of this town, Bologna,
Makes it beloved and honour'd of all travellers,
As a most safe retirement in all troubles;
Besides the wholesome seat, and noble temper
Of those minds that inhabit it, safely wise,
And to all strangers virtuous. But I see
My admiration has drawn night upon me,
And longer to expect my friend may pull me
Into suspicion of too late a stirrer,
Which all good governments are jealous of:
I'll home, and think at liberty. Yet, certain,
'Tis not so far night as I thought; for see,
A fair house yet stands open; yet all about it
Are close, and no lights stirring: There may be foul play,
I'll venture to look in; if there be knaves,
I may do a good office.
Woman. [*Within.*] Signor?
John. What? How is this?
Woman. [*Within.*] Signor Fabritio?
John. I'll go nearer.
Woman. [*Within.*] Fabritio?
John. This is a woman's tongue; here may be good done.
Woman. [*Within.*] Who's there? Fabritio?
John. Ay.
Woman. [*Within.*] Where are you?
John. Here.
Woman. [*Within.*] Oh, come, for Heaven's sake!
John. I must see what this means.

Enter Woman, *with a Bundle from the House.*

Woman. I have staid this long hour for you. Make no noise,
For things are in strange trouble. Here; be secret;
'Tis worth your care. Be gone now; More eyes watch us [*Gives him the Bundle.*
Than may be for our safeties.
John. Hark you!
Woman. Peace! Good night. [*Exit.*
John. She is gone, and I am loaden; Fortune for me!
It weighs well, and it feels well; it may chance
To be some pack of worth: By th' mass 'tis heavy!
If it be coin or jewels, 'tis worth welcome;
I'll ne'er refuse a fortune: I am confident
'Tis of no common price. Now to my lodging!
If it hit right, I'll bless this night. [*Exit.*

Enter FREDERIC.

Fred. 'Tis strange
I cannot meet him; sure he has encounter'd
Some light-o'-love or other, and there means
To play at in and in for this night. Well, Don John,
If you do spring a leak, or get an itch,
Till ye claw off your curl'd pate, thank your night-walks;
You must be still a boot-halling. One round more,
Though it be late, I'll venture, to discover you.
I do not like your out-leaps. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.—*A Room in the* DUKE'S *Lodgings.*

Enter DUKE *and three* Gentlemen.

Duke. Welcome to town. Are ye all fit?
1 *Gent.* To point, sir.
Duke. Where are the horses?
2 *Gent.* Where they were appointed.
Duke. Be private all; and whatsoever fortune
Offer itself, let's stand sure.
3 *Gent.* Fear not us:
Ere you shall be endanger'd, or deluded,
We'll make a black night on't.
Duke. No more; I know it.
You know your quarters?
1 *Gent.* Will you go alone, sir?
Duke. Ye shall not be far from me: the least noise
Shall bring ye to my rescue.
2 *Gent.* We are counsell'd. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—*A Street.*

Enter DON JOHN, *with a Child in his arms.*

John. Was ever man so paid for being curious,
Ever so bobb'd for searching out adventures,
As I am? Did the devil lead me? Must I needs be peeping
Into men's houses, where I had no business,
And make myself a mischief? 'Tis well carried!
I must take other men's occasions on me,
And be I know not whom! Most finely handled!
What have I got by this now? what's the purchase?
A piece of evening arras-work, a child,
Indeed an infidel: This comes of peeping!
A lump got out of laziness.—Good White-bread,
Let's have no bawling with you!—'Sdeath, have I
Known wenches thus long, all the ways of wenches,
Their snares and subtilties; have I read over
All their school-learnings, dived into their quiddits,
And am I now bum-fiddled with a bastard?
Fetch'd over with a card of five, and in mine old days,
After the dire massacre of a million
Of maidenheads, caught the common way? i'th' night too,
Under another's name, to make the matter
Carry more weight about it? Well, Don John,
You will be wiser one day, when you have purchased
A bevy of these butter-prints together,
With searching out conceal'd iniquities,
Without commission. Why, it would never grieve me,
If I had got this gingerbread; never stirr'd me,
So I had had a stroke for't; it had been justice
Then to have kept it: But to raise a dairy
For other men's adulteries, consume myself in caudles,
And scow'ring-works, in nurses, bells, and babies,
Only for charity, for mere 'I thank you,'
A little troubles me: The least touch for it,
Had but my breeches got it, had contented me.
Whose-e'er it is, sure 't had a wealthy mother;
For 'tis well clothed, and, if I be not cozen'd,

Well lined within. To leave it here were barbarous,
And ten to one would kill it; a more sin
Than his that got it: Well, I will dispose on't,
And keep it, as they keep deaths' heads in rings,
To cry *Memento* to me; no more peeping!
Now all the danger is to qualify
The good old gentlewoman, at whose house we live,
For she will fall upon me with a catechism
Of four hours long: I must endure all;
For I will know this mother.—Come, good wonder,
Let you and I be jogging; your starved treble
Will waken the rude watch else.—All that be
Curious night-walkers, may they find my fee! [*Exit.*

SCENE VI.—*Another Street before* CONSTANTIA'S *House.*

Enter FREDERIC.

Fred. Sure he's gone home: I have beaten all the purlieus,
But cannot bolt him. If he be a-bobbing,
'Tis not my care can cure him: To-morrow morning
I shall have further knowledge from a surgeon's,
Where he lies moor'd, to mend his leaks.

Enter CONSTANTIA *veiled, from the House.*

Con. I am ready,
And through a world of dangers am flown to you;
Be full of haste and care, we are undone else.
Where are your people? which way must we travel?
For Heaven sake stay not here, sir.
Fred. What may this prove?
Con. Alas, I am mistaken, lost, undone,
For ever perish'd!—Sir, for Heaven sake, tell me,
Are you a gentleman?
Fred. I am.
Con. Of this place?
Fred. No, born in Spain.
Con. As ever you loved honour,
As ever your desires may gain their ends,
Do a poor wretched woman but this benefit,
For I am forced to trust you!
Fred. You have charm'd me;
Humanity and honour bid me help you,
And if I fail your trust——
Con. The time's too dangerous
To stay your protestations: I believe you—
Alas, I must believe you. From this place,
Good noble sir, remove me instantly,
And for a time, where nothing but yourself,
And honest conversation, may come near me,
In some secure place, settle me: What I am,
And why thus boldly I commit my credit
Into a stranger's hand, the fears and dangers
That force me to this wild course, at more leisure
I shall reveal unto you.
Fred. Come, be hearty;
He must strike through my life that takes you from me. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.—*Another Street.*

Enter PETRUCCIO, ANTONIO, *and two* Gentlemen.

Petr. He will sure come. Are ye well arm'd?
Ant. Ne'er fear us:
Here's that will make 'em dance without a fiddle.
Petr. We are to look for no weak foes, my friends,
Nor unadvised ones.
Ant. Best gamesters make the best game;
We shall fight close and handsome then.
1 *Gent.* Antonio,
You are a thought too bloody.
Ant. Why? All physicians
And penny almanacks allow the opening
Of veins this month. Why do you talk of bloody?
What come we for? to fall to cuffs for apples?
What, would you make the cause a cudgel-quarrel?
On what terms stands this man? Is not his honour
Open'd to his hand, and pick'd out like an oyster?
His credit like a quart-pot knock'd together,
Able to hold no liquor? Clear but this point.
Petr. Speak softly, gentle cousin.
Ant. I'll speak truly;
What should men do allied to these disgraces?
Lick o'er his enemy, sit down, and dance him—
2 *Gent.* You are as far o' th' bow-hand now.
Ant. And cry,
"That's my fine boy; thou wilt do so no more, child?"
Petr. Here are no such cold pities.
Ant. By Saint Jaques,
They shall not find me one! Here's old tough Andrew,
A special friend of mine; an he but hold,
I'll strike 'em such a hornpipe! Knocks I come for,
And the best blood I light on; I profess it;
Not to scare coster-mongers: If I lose mine own,
Mine audit's cast, and farewell five and fifty!
Petr. Let's talk no longer; place yourselves with silence,
As I directed ye, and when time calls us,
As ye are friends, so shew yourselves.
Ant. So be it. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VIII.—*A Room in the Landlady's House.*

Enter DON JOHN, *with the* Child, *and* Landlady.

Land. Nay, son, if this be your regard——
John. Good mother;
Land. Good me no goods! Your cousin and yourself
Are welcome to me, whilst you bear yourselves
Like honest and true gentlemen. Bring hither
To my house, that have ever been reputed
A gentlewoman of a decent and fair carriage,
And so behaved myself——
John. I know you have.
Land. Bring hither, as I say, (to make my name
Stink in my neighbour's nostrils,) your devices,
Your brats, got out of Aligant, and broken oaths!
Your linsey-woolsy work, your hasty puddings!
I foster up your filch'd iniquities?
You are deceived in me, sir; I am none
Of those receivers.
John. Have I not sworn unto you
'Tis none of mine, and shew'd you how I found it?
Land. You found an easy fool that let you get it;
She had better have worn pasterns.
John. Will you hear me?
Land. Oaths? what do you care for oaths, to gain your ends,
When ye are high and pamper'd? What saint know ye?
Or what religion, but your purposed lewdness,
Is to be look'd for of ye? Nay, I will tell ye,

You will then swear like accused cut-purses,
As far off truth too; and lie beyond all falconers!
I'm sick to see this dealing.
John. Heaven forbid, mother.
Land. Nay, I am very sick.
John. Who waits there?
Anth. [*Within.*] Sir.
John. Bring down the bottle of Canary wine.
Land. Exceeding sick; Heaven help me!
John. Haste ye, sirrah.—
I must even make her drunk. [*Apart.*] Nay, gentle mother!
Land. Now, fy upon ye! Was it for this purpose
You fetch'd your evening-walks for your digestions?
For this, pretended holiness? No weather,
Not before day, could hold you from the matins.
Were these your bo-peep prayers? You have pray'd well,
And with a learned zeal; watch'd well too. Your saint,
It seems, was pleased as well. Still sicker, sicker!

Enter ANTHONY, *with a Bottle of Wine.*

John. There is no talking to her till I have drench'd her.
Give me.—Here, mother, take a good round draught;
'Twill purge spleen from your spirits: Deeper, mother.
Land. Ay, ay, son, you imagine this will mend all. [*Drinks.*
John. All, i' faith, mother.
Land. I confess the wine
Will do his part.
John. I'll pledge you.
Land. But, son John!
John. I know your meaning, mother; touch it once more;
Alas, you look not well; take a round draught
(It warms the blood well, and restores the colour),
And then we'll talk at large.
Land. A civil gentleman?
A stranger? one the town holds a good regard of?
John. Nay, I will silence thee.
Land. One that should weigh his fair name?—Oh, a stitch!
John. There's nothing better for a stitch, good mother;
Make no spare of it; as you love your health,
Mince not the matter.
Land. As I said, a gentleman?
Lodge in my house? Now, Heaven's my comfort,
John. I look'd for this. [signor——
Land. I did not think you would have used me thus;
A woman of my credit; one, Heaven knows,
That loved you but too tenderly.
John. Dear mother,
I ever found your kindness, and acknowledge it.
Land. No, no, I am a fool to counsel you. Where's the infant?
Come, let's see your workmanship.
John. None of mine, mother;
But there 'tis, and a lusty one. [*Gives her the child.*
Land. Heaven bless thee,
Thou hadst a hasty making; but the best is,
'Tis many a good man's fortune.—As I live,
Your own eyes, signor; and the nether lip
As like you as ye had spit it.
John. I am glad on't.
Land. Bless me, what things are these?
John. I thought my labour
Was not all lost. 'Tis gold, and these are jewels,
Both rich, and right, I hope.
Land. Well, well, son John,
I see you are a woodman, and can chuse
Your deer, though it be i' th' dark; all your discretion
Is not yet lost; this was well clapt aboard:
Here I am with you now; when, as they say,
Your pleasure comes with profit; when you must needs do,
Do where ye may be done to, 'tis a wisdom
Becomes a young man well: Be sure of one thing,
Lose not your labour and your time together,
It seasons of a fool, son; time is precious,
Work wary whilst you have it; since you must traffick
Sometimes this slippery way, take sure hold, signor;
Trade with no broken merchants, make your lading
As you would make your rest, adventurously,
But with advantage ever.
John. All this time, mother,
The child wants looking-to, wants meat and nurses.
Land. Now blessing o' thy care! It shall have [all,
And instantly; I'll seek a nurse myself, son.
'Tis a sweet child!—Ah, my young Spaniard!—
Take you no further care, sir.
John. Yes, of these jewels,
I must, by your leave, mother. These are yours,
To make your care the stronger; for the rest
I'll find a master. The gold, for bringing up on't,
I freely render to your charge.
Land. No more words,
Nor no more children, good son, as you love me:
This may do well.
John. I shall observe your morals.
But where's Don Frederic, mother?
Land. Ten to one
About the like adventure; he told me,
He was to find you out. [*Exit.*
John. Why should he stay thus?
There may be some ill chance in't: Sleep I will not,
Before I have found him. Now this woman's pleased,
I'll seek my friend out, and my care is eased. [*Exit.*

SCENE IX.—*A Street.*

Enter DUKE *and* Gentlemen.

1 *Gent.* Believe, sir, 'tis as possible to do it,
As to remove the city: The main faction
Swarm through the streets like hornets, arm'd with [angers
Able to ruin states; no safety left us,
Nor means to die like men, if instantly
You draw not back again.
Duke. May he be drawn
And quarter'd too, that turns now! Were I surer
Of death than thou art of thy fears, and with death
More than those fears are too——
1 *Gent.* Sir, I fear not.
Duke. I would not crack my vow, start from my honour,
Because I may find danger; wound my soul,
To keep my body safe!
1 *Gent.* I speak not, sir,
Out of a baseness, to you.
Duke. No, nor do not,

Out of a baseness, leave me. What is danger,
More than the weakness of our apprehensions?
A poor cold part o' th' blood? Who takes it hold of?
Cowards, and wicked livers: Valiant minds
Were made the masters of it; and as hearty seamen
In desperate storms stem with a little rudder
The tumbling ruins of the ocean;
So with their cause and swords do they do dangers.
Say we were sure to die all in this venture
(As I am confident against it), is there any
Amongst us of so fat a sense, so pamper'd,
Would chuse luxuriously to lie a-bed,
And purge away his spirit, send his soul out
In sugar-sops and syrups? Give me dying,
As dying ought to be, upon mine enemy,
Parting with mankind by a man that's manly.
Let 'em be all the world, and bring along
Cain's envy with 'em, I will on!

2 *Gent.* You may, sir;
But with what safety?

1 *Gent.* Since 'tis come to dying,
You shall perceive, sir, here be those amongst us
Can die as decently as other men,
And with as little ceremony. On, brave sir.

Duke. That's spoken heartily.

1 *Gent.* And he that flinches,
May he die lousy in a ditch!

Duke. No more dying;
There's no such danger in it. What's o'clock?

3 *Gent.* Somewhat above your hour.

Duke. Away then quickly;
Make no noise, and no trouble will attend us. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE X.—*An Apartment in the Landlady's House.*

Enter FREDERIC, *and* PETER *with a Candle.*

Fred. Give me the candle. So; go you out that way.

Peter. What have we now to do? [*Aside.*

Fred. And o' your life, sirrah,
Let none come near the door without my knowledge;
No, not my landlady, nor my friend.

Peter. 'Tis done, sir.

Fred. Nor any serious business that concerns me.

Peter. Is the wind there again? [*Aside.*

Fred. Be gone.

Peter. I am, sir. [*Exit.*

Enter CONSTANTIA, *veiled.*

Fred. Now enter without fear. And, noble lady,
That safety and civility you wish'd for
Shall truly here attend you: No rude tongue
Nor rough behaviour knows this place, no wishes
Beyond the moderation of a man,
Dare enter here; your own desires and innocence,
Join'd to my vow'd obedience, shall protect you,
Were dangers more than doubts.

Con. You are truly noble,
And worth a woman's trust: Let it become me [*Offers a ring.*
(I do beseech you, sir) for all your kindness,
To render, with my thanks, this worthless trifle;
I may be longer troublesome.

Fred. Fair offices
Are still their own rewards: Heaven bless me, lady,
From selling civil courtesies! May it please you,
If you will force a favour to oblige me,
Draw but that cloud aside, to satisfy me
For what good angel I'm engaged.

Con. It shall be,
For I am truly confident you are honest: [*Unveils.*
The piece is scarce worth looking on.

Fred. Trust me,
The abstract of all beauty, soul of sweetness!—
Defend me, honest thoughts, I shall grow wild else!
What eyes are there, rather what little Heavens,
To stir men's contemplations! what a paradise
Runs through each part she has! Good blood, be temperate:
I must look off; too excellent an object
Confounds the sense that sees it.—Noble lady,
If there be any further service to cast on me,
Let it be worth my life, so much I honour ye,
Or the engagement of whole families——

Con. Your service is too liberal, worthy sir;
Thus far I shall entreat——

Fred. Command me, lady;
You make your power too poor.

Con. That presently
With all convenient haste, you would retire
Unto the street you found me in.

Fred. 'Tis done.

Con. There, if you find a gentleman oppress'd
With force and violence, do a man's office,
And draw your sword to rescue him.

Fred. He's safe,
Be what he will; and let his foes be devils,
Arm'd with your pity, I shall conjure 'em.
Retire: this key will guide you: All things necessary
Are there before you.

Con. All my prayers go with you. [*Exit.*

Fred. You clap on proof upon me.—Men say gold
Does all, engages all, works through all dangers:
Now I say beauty can do more: The king's exchequer,
Nor all his wealthy Indies, could not draw me
Through half those miseries this piece of pleasure
Might make me leap into: We are all like sea-cards,
All our endeavours and our motions,
(As they do to the North) still point at beauty,
Still at the fairest: For a handsome woman,
Setting my soul aside, it should go hard,
But I would strain my body: Yet to her,
Unless it be her own free gratitude,
Hopes, ye shall die, and thou, tongue, rot within me,
Ere I infringe my faith. Now to my rescue. [*Exit.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*A Street.*

Enter DUKE, *pursued by* PETRUCCIO, ANTONIO, *and two* Gentlemen.

Duke. You will not all oppress me?
Ant. Kill him i' th' wanton eye!
Let me come to him!
Duke. Then ye shall buy me dearly!
Petr. Say you so, sir?
Ant. I say cut his wezand, spoil his piping:
Have at your love-sick heart, sir!

Enter DON JOHN.

John. Sure 'tis fighting:
My friend may be engaged.—Fy, gentlemen!
This is unmanly odds.
Ant. I'll stop your mouth, sir.
[DUKE *falls down*, DON JOHN *bestrides him.*
John. Nay then, have at thee freely.
There's a plumb, sir, to satisfy your longing.
[*Wounds* ANTONIO.
Petr. Away! I hope I have sped him. Here comes rescue;
We shall be endanger'd. Where's Antonio?
Ant. I must have one thrust more, sir.
John. Come up to me.
Ant. A mischief confound your fingers!
Petr. How is't?
Ant. Well:
He has given me my *quietus est.* I felt him
In my small guts; I'm sure he has fees'd me!
This comes of siding with you.
2 *Gent.* Can you go, sir!
Ant. I should go, man, an my head were off:
Ne'er talk of going.
Petr. Come, all shall be well then.
I hear more rescue coming.

Enter the DUKE'S Gentlemen.

Ant. Let's turn back then;
My skull's uncloven yet; let me but kill.
Petr. Away for Heaven sake with him!
[*Exit* PETRUCCIO, *with* ANTONIO *and his* Gentlemen.
John. How is't?
Duke. Well, sir;
Only a little stagger'd.
Duke's Gent. Let's pursue 'em.
Duke. No, not a man, I charge ye!—Thanks, good coat;
Thou hast saved me a shrewd welcome: 'Twas put
With a good mind, I'm sure on't. [home too,
John. Are you safe then?
Duke. My thanks to you, brave sir, whose timely valour,
And manly courtesy, came to my rescue.
John. You had foul play offer'd ye, and shame
That can pass by oppression. [befall him
Duke. May I crave, sir,
But thus much honour more, to know your name,
And him I am so bound too?
John. For the bond, sir,
'Tis every good man's tie; to know me further
Will little profit you: I am a stranger,
My country Spain; my name Don John, a gentle-
That lies here for my study. [man
Duke. I have heard, sir,
Much worthy mention of you; yet I find
Fame short of what you are.
John. You are pleased, sir,
To express you courtesy: May I demand
As freely what you are, and what mischance
Cast you into this danger?
Duke. For this present,
I must desire your pardon: You shall know me
Ere it be long, sir, and a nobler thanks
Than now my will can render.
John. Your will's your own, sir.
Duke. What is't you look for, sir? have you lost anything?
John. Only my hat i' th' scuffle: Sure these
Were night-snaps. [fellows
Duke. No, believe, sir. Pray you use mine,
For 'twill be hard to find your own now.
John. No, sir.
Duke. Indeed you shall; I can command
I do beseech you honour me. [another:
John. I will, sir:
And so I'll take my leave.
Duke. Within these few days
I hope I shall be happy in your knowledge:
'Till when, I love your memory.
[*Exeunt* DUKE *and* Gentlemen.
John. I yours—
This is some noble fellow.

Enter FREDERIC.

Fred. 'Tis his tongue sure.
Don John?
John. Don Frederic?
Fred. You are fairly met, sir:
I thought you had been a bat-fowling. Pr'ythee
What revelations hast thou had to-night, [tell me,
That home was never thought of?
John. Revelations?
I'll tell thee, Frederic; but, before I tell thee,
Settle thy understanding.
Fred. 'Tis prepared, sir.
John. Why then, mark what shall follow. This
This bawdy night—— [night, Frederic,
Fred. I thought no less.
John. This blind night,
What dost think I have got?
Fred. The pox, it may be.
John. 'Would 'twere no worse! Ye talk of revelations;
I have got a revelation will reveal me
An arrant coxcomb while I live.
Fred. What is't?
Thou hast lost nothing?
John. No, I have got, I tell thee.
Fred. What hast thou got?
John. One of the infantry, a child.
Fred. How!
John. A chopping child, man.
Fred. 'Give you joy, sir.
John. A lump of lewdness, Frederic; that's the
This town's abominable. [truth on't.
Fred. I still told you, John,
Your whoring must come home; I counsell'd you:
But where no grace is——
John. 'Tis none o' mine, man.
Fred. Answer the parish so.
John. Cheated, in troth,
Peeping into a house; by whom I know not,
Nor where to find the place again. No, Frederic,

Had I but kiss'd the ring for't—'Tis no poor one,
That's my best comfort, for 't has brought about it
Enough to make it man.
Fred. Where is't?
John. At home.
Fred. A saving voyage: But what will you say, signor,
To him that, searching out your serious worship,
Has met a stranger fortune?
John. How, good Frederic?
A militant girl now to this boy would hit it.
Fred. No; mine's a nobler venture. What do you think, sir,
Of a distressed lady, one whose beauty
Would over-sell all Italy!
John. Where is she?
Fred. A woman of that rare behaviour,
So qualified, as admiration
Dwells round about her; of that perfect spirit——
John. Ay, marry, sir!
Fred. That admirable carriage,
That sweetness in discourse; young as the Morning,
Her blushes staining his.
John. But where's this creature?
Shew me but that.
Fred. That's all one; she's forth-coming;
I have her sure, boy.
John. Hark you, Frederic;
What truck betwixt my infant——
Fred. 'Tis too light, sir;
Stick to your charges, good Don John; I am well.
John. But is there such a wench?
Fred. First tell me this,
Did you not lately, as you walk'd along,
Discover people that were arm'd, and likely
To do offence?
John. Yes, marry, and they urged it
As far as they had spirit.
Fred. Pray go forward.
John. A gentleman I found engaged amongst 'em;
It seems of noble breeding; I am sure brave metal:
As I return'd to look you, I set in to him,
And without hurt, I thank Heaven, rescued him,
And came myself off safe too.
Fred. My work's done then:
And now, to satisfy you, there is a woman,
Oh, John, there is a woman——
John. Oh, where is she?
Fred. And one of no less worth then I assure you;
And, which is more, fallen under my protection.
John. I am glad of that. Forward, sweet Frederic!
Fred. And, which is more than that, by this night's wand'ring;
And, which is most of all, she is at home too, sir.
John. Come, let's be gone then.
Fred. Yes; but 'tis most certain
You cannot see her, John.
John. Why?
Fred. She has sworn me
That none else shall come near her, not my mother,
Till some few doubts are clear'd.
John. Not look upon her?
What chamber is she in?
Fred. In ours.
John. Let's go, I say:
A woman's oaths are wafers, break with making;
They must for modesty a little: We all know it.
Fred. No, I'll assure you, sir.
John. Not see her?
I smell an old dog-trick of yours. Well, Frederic,
You talk'd to me of whoring: Let's have fair play,
Square dealing, I would wish you.
Fred. When 'tis come
(Which I know never will be) to that issue,
Your spoon shall be as deep as mine, sir.
John. Tell me,
And tell me true, is the cause honourable,
Or for your ease?
Fred. By all our friendship, John,
'Tis honest, and of great end.
John. I am answer'd:
But let me see her though; leave the door open
As you go in.
Fred. I dare not.
John. Not wide open,
But just so, as a jealous husband
Would level at his wanton wife through.
Fred. That courtesy,
If you desire no more, and keep it strictly,
I dare afford you. Come; 'tis now near morning.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*A Room in the Landlady's House.*

Enter PETER *and* ANTHONY.

Peter. Nay, the old woman's gone too.
Anth. She's a-catterwauling
Among the gutters: But, conceive me, Peter,
Where our good masters should be?
Peter. Where they should be
I do conceive; but where they are, good Anthony—
Anth. Ay, there it goes: My master's bo-peeps
With his sly popping in and out again,
Argued a cause, a frippery cause.
Peter. Believe me
They bear up with some carvel.
Anth. I do believe thee,
For thou hast such a master for that chase,
That till he spends his mainmast——
Peter. Pray remember
Your courtesy, good Anthony, and withal,
How long 'tis since your master sprung a leak;
He had a sound one since he came.
Anth. Hark! [*Lute sounds within.*
Peter. What?
Anth. Dost not hear a lute? Again!
Peter. Where is't?
Anth. Above, in my master's chamber.
Peter. There's no creature;
He hath the key himself, man. [*Singing within.*
Anth. This is his lute;
Let him have it.
Peter. I grant you; but who strikes it?
Anth. An admirable voice too; hark ye!

SONG. [*Within.*]

Merciless Love, whom nature hath denied
The use of eyes, lest thou shouldst take a pride
And glory in thy murders, why am I,
That never yet transgress'd thy deity,
Never broke vow, from whose eyes never flew
Disdainful dart, whose hard heart never slew,
Thus ill rewarded? Thou art young and fair,
Thy mother soft and gentle as the air,
Thy holy fire, still burning, blown with prayer:
Then, everlasting Love, restrain thy will;
'Tis god-like to have power, but not to kill.

Peter. Anthony,
Art sure we are at home?
Anth. Without all doubt, Peter.

Peter. Then this must be the devil.
Anth. Let it be.—— [*Sings again.*
Good devil, sing again! Oh, dainty devil!—
Peter, believe it, a most delicate devil!
The sweetest devil——

Enter FREDERIC *and* DON JOHN.

Fred. If you could leave peeping!
John. I cannot; by no means.
Fred. Then come in softly;
And, as you love your faith, presume no further
Than you have promised.
John. *Basta!*
Fred. What make you up so early, sir?
John. You, sir, in your contemplations!
Peter. Oh, pray you, peace, sir. [*Lute plays again.*
Fred. Why peace, sir?
Peter. Do you hear?
John. 'Tis your lute.
Fred. Pray ye speak softly;
She's playing on't.
Anth. The house is haunted, sir,
For this we have heard this half-year.
Fred. Ye saw nothing?
Anth. Not I.
Peter. Nor I, sir.
Fred. Get us our breakfast then;
And make no words on't. We'll undertake this spirit,
If it be one.
Anth. This is no devil, Peter.
Mum! there be bats abroad.
[*Exeunt* PETER *and* ANTHONY.
Fred. Stay; now she sings. [*Singing.*
John. An angel's voice, I'll swear!
Fred. Why didst thou shrug so?
Either allay this heat; or, as I live,
I will not trust you.
John. Pass! I warrant you. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*Another in the same.*

Enter CONSTANTIA.

Con. To curse those stars that men say govern
To rail at Fortune, fall out with my fate, [us,
And task the general world, will help me nothing:
Alas, I am the same still, neither are they
Subject to helps, or hurts: Our own desires
Are our own fates, our own stars all our fortunes,
Which, as we sway 'em, so abuse or bless us.

Enter FREDERIC *and* DON JOHN *peeping.*

Fred. Peace to your meditations!
John. Pox upon ye,
Stand out o' th' light!
Con. I crave your mercy, sir:
My mind, o'er-charged with care, made me unmannerly.
Fred. Pray you set that mind at rest; all shall be perfect.
John. I like the body rare; a handsome body,
A wond'rous handsome body. 'Would she would
See, and that spiteful puppy be not got [turn!
Between me and my light again!
Fred. 'Tis done,
As all that you command shall be: The gentleman
Is safely off all danger.
John. *Oh, de Dios!*
Con. How shall I thank you, sir? how satisfy?
Fred. Speak softly, gentle lady, all's rewarded.—
Now does he melt, like marmalade. [*Aside.*
John. Nay, 'tis certain,
Thou art the sweetest woman I e'er look'd on:
I hope thou art not honest.
Fred. None disturb'd you?
Con. Not any, sir, nor any sound came near me;
I thank your care.
Fred. 'Tis well.
John. I would fain pray now,
But the devil, and that flesh there o' the world—
What are we made to suffer!
Fred. He will enter;—
Pull in your head, and be hang'd!
John. Hark you, Frederic!
I have brought you home your pack-saddle.
Fred. Pox upon you!
Con. Nay, let him enter. Fy, my lord the duke,
Stand peeping at your friends?
Fred. You are cozen'd, lady;
Here is no duke.
Con. I know him full well, signor.
John. Hold thee there, wench!
Fred. This mad-brain'd fool will spoil all.
Con. I do beseech your grace come in.
John. My grace?
There was a word of comfort!
Fred. Shall he enter,
Whoe'er he be?
John. Well follow'd, Frederic!
Con. With all my heart.
Fred. Come in then.

Enter DON JOHN.

John. 'Bless you, lady!
Fred. Nay, start not; though he be a stranger to you,
He's of a noble strain: My kinsman, lady,
My countryman, and fellow-traveller:
One bed contains us ever, one purse feeds us,
And one faith free between us. Do not fear him;
He's truly honest.
John. That's a lie. [*Aside.*
Fred. And trusty,
Beyond your wishes; valiant to defend;
And modest to converse with, as your blushes.
John. [*Aside.*] Now may I hang myself; this commendation
Has broke the neck of all my hopes; for now
Must I cry, "No forsooth," and "Ay forsooth," and "surely,
And truly as I live, and as I am honest."
He has done these things for 'nonce too; for he [knows,
Like a most envious rascal as he is,
I am not honest, nor desire to be,
Especially this way. He has watch'd his time;
But I shall quit him.
Con. Sir, I credit you.
Fred. Go kiss her, John.
John. Plague o' your commendations!
Con. Sir, I shall now desire to be a trouble.
John. Never to me, sweet lady: Thus I seal
My faith, and all my service. [*Kisses her.*
Con. One word, signor. [*To* FREDERIC.
John. Now 'tis impossible I should be honest; [*Aside.*
She kisses with a conjuration
Would make the devil dance! What points she at?
My leg, I warrant, or my well-knit body:
Sit fast, Don Frederic!—

Fred. 'Twas given him by that gentleman
You took such care of; his own being lost i' th' scuffle.
Con. With much joy may he wear it! 'Tis a right one,
I can assure you, gentleman; and right happy
May you be in all fights for that fair service!
Fred. Why do you blush?
Con. 'T had almost cozen'd me;
For, not to lie, when I saw that, I look'd for
Another master of it; but 'tis well. [*Knock within.*
Fred. Who's there?

Enter ANTHONY.

Stand you a little close. Come in, sir! [*Exit* CONSTANTIA.
Now, what's the news with you?
Anth. There is a gentleman without
Would speak with Don John.
John. Who, sir?
Anth. I do not know, sir; but he shews a man
Of no mean reckoning.
Fred. Let him shew his name,
And then return a little wiser.
Anth. Well, sir. [*Exit* ANTHONY.
Fred. How do you like her, John?
John. As well as you, Frederic,
For all I am honest; you shall find it so too.
Fred. Art thou not honest?
John. Art thou an ass?
"And modest as her blushes!" What a blockhead
Would e'er have popp'd out such a dry apology,
For his dear friend? and to a gentlewoman?
A woman of her youth and delicacy?
They are arguments to draw them to abhor us.
An honest moral man? 'tis for a constable!
A handsome man, a wholesome man, a tough man,
A liberal man, a likely man, a man
Made up like Hercules, unslaked with service,
The same to-night, to-morrow night, the next night,
And so to perpetuity of pleasures;
These had been things to hearken to, things catching:
But you have such a spiced consideration,
Such qualms upon your worship's conscience,
Such chilblains in your blood, that all things pinch you,
Which nature, and the liberal world, makes custom;
And nothing but fair Honour, oh, sweet Honour!
Hang up your eunuch Honour! That I was trusty,
And valiant, were things well put in; but modest!
A modest gentleman! Oh, wit, where wast thou?
Fred. I am sorry, John.
John. My lady's gentlewoman
Would laugh me to a school-boy, make me blush
With playing with my codpiece point! Fy on thee!
A man of thy discretion?
Fred. It shall be mended;
And henceforth you shall have your due.

Enter ANTHONY.

John. I look for't,—
How now? who is't?
Anth. A gentleman of this town,
And calls himself Petruccio.
John. I'll attend him. [*Exit* ANTHONY.

Enter CONSTANTIA.

Con. How did he call himself?
Fred. Petruccio:
Does it concern you aught?
Con. Oh, gentlemen,
The hour of my destruction is come on me;
I am discover'd, lost, left to my ruin!
As ever ye had pity—— [*Kneels*
John. Do not fear;
Let the great devil come, he shall come through me
Lost here, and we about ye?
Fred. Fall before us?
Con. Oh, my unfortunate estate! all angers
Compared to his, to his——
Fred. Let his, and all men's,
Whilst we have power and life—Stand up, for Heaven sake!
Con. I have offended Heaven too; yet Heaven [knows——
John. We are all evil:
Yet Heaven forbid we should have our deserts!
What is he?
Con. Too, too near to my offence, sir:
Oh, he will cut me piece-meal!
Fred. 'Tis no treason?
John. Let it be what it will, if he cut here,
I'll find him cut-work.
Fred. He must buy you dear;
With more than common lives.
John. Fear not, nor weep not:
By Heaven, I'll fire the town before you perish!
And then, the more the merrier, we'll jog with you
Fred. Come in, and dry your eyes.
John. Pray no more weeping;
Spoil a sweet face for nothing! My return
Shall end all this, I warrant you.
Con. Heaven grant it! [*Exeunt*

SCENE IV.—*Another in the same.*

Enter PETRUCCIO, *with a letter.*

Petr. This man should be of special rank; for these commends
Carry no common way, no slight worth, with 'em
He shall be he.

Enter DON JOHN.

John. 'Save you, sir! I am sorry
My business was so unmannerly, to make you
Wait thus long here.
Petr. Occasions must be served, sir.
But is your name Don John?
John. It is, sir.
Petr. Then,
First, for your own brave sake, I must embrace you
Next, from the credit of your noble friend
Hernando de Alvara, make you mine;
Who lays his charge upon me in this letter
To look you out, and, for the goodness in you,
Whilst your occasions make you resident
In this place, to supply you, love and honour you
Which, had I known sooner——
John. Noble sir,
You'll make my thanks too poor: I wear a sword
And have a service to be still disposed of, [sir
As you shall please command it.
Petr. Gentle sir,
That manly courtesy is half my business:
And, to be short, to make you know I honour you
And in all points believe your worth like oracle,
And how above my friends (which are not few,
And those not slack) I estimate your virtues,
Make yourself understand, this day Petruccio
(A man that may command the strength of this place,

Hazard the boldest spirits) hath made choice
Only of you, and in a noble office.
John. Forward; I am free to entertain it.
Petr. Thus then:
I do beseech you mark me.
John. I shall do it.
Petr. Ferrara's duke, ('would I might call him worthy!
But that he has razed out from his family,
As he has mine with infamy) this man,
Rather this powerful monster, we being left
But two of all our house, to stock our memories,
My sister and myself, with arts and witchcrafts,
Vows, and such oaths Heaven has no mercy for,
Drew to dishonour this weak maid, by stealths,
And secret passages I knew not of;
Oft he obtain'd his wishes, oft abused her:
I am ashamed to say the rest! This purchased,
And his hot blood allay'd, as friends forsake us
At a mile's end upon our way, he left her,
And all our name to ruin.
John. This was foul play,
And ought to be rewarded so.
Petr. I hope so.
He 'scaped me yester-night; which, if he dare
Again adventure for, Heaven pardon him!
I shall, with all my heart.
John. For me, brave signor,
What do you intend?
Petr. Only, fair sir, this trust,
(Which, from the commendations of this letter,
I dare presume well placed) nobly to bear him
By word of mouth a single challenge from me,
That, man to man, if he have honour in him,
We may decide all difference.
John. Fair and noble,
And I will do it home. When shall I visit you?
Petr. Please you, this afternoon. I will ride with you;
For at a castle, six miles hence, we are sure
To find him.
John. I'll be ready.
Petr. To attend you,
My man shall wait. With all my love— [*Exit.*
John. My service shall not fail you.

Enter FREDERIC.

Fred. How now?
John. All's well. Who dost thou think this wench is?
Guess, an thou canst.
Fred. I cannot.
John. Be it known then,
To all men by these presents, this is she,
She, she, and only she, our curious coxcombs
Were errant two months after.
Fred. Who? Constantia?
Thou talk'st of cocks and bulls.
John. I talk of wenches,
Of cocks and hens, Don Frederic; this is the pullet
We two went proud after.
Fred. It cannot be.
John. It shall be;
Sister to Don Petruccio: I know all, man.
Fred. Now I believe.
John. Go to; there has been stirring,
Fumbling with linen, Frederic.
Fred. 'Tis impossible;
You know her fame was pure as fire.
John. That pure fire
Has melted out her maidenhead: she's crack'd;
We have all that hope of our side, boy.
Fred. Thou tell'st me,
To my imagination, things incredible;
I see no loose thought in her.
John. That's all one,
She is loose i' th' hilts, by Heaven! But the world
Must know a fair way; upon vow of marriage!
Fred. There may be such a slip.
John. And will be, Frederic,
Whilst the old game's a-foot. I fear the boy too
Will prove her's, I took up.
Fred. Good circumstance
May cure all this yet.
John. There thou hit'st it, Frederic.
Come, let's walk in and comfort her: Her being here
Is nothing yet suspected. Anon I'll tell thee
Wherefore her brother came, (who, by this light,
Is a brave noble fellow) and what honour
He has done to me, a stranger. There be irons
Heating for some, will hiss into their heart-bloods,
Ere all be ended. So much for this time.
Fred. Well, sir. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*Another in the same.*

Enter Landlady *and* PETER.

Land. Come, you do know!
Peter. I do not, by this hand, mistress:
But I suspect——
Land. What?
Peter. That if eggs continue
At this price, women will ne'er be saved
By their good works.
Land. I will know.
Peter. You shall, any thing
Lies in my power. The duke of Lorrain now
Is seven thousand strong: I heard it of a fish-wife,
A woman of fine knowledge.
Land. Sirrah, sirrah!
Peter. The pope's bulls are broke loose too, and
They shall be baited in England. ['tis suspected
Land. Very well, sir!
Peter. No, 'tis not so well, neither.
Land. But I say to you,
Who is it keeps your master company?
Peter. I say to you, Don John.
Land. I say, what woman?
Peter. I say so too.
Land. I say again, I will know.
Peter. I say, 'tis fit you should.
Land. And I tell thee,
He has a woman here.
Peter. And I tell thee,
'Tis then the better for him.
Land. You are no bawd now?
Peter. 'Would I were able to be call'd unto it;
A worshipful vocation for my elders;
For, as I understand, it is a place
Fitting my betters far.

Land. Was ever gentlewoman
So frump'd off with a fool! Well, saucy sirrah,
I will know who it is, and for what purpose;
I pay the rent, and I'll know how my house
Comes by these inflammations: If this geer hold,
Best hang a sign-post up, to tell the signors,
Here ye may have lewdness at livery.

Enter FREDERIC.

Peter. 'Twould be a great ease to your age.
Fred. How now?
Why, what's the matter, landlady?
Land. What's the matter?
Ye use me decently among ye, gentlemen.
Fred. Who has abused her? you, sir?
Land. 'Ods my witness,
I will not be thus treated, that I will not!
Peter. I gave her no ill language.
Land. Thou liest lewdly;
Thou took'st me up at every word I spoke,
As I had been a Maukin, a flurt Gillian:
And thou think'st, because thou canst write and [read,
Our noses must be under thee.
Fred. Dare you, sirrah?
Peter. Let but the truth be known, sir, I beseech ye;
She raves of wenches, and I know not what, sir.
Land. Go to; thou know'st too well, thou wicked varlet,
Thou instrument of evil!
Peter. As I live, sir,
She is ever thus till dinner.
Fred. Get you in;
I'll answer you anon, sir.
Peter. By this hand,
I'll break your posset-pan! [*Exit.*
Land. Then, by this hood,
I'll lock the meat up!
Fred. Now, your grief; what is't?
For I can guess——
Land. You may, with shame enough,
If there were shame amongst you! Nothing thought on,
But how ye may abuse my house? not satisfied
With bringing home your bastards to undo me,
But you must drill your whores here too? My patience
(Because I bear, and bear, and carry all,
And, as they say, am willing to groan under)
Must be your make-sport now!
Fred. No more of these words,
Nor no more murmurings, lady! for you know
That I know something. I did suspect your anger;
But turn it presently and handsomely,
And bear yourself discreetly to this woman,
(For such an one there is indeed)——
Land. 'Tis well, son.
Fred. Leaving your devils' matins and your [melancholies,
Or we shall leave our lodgings.
Land. You have much need
To use these vagrant ways, and to much profit:
You had that might content
At home, within yourselves too, right good, gentlemen,
Wholesome, and you said handsome. But you [gallants—
Beast that I was to believe ye——
Fred. Leave your suspicion;
For, as I live, there's no such thing.
Land. Mine honour!
An 'twere not for mine honour——
Fred. Come, your honour,
Your house, and you too, if you dare believe me,
Are well enough. Sleek up yourself, leave crying,
For I must have you entertain this lady
With all civility, (she well deserves it)
Together with all secresy: I dare trust you,
For I have found you faithful. When you know her,
You will find your own fault: No more words, but do it.
Land. You know you may command me.

Enter DON JOHN.

John. Worshipful lady,
How does thy velvet scabbard? By this hand,
Thou look'st most amiably! Now could I willingly,
(An 'twere not for abusing thy Geneva print there)
Venture my body with thee.
Land. You'll leave this ropery
When you come to my years.
John. By this light,
Thou art not above fifteen yet! a mere girl;
Thou hast not half thy teeth: Come——
Fred. Pry'thee, John,
Let her alone; she has been vex'd already;
She'll grow stark mad, man.
John. I would see her mad;
An old mad woman——
Fred. Pr'ythee be patient.
John. Is like a miller's mare, troubled with [toothach;
She'll make the rarest faces!
Fred. Go, and do it,
And do not, mind this fellow.
Land. Well, Don John,
There will be times again, when, "Oh, good mother,
What's good for a carnosity in the bladder?
Oh, the green water, mother!"——
John. Doting take you!
Do you remember that?
Fred. She has paid you now, sir.
Land. "Clary, sweet mother! clary!"——
Fred. Are you satisfied?
Land. "I'll never whore again: never give petticoats
And waistcoats at five pound a-piece! Good mother!
Quickly, mother!" Now mock on, son.
John. A devil grind your old chaps! [*Exit* Landlady.
Fred. By this hand, wench,
I'll give thee a new hood for this.—
Has she met with your lordship?
John. Touchwood rake her!
She's a rare ghostly mother.

Enter ANTHONY.

Anth. Below attends you
The gentleman's man, sir, that was with you.
John. Well, sir. [*Exit* ANTHONY.
My time is come, then; yet, if my project hold,
You shall not stay behind: I'll rather trust
A cat with sweet milk, Frederic.

Enter CONSTANTIA.

By her face,
I feel her fears are working.
Con. Is there no way
(I do beseech you think yet) to divert
This certain danger?

Fred. 'Tis impossible;
Their honours are engaged.
Con. Then there must be murder,
Which, gentlemen, I shall no sooner hear of,
Than make one in't. You may, if you please, sir,
Make all go less yet.
John. Lady, were't mine own cause,
I could dispense; but, loaden with my friend's trust,
I must go on; though general massacres
As much I fear——
Con. [*To* FREDERIC.] Do you hear, sir? For Heaven's pity,
Let me request one love of you!
Fred. Yes; anything.
Con. This gentleman I find too resolute,
Too hot and fiery for the cause: as ever
You did a virtuous deed, for honour's sake,
Go with him, and allay him: your fair temper
And noble disposition, like wished showers,
May quench those eating fires, that would spoil all
I see in him destruction. [else.
Fred. I will do it;
And 'tis a wise consideration,
To me a bounteous favour.—Hark ye, John;
I will go with you.
John. No.
Fred. Indeed I will;
You go upon a hazard: no denial;
For, as I live, I'll go.
John. Then make you ready,
For I am straight o' horseback.
Fred. My sword on,
I am as ready as you.—What my best labour,
With all the art I have, can work upon 'em,
Be sure of, and expect fair end. The old gentlewoman
Shall wait upon you; she is both grave and private,
And you may trust her in all points——
Con. You are noble.
Fred. And so I kiss your hand.
John. That seal for me too;
And I hope happy issue, lady.
Con. All Heaven's care upon ye, and my pray-
John. So, now my mind's at rest. [ers!
Fred. Away; 'tis late, John. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*A Room in the House of* ANTONIO.

Enter ANTONIO, Surgeon, *and two* Gentlemen.

1 *Gent.* Come, sir, be hearty; all the worst is
Ant. Give me some wine. [past.
Sur. 'Tis death, sir.
Ant. 'Tis a horse, sir!
'Sblood, to be dress'd to the tune of ale only!
Nothing but sauces to my sores!
2 *Gent.* Fy, Antonio;
You must be govern'd.
Ant. He has given me a damned glyster,
Only of sand and snow-water, gentlemen,
Has almost scower'd my guts out.
Sur. I have given you that, sir,
Is fittest for your state.
Ant. And here he feeds me
With rotten ends of rooks, and drowned chickens,
Stew'd pericraniums, and pia-maters;
And when I go to bed (by Heaven, 'tis true, gentlemen)
He rolls me up in lints, with labels at 'em,
That I am just the man i' th' almanack,
My head and face is Aries' place!
Sur. Will't please you, sir,
To let your friends see you open'd?
Ant. Will't please you, sir,
To let me have a wench? I feel my body
Open enough for that yet.
Sur. How! a wench? [still;
Ant. Why, look ye, gentlemen! thus I am used
I can get nothing that I want.
1 *Gent.* Leave these things,
And let him open you.
Ant. Do you hear, surgeon?
Send for the music; let me have some pleasure
To entertain my friends, (besides your sallads,
Your green salves, and your searches,) and some wine too,
That I may only smell to it; or by this light,
I'll die upon thy hand, and spoil thy custom!
1 *Gent.* Let him have music. [*Music.*

Enter ROWLAND, *with Wine and* Musicians.

Sur. 'Tis in the house, and ready,
If he will ask no more. But wine——
2 *Gent.* He shall not drink it.
Sur. Will these things please you?
Ant. Yes; and let 'em sing
John Dorrie.
2 *Gent.* 'Tis too long.
Ant. I'll have John Dorrie!
For to that warlike tune I will be open'd.
Give me some drink.—Have you stopt the leaks well, surgeon?
All will run out else.
Sur. Fear not.
Ant. Sit down, gentlemen:
And now, advance your plaisters.
[*Song of John Dorrie.*
Give 'em ten shillings, friends.—How do you find me? [*Exeunt* ROWLAND *and* Musicians.
What symptoms do you see now?
Sur. None, sir, dangerous,
But, if you will be ruled——
Ant. What time?
Sur. I can cure you
In forty days, so you will not transgress me.
Ant I have a dog shall lick me whole in twenty.
In how long canst thou kill me?
Sur. Presently.
Ant. Do it; there's more delight in't.
1 *Gent.* You must have patience.
Ant. Man, I must have business! this foolish [fellow
Hinders himself; I have a dozen rascals
To hurt within these five days. Good man-mender,
Stop me up with some parsley, like stuff'd beef,
And let me walk abroad——
Sur. You shall walk shortly.
Ant. For I must find Petruccio.
2 *Gent.* Time enough.
1 *Gent.* Come, lead him in, and let him sleep.
Within these three days
We'll beg you leave to play.
2 *Gent.* And then how things fall,
We'll certainly inform you.
Ant. But, surgeon, promise me
I shall drink wine then too.
Sur. A little temper'd.
Ant. Nay, I'll no tempering, surgeon.
Sur. Well, as't please you,
So you exceed not.

Ant. Farewell! And if ye find
The mad slave that thus slash'd me, commend me
And bid him keep his skin close. [to him,
1 *Gent.* Take your rest, sir. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*A Room in the Landlady's House.*

Enter CONSTANTIA *and* Landlady.

Con. I have told you all I can, and more than
Those gentlemen know of me; ever trusting [yet
Your counsel and concealment: for to me
You seem a worthy woman; one of those
Are seldom found in our sex, wise and virtuous.
Direct me, I beseech you.
Land. You say well, lady;
And hold you to that point; for, in these businesses,
A woman's counsel, that conceives the matter,
(Do you mark me? that conceives the matter, lady)
Is worth ten men's engagements: she knows something,
And out of that can work like wax; when men
Are giddy-headed, either out of wine,
Or a more drunkenness, vain ostentation,
Discovering all; there is no more keep in 'em
Than hold up an eel's tail; nay, 'tis held fashion
To defame now all they can.
Con. Ay, but these gentlemen——
Land. Do not you trust to that; these gentle-
Are as all gentlemen of the same barrel; [men
Ay, and the self-same pickle too. Be it granted,
They have used you with respect and fair behaviour,
Yet since you came; do you know what must follow?
They are Spaniards, lady, jennets of high mettle,
Things that will thresh the devil or his dam,
Let 'em appear but cloven—
Con. Now Heaven bless me!
Land. Mad colts will court the wind; I know 'em, lady,
To the least hair they have; and I tell you,
Old as I am, let but the pint-pot bless 'em,
They'll offer to my years——
Con. How!
Land. Such rude gambols——
Con. To you?
Land. Ay, and so handle me, that oft I am forced
To fight of all four for my safety. There's the younger,
Don John, the arrant'st Jack in all this city:
The other time has blasted, yet he'll stoop,
If not o'erflown, and freely, on the quarry;
He has been a dragon in his days. But Tarmont,
Don Jenkin is the devil himself, the Dog-days,
The most incomprehensible whoremaster,
Twenty a-night is nothing; beggars, broom-women,
And those so miserable they look like famine,
Are all sweet ladies in his drink.
Con. He's a handsome gentleman;
'Pity he should be master of such follies.
Land. He's ne'er without a noise of syringes
In's pocket (those proclaim him) birding-pills,
Waters to cool his conscience, in small viols,
With thousand such sufficient emblems: The truth
Whose chastity he chops upon he cares not; [is,
He flies at all. Bastards, upon my conscience,
He has now in making multitudes; the last night
He brought home one; I pity her that bore it!
(But we are all weak vessels) some rich woman
(For wise I dare not call her) was the mother,
For it was hung with jewels; the bearing-cloth
No less than crimson velvet.
Con. How!
Land. 'Tis true, lady.
Con. Was it a boy too?
Land. A brave boy; deliberation
And judgment shew'd in's getting; as, I'll say for him,
He's as well paced for that sport——
Con. May I see it?
For there's a neighbour of mine, a gentlewoman,
Has had a late mischance, which willingly
I would know further of: now, if you please
To be so courteous to me——
Land. You shall see it,
But what do you think of these men now you know
And of the cause I told you of; Be wise, ['em,
You may repent too late else; I but tell you
For your own good, and as you'll find it, lady.
Con. I am advised.
Land. No more words then; do that,
And instantly, I told you of; be ready.—
Don John, I'll fit you for your frumps! [*Aside.*
Con. I shall be:
But shall I see this child?
Land. Within this half-hour.
Let's in, and there think better: she that's wise,
Leaps at occasion first; the rest pay for it. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*The Country.*

Enter PETRUCCIO, DON JOHN, FREDERIC, *and* Servant.

John. Sir, he is worth your knowledge, and a gentleman
(If I that so much love him may commend him)
Of free and virtuous parts; and one, if foul play
Should fall upon us (for which fear I brought him)
Will not fly back for fillips.
Petr. Ye much honour me,
And once more I pronounce ye both mine.
Fred. Stay;
What troop is that below i' th' valley there?
John. Hawking, I take it.
Petr. They are so; 'Tis the duke; 'tis even he, gentlemen.—
Sirrah, draw back the horses till we call you.—
[*Exit* Servant.
I know him by his company.
Fred. I think too
He bends up this way.
Petr. So he does.
John. Stand you still
Within that covert till I call. You, Frederic,
By no means be not seen, unless they offer
To bring on odds upon us. He comes forward;
Here will I wait him fairly. To your cabins!
Petr. I need no more instruct you?
John. Fear me not;
I'll give it him, and boldly.
[*Exeunt* PETRUCCIO *and* FREDERIC.

Enter Duke *and his* Gentlemen.

Duke. Feed the hawks up;
We'll fly no more to-day.—Oh, my blest fortune!
Have I so fairly met the man——

John. You have, sir ;
And him you know by this. [*Points to his bonnet.*
Duke. Sir, all the honour
And love—
John. I do beseech your grace stay there;
(For I know you too now) that love and honour
I come not to receive ; nor can you give it,
Till you appear fair to the world. I must beseech
Dismiss your train a little. [you,
Duke. Walk aside,
And out of hearing, I command ye. [*Exeunt* Gentlemen.]—Now, sir!
John. Last time we met, I was a friend.
Duke. And nobly
You did a friend's office; Let your business
Be what it may, you must be still——
John. Your pardon ;
Never a friend to him, cannot be friend
To his own honour.
Duke. In what have I transgress'd it ?
You make a bold breach at the first, sir.
John. Bolder,
You made that breach that let in infamy,
And ruin, to surprise a noble stock.
Duke. Be plain, sir.
John. I will, and short: You have wrong'd a gentleman,
Little behind yourself, beyond all justice,
Beyond [the] mediation of all friends.
Duke. The man, and manner of wrong ?
John. Petruccio ;
The wrong, you have whored his sister.
Duke. What's his will in't?
John. His will is to oppose you like a gentle-
And, single, to decide all. [man,
Duke. Now stay you, sir,
And hear me with the like belief: This gentleman
His sister that you named, 'tis true I have long loved,
(Nor was that love lascivious, as he makes it)
As true, I have enjoyed her ; no less truth,
I have a child by her : But that she, or he,
Or any of that family are tainted,
Suffer disgrace, or ruin, by my pleasures,
I wear a sword to satisfy the world *no*,
And him in this cause when he please; for know,
She is my wife, contracted before Heaven, [sir,
(Witness I owe more tie to, than her brother;)
Nor will I fly from that name, which long since
Had had the church's approbation,
But for his jealous danger.
John. Sir, your pardon ;
And all that was my anger, now my service.
Duke. Fair sir, I knew I should convert you. Had we
But that rough man here now too——
John. And you shall, sir.—
Whoa, hoa, hoo !
Duke. I hope you have laid no ambush ?

Enter Petruccio.

John. Only friends.
Duke. My noble brother ? Welcome !
Come, put your anger off ; we'll have no fighting,
Unless you will maintain I am unworthy
To bear that name.
Petr. Do you speak this heartily?
Duke. Upon my soul, and truly : The first priest
Shall put you out of these doubts.
Petr. Now I love ye :
And I beseech you pardon my suspicions.
You are now much more than a brother, a brave friend too.
John. The good man's over-joyed.

Enter Frederic.

Fred. How now? how goes it?
John. Why, the man has his mare again, and all's well, Frederic ;
The duke professes freely he's her husband.
Fred. 'Tis a good hearing.
John. Yes, for modest gentlemen.
I must present you.—May it please your grace,
To number this brave gentleman, my friend,
And noble kinsman, amongst those your servants.
Duke. Oh, my brave friend! you shower your bounties on me!
Amongst my best thoughts, signor; in which
You being worthily disposed already [number
May place your friend to honour me.
Fred. My love, sir,
And where your grace dares trust me, all my service.
Petr. Why, this is wond'rous happy. But now, brother,
Now comes the bitter to our sweet: Constantia—
Duke. Why, what of her?
Petr. Nor what, nor where, do I know.
Wing'd with her fears, last night, beyond my know-
She quit my house ; but whither—— [ledge,
Fred. Let not that——
Duke. No more, good sir; I have heard too
Petr. Nay, sink not; [much.
She cannot be so lost.
John. Nor shall not, gentlemen :
Be free again; the lady's found!—That smile, sir,
Shews you distrust your servant.
Duke. I do beseech you— [safe—
John. You shall believe me: By my soul, she's
Duke. Heaven knows, I would believe, sir.
Fred. You may safely.
John. And under noble usage: This fair gentleman
Met her in all her doubts last night, and to his guard, [son,
(Her fears being strong upon her) she gave her per-
Who waited on her to our lodging ; where all
Civil and honest service, now attend her. [respect,
Petr. You may believe now.
Duke. Yes, I do, and strongly.
Well, my good friends, or rather my good angels,
(For ye have both preserved me) when these vir-
Die in your friend's remembrance—— [tues
John. Good your grace
Lose no more time in compliment; 'tis too pre-
I know it by myself, there can be no hell [cious:
To his that hangs upon his hopes; especially
In way of lustly pleasures.
Petr. He has hit it.
Fred. To horse again then; for this night I'll
With all the joys ye wish for. [crown
Petr. Happy gentlemen! [*Exeunt.*

Enter Francisco.

Fran. This is the maddest mishief. Never fool
Was so fubb'd off as I am; made ridiculous,
And to myself mine own ass! Trust a woman?
I'll trust the devil first; for he dare be
Better than's word sometime. What faith have I broke?

In what observance fail'd? Let me consider;
For this is monstrous usage.

Enter Don John *and* Frederic.

Fred. Let them talk;
We'll ride on fair and softly.—
Fran. Well, Constantia——
Fred. Constantia!—What's this fellow? Stay, by all means.
Fran. You have spun yourself a fair thread now.
Fred. Stand still, John.
Fran. What cause had you to fly? What fear possess'd you?
Were you not safely lodged from all suspicion?
Used with all gentle means? Did any know
How you came thither, or what your sin was?—
Fred. John,
I smell some juggling, John!
John. Yes, Frederic;
I fear it will be found so.—
Fran. So strangely,
Without the counsel of your friends, so desperately
To put all dangers on you!—
Fred. 'Tis she.—
Fran. So deceitfully,
After a stranger's lure!—
John. Did you mark that, Frederic?—
Fran. To make ye appear more monster, and
More cruel to reward ye, to leave all, [the law
All that should be your safeguard, to seek evils!
Was this your wisdom? this your promise? Well,
He that incited you——
Fred. Mark that too!
John. Yes, sir!
Fran. Had better have plough'd further off. Now, lady,
What will your last friend, he that should preserve you,
And hold your credit up, the brave Antonio,
Think of this slip? He'll to Petruccio,
And call for open justice.—
John. 'Tis she, Frederic.
Fred. But what that *he* is, John?—
Fran. I do not doubt yet
To bolt you out; for I know certainly
You are about the town still.—Ha! no more words. [*Exit.*
Fred. Well!
John. Very well!
Fred. Discreetly—
John. Finely carried!
Fred. You have no more of these tricks?
John. Ten to one, sir,
I shall meet with 'em, if you have.
Fred. Is this honest?
John. Was it in you a friend's part to deal
I am no ass, Don Frederic! [double?
Fred. And, Don John,
It shall appear I am no fool! Disgrace me,
To make yourself a letcher? 'Tis boyish, tis base.
John. 'Tis false, and most unmanly to upbraid
Nor will I be your bolster, sir. [me;
Fred. Thou wanton boy, thou hadst better have been eunuch,
Thou common woman's courtesy, than thus
Lascivious, basely to have bent mine honour!
A friend? I'll make a horse my friend first.
John. Holla, holla!
Ye kick too fast, sir! What strange brains have you got,
That dare crow out thus bravely! I better been an eunuch?
I privy to this dog-trick? Clear yourself!
(For I know where the wind sits) and most nobly,
Or, as I have a life——
Fred. No more. They are horses. [*A noise within like horses.*
Nor shew no discontent. To-morrow comes;
Let's quietly away: If she be at home,
Our jealousies are put off.
John. The fellow!
We have lost him in our spleens, like fools.

Enter Duke *and* Petruccio.

Duke. Come, gentlemen,
Now set on roundly. Suppose ye have all mistresses,
And mend your pace according.
Petr. Then have at ye. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*Bologna.—A Room in the Landlady's House.*

Enter Duke, Petruccio, Frederic, *and* John.

Petr. Now to Bologna, my most honour'd brother,
I dare pronounce you a hearty and safe welcome!
Our loves shall now way-lay ye.—Welcome, gentlemen!
John. The same to you, brave sir.—Don Frederic,
Will you step in, and give the lady notice
Who comes to honour her?
Petr. Bid her be sudden;
(We come to see no curious wench) a night-gown
Will serve the turn: Here's one that knows her nearer.
Fred. I'll tell her what you say, sir. [*Exit.*
Duke. My dear brother,
You are a merry gentleman.
Petr. Now will the sport be,
To observe her alterations; how like wildfire
She'll leap into your bosom; then seing me,
Her conscience, and her fears creeping upon her,
Dead as a fowl at souse, she'll sink.
Duke. Fair brother,
I must entreat you——
Petr. I conceive your mind, sir;
I will not chide her: Yet, ten ducats, duke,
She falls upon her knees: ten more, she dare not—
Duke. I must not have her frighted.
Petr. Well, you shall not:
But, like a summer's evening against heat,
Mark how I'll gild her cheeks.

Enter Frederic *and* Peter.

John. How now?
Fred. You may, sir.——
Not to abuse your patience, noble friends,

Nor hold ye off with tedious circumstance—
For ye must know—
Petr. What?
Duke. Where is she?
Fred. Gone, sir.
Duke. How?
Petr. What did you say, sir?
Fred. Gone, by Heaven; removed!
The woman of the house too——
John. Well, Don Frederic!
Fred. Don John, it is not well! but——
Petr. Gone?
Fred. This fellow
Can testify I lie not.
Peter. Some four hours after
My master was departed with this gentleman,
My fellow and myself being sent of business,
(As we must think, of purpose)——
Petr. Hang these circumstances;
They appear like owls, to ill ends.
John. Now could I eat
The devil in his own broth, I am so tortured!
Gone?
Petr. Gone?
Fred. Directly gone, fled, shifted:
What would you have me say?
Duke. Well, gentlemen,
Wrong not my good opinion.
Fred. For your dukedom,
I will not be a knave, sir.
John. He that is,
A rot run in his blood!
Petr. But hark ye, gentlemen;
Are ye sure ye had her here? did ye not dream this?
John. Have you your nose, sir?
Petr. Yes, sir.
John. Then we had her.
Petr. Since you're so short, believe your having
Shall suffer more construction. [her
John. Let it suffer:
But if I be not clear of all dishonour,
Or practice that may taint my reputation,
And ignorant of where this woman is,
Make me your city's monster!
Duke. I believe you.
John. I could lie with a witch now, to be re-
Upon that rascal did this! [venged
Fred. Only thus much
I would desire your grace; (for my mind gives me,
Before night yet she is yours) stop all opinion,
And let no anger out, till full cause call it;
Then every man's own works to justify him!
And this day let us give to search. My man here
Tells me, by chance he saw out of a window
(Which place he has taken note of) such a face
As our old landlady's, he believes the same too,
And by her hood assures it: Let's first thither;
For, she being found, all's ended.
Duke. Come, for Heaven's sake!—
And, Fortune, an thou be'st not ever turning,
If there be one firm step in all thy reelings,
Now settle it, and save my hopes.—Away, friends.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*A Room in* Antonio's *House.*

Enter Antonio *and his* Servant.

Ant. With all my jewels?
Serv. All, sir.
Ant. And that money
I left i' th' trunk?
Serv. The trunk broke, and that gone too.
Ant. Francisco of the plot?
Serv. Gone with the wench too.
Ant. The mighty pox go with 'em! Belike they thought
I was no man of this world, and those trifles
Would but disturb my conscience.
Serv. Sure they thought, sir,
You would not live to persecute 'em.
Ant. Whore and fiddler?
Why, what a consort have they made! Hen and bacon?
Well, my sweet mistress! well, good madam Martail!
You that have hung about my neck, and lick'd me,
I'll try how handsomely your ladyship
Can hang upon a gallows; there's your master-
—But, hark ye, sirrah; no imagination [piece.
Of where they should be?
Serv. None, sir; yet we have search'd
All places we suspected. I believe, sir,
They have taken towards the ports.
Ant. Get me a conjurer,
One that can raise a water-devil: I'll port 'em!
Play at duck and drake with my money? Take heed, fiddler!
I'll dance ye, by this hand: your fiddle-stick
I'll grease of a new fashion, for presuming
To meddle with my de-gambos! Get me a conjurer;
Inquire me out a man that lets out devils.
None but my *C* cliffe serve your turn?
Serv. I know not——
Ant. In every street, Tom Fool! Any blear-eyed people,
With red heads, and flat noses, can perform it:
Thou shalt know 'em by their half-gowns and no breeches.—
Mount my mare, fiddler? Ha, boy! up at first dash?
Sit sure; I'll clap a nettle, and a smart one,
Shall make your filly firk, I will, fine fiddler;
I'll put you to your plunge, boy!—Sirrah, meet me
Some two hours hence at home; in the mean time,
Find out a conjurer, and know his price,
How he will let his devils by the day out.
I'll have 'em, an they be above ground! [*Exit.*
Serv. Now bless me,
What a mad man is this! I must do something
To please his humour: Such a man I'll ask for,
And tell him where he is; but to come near him,
Or have any thing to do with his don devils,
I thank my fear, I dare not, nor I will not. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.—*A Street.*

Enter Duke, Petruccio, Frederic, John, *and* Peter, *from the other side a* Servant *with bottles enters into a house.*

Fred. Whither wilt thou lead us?
Peter. 'Tis hard by, sir.
And ten to one this wine goes thither.
Duke. Forward.
Peter. Are they grown so merry?
Duke. 'Tis most likely,
She has heard of this good fortune, and determines
To wash her sorrows off.

Petr. 'Tis so; that house, sir,
Is it: Out of that window certainly
I saw my old mistress's face.
Petr. They are merry, indeed. [*Music within.*
Hark; I hear music too.
Duke. Excellent music.
John. 'Would I were even among 'em, and alone
A pallet for the purpose in a corner, [now!
And good rich wine within me; what gay sport
Could I make in an hour now!
Fred. Hark; a voice too!
Let's not stir yet by any means.

SONG.

Welcome, sweet Liberty, and Care farewell:
I am mine own!
She is twice damn'd that lives in Hell,
When Heaven is shewn.
Budding beauty, blooming years,
Were made for pleasure. Farewell fears;
For now I am myself, mine own command,
My fortune always in my hand.

John. Was this her own voice?
Duke. Yes, sure,
Fred. 'Tis a rare one.

Bawd *appears at the window.*

Duke. The song confirms her here too; for, if
It spake of liberty, and free enjoying [ye mark it,
The happy end of pleasure.
Peter. Look you there, sir:
Do you know that head?
Fred. 'Tis my good landlady,
I find fear has done all this.
John. She, I swear;
And now do I know, by the hanging of her hood,
She is parcel drunk. Shall we go in?
Duke. Not yet, sir.
Petr. No; let 'em take their pleasure.
Duke. When 'tis highest, [*Music.*
We'll step in, and amaze 'em. Peace; more music.
John. This music murders me; What blood
have I now!

Enter Francisco.

Fred. I should know that face.
John. By this light, 'tis he, Frederic,
That bred our first suspicions; the same fellow.
Fred. He that we overtook, and overheard too,
Discoursing of Constantia.
John. Still the same.
[*Exit* Francisco *into the house.*
Now he slips in.
Duke. What's that?
Fred. She must be here, sir:
This is the very fellow, I told your grace
We found upon the way; and what his talk was.

Francisco *appears at the window.*

Petr. Why, sure I know this fellow: Yes, 'tis he;
Francisco, Antonio's boy, a rare musician;
He taught my sister on the lute, and is ever
(She loves his voice so well) about her. Certain,
Without all doubt, she is here: It must be so.
John. Here? that's no question: What should
our hen o' th' game else
Do here without her? If she be not here
(I am so confident) let your grace believe
We two are arrant rascals, and have abused you.
Fred. I say so too.
John. Why, there's the hood again now;
The card that guides us; I know the fabric of it,
And know the old tree of that saddle yet; 'twas
A hunting-hood; observe it. [made of
Duke. Who shall enter?
Petr. I'll make one.
John. I another.
Duke. But so carry it,
That all her joys flow not together.
John. If we told her,
Your grace would none of her?
Duke. By no means, signor;
'Twould turn her wild, stark frantic.
John. Or assured her——
Duke. Nothing of that stern nature. This ye
may, sir,
That the conditions of our fear yet stand
On nice and dangerous knittings; or that a little
I seem to doubt the child.
John. 'Would I could draw her [*Aside.*
To hate your grace with these things!
Petr. Come, let's enter.—
And now he sees me not, I'll search her soundly.
Duke. Now luck of all sides!
[*Exeunt* Petruccio *and* John *into the house.*
Fred. Doubt it not.—More music? [*Music.*
Sure she has heard some comfort.
Duke. Yes, stand still, sir. [*A Song.*
Fred. This is the maddest song!
Duke. Applied for certain
To some strange melancholy she is loaden with.
[*Clapping of a door.*
Fred. Now all the sport begins. Hark!
Duke. They are amongst 'em.
The fears now, and the shakings! [*Trampling, above.*
Fred. Our old lady
(Hark how they run) is even now at this instant
Ready to lose her head-piece by Don John,
Or creeping through a cat-hole.
Petr. [*Within.*] Bring 'em down;
And you, sir, follow me.
Duke. He's angry with 'em.
I must not suffer this.
John. [*Within.*] Bowl down the bawd there;
Old *Erra-mater.* You, lady Lechery,
For the good will I bear to th' game, most tenderly
Shall be led out, and lash'd.

Enter Petruccio, John, *second* Constantia, *drunk, and* Bawd, *with* Francisco, *who retires to the back of the Stage.*

Duke. Is this Constantia?
Why, gentlemen, what do you mean? Is this she?
2 *Con.* I am Constantia, sir.
Duke. A whore you are, sir!
2 *Con.* 'Tis very true; I am a whore indeed, sir.
Petr. She will not lie yet, though she steal.
2 *Con.* A plain whore,
If you please to employ me.
Duke. And an impudent!
2 *Con.* Plain-dealing now is impudence.
One, if you will, sir, can shew you as much sport
In one half-hour, and with as much variety,
As a far wiser woman can in half-a-year:
For there my way lies.
Duke. Is she not drunk too?
2 *Con.* A little gilded o'er, sir.
Old sack, old sack, boys!
Petr. This is saliant.
John. A brave bold quean!
Duke. Is this your certainty?

Do ye know the man ye wrong thus, gentlemen?
Is this the woman meant?
Fred. No.
Duke. That your landlady?
John. I know not what to say.
Duke. Am I a person
To be your sport, gentlemen?
John. I do believe now certain
I am a knave! But how, or when——
Duke. What are you?
Petr. Bawd to this piece of pye-meat.
Bawd. A poor gentlewoman,
That lies in town about law-business,
An't like your worships.
Petr. You shall have law, believe it.
Bawd. I'll shew your mastership my case.
Petr. By no means?
I had rather see a custard.
Bawd. My dead husband
Left it even thus, sir.
John. Bless mine eyes from blasting!
I was never so frighted with a case.
Bawd. And so, sir——
Petr. Enough; put up, good velvet head!
Duke. What are you two now,
By your own free confessions?
Fred. What you shall think us;
Though to myself I am certain, and my life
Shall make that good and perfect, or fall with it—
John. We are sure of nothing, Frederic, that's the truth on't;
I do not think my name's Don John, nor dare not
Believe any think that concerns me, but my debts,
Nor those in way of payment. Things are so carried,
What to entreat your grace, or how to tell you
We are, or we are not, is past my cunning;
But I would fain imagine we are honest,
And, o' my conscience, I should fight in't.
Duke. Thus then;
For we may be all abused——
Petr. 'Tis possible;
For how should this concern them?
Duke. Here let's part,
Until to-morrow this time; we to our way;
To make this doubt out, and you to your way;
Pawning our honours then to meet again:
When, if she be not found——
Fred. We stand engaged
To answer, any worthy way we are call'd to.
Duke. We ask no more.
2 *Con.* Ye have done with us then?
Petr. No, dame.
Duke. But is her name Constantia?
Petr. Yes; a moveable
Belonging to a friend of mine.—Come out, fiddler;
What say you to this lady? Be not fearful.
Fran. Saving the reverence of my master's pleasure,
I say, she is a whore, and that she has robb'd him,
Hoping his hurts would kill him.
2 *Con.* Who provoked me?
Nay, sirrah Squeak; I'll see your treble strings
Tied up too: if I hang, I'll spoil your piping;
Your sweet face shall not save you.
Petr. Thou damn'd impudence,
And thou dried devil! Where's the officer?
Peter. He's here, sir.

Enter Officer.

Petr. Lodge these safe, till I send for 'em:
Let none come to 'em, nor no noise be heard
Of where they are, or why. Away.
[*Exit* Officer, *with* Francisco, Bawd, *and* 2d Constantia.
John. By this hand, [*Aside.*
A handsome whore! Now will I be arrested,
And brought home to this officer's. A stout whore;
I love such stirring ware! Pox o' this business!
A man must hunt out morsels for another,
And starve himself! A quick-eyed whore; that's wild-fire,
And makes the blood dance through the veins like billows.
I will reprieve this whore.
Duke. Well, good luck with ye!
Fred. As much attend your grace.
Petr. To-morrow, certain——
John. If we outlive this night, sir.
Fred. Come, Don John,
We have something now to do.
John. I am sure I would have.
Fred. If she be not found, we must fight.
John. I am glad on't;
I have not fought a great while.
Fred. If we die——
John. There's so much money saved in lechery.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*Another Street.*

Enter Duke *and* Petruccio; Vecchio *at a Window above.*

Duke. It should be hereabouts.
Petr. Your grace is right;
This is the house; I know it.
Vec. Grace? [*Aside.*
Duke. 'Tis further,
By the description we received.
Petr. Good my lord the duke,
Believe me, for I know it certainly,
This is the very house.
Vec. My lord the duke?
Duke. Pray Heaven this man prove right now!
Petr. Believe it, he's a most sufficient scholar,
And can do rare tricks this way; for a figure,
Or raising an appearance, whole Christendom
Has not a better: I have heard strange wonders of him.
Duke. But can he shew us where she is?
Petr. Most certain;
And for what cause too she departed.
Duke. Knock then;
For I am great with expectation,
Till this man satisfy me. I fear the Spaniards;
Yet they appear brave fellows: can he tell us?
Petr. With a wet finger, whether they be false.
Duke. Away then.
Petr. Who's within here?

Enter Vecchio.

Vec. Your grace may enter——
Duke. How can he know me?
Petr. He knows all.
Vec. And you, sir. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*Another Street.*

Enter Don John *and* Frederic.

John. What do you call his name?
Fred. Why, Peter Vecchio.
John. They say he can raise devils; can he make 'em
Tell truth too when he has raised 'em? for, believe
These devils are the lying'st rascals—— [it,
Fred. He can compel 'em.
John. With what?
Can he tie squibs i' their tails, and fire the truth
Or make 'em eat a bawling puritan, [out?
Whose sanctified zeal shall rumble like an earthquake?
Fred. With spells, man.
John. Ay, with spoons as soon. Dost thou think
The devil such an ass as people make him?
Such a poor coxcomb? such a penny foot-post?
Compell'd with cross and pile to run of errands?
With Asteroth, and Behemoth, and Belfagor?
Why should he shake at sounds, that lives in a smith's forge?
Or, if he do——
Fred. Without all doubt he does, John.
John. Why should not bilbo raise him, or a pair of bullions?
They go as big as any; or an unshod car,
When he goes tumble, tumble, o'er the stones,
Like Anacreon's drunken verses, make him tremble?
These make as fell a noise. Methinks the cholic,
Well handled, and fed with small-beer——
Fred. 'Tis the virtue——
John. The virtue? nay, an goodness fetch him up once,
He has lost a friend of me: the wise old gentleman
Knows when and how. I'll lay this hand to twopence,
Let all the conjurers in Christendom,
With all their spells and virtues, call upon him,
And I but think upon a wench, and follow it,
He shall be sooner mine than theirs: Where's Virtue?
Fred. Thou art the most sufficient, (I'll say for
Not to believe a thing—— [thee)
John. Oh, sir, slow credit
Is the best child of knowledge. I'll go with you;
And, if he can do anything, I'll think
As you would have me.
Fred. Let's inquire along;
For certain we are not far off.
John. Nor much nearer. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*A Room in* Vecchio's *House.*

Enter Duke, Petruccio, *and* Vecchio.

Vec. You lost her yesternight.
Petr. How think you, sir?
Duke. Is your name Vecchio?
Vec. Yes, sir.
Duke. And you can shew me
These things you promise?
Vec. Your grace's word bound to me,
No hand of law shall seize me.
Duke. As I live, sir!
Petr. And as I live, that can do something too, sir!
Vec. I take your promises. Stay here a little,
Till I prepare some ceremonies, and I'll satisfy ye.
The lady's name's Constantia?
Petr. Yes.
Vec. I come straight. [*Exit.*
Duke. Sure he's a learned man.
Petr. The most now living.
Did your grace mark, when we told all these circumstances,
How ever and anon he bolted from us,
To use his study's help?
Duke. Now I think rather
To talk with some familiar.
Petr. Not unlikely;
For sure he has 'em subject.
Duke. How could he else
Tell when she went, and who went with her?
Petr. True.
Duke. Or hit upon mine honour? or assure
The lady loved me dearly? [me,

Enter Vecchio, *in his magical Habiliments.*

Petr. 'Twas so.
Vec. Now,
I do beseech your grace, sit down; and you, sir:
Nay, pray sit close, like brothers.
Petr. A rare fellow!
Vec. And what ye see, stir not at, nor use a word,
Until I ask you; for what shall appear
Is but weak apparition, and thin air,
Not to be held nor spoken to. [*Knocking within.*
Duke. We are counsell'd.
Vec. What noise is that without there?
Fred. [*Within.*] We must speak with him!
Serv. [*Within.*] He's busy, gentlemen.
John. [*Within.*] That's all one, friend;
We must and will speak with him.
Duke. Let 'em in, sir:
We know their tongues and business; 'tis our own,
And in this very cause that we now come for,
They also come to be instructed.
Vec. Let 'em in, then.

Enter Frederic, John, *and* Servant.

Sit down; I know your meaning.
Fred. The duke before us?
Now we shall sure know something.
Vec. Not a question;
But make your eyes your tongues.
John. This is a strange juggler;
Neither indent before-hand for his payment,
Nor know the breadth o' th' business? Sure his devil
Comes out of Lapland, where they sell men winds
For dead drink and old doublets.
Fred. Peace; he conjures.
John. Let him; he cannot raise my devil.
Fred. Pr'ythee peace!

Vec. *Appear, appear!*
And you soft winds so clear,
That dance upon the leaves, and make them [*sing*
Gentle love-lays to the spring,
Gilding all the vales below
With your verdure, as ye blow,
Raise these forms from under ground,
With a soft and happy sound. [*Soft Music.*

John. This is an honest conjurer, and a pretty poet:
I like his words well; there's no bombast in 'em.

But do you think now, he can cudgel up the devil
With this short staff of verses?
Fred. Peace! the spirits.
[*Two shapes of* Women *passing by.*
John. Nay, an they be no worse——
Vec. Do you know these faces?
Duke. No.
Vec. Sit still upon your lives then, and mark
Away, away! [what follows.
John. These devils do not paint, sure?
Have they no sweeter shapes in hell?
Fred. Hark now, John.

Enter CONSTANTIA, *veiled.*

John. Ay, marry, this moves something like;
Carries some mettle in her gait. [this devil
Vec. I find you;
You would see her face unveil'd?
Duke. Yes.
Vec. Be uncover'd. [*She unveils.*
Duke. Oh, heaven!
Vec. Peace!
Petr. See how she blushes.
John. Frederic,
This devil for my money! this is she, boy.
Why dost thou shake? I burn.
Vec. Sit still, and silent.
Duke. She looks back at me; now she smiles, sir.
Vec. Silence!
Duke. I must rise, or I burst. [*Exit* CONSTANTIA.
Vec. Ye see what follows.
Duke. Oh, gentle sir, this shape again!
Vec. I cannot;
'Tis all dissolved again. This was the figure?
Duke. The very same, sir.
Petr. No hope once more to see it?
Vec. You might have kept it longer, had you
Now 'tis impossible. [spared it;
Duke. No means to find it?

Enter a Servant, *with Wine.*

Vec. Yes, that there is; sit still a while; there's wine,
To thaw the wonder from your hearts; drink well, sir. [*Exit* VECCHIO.
John. This conjurer is a right good fellow too,
A lad of mettle; two such devils more
Would make me a conjurer. What wine is it?
Fred. Hock.
John. The devil's in it then; look how it dances.
Well, if I be——
Petr. We are all before ye,
That's your best comfort, sir.
John. By th' mass, brave wine!
Nay, an the devils live in this hell, I dare venture
Within these two months yet to be deliver'd
Of a large legion of 'em.

Enter VECCHIO.

Duke. Here he comes.
Silence of all sides, gentlemen!
Vec. Good your grace,
Observe a stricter temper; and you too, gallants;
You'll be deluded all else. This merry devil
That next appears (for such a one you'll find it),
Must be call'd up by a strange incantation;
A song, and I must sing it: 'Pray bear with me,
And pardon my rude pipe; for yet, ere parting,
Twenty to one I please ye.
Duke. We are arm'd, sir.
Petr. Nor shall you see us more transgress.
Fred. What think'st thou
Now, John?
John. Why, now do I think, Frederic,
(And, if I think amiss, Heaven pardon me!)
This honest conjurer, with some four or five
Of his good fellow-devils, and myself,
Shall be yet drunk ere midnight.
Fred. Peace! he conjures.

SONG.

Vec. Come away, thou lady gay:
Hoist! how she stumbles!
Hark how she mumbles!
Dame Gillian!
Answer. I come, I come.
Vec. By old Claret I enlarge thee,
By Canary thus I charge thee,
By Britain Metheglin, and Peeter,
Appear, and answer me in metre.
Why when?
Why, Gill!
Why when?
Answer. You'll tarry till I am ready.

Vec. Once again I conjure thee,
By the pose in thy nose,
And the gout in thy toes;
By thine old dried skin,
And the mummy within;
By thy little, little ruff,
And thy hood that's made of stuff;
By thy bottle at thy breech,
And thine old salt itch;
By the stakes and the stones,
That have worn out thy bones,
Appear,
Appear,
Appear!
Answer. Oh, I am here.

John. Why, this is the song, Frederic. Twenty
To see but our Don Gillian! [pound now

Enter Landlady, *bearing the* Child.

Fred. Peace! it appears.
John. I cannot peace! Devils in French hoods,
Satan's old syringes? [Frederic?
Duke. What's this?
Vec. Peace!
John. She, boy.
Fred. What dost thou mean?
John. She, boy, I say.
Fred. Ha!
John. She, boy;
The very child too, Frederic.
Fred. She laughs on us
Aloud, John: Has the devil these affections?
I do believe 'tis she, indeed.
Vec. Stand still.
John. I will not!
"Who calls Jeronimo from his naked bed?"
Sweet lady, was it you? If thou be'st the devil,
First, having cross'd myself, to keep out wildfire,
Then said some special prayers to defend me
Against thy most unhallow'd hood, have at thee!
Land. Hold, sir, I am no devil——
John. That's all one.
Land. I am your very landlady.
John. I defy thee!
Thus, as St. Dunstan blew the devil's nose
With a pair of tongs, even so, right worshipful—
Land. Sweet son, I am old Gillian.

Duke. This is no spirit.
John. Art thou old Gillian, flesh and bone?
Land. I am, son.
Vec. Sit still, sir; now I'll shew ye all. [*Exit.*
John. Where's thy bottle?
Land. Here, I beseech you, son——
John. For I know the devil
Cannot assume that shape.
Fred. 'Tis she, John, certain.
John. A hog's pox o' your mouldy chaps! what make you
Tumbling and juggling here?
Land. I am quit now, signor,
For all the pranks you play'd, and railings at me;
For, to tell truth, out of a trick I put
Upon your high behaviours (which was a lie,
But then it served my turn), I drew the lady
Unto my kinsman's here, only to torture
Your don-ships for a day or two, and secure her
Out of all thoughts of danger. Here she comes now.

Enter VECCHIO *and* CONSTANTIA.

Duke. May I yet speak?
Vec. Yes, and embrace her too,
For one that loves you dearer——
Duke. Oh, my sweetest!
Petr. Blush not; I will not chide you.
Con. To add more
Unto the joy I know, I bring you (see, sir),
The happy fruit of all our vows!
Duke. Heaven's blessing
Be round about thee ever!
John. Pray bless me too;
For if your grace be well instructed this way,
You'll find the keeping half the getting.
Duke. How, sir?
John. I'll tell you that anon.
Con. 'Tis true, this gentleman
Has done a charity worthy your favour,
And let him have it, dear sir.
Duke. My best lady,
He has, and ever shall have.—So must you, sir,
To whom I am equal bound as to my being.
Fred. Your grace's humble servants!
Duke. Why kneel you, sir?
Vec. For pardon for my boldness; yet 'twas harmless,
And all the art I have, sir. Those your grace saw,
Which you thought spirits, were my neighbours' children,
Whom I instruct in grammar here, and music;
Their shapes (the people's fond opinions,
Believing I can conjure, and oft repairing
To know of things stolen from 'em) I keep about me,
And always have in readiness. By conjecture,
Out of their own confessions, I oft tell 'em
Things that by chance have fall'n out so; which way
(Having the persons here, I knew you sought for,)
I wrought upon your grace. My end is mirth,
And pleasing, if I can, all parties.
Duke. I believe it,
For you have pleased me truly; so well pleased me,
That, when I shall forget it——
Petr. Here's old Antonio,
(I spied him at a window) coming mainly;
I know, about his whore; the man you lit on,
As you discover'd unto me. Good your grace,
Let's stand by all; 'twill be a mirth above all
To observe his pelting fury.

Vec. About a wench, sir?
Petr. A young whore that has robb'd him.
Vec. But do you know, sir,
Where she is?
Petr. Yes, and will make that perfect.
Vec. I am instructed well then.
John. If he come
To have a devil shewn him, by all means
Let me be he; I can roar rarely.
Petr. Be so;
But take heed to his anger.
Vec. Slip in quickly;
There you shall find suits of all sorts. When I call,
Be ready, and come forward.—Who's there comes in? [*Exeunt all but* VECCHIO.

Enter ANTONIO.

Ant. Are you the conjurer?
Vec. Sir, I can do a little
That way, if you please to employ me.
Ant. Presently,
Shew me a devil that can tell——
Vec. Where your wench is.
Ant. You are i' th' right; as also where the fiddler,
That was consenting to her.
Vec. Sit you there, sir;
You shall know presently. Can you pray heartily?
Ant. Why, is your devil so furious?
Vec. I must shew you
A form may chance affright you.
Ant. He must fart fire then:
Take you no care for me.
Vec. Ascend, Asteroth!
Why, when? appear, I say!—

Enter DON JOHN, *disguised like a Spirit.*

Now question him.
Ant. Where is my whore, Don Devil?
John. Gone to China,
To be the Great Cham's mistress.
Ant. That's a lie, devil.
Where are my jewels?
John. Pawn'd for petticoats.
Ant. That may be. Where's the fiddler?
John. Condemn'd to the gallows
For robbing of a mill.
Ant. The lying'st devil
That e'er I dealt withal, and the unlikeliest!
What was that rascal hurt me?
John. I.
Ant. How!
John. I.
Ant. Who was he?
John. I.
Ant. Do you hear, conjurer?
Dare you venture your devil?
Vec. Yes.
Ant. Then I'll venture my dagger.
Have at your devil's pate! [*Strikes him,* DON JOHN *throws off his disguise.*] Do you mew?

Re-enter DUKE, PETRUCCIO, CONSTANTIA, FREDERIC, *&c.*

Vec. Hold!
Petr. Hold there!
I do command you hold.
Ant. Is this the devil?
Why, conjurer——
Petr. He has been a devil to you, sir;
But now you shall forget all. Your whore's safe,
And all your jewels; your boy too.

John. Now the devil indeed
Lay his ten claws upon thee! for my pate
Finds what it is to be a fiend.
Ant. All's safe?
Petr. 'Pray ye know this person; all's right now.
Ant. Your grace
May now command me then. But where's my whore?
Petr. Ready to go to whipping.
Ant. My whore whipp'd?
Petr. Yes, your whore, without doubt, sir.
Ant. Whipp'd! 'Pray, gentlemen——
Duke. Why, would you have her once more rob ye? The young boy
You may forgive; he was enticed.
John. The whore, sir,
Would rather carry pity; a handsome whore!
Ant. A gentleman, I warrant thee.
Petr. Let's in all;
And if we see contrition in your whore, sir,
Much may be done.
Duke. Now, my dear fair, to you,
And the full consummation of my vow! [*Exeunt.*

EPILOGUE.

We have not held you long; nor do I see
One brow in this selected company
Assuring a dislike. Our pains were eased,
Could we be confident that all rise pleased;
But such ambition soars too high: If we
Have satisfied the best, and they agree
In a fair censure, we have our reward,
And, in them arm'd, desire no surer guard.

THE BLOODY BROTHER:

OR,

ROLLO, DUKE OF NORMANDY.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

ROLLO, } *Brothers, Dukes of Normandy.*
OTTO, }
AUBREY, *their Kinsman.*
GISBERT, *the Chancellor.*
BALDWIN, *the* Princes' *Tutor.*
GRANDPREE, } *Captains of* ROLLO'S *Faction.*
VERDON, }
TREVILE, } *Captains of* OTTO'S *Faction.*
DUPRETE, }
LATORCH, ROLLO'S *Earwig.*
HAMOND, *Captain of the Guard to* ROLLO.
ALLAN, *his Brother.*

NORBRETT, *a Doctor,* } *Five Cheating Rogues.*
LA FISK, }
RUBEE, *a Friar,* }
DE BUBE, }
PIPEAU, *a Boy,* }
Cook.
Yeoman of the Cellar.
Butler.
Pantler.
Lords, Sheriff, Guard, Officers, *and* Boys.

SOPHIA, *Mother to the* Dukes.
MATILDA, *her Daughter.*
EDITH, *Daughter to* BALDWIN.

SCENE,—CAEN; AND IN ACT IV., SCENE II., AT ROUEN.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—CAEN.—*An Apartment in the Palace.*

Enter GISBERT *and* BALDWIN.

Bald. The brothers then are met?
Gis. They are, sir.
Bald. 'Tis thought
They may be reconciled.
Gis. 'Tis rather wish'd;
For such, whose reason doth direct their thoughts,
Without self-flattery, dare not hope it, Baldwin.
The fires of love, which the dead duke believed
His equal care of both would have united,
Ambition hath divided: And there are
Too many on both parts, that know they cannot
Or rise to wealth and honour (their main ends),
Unless the tempest of the princes' fury
Make troubled seas, and those seas yield fit billows
To heave them up; and these are too well practised
In their bad arts to give way to a calm,
Which, yielding rest to good men, proves their ruin.
Bald. And in the shipwreck of their hopes and fortunes,
The dukedom might be saved, had it but ten
That stood affected to the general good,
With that confirm'd zeal which brave Aubrey does.
Gis. He is indeed the perfect character
Of a good man, and so his actions speak him.
Bald. But did you observe the many doubts and cautions
The brothers stood upon before they met?
Gis. I did; and yet, that ever brothers should
Stand on more nice terms than sworn enemies
After a war proclaim'd, would with a stranger
Wrong the reporter's credit. They saluted
At distance, and so strong was the suspicion
Each had of other, that, before they durst
Embrace, they were by several servants search'd,
As doubting conceal'd weapons; antidotes
Ta'en openly by both, fearing the room
Appointed for the interview was poison'd;
The chairs and cushions, with like care, survey'd;
And, in a word, in every circumstance,
So jealous on both parts, that it is more
Than to be feared, concord can never join
Minds so divided.
Bald. Yet our best endeavours
Should not be wanting, Gisbert.
Gis. Neither shall they.

Enter GRANDPREE *and* VERDON.

But what are these?
Bald. They are without my knowledge;
But, by their manners and behaviours,
They should express themselves.
Grandp. Since we serve Rollo,
The eldest brother, we'll be Rollians,
Who will maintain us, lads, as brave as Romans.
You stand for him?
Verd. I do.
Grandp. Why then, observe

How much the business, the so-long'd-for business,
By men that are named from their swords, concerns you.
Lechery, our common friend, so long kept under
With whips, and beating fatal hemp, shall rise,
And Bawdry, in a French hood, plead before her;
Where it shall be concluded, after twelve
Virginity shall be carted.
Verd. Excellent!
Grandp. And Hell but grant, the quarrel that's between
The princes may continue, and the business
That's of the sword, to out-last three suits in law!
And we will make attornies lance-prizadoes,
And our brave gown-men practisers of back-sword!
The pewter of all sergeants' maces shall
Be melted, and turn'd into common flaggons,
In which it shall be lawful to carouse
To their most lousy fortunes.
Bald. Here's a statesman!
Grandp. A creditor shall not dare, but by petition,
To make demand of any debt; and that
Only once every leap year, in which, if
The debtor may be won, for a French crown
To pay a sous, he shall be register'd
His benefactor.
Verd. The chancellor hears you.
Grandp. Fear not; I now dare speak as loud as he,
And will be heard, and have all I speak law.—
Have you no eyes? There is a reverence due
From children of the gown to men of action.
Gis. How's this?
Grandp. Even so: The times, the times are changed;
All business is not now preferr'd in parchment,
Nor shall a grant pass that wants this broad seal:
[*Shews his sword.*
This seal, do you see? Your gravity once laid
My head and heels together in the dungeon,
For cracking a scald officer's crown, for which
A time is come for vengeance, and expect it;
For know, you have not full three hours to live.
Gis. Yes, somewhat longer.
Grandp. To what end?
Gis. To hang you:
Think on that, ruffian!
Grandp. For you, schoolmaster,
You have a pretty daughter: Let me see;
Near three o'clock, (by which time, I much fear,
I shall be tired with killing some five hundred)
Provide a bath, and her to entertain me,
And that shall be your ransom.
Bald. Impudent rascal!

Enter TREVILE *and* DUPRETE.

Gis. More of the crew?
Grandp. What are you? Rollians?
Trev. No; this for Rollo, and all such as serve him! [*Snaps his fingers.*
We stand for Otto.
Grandp. You seem men of fashion,
And therefore I'll deal fairly; you shall have
The honour this day to be chronicled
The first men kill'd by Grandpree. You see this sword;
A pretty foolish toy, my valour's servant,
And I may boldly say a gentleman,
It having made, when it was Charlemaign's,
Three thousand knights; this, sir, shall cut your throat,
And do you all fair service else.
Trev. I kiss
Your hands for the good offer: Here's another,
The servant of your servant, which shall be proud
To be scoured in your sweet guts; till when
Pray you command me.
Grandp. Your idolater, sir.
[*Exeunt all but* GISBERT *and* BALDWIN.
Gis. That ever such should hold the names of men,
Or justice be held cruelty, when it labours
To pluck such weeds up!
Bald. Yet they are protected,
And by the great ones.
Gis. Not the good ones, Baldwin.

Enter AUBREY.

Aub. Is this a time to be spent thus, by such
As are the principal ministers of the state,
When they that are the heads have fill'd the court
With factions, a weak woman only left
To stay their bloody hands? Can her weak arms
Alone divert the dangers ready now
To fall upon the commonwealth, and bury
The honours of it, leaving not the name
Of what it was?—Oh, Gisbert, the fair trials
And frequent proofs which our late master made,
Both of your love and faith, gave him assurance,
To chuse you at his death a guardian, nay,
A father to his sons; and that great trust,
How ill do you discharge! I must be plain,
That, at the best, you're a sad looker-on
Of those bad practices you should prevent.—
And where's the use of your philosophy
In this so needful time? Be not secure;
For, Baldwin, be assured, since that the princes
(When they were young, and apt for any form)
Were given to your instruction, and grave order-ing,
'Twill be expected that they should be good,
Or their bad manners will be imputed yours.
Bald. 'Twas not in me, my lord, to alter nature.
Gis. Nor can my counsels work on them, that will not
Vouchsafe me hearing.
Aub. Do these answers sort
Or with your place, or persons, or your years?
Can Gisbert, being the pillar of the laws,
See them trod under foot, or forced to serve
The princes' unjust ends, and, with a frown,
Be silenced from exclaiming on the abuse?
Or Baldwin only weep the desperate madness
Of his seduced pupils? see their minds,
(Which with good arts he laboured to build up,
Examples of succeeding times) o'erturn'd
By undermining parasites? No one precept,
Leading to any act or great or good,
But is forced from their memory; in whose room
Black counsels are received, and their retirements
And secret conference producing only
Devilish designs, a man would shame to father!
But I talk when I should do, and chide others
For that I now offend in.

Enter ROLLO, *with* LATORCH, GRANDPREE, *and* VERDON; *and* OTTO, *with* TREVILE *and* DUPRETE.

See 't confirmed!
Now do, or never speak more!
Gis. We are yours.—
Rollo. You shall know who I am!
Otto. I do; my equal!
Rollo. Thy prince. Give way! Were we alone, I'd force thee,

In thy best blood to write thyself my subject,
And glad I would receive it.
Aub. Sir!
Gis. Dear lord!
Otto. Thy subject?
Rollo. Yes; nor shall tame patience hold me,
A minute longer, only half myself.
My birth gave me this dukedom, and my sword
Shall change it to the common grave of all
That tread upon her bosom, ere I part with
A piece of earth, or title, that is mine!
Otto. I need it not, and would scorn to receive,
Though offer'd, what I want not: Therefore know
From me, (though not deliver'd in great words,
Eyes red with rage, poor pride, and threatening action)
Our father at his death, then, when no accent
(Wert thou a son) could fall from him in vain,
Made us co-heirs, our part of land and honours
Of equal weight; and, to see this confirm'd,
The oaths of these are yet upon record, [down
Who, though they should forsake me, and call
The plagues of perjury on their sinful heads,
I would not leave myself.
Trev. Nor will we see
The will of the dead duke infringed.
Lat. Nor I
The elder robb'd of what's his right.
Grandp. Nor you?
Let me take place!—I say, I will not see't!
My sword is sharpest.
Aub. Peace, you tinder-boxes,
That only carry matter to make a flame
Which will consume you!
Rollo. You are troublesome:
[*To* BALDWIN.
This is no time for arguments! My title
Needs not your school-defences; but my sword,
With which the gordian of your sophistry
Being cut, shall shew th' imposture.—For your laws, [*To* GISBERT.
It is in me to change them as I please,
I being above them, Gisbert! Would you have me protect them?
Let them now stretch their extremest rigour,
And seize upon that traitor; and your tongue
Make him appear first dangerous, then odious;
And after, under the pretence of safety
For the sick state, the land's and people's quiet,
Cut off his head: And I'll give up my sword,
And fight with them at a more certain weapon
To kill, and with authority.
Gis. Sir, I grant
The laws are useful weapons, but found out
To assure the innocent, not to oppress.
Rollo. Then you conclude him innocent?
Gis. The power
Your father gave him must not prove a crime.
Aub. Nor should you so receive it.
Bald. To which purpose,
All that dare challenge any part in goodness
Will become suppliants to you.
Rollo. They have none,
That dare move me in this. Hence! I defy you!
Be of his party, bring to it your laws;
[*To* GISBERT.
And thou thy double heart, thou popular fool,
[*To* BALDWIN.
Your moral rules of justice, and her balance:
I stand on my own guard!
Otto. Which thy injustice
Will make thy enemy's. By the memory
Of him whose better part now suffers for thee,
Whose reverend ashes, with an impious hand,
Thou throw'st out to contempt, (in thy repining
At his so just decree) thou art unworthy
Of what his last will, not thy merit, gave thee!
That art so swol'n within, with all those mischie
That e'er made up a tyrant, that thy breast,
The prison of thy purposes, cannot hold them,
But that they break forth, and, in thy own word
Discover what a monster they must serve
That shall acknowledge thee!
Rollo. Thou shalt not live
To be so happy!
[*He offers his sword at* OTTO, *the faction joinin*
Aub. [*Getting between the brothers.*] Nor yo
Begin in murder. Duty, allegiance, [miseri
And all respects of what you are, forsake me!
Do ye stare on? Is this a theatre?
Or shall these kill themselves, like to mad fencer
To make ye sport? Keep them asunder, or,
By Heaven, I'll charge on all!
Grandp. Keep the peace!
I am for you, my lord; and, if you'll have me,
I'll act the constable's part.
Aub. Live I to see this?
Will you do that your enemies dare not wish,
And cherish in yourselves those furies, which
Hell would cast out?—Do (I am ready) kill me,
And these, that would fall willing sacrifices
To any power that would restore your reason,
And make ye men again, which now ye are not!
Rollo. These are your bucklers, boy!
Otto. My hindrances;
And, were I not confirm'd, my justice in
The taking of thy life could not weigh down
The wrong in shedding the least drop of blood
Of these whose goodness only now protects thee
Thou shouldst feel I in act would prove myself
What thou in words dost labour to appear!
Rollo. Hear this, and talk again? I'll bre through all,
But I will reach thy heart. [*Rushing upon* OTT
Otto. 'Tis better guarded.

Enter SOPHIA.

Soph. Make way, or I will force it!—Who a these?
My sons? my shames! Turn all your swords me,
And make this wretched body but one wound,
So this unnatural quarrel finds a grave
In the unhappy womb that brought ye forth!
Dare you remember that you had a mother,
Or look on these grey hairs, (made so with tears
For both your goods, and not with age) and yet
Stand doubtful to obey her? From me you had
Life, nerves, and faculties, to use those weapons
And dare you raise them against her, to whom
You owe the means of being what you are?
Otto. All peace is meant to you.
Soph. Why is this war then?
As if your arms could be advanced, and I
Not set upon the rack? Your blood is mine,
Your danger's mine; your goodness I shou share in,
And must be branded with those impious marks
You stamp on your own foreheads and on mine,
If you go on thus. For my good name, therefore

Though all respects of honour in yourselves
Be in your fury choak'd, throw down your swords,
(Your duty should be swifter than my tongue)
And join your hands while they are innocent!
You have heat of blood, and youth apt to ambition,
To plead an easy pardon for what's past;
But all the ills beyond this hour committed,
From gods or men must hope for no excuse.
Gis. Can you hear this unmoved?
Aub. No syllable
Of this so pious charm, but should have power
To frustrate all the juggling deceits,
With which the devil blinds you.
Otto. I begin
To melt, I know not how.
Rollo. Mother, I'll leave you:—
And, sir, be thankful for the time you live,
Till we meet next, (which shall be soon and sudden)
To her persuasion for you.
Soph. Oh, yet stay,
And, rather than part thus, vouchsafe me hearing
As enemies!—How is my soul divided!
My love to both is equal, as my wishes,
But is return'd by neither. My grieved heart,
Hold yet a little longer, and then break!—
I kneel to both, and will speak so, but this
Takes from me the authority of a mother's power;
And therefore, like myself, Otto, to thee:
(And yet observe, son, how thy mother's tears
Outstrip her forward words, to make way for 'em)
Thou art the younger, Otto; yet be now
The first example of obedience to me,
And grow the elder in my love.
Otto. The means
To be so happy?
Soph. This; yield up thy sword,
And let thy piety give thy mother strength
To take that from thee, which no enemies' force
Could e'er despoil thee of!—[Otto *gives up his sword.*] Why dost thou tremble,
And with a fearful eye, fix'd on thy brother,
Observ'st his ready sword, as bent against thee?
I am thy armour, and will be pierced through
Ten thousand times, before I will give way
To any peril may arrive at thee;
And therefore fear not.
Otto. 'Tis not for myself,
But for you, mother: You are now engaged
In more than lies in your unquestion'd virtue;
For, since you have disarm'd me of defence,
Should I fall now, though by his hand, the world
May say it was your practice.
Soph. All worlds perish,
Before my piety turn Treason's parent!
Take it again, and stand upon your guard,
And, while your brother is, continue arm'd:
And yet this fear is needless; for I know
My Rollo, though he dares as much as man,
So tender of his yet untainted valour,
So noble, that he dares do nothing basely.
You doubt him; he fears you; I doubt and fear
Both, for [the] other's safety, and not mine own.
Know yet, my sons, when of necessity
You must deceive or be deceived, 'tis better
To suffer treason, than to act the traitor;
And in a war like this, in which the glory
Is his that's overcome—Consider then
What 'tis for which you strive! Is it the dukedom?
Or the command of these so-ready subjects?
Desire of wealth? or whatsoever else
Fires your ambition, 'tis still desperate madness
To kill the people which you would be lords of;
With fire and sword to lay that country waste
Whose rule you seek for; to consume the treasures,
Which are the sinews of your government,
In cherishing the factions that destroy it:
Far, far be this from you! Make it not question'd
Whether you can have interest in that dukedom
Whose ruin both contend for.
Otto. I desire
But to enjoy my own, which I will keep.
Rollo. And rather than posterity shall have cause
To say I ruin'd all, divide the dukedom:
I will accept the moiety.
Otto. I embrace it.
Soph. Divide me first, or tear me limb by limb,
And let them find as many several graves
As there are villages in Normandy:
And 'tis less sin, than thus to weaken it.
To hear it mention'd doth already make me
Envy my dead lord, and almost blaspheme
Those powers that heard my prayers for fruitfulness,
And did not with my first birth close my womb!
To me alone my second blessing proves
My first, my first of misery; for if that Heaven,
Which gave me Rollo, there had staid his bounty,
And Otto, my dear Otto, ne'er had been,
Or, being, had not been so worth my love,
The stream of my affection had run constant
In one fair current; all my hopes had been
Laid up in one, and fruitful Normandy
In this division had not lost her glories:
For as 'tis now, 'tis a fair diamond,
Which being preserved entire, exceeds all value,
But cut in pieces (though these pieces are
Set in fine gold by the best workman's cunning)
Parts with all estimation: So this dukedom,
As 'tis yet whole, the neighbouring kings may covet,
But cannot compass; which divided, will
Become the spoil of every barbarous foe
That will invade it.
Gis. How this works in both!
Bald. Prince Rollo's eyes have lost their fire.
Gis. And anger,
That but even now wholly possess'd good Otto,
Hath given place to pity.
Aub. End not thus,
Madam, but perfect what's so well begun.
Soph. I see in both fair signs of reconcilement;
Make them sure proofs they are so: The fates offer
To your free choice, either to live examples
Of piety, or wickedness: If the latter
Blinds so your understanding, that you cannot
Pierce through her painted outside, and discover
That she is all deformity within,
Boldly transcend all precedents of mischief,
And let the last and the worst end of tyrannies,
The murder of a mother, but begin
The stain of blood you after are to heighten!
But if that Virtue, and her sure rewards,
Can win you to accept her for your guide,
To lead you up to Heaven, and there fix you
The fairest stars in the bright sphere of honour;
Make me the parent of an hundred sons,
All brought into the world with joy, not sorrow,
And every one a father to his country,
In being now made mother of your concord!
Rollo. Such, and so good, loud Fame for ever speak you!

Bald. Ay, now they meet like brothers.
[*The* Brothers *throw down their swords, and embrace.*
Gis. My heart's joy
Flows through my eyes.
Aub. May never woman's tongue
Hereafter be accused, for this one's goodness!
Otto. If we contend, from this hour, it shall be
How to o'ercome in brotherly affection.
Rollo. Otto is Rollo now, and Rollo, Otto;
Or, as they have one mind, rather one name.
From this atonement let our lives begin;
Be all the rest forgotten!
Aub. Spoke like Rollo!
Soph. And, to the honour of this reconcilement,
We all this night will, at a public feast,
With choice wines, drown our late fears, and with
Welcome our comforts. [music
Bald. Sure and certain ones.
Soph. Supported thus, I am secure! Oh, sons,
This is your mother's triumph!
Rollo. You deserve it.
[*Exeunt all but* GRANDPREE, VERDON, TREVILE, *and* DUPRETS.

Grandp. Did ever such a hopeful business end thus?
Verd. 'Tis fatal to us all; and yet you, Grandpree,
Have the least cause to fear.
Grandp. Why, what's my hope?
Verd. The certainty that you have to be hang'd:
You know the chancellor's promise.
Grandp. Plague upon you!
Verd. What think you of a bath, and a lord's
To entertain you? [daughter,
Grandp. Those desires are off;
Frail thoughts! All friends; no Rollians now, nor Otto's!
The several courtesies of our swords and servants
Defer to after-consequence; let's make use
Of this night's freedom, a short parliament to us,
In which it will be lawful to walk freely;
Nay, to our drink we shall have meat too, that's
No usual business to the men o' th' sword.
Drink deep with me to-night, we shall to-morrow
Or whip or hang the merrier.
Trev. Lead the way then. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*Another Room in the same.*

Enter LATORCH *and* ROLLO.

Lat. Why should this trouble you?
Rollo. It does, and must do,
Till I find ease.
Lat. Consider then, and quickly;
And, like a wise man, take the current with you,
Which, once turn'd head, will sink you. Blest occasion
Offers herself in thousand safeties to you;
Time standing still to point you out your purpose,
And Resolution (the true child of Virtue)
Ready to execute. What dull cold weakness
Has crept into your bosom, whose mere thoughts,
Like tempests, ploughing up the sailing forests,
Even with their swing were wont to shake down
What is't? your mother's tears? [hazards?
Rollo. Pr'ythee be patient..
Lat. Her hands held up? her prayers, or her curses?
Oh, power of pray'r and tears dropp'd by a woman!
Take heed the soldiers see it not; 'tis miserable,
In Rollo below miserable; take heed your friends,
The sinews of your cause, the strength you stir by,
Take heed, I say, they find it not; take heed
Your own repentance (like a passing-bell)
Too late and too loud, tell the world you are perish'd!
What noble spirit, eager of advancement,
Whose employment is his plough; what sword, whose sharpness
Waits but the arm to wield it; or what hope,
After the world has blown abroad this weakness,
Will move again, or make a wish for Rollo?
Rollo. Are we not friends again, by each oath
Our tongues the heralds of our hearts? [ratified?
Lat. Poor hearts then!
Rollo. Our worthier friends——
Lat. No friends, sir, to your honour;
Friends to your fall! Where is your understanding,
The noble vessel that your full soul sail'd in,
Ribb'd round with honours? where is that? 'tis ruin'd,
The tempest of a woman's sighs has sunk it,
Friendship (take heed, sir!) is a smiling harlot,
That, when she kisses, kills! A solder'd friendship,
Pieced out with promises? Oh, painted ruin!
Rollo. Latorch, he is my brother.
Lat. The more doubted;
For hatred hatch'd at home is a tame tiger,
May fawn and sport, but never leave his nature.
The jars of brothers, two such mighty ones,
Are like a small stone thrown into a river,
The breach scarce heard, but view the beaten cur-
And you shall see a thousand angry rings [rent,
Rise in his face, still swelling and still growing:
So jars circling distrust, distrusts breed dangers,
And dangers death, the greatest extreme shadow,
Till nothing bound 'em but the shore, their graves.
There is no manly wisdom, nor no safety,
In leaning to this league, this piece-patcht friend-
This rear'd-up reconcilement on a billow; [ship,
Which, as it tumbles, totters down your fortune.
Is't not your own you reach at, law and nature
Ushering the way before you? Is not he
Born and bequeath'd your subject?
Rollo. Ha!
Lat. What fool
Would give a storm leave to disturb his peace,
When he may shut the casement? Can that man
Has won so much upon you by your pity,
And drawn so high, that like an ominous comet
He darkens all your light! can this couch'd lion
(Though now he licks and locks up his fell paws,
Craftily humming like a cat to cozen you,)
But (when ambition whets him, and time fits him)
Leap to his prey, and seized once, suck your heart out?
Do you make it conscience?
Rollo. Conscience, Latorch! what's that?
Lat. A fear they tie up fools in, Nature's coward,

Palling the blood, and chilling the full spirits
With apprehension of mere clouds and shadows.
Rollo. I know no conscience, nor I fear no shadows!
Lat. Or if you did, if there were conscience,
If the free soul could suffer such a curb
To the fiery mind; such puddle to put it out;
Must it needs, like a rank vine, run up rudely,
And twine about the top of all our happiness,
Honour and Rule, and there sit shaking of us?
Rollo. It shall not, nor it must not! I am satisfied,
And once more am myself again.
My mother's tears, and womanish cold prayers,
Farewell! I have forgot you. If there be Conscience,
Let it not come betwixt a crown and me,
(Which is my hope of bliss) and I believe it.
Otto, our friendship thus I blow to air,
A bubble for a boy to play withal;
And all the vows my weakness made, like this,
Like this poor heartless rush, I rend in pieces.
Lat. Now you go right, sir! now your eyes are open.
Rollo. My father's last petition's dead as he is,
And all the promises I closed his eyes with,
In the same grave I bury.
Lat. Now you are a man, sir.
Rollo. Otto, thou shew'st my winding-sheet before me,
Which, ere I put it on, like Heaven's blest fire,
In my descent I'll make it blush in blood!
(A crown, a crown! Oh, sacred rule, now fire me!)
Nor shall the pity of thy youth, false brother,
Although a thousand virgins kneel before me,
And every dropping eye a court of mercy,
The same blood with me, nor the reverence
Due to my mother's blessed womb that bred us,
Redeem thee from my doubts: Thou art a wolf here,
Fed with my fears, and I must cut thee from me;
No safety else.
Lat. But be not too much stirr'd, sir,
Nor too high in your execution: Swallowing waters
Run deep and silent, till they are satisfied,
And smile in thousand curls, to gild their craft;
Let your sword sleep, and let my two-edged wit work.
This happy feast, the full joy of your friendship,
Shall be his last!
Rollo. How, my Latorch?
Lat. Why thus, sir:
I'll presently go dive into the officers
That minister at table; gold and goodness,
With promise upon promise, and time necessary,
I'll pour into them.
Rollo. Canst thou do it neatly?
Lat. Let me alone; and such a bait it shall be,
Shall take off all suspicion.
Rollo. Go, and prosper!
Lat. Walk in then, and your smoothest face put on, sir. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*Servants' Hall in the same.*

Enter the Master Cook, Butler, Pantler, Yeoman of the Cellar, *with a jack of beer and a dish.*

Cook. A hot day, a hot day, vengeance hot day, boys!
Give me some drink; this fire's a plaguy fretter! [*Drinking out of the dish.*
Body of me, I am dry still! give me the jack, boy;
This wooden skiff holds nothing.
Pant. And, 'faith, master,
What brave new meats? for here will be old eating.
Cook. Old and young, boy, let 'em all eat, I have it;
I have ballast for their bellies, if they eat a' god's name.
Let 'em have ten tire of teeth a-piece, I care not.
But. But what new rare munition?
Cook. Pho! a thousand:
I'll make you pigs speak French at table, and a fat swan
Come sailing out of England with a challenge;
I'll make you a dish of calves' feet dance the canaries,
And a consort of cramm'd capons fiddle to 'em:
A calf's head speak an oracle, and a dozen of larks
Rise from the dish, and sing all supper time:
'Tis nothing, boys. I have framed a fortification
Out of rye-paste, which is impregnable;
And against that, for two long hours together,
Two dozen of marrow-bones shall play continually.
For fish, I'll make you a standing lake of white-broth,
And pikes come plowing up the plums before them;
Arion-like on a dolphin, playing Lachrymæ;
And brave king herring with his oil and onion
Crown'd with a lemon peel, his way prepared
With his strong guard of pilchers.
Pant. Ay marry, master!
Cook. All these are nothing: I'll make you a stubble goose
Turn o' th' toe thrice, do a cross point presently,
And then sit down again, and cry, "Come eat me!"
These are for mirth. Now, sir, for matter of mourning,
I'll bring you in the lady Loin-of-veal,
With the long love she bore the Prince of Orange.
All. Thou boy, thou!
Cook. I have a trick for thee too,
And a rare trick, and I have done it for thee.
Yeo. What's that, good master?
Cook. 'Tis a sacrifice:
A full vine bending, like an arch, and under
The blown god Bacchus, sitting on a hogshead,
His altar beer; before that, a plump vintner
Kneeling, and offering incense to his deity,
Which shall be only this, red sprats and pilchers.
But. This when the table's drawn, to draw the wine on.
Cook. Thou hast it right; and then comes thy song, butler.
Pant. This will be admirable!
Yeo. Oh, sir, most admirable!
Cook. If you will have the pasty speak, 'tis in my power;
I have fire enough to work it. Come, stand close.
And now rehearse the song, we may be perfect,
The drinking song; and say I were the brothers.
[*They sing.*

SONG.

Drink to-day, and drown all sorrow,
You shall perhaps not do it to-morrow.
Best while you have it use your breath;
There is no drinking after death.

Wine works the heart up, wakes the wit,
There is no cure 'gainst age but it.
It helps the head-ach, cough, and ptisic,
And is for all diseases physic.

Then let us swill, boys, for our health;
Who drinks well, loves the commonwealth.
And he that will to bed go sober,
Falls with the leaf, still in October.

Cook. Well have you borne yourselves. A red deer pie, boys.
And that no lean one, I bequeath your virtues.
What friends hast thou to-day? no citizens?
Pant. Yes, father, the old crew.
Cook. By the mass, true wenches!
Sirrah, set by a chine of beef, and a hot pasty,
And let the joll of sturgeon be corrected:
And (do you mark, sir?) stalk me to a pheasant,
And see an you can shoot her into th' cellar.
But. God-a-mercy, lad, send me thy roaring
And with such nectar I will see 'em fill'd, [bottles,
That all thou speak'st shall be pure Helicon.—

Enter LATORCH.

Monsieur Latorch? What news with him? Save you!
Lat. Save you, master! save you, gentlemen!
You are casting for this preparation,
This joyful supper for the royal brothers.
I am glad I have met you fitly, for to your charge,
My bountiful brave Butler, I must deliver
A bevy of young lasses, that must look on
This night's solemnity, and see the two dukes,
Or I shall lose my credit: You have stowage?
But. For such freight I'll find room, and be your servant.
Cook. Bring them; they shall not starve here; I'll send 'em victuals
Shall work you a good turn, though it be ten days
Lat. God-a-mercy, noble master! [hence, sir.
Cook. Nay, I'll do't.
Yeo. And wine they shall not want, let 'em drink like ducks.
Lat. What misery it is that minds so royal,
And such most honest bounties, as yours are,
Should be confined thus to uncertainties!
But. Ay, were the state once settled, then we had places!
Yeo. Then we could show ourselves, and help our friends, sir.
Cook. Ay, then there were some savour in't, where now
We live between two stools, every hour ready
To tumble on our noses; and for aught we know yet,
For all this supper, ready to fast the next day.
Lat. I would fain speak unto you, out of pity,
Out of the love I bear you, out of honesty,
For your own goods; nay, for the general blessing.
Cook. And we would as fain hear you; pray go forward!
Lat. Dare you but think to make yourselves up certainties,
Your places and your credits ten times doubled?
The prince's favour? Rollo's?
But. A sweet gentleman!
Yeo. Ay, and as bounteous, if he had his right too.
Cook. By the mass, a royal gentleman, indeed,
He'll make the chimnies smoak! [boys!
Lat. He would do't, friends;
And you too, if he had his right, true courtiers.
What could you want then?—Dare you?
Cook. Pray you be short, sir.
Lat. And this, my soul upon't, I dare assure you,
If you but dare your parts——
Cook. Dare not me, monsieur;
For I that fear nor fire nor water, sir,
Dare do enough, a man would think.
Yeo. Believe't, sir,
But make this good upon us you have promised,
You shall not find us flinchers.
Lat. Then I'll be sudden.
Pant. What may this mean? and whither would he drive us? [*Aside*
Lat. And first, for what you must do (because all danger
Shall be apparently tied up and muzzled,
The matter seeming mighty) there's your pardons
Pant. Pardons? is't come to that? Good gods defend us! [*Aside*
Lat. And here's five hundred crowns, in bounteous earnest:
And now, behold the matter. [*Gives each a paper*
But. What are these, sir?
Yeo. And of what nature? to what use?
Lat. Imagine.
Cook. Will they kill rats? (they eat my pie abominably)
Or work upon a woman cold as Christmas?
I have an old jade sticks upon my fingers.
May I taste them?
Lat. Is your will made? [you
And have you said your prayers? for they'll pay
And now to come up to you, for your knowledge,
And for the good you never shall repent you,
If you be wise men now——
Cook. Wise as you will, sir.
Lat. These must be put then into the severa meats
Young Otto loves; by you into his wine, sir,
Into his bread by you; by you into his linen.
Now, if you desire, you have found the means
To make ye; and, if ye dare not, ye have found
Your ruin: Resolve me ere I go.
But. You'll keep faith with us?
Lat. May I no more see light else!
Cook. Why, 'tis done then.
But. 'Tis done!
Pant. It is done—which shall be undone. [*Aside*
Lat. About it then! farewell!
Ye're all of one mind?
Cook. All.
All. All, all.
Lat. Why then, all happy! [*Exit*
But. What did we promise him?
Yeo. Do you ask that now?
But. I would be glad to know what 'tis.
Pant. I'll tell you;
It is to be all villains, knaves, and traitors.
Cook. Fine wholesome titles!
But. But, if we dare go forward——
Cook. We may be hang'd, drawn, and quarter'd
Pant. Very true, sir!
Cook. Oh, what a goodly swing
I shall give the gallows! Yet I think too
This may be done, and yet we may be rewarded,
Not with a rope, but with a royal master:—
And yet we may be hang'd too.
Yeo. Say 'twere done;
Who is it done for? Is it not for Rollo,
And for his right?
Cook. And yet we may be hang'd too.
But. Or say he take it, say we be discover'd?
Yeo. Is not the same man bound still to protect
Are we not his? [us
But. Sure he will never fail us.
Cook. If he do, friends, we shall find that will hold us.

And yet, methinks, this prologue to our purpose,
These crowns should promise more. 'Tis easily
As easy as a man would roast an egg, [done,
If that be all: For, look you, gentlemen!
Here stand my broths; my finger slips a little,
Down drops a dose; I stir him with my ladle,
And there's a dish for a duke; *olla podrida*.
Here stands a baked meat, he wants a little seasoning;
A foolish mistake! my spice-box, gentlemen,
And put in some of this, the matter's ended;
Dredge you a dish of plovers, there's the art on't;
Or in a galingale, a little does it.
Yeo. Or as I fill my wine——
Cook. 'Tis very true, sir,
Blessing it with your hand, thus quick and neatly
'Tis past. [first,
Yeo. And done once, 'tis as easy
For him to thank us for it, and reward us.
Pant. But 'tis a damned sin!
Cook. Oh, never fear that.
The fire's my play-fellow, and now I am resolved,
But. Why then, have with you. [boys.
Yeo. The same for me.
Pant. For me too.
Cook. And now, no more our worships, but our lordships.
Pant. [*Aside.*] Not this year, on my knowledge: I'll unlord you. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*The State Room in the same.—A Banquet prepared.*

Enter Servant, *and* Sewer *bringing in dishes.*

Serv. Perfume the room round, and prepare the
Gentlemen officers, wait in your places. [table.
Sewer. Make room there;
Room for the dukes' meat! Gentlemen, be bare there;
Clear all the entrance. Guard, put by those gapers;
And, gentlemen-ushers, see the gallery clear;
The dukes are coming on. [*Hautboys.*

Enter Sophia, *between* Rollo *and* Otto, Aubrey, Latorch, Gisbert, Baldwin, Attendants, Hamond, Matilda, *and* Edith.

Serv. [*Whispering to* Otto.] 'Tis certainly
Otto. Reward the fellow, [inform'd.
And look you mainly to it.
Serv. My life for yours, sir!
Sophia. Now am I straight, my lords, and young again;
My long-since blasted hopes shoot out in blossoms,
The fruits of everlasting love appearing.
Oh! my blest boys, the honour of my years,
Of all my cares the bounteous fair rewarders,
Oh! let me thus embrace you, thus for ever
Within a mother's love lock up your friendships!
And, my sweet sons, once more with mutual twinings,
As one chaste bed begot ye, make one body!
[*They embrace.*
Blessings from Heaven in thousand show'rs fall on ye!
Aub. Oh, woman's goodness never to be equall'd!
May the most sinful creatures of thy sex,
But kneeling at thy monument, rise saints!
Soph. Sit down, my worthy sons; my lords, your places.
Ay, now methinks the table's nobly furnish'd;
Now the meat nourishes; the wine gives spirit;
And all the room, stuck with a general pleasure,
Shews like the peaceful bower of happiness.
Aub. Long may it last! and, from a heart fill'd with it
Full as my cup, I give it round, my lords.
[*They drink.*
Bald. And may that stubborn heart be drunk with sorrow,
Refuses it! Men dying now should take it,
And, by the virtue of this ceremony,
Shake off their miseries, and sleep in peace.
Rollo. You are sad, my noble brother.
Otto. No, indeed, sir.
Soph. No sadness, my sweet son, this day.
Rollo. Pray you eat;
Something is here you have loved; taste of this
It will prepare your stomach. [dish,
Otto. Thank you, brother:
I am not now disposed to eat.
Rollo. Or that;
(You put us out of heart, man) come, these baked meats
Were ever your best diet.
Otto. None, I thank you.
Soph. Are you well, noble child?
Otto. Yes, gracious mother.
Rollo. Give him a cup of wine, then.—Pledge the health;
Drink it to me; I'll give it to my mother.
Soph. Do, my best child.
Otto. I must not, my best mother,
Indeed I dare not; for, of late, my body
Has been much weaken'd by excess of diet;
The promise of a fever hanging on me,
And even now ready, if not by abstinence——
Rollo. And will you keep it in this general freedom?
A little health preferr'd before our friendship?
Otto. I pray you excuse me, sir.
Rollo. Excuse yourself, sir;
Come, 'tis your fear, and not your fever, brother,
And you have done me a most worthy kindness!—
My royal mother, and you, noble lords,
Hear, for it now concerns me to speak boldly:
What faith can be expected from his vows;
From his dissembling smiles, what fruit of friendship;
From all his full embraces, what blest issue:
When he shall brand me here for base suspicion?
He takes me for a poisoner——
Soph. Gods defend it, son!
Rollo. For a foul knave, a villain, and so fears
Otto. I could say something too. [me.
Soph. You must not so, sir,
Without your great forgetfulness of virtue:
This is your brother, and your honour'd brother,
Indeed your loving brother.
Rollo. If he please so.
Soph. One noble father, with as noble thoughts,
Begot your minds and bodies; one care rock'd you;
And one truth to you both was ever sacred.
Now fy, my Otto! whither flies your goodness?
Because the right hand has the power of cutting,
Shall the left presently cry out 'tis maim'd?
They are one, my child, one power, and one performance,
And, join'd together thus, one love, one body.

Aub. I do beseech your grace, take to your thoughts
More certain counsellors than doubts and fears;
They strangle nature, and disperse themselves
(If once believed) into such fogs and errors
That the bright truth herself can never sever.
Your brother is a royal gentleman,
Full of himself, honour, and honesty;
And take heed, sir, how nature bent to goodness,
So straight a cedar to himself, uprightness,
Being wrested from his true use, prove not dangerous.
Rollo. Nay, my good brother knows I am too patient.
Lat. Why should your grace think him a poisoner?
Has he no more respect to piety?
And, but he has by oath tied up his fury,
Who durst but think that thought?
Aub. Away, thou firebrand!
Lat. If men of his sort, of his power, and place,
The eldest son in honour to this dukedom——
Bald. For shame, contain thy tongue, thy poisonous tongue,
That with her burning venom will infect all,
And once more blow a wildfire through the dukedom!
Gis. Latorch, if thou be'st honest, or a man,
Contain thyself.
Aub. Go to; no more! by Heaven,
You'll find you have plaid the fool else! not a word more!
Soph. Pr'ythee, sweet son!
Rollo. Let him alone, sweet mother.—And, my lords,
To make you understand how much I honour
This sacred peace, and next my innocence,
And to avoid all further difference
Discourse may draw on to a way of danger,
I quit my place, and take my leave for this night,
Wishing a general joy may dwell among you.
Aub. Shall we wait on your grace?
Rollo. I dare not break you.—
Latorch! [*Exeunt* Rollo *and* Latorch.
Soph. Do you now perceive your brother's sweetness! [*Apart to* Otto.
Otto. Oh, mother, that your tenderness had eyes,
Discerning eyes, what would this man appear then!
The tale of Sinon, when he took upon him
To ruin Troy; with what a cloud of cunning
He hid his heart, nothing appearing outwards
But came like innocence and dropping pity,
Sighs that would sink a navy, and had tales
Able to take the ears of saints; belief too;
And what did all these? blew the fire to Ilium!
His crafty art (but more refined by study)
My brother has put on: Oh, I could tell you,
But for the reverence I bear to nature,
Things that would make your honest blood move backward.
Soph. You dare tell me?
Otto. Yes, in your private closet,
Where I will presently attend you. Rise!
I am a little troubled, but 'twill off.
Soph. Is this the joy I look'd for!
Otto. All will mend;
Be not disturb'd, dear mother, I'll not fail you.
[*Exeunt* Sophia *and* Otto.
Bald. I do not like this.
Aub. That's still in our powers;
But how to make it so that we may like it——
Bald. Beyond us ever!—Latorch, methought, was busy;
That fellow, if not look'd to narrowly,
Will do a sudden mischief.
Aub. Hell look to him!
For if there may be a devil above all yet,
That rogue will make him. Keep you up this night;
And so will I, for much I fear a danger.
Bald. I will, and in my watches use my prayers.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*The Private Room of the* Duchess *in the same.*

Enter Sophia, Otto, Matilda, *and* Edith.

Otto. You wonder, madam, that, for all the shows
My brother Rollo makes of hearty love,
And free possession of the dukedom 'twixt us,
I notwithstanding should stand still suspicious,
As if, beneath those veils, he did convey
Intents and practices of hate and treason?
Soph. It breeds indeed my wonder.
Otto. Which makes mine,
Since 'tis so safe and broad a beaten way,
Beneath the name of friendship to betray.
Soph. Though, in remote and further-off affections,
These falsehoods are so common, yet in him
They cannot so force nature.
Otto. The more near
The bands of truth bind, the more oft they sever,
Being better cloaks to cover falsehood ever.
Soph. It cannot be, that fruits the tree so blasting,
Can grow in nature. Take heed, gentle son,
Lest some suborn'd suggester of these treasons,
Believed in him by you, provoke the rather
His tender envies to such foul attempts;
Or that your too much love to rule alone
Breed not in him this jealous passion:
There is not any ill we might not bear,
Were not our good held at a price too dear.
Otto. So apt is treachery to be excused,
That innocence is still aloud abused;
The fate of Virtue even her friends perverts,
To plead for Vice oft-times against their hearts:
Heaven's blessing is her curse, which she must bear,
That she may never love [herself too dear].
Soph. Alas, my son, nor fate, nor Heaven itself,
Can or would wrest my whole care of your good
To any least secureness in your ill:
What I urge issues from my curious fear,
Lest you should make your means to 'scape, your snare:
Doubt of sincereness is the only mean,
Not to incense it, but corrupt it clean.
Otto. I rest as far from wrong of all sincereness,
As he flies from the practice. Trust me, madam,
I know by their confessions he suborn'd

What I should eat, drink, touch, or only have scented;
This evening-feast was poison'd: But I fear
His open violence more, that treacherous odds,
Which he, in his insatiate thirst of rule,
Is like to execute.
Soph. Believe it, son,
If still his stomach be so foul to feed
On such gross objects, and that thirst to rule
The state alone be yet unquench'd in him,
Poisons, and such close treasons, ask more time
Than can suffice his fiery spirit's haste:
And, were there in him such desire to hide
So false a practice, there would likewise rest
Conscience and fear in him of open force;
And therefore close nor open you need fear.
Mat. Good madam, stand not so inclined to trust
What proves his tenderest thoughts to doubt it just.
Who knows not the unbounded flood and sea,
In which my brother Rollo's appetites
Alter and rage? with every puff and breath,
His swelling blood exhales; and therefore hear,
What gives my temperate brother cause to use
His readiest circumspection, and consult
For remedy 'gainst all his wicked purposes.
If he arm, arm; if he strew mines of treason,
Meet him with countermines: 'Tis justice still
(For goodness' sake) to encounter ill with ill.
Soph. Avert from us such justice, equal Heaven,
And all such cause of justice!
Otto. Past all doubt
(For all the sacred privilege of night)
This is no time for us to sleep or rest in:
Who knows not all things holy are prevented
With ends of all impiety? all but
Lust, gain, ambition.

Enter ROLLO *armed, and* LATORCH.

Rollo. Perish all the world
Ere I but lose one foot of possible empire,
By sleights and colour used by slaves and wretches!
I am exempt by birth from both those curbs,
And sit above them in all justice, since
I sit above in power: Where power is given,
Is all the right supposed of earth and heaven.
Lat. Prove both, sir; see the traitor!
Otto. He comes arm'd;
See, mother, now your confidence!
Soph. What rage affects this monster?
Rollo. Give me way, or perish!
Soph. Make thy way, viper, if thou thus affect it!
Otto. This is a treason like thee!
Rollo. Let her go!
Soph. Embrace me, wear me as thy shield, my son;
And through my breast let his rude weapon run,
To thy life's innocence!
Otto. Play not two parts,
Treacher and coward both, but yield a sword,
And let thy arming thee be odds enough
Against my naked bosom!
Rollo. Loose his hold!
Mat. Forbear, base murderer!
Rollo. Forsake our mother!
Soph. Mother dost thou name me,
And put off nature thus?
Rollo. Forsake her, traitor,
Or, by the spoil of nature, thorough hers,
This leads unto thy heart!
Otto. Hold!
Soph. Hold me still.
Otto. For twenty hearts and lives, I will not
One drop of blood in yours. [hazard
Soph. Oh, thou art lost then!
Otto. Protect my innocence, Heaven!
Soph. Call out murder!
Mat. Be murder'd all, but save him!
Edith. Murder! murder!
Rollo. Cannot I reach you yet?
Otto. No, fiend. [*They wrestle.* ROLLO *falls*
Rollo. Latorch,
Rescue! I'm down.
Lat. Up then; your sword cools, sir:
Ply it i' th' flame, and work your ends out.
Rollo. Ha!
Have at you there, sir!

Enter AUBREY.

Aub. Author of prodigies!
What sights are these?
Otto. Oh, give me a weapon, Aubrey!
[*He is stabbed.*
Soph. Oh, part 'em, part 'em!
Aub. For Heaven's sake, no more!
Otto. No more resist his fury; no rage can
Add to his mischief done. [*Dies.*
Soph. Take spirit, my Otto;
Heaven will not see thee die thus.
Mat. He is dead,
And nothing lives but death of every goodness.
Soph. Oh, he hath slain his brother; curse him, Heaven!
Rollo. Curse and be cursed! it is the fruit of cursing.—
Latorch, take off here; bring too of that blood
To colour o'er my shirt; then raise the court,
And give it out how he attempted us,
In our bed naked. Shall the name of brother
Forbid us to enlarge our state and powers?
Or place affects of blood above our reason,
That tells us all things good against another,
Are good in the same line against a brother?
[*Exeunt* ROLLO *and* LATORCH.

Enter GISBERT *and* BALDWIN.

Gis. What affairs inform these outcries?
Aub. See, and grieve.
Gis. Prince Otto slain?
Bald. Oh, execrable slaughter!
What hand hath author'd it?
Aub. Your scholar's, Baldwin.
Bald. Unjustly urged, lord Aubrey, as if I,
For being his schoolmaster, must teach this doctrine.
You are his counsellor; did you advise him
To this foul parricide?
Gis. If rule affects this licence, who would live
To worse than die, in force of his obedience?
Bald. Heaven's cold and lingering spirit, to punish sin,
And human blood so fiery to commit it,
One so outgoes the other, it will never
Be turn'd to fit obedience.
Aub. Burst it then
With his full swing given. Where it brooks no bound,
Complaints of it are vain; and all that rests
To be our refuge (since our powers are strengthless)
Is, to conform our wills to suffer freely
What with our murmurs we can never master.—
Ladies, be pleased with what Heaven's pleasure suffers;

Erect your princely countenances and spirits,
And, to redress the mischief now resistless,
Sooth it in show, rather than curse or cross it;
Wish all amends, and vow to it your best,
But, 'till you may perform it, let it rest.
Gis. Those temporizings are too dull and servile
To breathe the free air of a manly soul,
Which shall in me expire in execrations,
Before for any life I sooth a murderer!
Bald. Pour lives before him, till his own be dry
Of all life's services and human comforts!
None left that looks at heaven is half so base
To do these black and hellish actions grace!

Enter ROLLO, LATORCH, HAMOND, *and* Guard.

Rollo. Haste, Latorch,
And raise the city, as the court is raised,
Proclaiming the abhorr'd conspiracy
In plot against my life.
Lat. I shall, my lord. [*Exit.*
Rollo. You there that mourn upon the justly slain,
Arise and leave it, if you love your lives!
And hear from me what (kept by you) may save you.
Mat. What will the butcher do? I will not stir.
Rollo. Stir, and unforced stir, or stir never more!
Command her, you grave beldam, that know better
My deadly resolutions, since I drew them
From the infective fountain of your own;
Or, if you have forgot, this fiery prompter
Shall fix the fresh impression on your heart!
Soph. Rise, daughter; serve his will in what we may,
Lest what we may not he enforce the rather.—
Is this all you command us?
Rollo. This addition
Only admitted; that, when I endeavour
To quit me of this slaughter, you presume not
To cross me with a syllable; for your souls
Murmur nor think against it; but weigh well,
It will not help your ill, but help to more,
And that my hand, wrought thus far to my will,
Will check at nothing till his circle fill.
Mat. Fill it, so I consent not; but who sooths it
Consents, and who consents to tyranny, does it.
Rollo. False traitress, die then with him!
Aub. Are you mad,
To offer at more blood, and make yourself
More horrid to your people? I'll proclaim,
It is not as your instrument will publish.
Rollo. Do, and take that along with you.—
[AUBREY *disarms him.*] So nimble!
Resign my sword, and dare not for thy soul
To offer what thou insolently threat'nest,
One word proclaiming cross to what Latorch
Hath in commission, and intends to publish.
Aub. Well, sir, not for your threats, but for your good,
Since more hurt to you would more hurt your country,
And that you must make virtue of the need
That now compels you, I'll consent, as far
As silence argues, to your will proclaim'd.
And since no more sons of your princely father
Survive to rule but you, and that I wish
You should rule like your father, with the love
And zeal of all your subjects, this foul slaughter
That now you have committed, made ashamed
With that fair blessing, that, in place of plagues,
Heaven tries our mending disposition with,
Take here your sword; which now use like a prince,
And no more like a tyrant.
Rollo. This sounds well;
Live, and be gracious with us.
Gis. & *Bald.* Oh, lord Aubrey!
Mat. He flatter thus? [*Aside to* SOPHIA.
Soph. He temporizes fitly.
Rollo. Wonder invades me!
Do you two think much
That he thus wisely, and with need, consents
To what I author for your country's good,
You being my tutor, you my chancellor?
Gis. Your chancellor is not your flatterer, sir.
Bald. Nor is't your tutor's part to shield such doctrine.
Rollo. Sir, first know you,
In praise of your pure oratory that raised you,
That when the people (who I know by this
Are raised out of their rests, and hastening hither
To witness what is done here) are arrived
With our Latorch, that you, *ex tempore*,
Shall fashion an oration to acquit
And justify this forced fact of mine;
Or for the proud refusal lose your head.
Gis. I fashion an oration to acquit you?
Sir, know you then, that 'tis a thing less easy
To excuse a parricide than to commit it.
Rollo. I do not wish you, sir, to excuse me,
But to accuse my brother, as the cause
Of his own slaughter, by attempting mine.
Gis. Not for the world; I should pour blood on blood!
It were another murder, to accuse
Him that fell innocent.
Rollo. Away with him!
Hence, hale him straight to execution!
Aub. Far fly such rigour your amendful hand.
Rollo. He perishes with him that speaks for him!
Guard, do your office on him, on your lives' pain.
Gis. Tyrant, 'twill haste thy own death.
[*He is seized.*
Rollo. Let it wing it!
He threatens me: villains, tear him piecemeal hence!
Guard. Avaunt, sir.
Ham. Force him hence!
Rollo. Dispatch him, captain:
And bring me instant word he is dispatch'd,
And how his rhetoric takes it.
Ham. I'll not fail, sir.
Rollo. Captain, besides remember this in chief;
That, being executed, you deny
To all his friends the rites of funeral,
And cast his carcase out to dogs and fowls.
Ham. 'Tis done, my lord.
Rollo. Upon your life, not fail!
[*Exeunt* HAMOND, GISBERT, *and* Guard.
Bald. What impious daring is there here of Heaven!
Rollo. Sir, now prepare yourself, against the people
Make here their entry, to discharge the oration
He hath denied my will.
Bald. For fear of death?
Ha, ha, ha!
Rollo. Is death ridiculous with you?
Works misery of age this, or thy judgment?
Bald. Judgment, false tyrant!
Rollo. You'll make no oration then?
Bald. Not to excuse,
But aggravate thy murder, if thou wilt;
Which I will so enforce, I'll make thee wreak it

(With hate of what thou win'st by't) on thyself,
With such another justly-merited murder.
Rollo. I'll answer you anon!

Enter LATORCH.

Lat. The citizens
Are hasting, sir, in heaps, all full resolved,
By my persuasion, of your brother's treasons.
Rollo. Honest Latorch!

Enter HAMOND, *with* GISBERT'S *head.*

Ham. See, sir, here's Gisbert's head.
Rollo. Good speed. Was't with a sword?
Ham. An axe, my lord.
Rollo. An axe? 'twas vilely done! I would have had
My own fine headsman done it with a sword.
Go, take this dotard here, and take his head
Off with a sword.
Ham. Your schoolmaster?
Rollo. Even he. [BALDWIN *is seized.*
Bald. For teaching thee no better; 'tis the best
Of all thy damned justices!—Away,
Captain; I'll follow.
Edith. Oh, stay there, Duke;
[*Coming forward, and kneeling.*
And, in the midst of all thy blood and fury,
Hear a poor maid's petitions, hear a daughter,
The only daughter of a wretched father!
Oh, stay your haste, as you shall need this mercy!
Rollo. Away with this fond woman!
Edith. You must hear me,
If there be any spark of pity in you,
If sweet humanity and mercy rule you!
I do confess you are a prince, your anger
As great as you, your execution greater——
Rollo. Away with him!
Edith. Oh, captain, by thy manhood,
By her soft soul that bare thee—I do confess, sir,
Your doom of justice on your foes most righteous—
Good noble prince, look on me!
Rollo. Take her from me!
Edith. A curse upon his life that hinders me!
May father's blessing never fall upon him,
May Heaven ne'er hear his prayers! I beseech you,
Oh, sir, these tears beseech you, these chaste hands woo you,
That never yet were heaved but to things holy,
Things like yourself! You are a god above us;
Be as a god then, full of saving mercy!
Mercy, oh, mercy, sir, for his sake mercy,
That, when your stout heart weeps, shall give you pity!
Here I must grow.
Rollo. By heaven, I'll strike thee, woman!
Edith. Most willingly; let all thy anger seize me,
All the most studied torments, so this good man,
This old man, and this innocent, escape thee!
Rollo. Carry him away, I say!
Edith. Now, blessing on thee! Oh, sweet pity,
I see it in thy eyes.—I charge you, soldiers,
Even by the prince's power, release my father!
The prince is merciful; why do you hold him?
The prince forgets his fury; why do you tug him?
He is old; why do you hurt him? Speak, oh, speak, sir!
Speak, as you are a man! a man's life hangs, sir,
A friend's life, and a foster life, upon you.
'Tis but a word, but *mercy* quickly spoke, sir.
Oh, speak, prince, speak!
Rollo. Will no man here obey me?
Have I no rule yet? As I live, he dies
That does not execute my will, and suddenly!
Bald. All that thou canst do takes but one sheer hour from me.
Rollo. Hew off her hands!
Ham. Lady, hold off!
Edith. No, hew 'em;
Hew off my innocent hands, as he commands you!
They'll hang the faster on for death's convulsion.—
[*Exit* BALDWIN *with the* GUARD.
Thou seed of rocks, will nothing move thee then?
Are all my tears lost, all my righteous prayers
Drown'd in thy drunken wrath? I stand up then;
Thus boldly, bloody tyrant;
And to thy face, in Heaven's high name, defy thee:
And may sweet mercy, when thy soul sighs for it,
When under thy black mischiefs thy flesh trembles,
When neither strength, nor youth, nor friends, nor gold,
Can stay one hour; when thy most wretched conscience,
Waked from her dream of death, like fire shall meet thee;
When all thy mother's tears, thy brother's wounds,
Thy people's fears and curses, and my loss,
My aged father's loss, shall stand before thee——
Rollo. Save him, I say; run, save him, save his father;
Fly, and redeem his head! [*Exit* LATORCH.
Edith. May then that pity,
That comfort thou expect'st from Heaven, that mercy,
Be lock'd up from thee, fly thee! howlings fill thee,
Despair, (oh, my sweet father!) storms of terrors,
Blood till thou burst again!
Rollo. Oh, fair sweet anger!

Enter LATORCH *and* HAMOND, *with* BALDWIN'S *head.*

Lat. I came too late, sir, 'twas dispatch'd before:
His head is here.
Rollo. And my heart there! Go, bury him;
Give him fair rites of funeral, decent honours.
Edith. Wilt thou not take me, monster? Highest Heaven,
Give him a punishment fit for his mischief!
[*Falls down.*
Lat. I fear thy prayer is heard, and he rewarded
Lady, have patience; 'twas unhappy speed;
Blame not the duke, 'twas not his fault, but Fate's:
He sent, you know, to stay it, and commanded,
In care of you, the heavy object hence,
Soon as it came: have better thoughts of him!

Enter the Citizens.

1 *Cit.* Where's this young traitor?
Lat. Noble citizens, here;
And here the wounds he gave your sovereign lord.
1 *Cit.* This prince, of force, must be
Beloved of Heaven, whom Heaven hath thus preserved.
2 *Cit.* And if he be beloved of Heaven, you know,
He must be just, and all his actions so.
Rollo. Concluded like an oracle. Oh, how great
A grace of Heaven is a wise citizen!
For Heaven 'tis makes 'em wise, as it made me just,
As it preserved me, as I now survive
By his strong hand to keep you all alive:
Your wives, your children, goods and lands kept yours,
That had been else prey to his tyrannous power,
That would have prey'd on me, in bed assaulted me,

In sacred time of peace. My mother here,
My sister, this just lord, and all had fill'd
The Curtian gulf of this conspiracy,
Of which my tutor and my chancellor,
(Two of the gravest, and most counted honest,
In all my dukedom) were the monstrous heads.
Oh, trust no honest men for their sakes ever,
My politic citizens; but those that bear
The names of cut-throats, usurers, and tyrants,
Oh, those believe in; for the foul-mouth'd world
Can give no better terms to simple goodness.
Even me it dares blaspheme, and thinks me tyrannous
For saving my own life sought by my brother:
Yet those that sought his life before by poison
(Though mine own servants, hoping to please me)
I'll lead to death for't, which your eyes shall see.

1 *Cit.* Why, what a prince is here!

2 *Cit.* How just!

3 *Cit.* How gentle!

Rollo. Well, now, my dearest subjects, or much
My nerves, my spirits, or my vital blood, [rather
Turn to your needful rests, and settled peace,
Fix'd in this root of steel, from whence it sprung,
In Heaven's great help and blessing: but, ere sleep
Bind in his sweet oblivion your dull senses,
The name and virtue of Heaven's king advance
For yours (in chief,) for my deliverance!

Citizens. Heaven and his king save our most pious sovereign! [*Exeunt* Citizens.

Rollo. Thanks, my good people.—Mother, and kind sister,
And you, my noble kinsman, things borne thus
Shall make ye all command whatever I
Enjoy in this my absolute empery.
Take in the body of my princely brother,
For whose death, since his fate no other way
Would give my eldest birth his supreme right,
We'll mourn the cruel influence it bears,
And wash his sepulchre with kindly tears!

Aub. If this game end thus, Heaven's will rule the set!
What we have yielded to, we could not let.
[*Exeunt all but* LATORCH *and* EDITH.

Lat. Good lady, rise; and raise your spirits withal,
More high than they are humbled: you have cause,
As much as ever honour'd happiest lady;
And when your ears are freer to take in
Your most amendful and unmatched fortunes,
I'll make you drown an hundred helpless deaths
In sea of one life pour'd into your bosom;
With which shall flow into your arms the riches,
The pleasures, honours, and the rules of princes:
Which, though death stop your ears, methinks should
Assay to forget death. [ope 'em.

Edith. Oh, slaughter'd father!

Lat. Cast off what cannot be redress'd, and bless
The fate that yet you curse so; since, for that
You spake so movingly, and your sweet eyes
With so much grace fill'd, that you set on fire
The duke's affection, whom you now may rule
As he rules all his dukedom: Is't not sweet?
Does it not shine away your sorrows' clouds?
Sweet lady, take wise heart, and hear, and tell me.

Edith. I hear no word you speak.

Lat. Prepare to hear then,
And be not barr'd up from yourself, nor add
To your ill fortune with your far worse judgment.
Make me your servant, to attend with all joys
Your sad estate, till they both bless and speak it;
See how they'll bow to you; make me wait, command me
To watch out every minute. For the stay
Your modest sorrow fancies, raise your graces,
And do my hopes the honour of your motion
To all the offer'd heights that now attend you.
Oh, how your touches ravish! how the duke
Is slain already, with your flames embraced!
I will both serve and visit you, and often.

Edith. I am not fit, sir.

Lat. Time will make you, lady. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*The Street.*

Enter Guard, *three or four* Boys, *then the* Sheriff, Cook, Yeoman *of the Cellar*, Butler, *and* Pantler, *to execution.*

1 *Guard.* Come, bring these fellows on; away with 'em!

2 *Guard.* Make room afore there! room there for the prisoners!

1 *Boy.* Let's run afore, boys; we shall get no [places else.

2 *Boy.* Are these the youths? [places else.

Cook. These are the youths you look for:
And pray, my honest friends, be not so hasty;
There will be nothing done till we come, I assure you.

3 *Boy.* Here's a wise hanging! Are there no [more?

But. Do you hear, sir? [more?
You may come in for your share, if you please.

Cook. My friend, if you be unprovided of a hanging,
(You look like a good fellow) I can afford you
A reasonable pennyworth.

2 *Boy.* Afore, afore, boys!
Here's enough to make us sport.

Yeo. Pox take you,
Do you call this sport? are these your recreations?
Must we be hang'd to make you mirth?

Cook. Do you hear, sir?
You custard-pate! we go to't for high treason,
An honourable fault; thy foolish father
Was hang'd for stealing sheep.

Boys. Away, away, boys!

Cook. Do you see how that sneaking rogue looks now?
You chip pantler, you peaching rogue, that provided us
These necklaces! you poor rogue, you costive rogue [you!

Pant. Pray, pray, fellows! [you!

Cook. Pray for thy crusty soul? Where's your reward now,
Good goodman manchet, for your fine discovery?
I do beseech you, sir, where are your dollars?
Draw with your fellows, and be hang'd!

Yeo. He must now;
For now he shall be hang'd first, that's his comfort:
A place too good for thee, thou meal-mouth'd rascal!

Cook. Hang handsomely, for shame! Come, leave your praying,
You peaching knave, and die like a good courtier!
Die honestly, and like a man. No preaching,
With "I beseech you, take example by me;
I lived a lewd man, good people!" Pox on't,
Die me as thou hadst dined; say grace, and God be [wi' you.

Guard. Come, will you forward? [wi' you.

Cook. Good master sheriff, your leave too;

This hasty work was ne'er done well: Give's so much time
As but to sing our own ballads, for we'll trust no man,
Nor no tune but our own; 'twas done in ale too,
And therefore cannot be refused in justice.
Your penny-pot poets are such pelting thieves,
They ever hang men twice; we have it here, sir,
And so must every merchant of our voyage;
He'll make a sweet return else of his credit!

Yeo. One fit of our own mirth, then we are for you.

Guard. Make haste then, and dispatch.

Yeo. There's day enough, sir.

Cook. Come, boys, sing chearfully; we shall ne'er sing younger.
We have chose a loud tune too, because it should like well.

SONG.

Yeo. Come, Fortune's a whore, I care not who tell her,
Would offer to strangle a page of the cellar,
That should by his oath, to any man's thinking,
And place, have had a defence for his drinking;
But thus she does still when she pleases to palter,
Instead of his wages, she gives him a halter.

Chorus. Three merry boys, and three merry boys,
And three merry boys are we,
As ever did sing in a hempen string
Under the gallows tree!

But. But I that was so lusty,
And ever kept my bottles,
That neither they were musty,
And seldom less than pottles;
For me to be thus stopt now,
With hemp instead of cork, sir,
And from the gallows lopt now,
Shews that there is a fork, sir,
In death, and this the token;
Man may be two ways killed,
Or like the bottle broken,
Or like the wine be spilled.

Chorus. Three merry boys, &c.

Cook. Oh, yet but look
On the master cook,
The glory of the kitchen,
In sowing whose fate,
At so lofty a rate,
No tailor e'er had stitching;
For though he makes the man,
The cook yet makes the dishes,
The which no tailor can,
Wherein I have my wishes,
That I who at so many a feast,
Have pleased so many tasters,
Should now myself come to be drest,
A dish for you, my masters.

Chorus. Three merry boys, &c.

Pant. Oh, man or beast,
Or you at least,
That wears or brow or antler,
Prick up your ears
Unto the tears
Of me, poor Paul the Pantler,
That thus am clipt,
Because I chipt
The cursed crust of treason
With loyal knife.
Oh, doleful strife,
To hang thus without reason!

Chorus. Three merry boys, &c.

Cook. There's a few copies for you. Now, farewell, friends;
And, good master sheriff, let me not be printed
With a brass pot on my head.

But. March fair, march fair! afore, good captain Pantler! [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*A Room in the Palace.*

Enter AUBREY *and* LATORCH.

Aub. Latorch, I have waited here to speak with you,
And you must hearken.—Set not forth your legs
Of haste, nor put your face of business on;
An honester affair than this I urge to,
You will not easily think on; and 'twill be
Reward to entertain it; 'Tis your fortune
To have our master's ear above the rest
Of us that follow him, but that no man envies—
For I have well consider'd, truth sometimes
May be conveyed in by the same conduits
That falsehood is. These courses that he takes
Cannot but end in ruin; empire got
By blood and violence must so be held;
And how unsafe that is, he first will prove,
That, toiling still to remove enemies,
Makes himself more. It is not now a brother,
A faithful counsellor of state or two,
That are his danger; they are fair dispatch'd:
It is a multitude that begin to fear,
And think what began there must end in them,
For all the fine oration that was made 'em;
And they are not an easy monster quell'd.
Princes may pick their suffering nobles out,
And one by one employ 'em to the block;
But when they once grow formidable to
Their clowns, and coblers, 'ware then! guard themselves.
If thou durst tell him this, Latorch, the service
Would not discredit the good name you hold
With men, besides the profit to your master,
And to the public.

Lat. I conceive not so, sir:
They are airy fears; and why should I object them
Unto his fancy? wound what is yet sound?
Your counsels colour not with reason of state,
Where all that's necessary still is just.
The actions of the prince, while they succeed,
Should be made good and glorified, not question'd.
Men do but shew their ill affections,
That——

Aub. What? Speak out!

Lat. Do murmur 'gainst their masters.

Aub. Is this to me?

Lat. It is to whomsoever
Mislikes of the duke's courses.

Aub. Ay, is't so?
At your state-ward, sir?

Lat. I am sworn to hear
Nothing may prejudice the prince.

Aub. Why, do you?
Or have you, ha?

Lat. I cannot tell; men's hearts
Show in their words sometimes.
Aub. I ever thought thee
Knave of the chamber; art thou the spy too?
Lat. A watchman for the state, and one that's
Sir, to be rightly affected. [known,
Aub. Bawd of the state,
No less than of thy master's lusts! I now
See nothing can redeem thee. Dar'st thou mention
Affection, or a heart, that ne'er hadst any?
Know'st not to love or hate, but by the state,
As thy prince does't before thee? That dost never
Wear thy own face, but putt'st on his, and gather'st
Baits for his ears; liv'st wholly at his beck,
And ere thou darest utter a thought's thine own,
Must expect his; creep'st forth and wad'st into him
As if thou wert to pass a ford, there proving
Yet if thy tongue may step on safely or no;
Then ring'st his virtue asleep, and stay'st the wheel
Both of his reason and judgment, that they move not;
White'st over all his vices; and at last
Dost draw a cloud of words before his eyes,
Till he can neither see thee nor himself?
Wretch, I dare give him honest counsels, I,
And love him while I tell him truth! Old Aubrey
Dares go the straightest way, which still's the shortest,
Walk on the thorns thou scatter'st, parasite,
And tread 'em into nothing; and if thou
Then let'st a look fall, of the least dislike,
I'll rip thy crown up with my sword at height,
And pluck thy skin over thy face, in sight
Of him thou flatter'st! Unto thee I speak it,
Slave, against whom all laws should now conspire,
And every creature that hath sense be arm'd,
As 'gainst the common enemy of mankind;
That creep'st within thy master's ear, and whisper'st
'Tis better for him to be fear'd than loved;
Bidd'st him trust no man's friendship, spare no blood
That may secure him; "'tis no cruelty
That hath a specious end; for sovereignty
Break all the laws of kind; if it succeed,
An honest, noble, and praiseworthy deed."
While he that takes thy poisons in, shall feel
Their virulent workings in a point of time
When no repentance can bring aid, but all
His spirits shall melt with what his conscience burn'd,
And dying in a flatterer's arms, shall fall unmourn'd.
There's matter for you now.
Lat. My lord, this makes not
For loving of my master.
Aub. Loving? no;
They hate ill princes most that make them so.

Enter ROLLO, HAMOND, *and* ALLAN, *guarded.*

Rollo. I'll hear no more!
Ham. Alas, 'tis for my brother
I beseech your highness.
Rollo. How! a brother?
Had not I one myself? did title move me
When it was fit that he should die? Away!
Allan. Brother, lose no word more; leave my good cause
To upbraid the tyrant: I am glad I'm fallen
Now in those times, that will'd some great example
To assure men we can die for honesty.

Rollo. Sir, you are brave; 'pray that you hold your neck
As bravely forth anon unto your headsman.
Allan. 'Would he would strike as bravely, and thou by!
Rollo, 'twould make thee quake to see me die.
Aub. What's his offence?
Ham. For giving Gisbert burial,
Who was sometime his master.
Allan. Yes, lord Aubrey,
My gratitude and humanity are my crimes.
Rollo. Why bear you him not hence?
Aub. My lord—Stay, soldiers!—
I do beseech your highness, do not lose
Such men for so slight causes. This is one
Hath still been faithful to you; a tried soul
In all your father's battles; I have seen him
Bestride a friend against a score of foes:
And look, he looks as he would kill his hundred
For you, sir, were you in some danger.
Allan. Till he kill'd
His brother, his chancellor, then his master;
To which he can add nought to equal Nero,
But killing of his mother.
Aub. Peace, brave fool,
Thou valiant ass!—Here is his brother too, sir,
A captain of your guard, hath served you long,
With the most noble witness of his truth
Mark'd in his face, and every part about him;
That turns not from an enemy. But view him;
Oh, do not grieve him, sir, if you do mean
That he shall hold his place: it is not safe
To tempt such spirits, and let them wear their swords;
You'll make your guards your terrors by these acts,
And throw more hearts off from you than you hold.
And I must tell you, sir, (with my old freedom,
And my old faith to boot) you have not lived so
But that your state will need such men, such hands,
Of which here's one, shall in an hour of trial
Do you more certain service with a stroke,
Than the whole bundle of your flatterers,
With all the unsavoury unction of their tongues.
Rollo. Peace, talker!
Aub. One that loves you yet, my lord,
And would not see you pull on your own ruins.
Mercy becomes a prince, and guards him best;
Awe and affrights are never ties of love:
And when men begin to fear the prince, they hate [him.
Rollo. Am I the prince, or you?
Aub. My lord, I hope
I have not utter'd aught should urge that question.
Rollo. Then practise your obedience.—See him [dead!
Aub. My lord!
Rollo. I'll hear no word more!
Aub. I am sorry then.
There is no small despair, sir, of their safety,
Whose ears are blocked up against truth.—Come,
Ham. I thank you, sir. [captain.
Aub. For what?
For seeing thy brother die a man, and honest?
Live thou so, captain; I will, I assure thee,
Although I die for't too. Come.

[*Exeunt all but* ROLLO *and* LATORCH.

Rollo. Now, Latorch,
What do you think?
Lat. That Aubrey's speech and manners
Sound somewhat of the boldest.
Rollo. 'Tis his custom.
Lat. It may be so, and yet be worth a fear.

Rollo. If we thought so, it should be worth his
And quickly too. [life,
Lat. I dare not, sir, be author
Of what I would be, 'tis so dangerous:
But, with your highness' favour and your licence—
Rollo. He talks, 'tis true, and he is licensed:
Leave him.—
We now are duke alone, Latorch, secured;
Nothing left standing to obscure our prospect;
We look right forth, beside, and round about us,
And see it ours with pleasure: Only one
Wish'd joy there wants to make us so possess it,
And that is Edith, Edith, she that got me
In blood and tears, in such an opposite minute,
As had I not at once felt all the flames
And shafts of love shot in me, his whole armoury
I should have thought him as far off as death.
Lat. My lord, expect a while, your happiness
Is nearer than you think it; yet her griefs
Are green and fresh; your vigilant Latorch
Hath not been idle; I have leave already
To visit her, and send to her.
Rollo. My life!
Lat. And if I find not out as speedy ways,
And proper instruments to work and bring her
To your fruition, that she be not watch'd
Tame to your highness' wish, say you have no ser-
Is capable of such a trust about you, [vant
Or worthy to be secretary of your pleasure.
Rollo. Oh, my Latorch, what shall I render thee
For all thy travails, care, and love?
Lat. Sir, one suit, [*Kneeling.*
Which I will ever importune till you grant me.
Rollo. About your mathematicians?
Lat. Yes, to have
The scheme of your nativity judged by them;
I have't already erected. Oh, my lord,
You do not know the labour of my fears;
My doubts for you are such as cannot hope
Any security but from the stars;
Who, being rightly ask'd, can tell man more
Than all pow'r else, there being no pow'r beyond them.
Rollo. All thy petitions still are care of us;
Ask for thyself.
Lat. What more can concern me
Than this?
Rollo. Well, rise, true honest man, and go then;
We'll study ourselves a means how to reward thee.
Lat. Your grace is now inspired; now, now your highness
Begins to live! from this hour count your joys!
But, sir, I must have warrants, with blanks figured,
To put in names, such as I like.
Rollo. You shall.
Lat. They dare not else, sir, offer at your figure.
Oh, I shall bring you wonders! there's a friar,
Rusee, an admirable man; another,
A gentleman; and then la Fiske,
The mirror of his time; 'twas he that set it.
But there's one Norbret (him I never saw)
Has made a mirror, a mere looking-glass,
In show you would think it no other; the form
As I am given to understand by letter, [oval,
Which renders you such shapes, and those so differing,
And some that will be question'd, and give answers;
Then has he set it in a frame, that wrought
Unto the revolutions of the stars,
And so compact by due proportions
Unto their harmony, doth move alone
A true automaton; thus Dædalus' statues,
Or Vulcan's tools——
Rollo. Dost thou believe this?
Lat. Sir?
Why, what should stay my faith, or turn my sense?
He has been about it above twenty years,
Three sevens, the powerful, and the perfect numbers;
And art and time, sir, can produce such things.
What do I read there of Hiarbas' banquet,
(The great gymnosophist) that had his butlers
And carvers of pure gold waiting at table?
The images of Mercury, too, that spoke?
The wooden dove that flew? a snake of brass
That hiss'd? and birds of silver that did sing?
All these were done, sir, by the mathematics,
Without which there's no science, nor no truth.
Rollo. You are in your own sphere, Latorch; and rather
Than I'll contend with you for't, I'll believe it:
You have won upon me that I wish to see
My fate before me now, whate'er it be.
Lat. And I'll endeavour you shall know't with speed;
For which I should have one of trust go with me
(If you please, Hamond) that I may by him
Send you my first dispatches; after, I
Shall bring you more, and as they come still more,
And accurate forth from them.
Rollo. Take your way,
Chuse your own means, and be it prosperous to us!
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—ROUEN. *A mean Room in the* Astrologer's *House, which is furnished with Astrological Instruments, &c.*

Enter RUSEE, DE BURE, LA FISKE, NORBRET, *and* PIPPEAU *the boy.*

Rusee. Come, bear up, sirs; we shall have better
My almanack tells me. [days,
Bube. What is that? your rump?
Rusee. It never itch'd in vain yet. 'Slid, la Fiske,
Throw off thy sluggish face; I can't abide
To see thee look like a poor jade i' th' pound,
That saw no meat these three days.
Fiske. 'Slight, to me
It seems thirteen days since I saw any.
Rusee. How!
Fiske. I can't remember that I ever saw
Or meat, or money; you may talk of both
To open a man's stomach or his purse,
But feed 'em still with air.
Bube. Friar, I fear
You do not say your office well a-days;
I cannot hear your beads knack.
Norb. Pox, he feeds
With lechery and lives upon th' exchange
Of his two eggs and pudding with the market-women!
Rusee. And what do you, sir, with the advocate's wife,
Whom you persuade, upon your doctoral bed,
To take the mathematical trance so often?
Fiske. Come, we are stark naught all; bad's the best of us:
Four of the seven deadly spots we are:

Besides our lechery, we are envious,
And most, most gluttonous when we have it thus,
Most covetous now we want it; then our boy,
He is a fifth spot, sloth, and he undoes us.
Bube. 'Tis true the child was wont to be industrious,
And now and then sent in a merchant's wife
Sick of the husband, or a swearing butler
That miss'd one of his bowls, a crying maid
Had lost a silver spoon; the curry-comb
Sometimes was wanting; there was something
But now—— [gotten;
Pip. What now? Did I not yester-morning
Bring you in a cardecu there from the peasant
Whose ass I had driven aside, and hid, that you
Might conjure for him? and then, last night,
Six sous from the cook's wife you shared among you,
To set a figure for the pestle I stole;
It is not at home yet. These things, my masters,
In a hard time, they would be thought on: You
Talk of your lands and castles in the air,
Of your twelve houses there; but it is I
That bring you in your rents for 'em, 'tis Pippeau
That is your bird-call.
Norb. 'Faith, he does well,
And cuts through th' elements for us, I must needs
In a fine dextrous line. [say,
Fiske. But not as he did
At first; then he would sail with any wind,
Into every creek and corner.
Pip. I was light then,
New built and rigg'd, when I came to you gentlemen;
But now, with often and far venturing for you,
Here be leaks sprung, and whole planks wanting, see you.
If you'll new-sheathe me again, yet I am for you
To any bay or streights, where-e'er you'll send me;
For as I am, where can this ragged bark
Put in for any service, 'less it be
O' th' isle of rogues, and there turn pirate for you?
Norb. 'Faith, he says reason, friar; you must leave
Your neat crisp claret, and fall to your cyder
A while: and you, la Fiske, your larded capons
And turkies for a time, and take a good
Clean tripe in your way; de Bube too must content him
With wholesome two-soused pettitoes; no more
Crown ordinaries, till we have clothed our infant.
Bube. So you'll keep
Your own good motions, doctor, your dear self.
Fiske. Yes, for we all know the latitude
Of your concupiscence.
Rusee. Here about your belly.
Bube. You'll pick a bottle open, or a whimsey,
As soon as the best of us.
Fiske. And dip your wrist-bands
(For cuffs you have none) as comely in the sauce
As any courtier.—[*Bell rings.*] Hark! the bell! who's there?
Rusee. Good luck, I do conjure thee! Boy, look out [*Exit* Pippeau, *and enter again.*
Pip. They are gallants, courtiers; one of 'em is
Of the duke's bed-chamber.
Rusee. Latorch.—Down!
On with your gown! [*To* Norbret.] there's a new suit arrived.
Did I not tell you, sons of hunger? Crowns,
Crowns are coming toward you; wine and wenches
You shall have once again, and fiddlers!
Into your studies close; each lay his ear
To his door, and as you hear me to prepare you,
So come, and put me on that vizard only.
[*Exeunt all but* Rusee *and* Pippeau.

Enter Latorch *and* Hamond.

Lat. You'll not be far hence, captain. When the business
Is done, you shall receive present dispatch.
Ham. I'll walk, sir, in the cloister. [*Exit.*
Rusee. Monsieur Latorch? my son,
The stars are happy still that guide you hither.
Lat. I am glad to hear their secretary say so,
My learned father Rusee. Where's la Fiske?
Monsieur de Bube? how do they?
Rusee. At their studies;
They are the secretaries of the stars, sir,
Still at their books, they will not be pull'd off,
They stick like cupping-glasses. If ever men
Spoke with the tongue of destiny, 'tis they.
Lat. For love's sake, let's salute 'em.
Rusee. Boy, go see;
Tell them who's here; say, that their friends do challenge
Some portion of their time; this is our minute,
Pray 'em they'll spare it.—They are the sun and moon [*Exit* Pippeau.
Of knowledge; pity two such noble lights
Should live obscured here in an university,
Whose beams were fit to illumine any court
Of Christendom!

Enter La Fiske, de Bube, *and* Pippeau.

Lat. The duke will shortly know 'em.
Fiske. Well, look upon the astrolabe; you'll find
Four *almucanturies* at least. [it
Bube. It is so.
Rusee. Still of their learned stuff; they care for nothing,
But how to know; as negligent of their bodies
In diet, or else, especially in their clothes,
As if they had no change.
Pip. They have so little [*Aside.*
As well may free them from the name of shifters.
Fiske. Monsieur Latorch!
Lat. How is it, learned gentlemen,
With both your virtues?
Bube. A most happy hour,
When we see you, sir.
Lat. When you hear me then,
It will be happier: The duke greets you both
Thus; and though you may touch no money, father,
Yet you may take it. [*Giving money.*
Rusee. 'Tis his highness' bounty;
But yet to me, and these that have put off
The world, superfluous.
Fiske. We have heard of late
His highness' good success.
Bube. And gratulate it.
Lat. Indeed he hath 'scaped a strange conspiracy,
Thanks to his stars; which stars he prays by me,
You would again consult, and make a judgment
On what you lately erected for my love.
Rusee. Oh, sir, we dare not!
Fiske. For our lives!
Bube. It is
The prince's scheme!
Lat. To encounter with that fear,
Here's, to assure you, his signet; write your names,
And be secured all three.

Bube. We must entreat some time, sir.
Lat. I must then
Entreat, it be as present as you can.
Fiske. Have you the scheme here?
Lat. Yes.
Rusee. I would you had, sir,
Another warrant!
Lat. What would that do?
Rusee. Marry,
We have a doctor, sir, that in this business
Would not perform the second part.
Lat. Not him
That you writ to me of?
Rusee. The very same.
Lat. I should have made it, sir, my suit to see
Here is a warrant, father. I conceived [him.
That he had solely applied himself to magic.
Rusee. And to these studies too, sir; in this field
He was initiated. But we shall hardly draw
Him from his chair.
Lat. Tell him he shall have gold——
Fiske. Oh, such a syllable would make him to
Ever to breathe in your sight. [forswear
Lat. How then?
Fiske. Sir, he, if you do please to give him any
Must have it convey'd under a paper. [thing,
Rusee. Or left behind some book in his study.
Bube. Or in some old wall.
Fiske. Where his familiars
May tell him of it, and that pleases him, sir.
Bube. Or else, I'll go and assay him.
Lat. Take gold with you.
Rusee. That will not be amiss. Give it the boy, sir;
He knows his holes, and how to bait his spirits.
Pip. We must lay in several places, sir.
Rusee. That's true; that if one come not, the other may hit.
[*Exeunt* RUSEE *and* PIPPEAU.
Lat. Well, go then. Is he so learned, gentlemen?
Fiske. The very top of our profession, mouth of the fates!
Pray heaven his spirits be in good humour to take,
They'll fling the gold about the house else!
Bube. Ay,
And beat the friar, if he go not well
Furnish'd with holy water.
Fiske. Sir, you must observe him.
Bube. Not cross him in a word; for then he's gone.
Fiske. If he do come, which is a hazard, yet——
'Mass, he is here! this is speed!
Enter NORBRET, RUSEE, *and* PIPPEAU.
Norb. Where's your scheme?
Let's see; dispatch; nay, fumbling now? Who's this?
Rusee. Chief gentleman of the duke's chamber, doctor.
Norb. Oh, let him be; good even to him! he's a courtier;
I'll spare his compliment, tell him. What's here?
The geniture nocturnal, longitude
At twenty-one degrees, the latitude
At forty-nine and ten minutes? How are the *Cardines?*
Fiske. *Libra* in twenty-four, forty-four minutes;
And *Capricorn*——
Norb. I see it; see the planets,
Where, how they are disposed; the sun and *Mercury,*
Mars with the *Dragon's tail* in the third house,
And *pars Fortunæ* in the *Imo Cœli,*
Then *Jupiter* in the twelfth, the *Cacodemon.*
Bube. And *Venus* in the second *Inferna Porta.*
Norb. I see it; peace! then *Saturn* in the fifth,
Luna i' th' seventh, and much of *Scorpio,*
Then *Mars* his *Gaudium,* rising in th' Ascendent,
And join'd with *Libra* too, the house of *Venus,*
And *Imum Cœli, Mars* his exaltation
In the seventh house, *Aries* being his natural house
And where he is now seated, and all these shew him
To be the *Almuten.*
Rusee. Yes, he's lord of the geniture,
Whether you examine it by *Ptolomy's* way,
Or *Messahalah's, Lael,* or *Alkindus.*
Fiske. No other planet hath so many dignities,
Either by himself, or in regard of the *cuspes.*
Norb. Why, hold your tongue then, if you know it; *Venus*
The lady of the horoscope, being *Libra,*
The other part, *Mars* rules: So that the geniture,
Being nocturnal, *Luna* is the highest,
None else being in sufficient dignity,
She being in *Aries* in the seventh house,
Where *Sol* exalted, is the *Alchoroden.*
Bube. Yes, for you see he hath his *termine*
In the degrees where she is, and enjoys
By that six dignities.
Fiske. Which are clearly more
Than any else that view her in the scheme.
Norb. Why, I saw this, and could have told you
That he beholds her with a trine aspèct [too,
Here out of *Sagittary,* almost quartile,
And how that *Mars* out of the self-same house,
(But another sign) here by a *platique* aspect
Looks at'the *hyleg,* with a quartile ruling
The house where the sun is; all this could I
Have told you, but that you'll out-run me; and more,
That this same quartile aspect to the lady of life,
Here in the seventh, promises some danger,
Cauda Draconis being so near *Mars,*
And *Caput Algol* in the house of death.
Lat. How, sir? I pray you clear that.
Norb. What is the question first?
Rusee. Of the duke's life; what dangers threaten him?
Norb. Apparent, and those sudden, when the
Or *Alchoroden* by direction come [*hyleg*
To a quartile opposition of the place
Where *Mars* is in the geniture, (which is now at hand)
Or else oppose to *Mars* himself; expect it.
Lat. But they may be prevented?
Norb. Wisdom only,
That rules the stars, may do it; for *Mars* being
Lord of the geniture in *Capricorn,*
Is, if you mark it, now a *Sextile* here,
With *Venus* lady of the horoscope.
So she being in her *exilium,* which is *Scorpio,*
And *Mars* his *gaudium,* is o'er-ruled by him,
And clear debilitated five degrees
Beneath her ordinary power, so
That, at the most, she can but mitigate.
Lat. You cannot name the persons bring this danger?
Norb. No, that the stars tell us not; they name
That is a work, sir, of another place. [no man;
Rusee. Tell him whom you suspect, and he'll guess shrewdly.

Lat. Sir, we do fear one Aubrey; if 'twere he,
I should be glad; for we should soon prevent him.
Fiske. [*Aside to* NORBRET.] I know him; the duke's kinsman; a tall man.
Lay hold of't, Norbret.
Norb. Let me pause a little:
Is he not near of kin unto the duke?
Lat. Yes, reverend sir.
Norb. Fart for your reverence!
Keep it till then.—And somewhat high of stature?
Lat. He is so.
Norb. How old is he? [*Aside to* FISKE.
Fiske. About seven-and-fifty.—
Norb. His head and beard inclining to be grey.
Lat. Right, sir.
Fiske. And fat. [*Aside to* NORBRET.
Norb. He's somewhat corpulent, is he not?
Lat. You speak the man, sir.
Norb. Well, look to him! Farewell! [*Exit.*
Lat. Oh, it is Aubrey.—Gentlemen, I pray ye,
Let me receive this under all your hands.
Rusee. Why, he will shew you him in his magic glass,
If you entreat him, and but gratify
A spirit or two more.
Lat. He shall eat gold,
If he will have it; so shall you all. There's that
Amongst you first. [*Giving money.*] Let me have this to send
The duke in the mean time; and then what sights
You please to shew. I'll have you so rewarded
As never artists were; you shall to court
Along with me, and there wait not your fortunes.
[*Exit.*
Bube. We have a pretty part of 't in our pockets.
Boy, we will all be new; you shall along too.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—CAEN.—*A Room in the Palace.*

Enter SOPHIA, MATILDA, *and* EDITH.

Mat. Good madam, hear the suit that Edith urges,
With such submiss beseeches; nor remain
So strictly bound to sorrow for your son,
That nothing else, though never so befitting,
Obtains your ears or observation.
Soph. What would she say? I hear.
Edith. My suit is, madam,
That you would please to think as well of justice
Due to your son's revenge, as of more wrong added
To both yourselves for it, in only grieving.
Th' undaunted power of princes should not be
Confined in deedless cold calamity;
Anger, the twin of Sorrow, in your wrongs
Should not be smother'd, when his right of birth
Claims th' air as well, and force of coming forth.
Soph. Sorrow is due already; Anger never
Should be conceived, but where it may be born
In some fact fit to employ his active flame,
That else consumes who bears it, and abides
Like a false star that quenches as it glides.
Edith. I have such means to employ it, as your wish
Can think no better, easier, or securer;
And such as, but for the honours I intend
To your partakings, I alone could end.
But your parts in all dues to crying blood
For vengeance in the shedder, are much greater,
And therefore should work your hands to his slaughter;
For your consent to which, 'twere infinite wrong
To your severe and most impartial justice,
To move you to forget so false a son
As with a mother's duty made you curse him.
Mat. Edith, he is forgot for any son
Born of my mother, or to me a brother;
For, should we still perform our rights to him,
We should partake his wrongs, and as foul be
In blood and damned parricide as he:
And therefore tell the happy means that heaven
Puts in thy hand, for all our long'd-for freedom
From so abhorr'd and impious a monster.
Soph. Tell what she will, I'll lend nor hand nor ear
To whatsoever heaven puts in her power. [*Exit.*
Mat. How strange she is to what she chiefly wishes!
Sweet Edith, be not any thought the more
Discouraged in thy purpose, but assured
Her heart and prayers are thine; and that we two
Shall be enough to all we wish to do.
Edith. Madam, myself alone, I make no doubt,
Shall be afforded power enough from heaven
To end the murderer. All I wish of you,
Is but some richer ornaments and jewels
Than I am able to provide myself,
To help out the defects of my poor beauty,
That yet hath been enough, as now it is,
To make his fancy mad with my desire.
But you know, madam, women never can
Be too fair to torment an amorous man;
And this man's torments I would heighten still,
Till at their highest he be fit to kill.
Mat. Thou shalt have all my jewels and my mother's;
And thou shalt paint too, that his blood's desire
May make him perish in a painted fire.
Hast thou been with him yet?
Edith. Been with him? no;
I set that hour back to haste more his longing:
But I have promised to his instruments,
The admittance of a visit at our house;
Where yet I would receive him with all lustre
My sorrow would give leave to, to remove
Suspicion of my purpose.
Mat. Thou shalt have
All I can add, sweet wench, in jewels, tires;
I'll be myself thy dresser. Nor may I
Serve my own love with a contracted husband
More sweetly, nor more amply, than may'st thou
Thy forward will with his bewitch'd affections!
Affect'st thou any personal aid of mine,
My noblest Edith?
Edith. Nought but your kind prayer,
For full effect and speed of my affair.
Mat. They are thine, my Edith, as for me my own:
For thou well know'st, if blood shed of the best
Should cool and be forgotten, who would fear
To shed blood still? or where, alas, were then
The endless love we owe to worthy men?
Edith. Love of the worthiest ever bless your highness! [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*Another in the same.*

Enter ROLLO (*with a glass*), AUBREY, *and* Servants.

Rollo. I never studied my glass till now;
It is exceeding well; now leave me. Cousin,
How takes your eye the object?
Aub. I have learn'd
So much, sir, of the courtier, as to say
Your person does become your habit; but,
Being call'd unto it by a noble war,
Would grace an armour better.
Rollo. You are still
For that great art of which you are the master:
Yet I must tell you, that to the encounters
We oft attempt, arm'd only thus, we bring
As troubled blood, fears mix'd with flatt'ring hopes,
The danger in the service too as great,
As when we are to charge quite through and through
The body of an army.
Aub. I'll not argue
How you may rank the dangers, but will die in't,
The ends which they arrive at are as distant
In every circumstance, as far as honour
Is from shame and repentance.
Rollo. You are sour.
Aub. I would speak my free thoughts, yet not appear so;
Nor am I so ambitious of the title
Of one that dares task any thing that runs
Against the torrent of his own opinion,
That I affect to speak aught may offend you:
And therefore, gracious sir, be pleased to think
My manners of discretion have inform'd me,
That I was born, in all good ends, to serve you,
And not to check at what concerns me not:
I look not with sore eyes on your rich outside,
Nor rack my thoughts to find out to what purpose
'Tis now employ'd; I wish it may be good,
And that, I hope, offends not. For a subject
Towards his prince, in things indifferent,
To use th' austereness of a censuring Cato
Is arrogance, not freedom.
Rollo. I commend
This temper in you, and will cherish it.

Enter HAMOND, *with Letters.*

They come from Roan? Latorch employ'd you?
Ham. True, sir.
Rollo. I must not now be troubled with a thought
Of any new design. Good Aubrey, read 'em;
And as they shall direct you, use my power,
Or to reply or execute.
Aub. I will, sir.
Rollo. And, captain, bring a squadron of our guard
To the house that late was Baldwin's, and there wait me.
Ham. I shall.
Rollo. Some two hours hence.
Ham. With my best care.
Rollo. Inspire me, Love, and be thy deity
Or scorn'd or fear'd, as now thou favour'st me! [*Exit.*
Ham. My stay to do my duty, may-be, wrongs
Your lordship's privacy.
Aub. Captain, your love
Is ever welcome. I entreat your patience
While I peruse these.
Ham. I attend your pleasure.
Aub. [*Reads.*] How's this? a plot on me! [*Aside.*
Ham. What is contain'd
I' th' letters that I brought, that thus transports him?
Aub. To be wrought on by rogues, and have my head
Brought to the axe by knaves that cheat for bread?
The creatures of a parasite, a slave?
I find you here, Latorch, nor wonder at it;
But that this honest captain should be made
His instrument, afflicts me: I'll make trial
Whether his will or weakness made him do it.—
Captain, you saw the duke, when he commanded
I should do what these letters did direct me;
And I presume you think I'll not neglect,
For fear or favour, to remove all dangers,
How near soe'er that man can be to me
From whom they should have birth.
Ham. It is confirm'd.
Aub. Nor would you, captain, I believe, refuse,
Or for respect of thankfulness, or hopes,
To use your sword with fullest confidence
Where he shall bid you strike.
Ham. I never have done.
Aub. Nor will, I think.
Ham. I hope it is not question'd.
Aub. The means to have it so is now proposed you.
Draw; so, 'tis well; and next, cut off my head!
Ham. What means your lordship?
Aub. 'Tis, sir, the duke's pleasure;
My innocence hath made me dangerous,
And I must be removed, and you the man
Must act his will.
Ham. I'll be a traitor first,
Before I serve it thus!
Aub. It must be done;
And, that you may not doubt it, there's your warrant,
But as you read, remember, Hamond, that
I never wrong'd one of your brave profession;
And, though it be not manly, I must grieve
That man of whose love I was most ambitious
Could find no object of his hate but me.
Ham. It is no time to talk now. Honour'd sir,
Be pleased to hear thy servant: I am wrong'd,
And cannot, being now to serve the duke,
Stay to express the manner how; but if
I do not suddenly give you strong proofs
Your life is dearer to me than my own,
May I live base, and die so! Sir, your pardon. [*Exit.*
Aub. I am both ways ruin'd, both ways mark'd for slaughter!
On every side, about, behind, before me,
My certain fate is fix'd! Were I a knave now,
I could avoid this; had my actions
But mere relations to their own ends, I could 'scape now.
Oh, Honesty! thou elder child of Virtue,
Thou seed of Heaven, why, to acquire thy goodness,
Should malice and distrust stick thorns before us,
And make us swim unto thee, hung with hazards?
But Heaven is got by suffering, not disputing!
Say he knew this before-hand, where am I then?
Or say he do not know it, where's my loyalty?

I know his nature, troubled as the sea,
And as the sea devouring when he's vex'd,
And I know princes are their own expounders.
Am I afraid of death? of dying nobly?
Of dying in mine innocence uprightly?
Have I met death in all his forms, and fears,
Now on the points of swords, now pitched on lances,
In fires, in storms of arrows, battles, breaches,
And shall I now shrink from him, when he courts
Smiling and full of sanctity? I'll meet him; [me,
My loyal hand and heart shall give this to him,
And, though it bear beyond what poets feign
A punishment, duty shall meet that pain;
And my most constant heart, to do him good,
Shall check at neither pale affright nor blood.

Enter Messenger.

Mes. The duchess presently would crave your presence.

Aub. I come; and Aubrey, now resolve to keep
Thy honour living, though thy body sleep! [*Exit.*

SCENE II.—*A Room in the House of* BALDWIN.

Enter EDITH *and a* Boy; *a Banquet set out.*

Edith. Now for thy father's murder and the ruin
All chastity shall suffer if he reign! [*Kneels.*
Thou blessed soul, look down, and steel thy daughter,
Look on the sacrifice she comes to send thee,
And through the bloody clouds behold my piety!
Take from my cold heart fear, from my sex pity,
And as I wipe these tears off, shed for thee,
So all remembrance may I lose of mercy!
Give me a woman's anger bent to blood,
The wildness of the winds to drown his prayers!
Storm-like may my destruction fall upon him,
My rage, like roving billows as they rise,
Pour'd on his soul to sink it! Give me flattery,
(For yet my constant soul ne'er knew dissembling)
Flattery the food of fools, that I may rock him
And lull him in the down of his desires;
That in the height of all his hopes and wishes,
His Heaven forgot, and all his lusts upon him,
My hand, like thunder from a cloud, may seize him!— [*Rises.*
I hear him come; go, boy, and entertain him.

SONG *by the* Boy.

Take, oh, take those lips away,
That so sweetly were forsworn,
And those eyes, like break of day,
Lights that do mislead the morn;
But my kisses bring again,
Seals of love, though seal'd in vain.

Hide, oh, hide those hills of snow,
Which thy frozen bosom bears,
On whose tops the pinks that grow
Are of those that April wears;
But first set my poor heart free,
Bound in those icy chains by thee.

Enter ROLLO.

Rollo. What bright star, taking Beauty's form upon her,
In all the happy lustre of Heaven's glory,
Has dropp'd down from the sky to comfort me:
Wonder of nature, let it not prophane thee
My rude hand touch thy beauty; nor this kiss,
The gentle sacrifice of love and service,
Be offer'd to the honour of thy sweetness.

Edith. My gracious lord, no deity dwells here,
Nor nothing of that virtue, but obedience;
The servant to your will affects no flattery.

Rollo. Can it be flattery to swear those eyes
Are Love's eternal lamps he fires all hearts with?
That tongue the smart string to his bow? those [sighs
The deadly shafts he sends into our souls?
Oh, look upon me with thy spring of beauty!

Edith. Your grace is full of game.

Rollo. By heaven, my Edith,
Thy mother fed on roses when she bred thee.

Edith. And thine on brambles, that have prick'd her heart out! [*Aside.*

Rollo. The sweetness of the Arabian wind, still blowing
Upon the treasures of perfumes and spices,
In all their pride and pleasures, call thee mistress!

Edith. Will't please you sit, sir?

Rollo. So you please sit by me. [*They sit.*
Fair gentle maid, there is no speaking to thee;
The excellency that appears upon thee
Ties up my tongue! Pray speak to me.

Edith. Of what, sir?

Rollo. Of any thing, any thing is excellent.
Will you take my directions? Speak of love then;
Speak of thy fair self, Edith; and while thou speak'st,
Let me, thus languishing, give up myself, wench.

Edith. He has a strange cunning tongue. [*Aside.*]
—Why do you sigh, sir?—
How masterly he turns himself to catch me!

Rollo. The way to Paradise, my gentle maid,
Is hard and crooked, scarce repentance finding,
With all her holy helps, the door to enter.
Give me thy hand: What dost thou feel!

Edith. Your tears, sir;
You weep extremely.—Strengthen me now, justice!— [*Aside.*
Why are these sorrows, sir?

Rollo. Thou wilt never love me
If I should tell thee; yet there's no way left
Ever to purchase this bless'd Paradise,
But swimming thither in these tears.

Edith. I stagger!

Rollo. Are they not drops of blood?

Edith. No.

Rollo. They are for blood then,
For guiltless blood! and they must drop, my Edith,
They must thus drop, till I have drown'd my mischiefs.

Edith. If this be true, I have no strength to touch him. [*Aside.*

Rollo. I pr'ythee look upon me; turn not from me!
Alas, I do confess I'm made of mischief,
Begot with all men's miseries upon me;
But see my sorrows, maid, and do not thou,
Whose only sweetest sacrifice is softness,
Whose true condition tenderness of nature——

Edith. My anger melts; oh, I shall lose my justice! [*Aside.*

Rollo. Do not thou learn to kill with cruelty,
As I have done; to murder with thy eyes,
Those blessed eyes, as I have done with malice.
When thou hast wounded me to death with scorn,
(As I deserve it, lady) for my true love,
When thou hast loaden me with earth for ever,

Take heed my sorrows, and the stings I suffer,
Take heed my nightly dreams of death and horror,
Pursue thee not; no time shall tell thy griefs then,
Nor shall an hour of joy add to thy beauties.
Look not upon me as I kill'd thy father;
As I was smear'd in blood, do thou not hate me;
But thus, in whiteness of my wash'd repentance,
In my heart's tears and truth of love to Edith,
In my fair life hereafter——
Edith. He will fool me! [*Aside.*
Rollo. Oh, with thine angel-eyes behold and bless me!
Of Heaven we call for mercy, and obtain it;
To Justice for our right on earth, and have it;
Of thee I beg for love; save me, and give it!
Edith. Now, Heaven, thy help, or I am gone for ever;
His tongue has turn'd me into melting pity! [*Aside.*

Enter HAMOND *and* Guard.

Ham. Keep the doors safe; and, upon pain of death,
Let no man enter till I give the word. [*Exeunt.*
Guard. We shall, sir.
Ham. Here he is, in all his pleasure:
I have my wish.
Rollo. How now? why dost thou stare so?
Edith. A help, I hope!
Rollo. What dost thou here? who sent thee?
Ham. My brother, and the base malicious office
Thou mad'st me do to Aubrey. Pray!
Rollo. Pray?
Ham. Pray!
Pray, if thou canst pray; I shall kill thy soul else!
Pray suddenly!
Rollo. Thou canst not be so traitorous!
Ham. It is a justice.—Stay, lady!
For I perceive your end: a woman's hand
Must not rob me of vengeance.
Edith. 'Tis my glory!
Ham. 'Tis mine; stay, and share with me.—By the gods, Rollo,
There is no way to save thy life!
Rollo. No?
Ham. No:
It is so monstrous, no repentance cures it!
Rollo. Why then, thou shalt kill her first; and what this blood [*Seizes* EDITH.
Will cast upon thy cursed head——
Ham. Poor guard, sir!
Edith. Spare not, brave captain!
Rollo. Fear, or the devil have thee! [mother,
Ham. Such fear, sir, as you gave your honour'd
When your most virtuous brother shield-like held
Such I'll give you. Put her away. [her,
Rollo. I will not;
I will not die so tamely.
Ham. Murderous villain,
Wilt thou draw seas of blood upon thee?
Edith. Fear not;
Kill him, good captain! any way dispatch him!
My body's honour'd with that sword that through me
Sends his black soul to hell! Oh, but for one
Ham. Shake him off bravely. [hand!
Edith. He is too strong. Strike him!
Ham. [*They struggle,* ROLLO *seizes* EDITH'S *dagger.*] Oh, am I with you, sir? Now keep you from him!
What, has he got a knife?
Edith. Look to him, captain;
For now he will be mischievous.
Ham. Do you smile, sir?
Does it so tickle you? Have at you once more!
Edith. Oh, bravely thrust! Take heed he come not in, sir.
To him again; you give him too much respite.
Rollo. Yet wilt thou save my life? and I'll forgive thee,
And give thee all, all honours, all advancements,
Call thee my friend!
Edith. Strike, strike, and hear him not!
His tongue will tempt a saint.
Rollo. Oh, for my soul sake!
Edith. Save nothing of him!
Ham. Now for your farewell!
Are you so wary? take you that! [*Stabs him.*
Rollo. Thou that too! [*Stabs him.*
Oh, thou hast kill'd me basely, basely, basely! [*Dies.*
Edith. The just reward of murder falls upon thee!
How do you, sir? has he not hurt you?
Ham. No;
I feel not any thing.
Aub. [*Within.*] I charge you let us pass!
Guard. [*Within.*] You cannot yet, sir.
Aub. I'll make way then.
Guard. We are sworn to our captain:
And, till he give the word——
Ham. Now let them in there.

Enter SOPHIA, MATILDA, AUBREY, *Lords, and Attendants.*

Soph. Oh, there he lies! Sorrow on sorrow seeks me!
Oh, in his blood he lies!
Aub. Had you spoke sooner,
This might have been prevented. Take the duchess,
And lead her off; this is no sight for her eyes. [SOPHIA *led out.*
Mat. Oh, bravely done, wench!
Edith. There stands the noble doer.
Mat. May honour ever seek thee for thy justice!
Oh, 'twas a deed of high and brave adventure,
A justice even for Heaven to envy at!
Farewell, my sorrows, and my tears take truce,
My wishes are come round! Oh, bloody brother,
Till this hour never beauteous; till thy life,
Like a full sacrifice for all thy mischiefs,
Flow'd from thee in these rivers, never righteous!
Oh, how my eyes are quarried with their joys now!
My longing heart even leaping out for lightness!
But, die thy black sins with thee; I forgive thee!
Aub. Who did this deed?
Ham. I, and I'll answer it! [*Dies.*
Edith. He faints! Oh, that same cursed knife has kill'd him!
Aub. How?
Edith. He snatch'd it from my hand for whom I bore it;
And as they grappled——
Aub. Justice is ever equal!
Had it not been on him, thou hadst died too honest.
Did you know of his death?
Edith. Yes, and rejoice in't.
Aub. I am sorry for your youth then, for though the strictness
Of law shall not fall on you, that of life
Must presently. Go, to a cloister carry her;
And there for ever lead your life in penitence.
Edith. Best father to my soul, I give you thanks, sir!
And now my fair revenges have their ends,
My vows shall be my kin, my prayers my friends! [*Exit.*

Enter LATORCH *and the* Jugglers, *at the door.*

Lat. Stay there ; I'll step in, and prepare the [duke.
Norb. We shall have brave rewards !
Fiske. That's without question.
Lat. By this time, where's my huffing friend, lord Aubrey !
Where's that good gentleman ? Oh, I could laugh now,
And burst myself with mere imagination :
A wise man, and a valiant man, a just man,
Should suffer himself to be juggled out o' th' world
By a number of poor gipsies ! Farewell, swash buckler ;
For I know thy mouth is cold enough by this time.
A hundred of ye I can shave as neatly,
And ne'er draw blood in show. Now shall my honour,
My power, and virtue, walk alone ; my pleasure
Observed by all ; all knees bend to my worship ;
All suits to me, as saint of all their fortunes,
Preferr'd and crowded to. What full place of credit,
And what style now ? your lordship ? no, 'tis common ;
But that I'll think to-morrow on.—Now for my business. [*Comes forward.*
Aub. Who's there ?
Lat. Ha ! dead ? my master dead ? Aubrey [alive too ?
Guard. Latorch, sir.
Aub. Seize his body !
Lat. Oh, my fortune !
My master dead ? [*He is seized.*
Aub. And you, within this half-hour,
Prepare yourself, good devil ! you must to it ;
Millions of gold shall not redeem thy mischiefs.
Behold the justice of thy practice, villain ;
The mass of murders thou hast drawn upon us ;
Behold thy doctrine ! You look now for reward, sir,
To be advanced, I am sure, for all your labours ;
And you shall have it.—Make his gallows higher
By ten foot at the least, and then advance him.
Lat. Mercy, mercy !
Aub. It is too late, fool !
Such as you meant for me.—Away with him !—
[*He is led out.*
What gaping knaves are those ? Bring 'em in, fellows.— [*They are brought forward.*
Now, what are you ?
Norb. Mathematicians,
If't please your lordship.
Aub. And ye drew a figure ?
Fiske. We have drawn many.
Aub. For the duke, I mean, sir.
Latorch's knaves you are !
Norb. We know the gentleman.
Aub. What did he promise you ?
Norb. We are paid already.
Aub. But I will see you better paid : Go, whip them !
Norb. We do beseech your lordship ! we were hired.
Aub. I know you were, and you shall have your hire :
Whip 'em extremely ; whip that doctor there,
'Till he record himself a rogue.
Norb. I am one, sir.
Aub. Whip him for being one ; and when they are whipt,
Lead 'em to the gallows to see their patron hang'd.
Away with them ! [*They are led out.*
Norb. Ah, good my lord !
Aub. Now to mine own right, gentlemen.
1 *Lord.* You have the next indeed ; we all confess it,
And here stand ready to invest you with it.
2 *Lord.* Which to make stronger to you, and the surer
Than blood or mischiefs dare infringe again,
Behold this lady, sir, this noble lady,
Full of the blood as you are, of that nearness ;
How blessed would it be——
Aub. I apprehend you ;
And, so the fair Matilda dare accept me,
Her ever constant servant——
Mat. In all pureness,
In all humility of heart and services,
To the most noble Aubrey I submit me.
Aub. Then this is our first tie. Now to our business !
1 *Lord.* We are ready all to put the honour on you, sir.
Aub. These sad rites must be done first : Take up the bodies ;
This, as he was a prince, so princely funeral
Shall wait upon him ; on this honest captain,
The decency of arms ; a tear for him too.
So, sadly on, and, as we view his blood,
May his example in our rule raise good ! [*Exeunt with the bodies.*

THE WILD-GOOSE CHASE.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

DE GARD, *a noble stayed Gentleman, that, being newly lighted from his Travels, assists his Sister* ORIANA, *in her Chase of* MIRABEL *the* WILD-GOOSE.
LA CASTRE, *the indulgent Father to* MIRABEL.
MIRABEL, *the* WILD-GOOSE, *a travelled Monsieur, and great defier of all Ladies in the way of Marriage, otherwise their much loose Servant, at last caught by the despised* ORIANA.
PINAC, *his Fellow-Traveller, of a lively spirit, and Servant to the no less sprightly* LILLIA-BIANCA.
BELLEUR, *Companion to both, of a stout blunt humour, in Love with* ROSALURA.
NANTOLET, *Father to* ROSALURA *and* LILLIA-BIANCA.
LUGIER, *the rough and confident Tutor to the Ladies, and chief engine to entrap the* WILD-GOOSE.

ORIANA, *the fair betrothed of* MIRABEL, *and witty follower of the Chase.*
ROSALURA, LILLIA-BIANCA, *the airy Daughters of* NANTOLET.
PETELLA, *their Waiting-Woman.*
MARIANA, *an English Courtezan.*
A Young Man *disguised as a Factor.*
Page, Servants, Singing-Boy, *Two* Merchants, Priest, *Four* Women.

SCENE,—PARIS.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*A Room in* LA CASTRE'S *House.*

Enter DE GARD, *and a* Footboy.

De Ga. Sirrah, you know I have rid hard; stir
And let him want no litter. [my horse well,
Boy. I am sure I have run hard;
'Would somebody would walk me, and see me litter'd,
For I think my fellow horse cannot in reason
Desire more rest, nor take up his chamber before me:
But we are the beasts now, and the beasts are our masters.
De Ga. When you have done, step to the ten-crown ordinary——
Boy. With all my heart, sir; for I have a twenty-crown stomach.
De Ga. And there bespeak a dinner.
Boy. [*Going.*] Yes, sir, presently.
De Ga. For whom, I beseech you, sir?
Boy. For myself, I take it, sir.
De Ga. In truth, you shall not take it; 'tis not meant for you;
There's for your provender. Bespeak a dinner
For Monsieur Mirabel, and his companions;
They'll be in town within this hour. When you have done, sirrah,
Make ready all things at my lodgings, for me,
And wait me there.
Boy. The ten-crown ordinary?
De Ga. Yes, sir, if you have not forgot it.
Boy. I'll forget my feet first:
'Tis the best part of a footman's faith. [*Exit* Boy.
De Ga. These youths,
For all they have been in Italy to learn thrift,
And seem to wonder at men's lavish ways,
Yet they cannot rub off old friends, their French itches;
They must meet sometimes to disport their bodies
With good wine, and good women; and good store too.
Let 'em be what they will, they are arm'd at all points,
And then hang saving, let the sea grow high!
This ordinary can fit 'em of all sizes.
They must salute their country with old customs.

Enter LA CASTRE *and* ORIANA.

Ori. Brother!
De Ga. My dearest sister!
Ori. Welcome, welcome!
Indeed, you are welcome home, most welcome!
De Ga. Thank ye!
You're grown a handsome woman, Oriana:
Blush at your faults. I am wond'rous glad to see
Monsieur La Castre, let not my affection [you!—
To my fair sister make me held unmannerly:
I am glad to see you well, to see you lusty,
Good health about you, and in fair company;
Believe me, I am proud——
La Ca. Fair sir, I thank you.
Monsieur De Gard, you are welcome from your journey!
Good men have still good welcome: Give me your hand, sir.
Once more, you are welcome home! You look still younger.
De Ga. Time has no leisure to look after us;
We wander every where; age cannot find us.
La Ca. And how does all?
De Ga. All well, sir, and all lusty.
La Ca. I hope my son be so: I doubt not, sir,

But you have often seen him in your journies,
And bring me some fair news.
De Ga. Your son is well, sir,
And grown a proper gentleman; he's well, and lusty.
Within this eight hours I took leave of him,
And over-hied him, having some slight business
That forced me out o' th' way: I can assure you,
He will be here to-night.
La Ca. You make me glad, sir,
For, o' my faith, I almost long to see him!
Methinks he has been away——
De Ga. 'Tis but your tenderness;
What are three years? a love-sick wench will allow it.
His friends, that went out with him, are come back too,
Belleur, and young Pinac: He bid me say little,
Because he means to be his own glad messenger.
La Ca. I thank you for this news, sir. He shall be welcome,
And his friends too: Indeed, I thank you heartily!
And how (for I dare say you will not flatter him)
Has Italy wrought on him? has he mew'd yet
His wild fantastic toys? They say, that climate
Is a great purger of those humorous fluxes.
How is he improved, I pray you?
De Ga. No doubt, sir, well.
He has borne himself a full and noble gentleman;
To speak him further is beyond my charter.
La Ca. I am glad to hear so much good. Come, I see
You long to enjoy your sister; yet I must entreat
Before I go, to sup with me to-night, [you,
And must not be denied.
De Ga. I am your servant.
La Ca. Where you shall meet fair, merry, and noble company;
My neighbour Nantolet; and his two fair daughters.
De Ga. Your supper's season'd well, sir: I shall wait upon you.
La Ca. Till then I'll leave ye: And you are once more welcome! [*Exit.*
De Ga. I thank you, noble sir!—Now, Oriana,
How have ye done since I went? have ye had your
And your mind free? [health well?
Ori. You see, I am not bated;
Merry, and eat my meat.
De Ga. A good preservative.
And how have you been used? You know, Oriana,
Upon my going out, at your request,
I left your portion in La Castre's hands,
The main means you must stick to: For that reason,
And 'tis no little one, I ask you, sister,
With what humanity he entertains you,
And how you find his courtesy?
Ori. Most ready:
I can assure you, sir, I am used most nobly.
De Ga. I am glad to hear it: But, I pr'ythee tell me,
And tell me true, what end had you, Oriana,
In trusting your money here? He is no kinsman,
Nor any tie upon him of a guardian;
Nor dare I think you doubt my prodigality.
Ori. No, certain, sir; none of all this provoked
Another private reason. [me;
De Ga. 'Tis not private,
Nor carried so; 'tis common, my fair sister;
Your love to Mirabel: Your blushes tell it.
'Tis too much known, and spoken of too largely;
And with no little shame I wonder at it.
Ori. Is it a shame to love?
De Ga. To love undiscreetly:
A virgin should be tender of her honour,
Close, and secure.
Ori. I am as close as can be,
And stand upon as strong and honest guards too;
Unless this warlike age need a portcullis.
Yet, I confess, I love him.
De Ga. Hear the people.
Ori. Now I say, hang the people! he that dares
Believe what they say, dares be mad, and give
His mother, nay, his own wife, up to rumour.
All grounds of truth, they build on, is a tavern;
And their best censure's sack, sack in abundance;
For as they drink, they think: They ne'er speak modestly,
Unless the wine be poor, or they want money.
Believe them? Believe Amadis de Gaul,
The Knight o' th' Sun, or Palmerin of England;
For these, to them, are modest and true stories!
Pray understand me; if their tongues be truth,
As if *in vino veritas* be an oracle,
What woman is, or has been ever, honest?
Give 'em but ten round cups, they'll swear Lucretia
Died not for want of power to resist Tarquin,
But want of pleasure that he stay'd no longer:
And Portia, that was famous for her piety
To her loved lord, they'll face ye out, died o' th' pox.
De Ga. Well, there is something, sister.
Ori. If there be, brother,
'Tis none of their things; 'tis not yet so monstrous:
My thing is marriage; and, at his return,
I hope to put their squint eyes right again.
De Ga. Marriage? 'Tis true, his father is a rich man,
Rich both in land and money; he his heir,
A young and handsome man, I must confess too;
But of such qualities, and such wild flings,
Such admirable imperfections, sister,
(For all his travel, and bought experience)
I should be loth to own him for my brother.
Methinks, a rich mind in a state indifferent
Would prove the better fortune.
Ori. If he be wild,
The reclaiming him to good and honest, brother,
Will make much for my honour; which, if I pros-
Shall be the study of my love, and life too. [per,
De Ga. You say well; 'would he thought as well, and loved too!
He marry? he'll be hang'd first; he knows no more
What the conditions and the ties of love are,
The honest purposes and grounds of marriage,
Nor will know, nor be ever brought to endeavour,
Than I do how to build a church: He was ever
A loose and strong defier of all order;
His loves are wanderers, they knock at each door,
And taste each dish, but are no residents.
Or say, he may be brought to think of marriage,
(As 'twill be no small labour) thy hopes are strangers:
I know, there is a labour'd match now follow'd,
Now at this time, for which he was sent for home too:
Be not abused; Nantolet has two fair daughters,
And he must take his choice.
Ori. Let him take freely:
For all this I despair not; my mind tells me
That I, and only I, must make him perfect;
And in that hope I rest.
De Ga. Since you're so confident,

Prosper your hope! I'll be no adversary;
Keep yourself fair and right, he shall not wrong you.
Ori. When I forget my virtue, no man know me! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*A Street before the same House.*

Enter MIRABEL, PINAC, BELLEUR, *and* Servants.

Mir. Welcome to Paris, once more, gentlemen!
We have had a merry and a lusty ordinary,
And wine, and good meat, and a bouncing reckoning!
And let it go for once; 'tis a good physic:
Only the wenches are not for my diet;
They are too lean and thin, their embraces brawn-fallen.
Give me the plump Venetian, fat, and lusty,
That meets me soft and supple; smiles upon me,
As if a cup of full wine leap'd to kiss me;
These slight things I affect not.
Pinac. They are ill-built;
Pin-buttock'd, like your dainty Barbaries,
And weak i' th' pasterns; they'll endure no hardness.
Mir. There's nothing good or handsome bred amongst us:
Till we are travell'd, and live abroad, we are coxcombs.
You talk of France; a slight unseason'd country,
Abundance of gross food, which makes us block-heads!
We are fair set out indeed, and so are fore-horses:
Men say, we are great courtiers; men abuse us!
We are wise, and valiant too; *non credo, signor!*
Our women the best linguists; they are parrots;
O' this side the Alps they're nothing but mere drolleries.
Ha! *Roma la Santa*, Italy for my money!
Their policies, their customs, their frugalities,
Their courtesies so open, yet so reserved too,
As, when you think you are known best, you're a stranger;
Their very pick-teeth speak more man than we do,
And season of more salt!
Pinac. 'Tis a brave country;
Not pester'd with your stubborn precise puppies,
That turn all useful and allow'd contentments
To scabs and scruples: Hang 'em, capon-worshippers!
Bel. I like that freedom well, and like their women too,
And would fain do as others do; but I'm so bashful,
So naturally an ass—Look ye, I can look upon 'em,
And very willingly I go to see 'em,
(There's no man willinger) and I can kiss 'em,
And make a shift——
Mir. But if they chance to flout you,
Or say, "You are too bold! fy, sir, remember!
I pray, sit further off——"
Bel. 'Tis true—I am humbled,
I am gone; I confess ingenuously, I am silenced;
The spirit of amber cannot force me answer.
Pinac. Then would I sing and dance——
Bel. You have wherewithal, sir.
Pinac. And charge her up again.
Bel. I can be hang'd first;
Yet, where I fasten well, I am a tyrant.
Mir. Why, thou dar'st fight?
Bel. Yes, certainly I dare fight,
And fight with any man at any weapon;
'Would the other were no more! but a pox on't!
When I am sometimes in my height of hope,
And reasonable valiant that way, my heart harden'd,
Some scornful jest or other chops between me
And my desire: What would you have me to do then, gentlemen?
Mir. Belleur, you must be bolder: Travel three years,
And bring home such a baby to betray you
As bashfulness? a great fellow, and a soldier?
Bel. You have the gift of impudence; be thankful;
Every man has not the like talent. I will study,
And if it may be reveal'd to me——
Mir. Learn of me,
And of Pinac: No doubt, you'll find employment;
Ladies will look for courtship.
Pinac. 'Tis but fleshing,
But standing one good brunt or two. Hast thou any mind to marriage?
We'll provide thee some soft-natur'd wench, that's dumb too.
Mir. Or an old woman that cannot refuse thee in charity.
Bel. A dumb woman, or an old woman, that were eager,
And cared not for discourse, I were excellent at.
Mir. You must now put on boldness (there's no avoiding it)
And stand all hazards, fly at all games bravely;
They'll say, you went out like an ox, and return'd like an ass else.
Bel. I shall make danger, sure.
Mir. I am sent for home now,
I know it is to marry; but my father shall pardon me:
Although it be a weighty ceremony,
And may concern me hereafter in my gravity,
I will not lose the freedom of a traveller;
A new strong lusty bark cannot ride at one anchor.
Shall I make divers suits to shew to the same eyes?
'Tis dull and home-spun! study several pleasures,
And want employments for 'em? I'll be hang'd first!
Tie me to one smock? make my travels fruitless?
I'll none of that; for every fresh behaviour,
By your leave, father, I must have a fresh mistress,
And a fresh favour too.
Bel. I like that passingly;
As many as you will, so they be willing,
Willing, and gentle, gentle.
Pinac. There's no reason
A gentleman, and a traveller, should be clapt up,
(For 'tis a kind of bilboes to be married)
Before he manifest to the world his good parts:
Tug ever, like a rascal, at one oar?
Give me the Italian liberty!
Mir. That I study,
And that I will enjoy. Come, go in gentlemen;
There mark how I behave myself, and follow.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*A Room in* LA CASTRE'S *House.*

Enter LA CASTRE, NANTOLET, LUGIER, ROSALURA, *and* LILLIA-BIANCA.

La Ca. You and your beauteous daughters are most welcome!
Beshrew my blood they are fair ones!—Welcome beauties,
Welcome, sweet birds! [
Nant. They are bound much to your courtesies.
La Ca. I hope we shall be nearer acquainted.
Nant. That's my hope too;
For, certain, sir, I much desire your alliance.

You see 'em; they are no gypsies; for their breeding,
It has not been so coarse, but they are able
To rank themselves with women of fair fashion.
Indeed, they have been trained well.
Lug. Thank me!
Nant. Fit for the heirs of that state I shall leave 'em;
To say more, is to sell 'em. They say, your son,
Now he has travell'd, must be wond'rous curious
And choice in what he takes; these are no coarse ones.
Sir, here's a merry wench—let him look to himself;
All heart, i'faith!—may chance to startle him;
For all his care and travell'd caution,
May creep into his eye: If he love gravity,
Affect a solemn face, there's one will fit him.
La Ca. So young and so demure?
Nant. She is my daughter,
Else I would tell you, sir, she is a mistress
Both of those manners, and that modesty,
You would wonder at: She is no often-speaker,
But, when she does, she speaks well; nor no reveller,
Yet she can dance, and has studied the court elements,
And sings, as some say, handsomely; if a woman,
With the decency of her sex, may be a scholar,
I can assure you, sir, she understands too.
La Ca. These are fit garments, sir.
Lug. Thank them that cut 'em!
Yes, they are handsome women, they have handsome
Pretty becoming parts. [parts too,
La Ca. 'Tis like they have, sir.
Lug. Yes, yes, and handsome education they have had too,
Had it abundantly; they need not blush at it:
I taught it, I'll avouch it.
La Ca. You say well, sir.
Lug. I know what I say, sir, and I say but right,
I am no trumpet of their commendations [sir:
Before their father; else I should say farther.
La Ca. 'Pray you, what's this gentleman?
Nant. One that lives with me, sir;
A man well bred and learn'd, but blunt and bitter;
Yet it offends no wise man; I take pleasure in't:
Many fair gifts he has, in some of which,
That lie most easy to their understandings
He has handsomely bred up my girls, I thank him.
Lug. I have put it to 'em, that's my part, I have urged it;
It seems, they are of years now to take hold on't.
Nant. He's wond'rous blunt.
La Ca. By my faith, I was afraid of him:
Does he not fall out with the gentlewomen sometimes?
Nant. No, no; he's that way moderate and discreet, sir.
Ros. If he did, we should be too hard for him.
Lug. Well said, sulphur!
Too hard for thy husband's head, if he wear not armour.
Nant. Many of these bickerings, sir.
La Ca. I am glad, they are no oracles!
Sure as I live, he beats them, he's so puissant.

Enter Mirabel, Pinac, Belleur, De Gard, *and* Oriana.

Ori. Well, if you do forget——
Mir. Pr'ythee, hold thy peace!
I know thou art a pretty wench; I know thou lov'st me;
Preserve it till we have a fit time to discourse on't,
And a fit place; I'll ease thy heart, I warrant thee;
Thou seest, I have much to do now.
Ori. I am answer'd, sir:
With me you shall have nothing on these conditions.
De Ga. Your father and your friends.
La Ca. You are welcome home, sir!
'Bless you, you are very welcome! 'Pray know this gentleman,
And these fair ladies.
Nant. Monsieur Mirabel,
I am much affected with your fair return, sir;
You bring a general joy.
Mir. I bring you service,
And these bright beauties, sir.
Nant. Welcome home, gentlemen!
Welcome with all my heart!
Bel. Pinac. We thank you, sir.
La Ca. Your friends will have their share too.
Bel. Sir, we hope
They'll look upon us, though we show like strangers.
Nant. Monsieur De Gard, I must salute you also,
And this fair gentlewoman: you are welcome from
All welcome, all! [your travel too!

[La Castre *and* Mirabel *speak apart.*

De Ga. We render you our loves, sir,
The best wealth we bring home. By your favours, beauties!—
One of these two. You know my meaning.
Ori. Well, sir;
They are fair and handsome, I must needs confess
And, let it prove the worst, I shall live after it: [it,
Whilst I have meat and drink, love cannot starve
For, if I die o' th' first fit, I am unhappy, [me;
And worthy to be buried with my heels upward.
Mir. To marry, sir?
La Ca. You know, I am an old man,
And every hour declining to my grave,
One foot already in; more sons I have not,
Nor more I dare not seek whilst you are worthy;
In you lies all my hope, and all my name,
The making good or wretched of my memory;
The safety of my state.
Mir. And you have provided,
Out of this tenderness, these handsome gentlewomen,
Daughters to this rich man, to take my choice of?
La Ca. I have, dear son.
Mir. 'Tis true, you are old, and feebled;
'Would you were young again, and in full vigour!
I love a bounteous father's life, a long one;
I am none of those, that, when they shoot to ripeness,
Do what they can to break the boughs they grew
I wish you many years, and many riches, [on;
And pleasures to enjoy 'em: But for marriage,
I neither yet believe in't, nor affect it,
Nor think it fit.
La Ca. You'll render me your reasons?
Mir. Yes, sir both short and pithy, and these they are:
You would have me marry a maid?
La Ca. A maid? what else?
Mir. Yes, there be things called widows, dead men's wills,
I never loved to prove those; nor never long'd yet
To be buried alive in another man's cold monument.
And there be maids appearing, and maids being:
The appearing are fantastic things, mere shadows;

And, if you mark 'em well, they want their heads
Only the world, to cozen misty eyes, [too;
Has clapt 'em on new faces. The maids being
A man may venture on, if he be so mad to marry,
If he have neither fear before his eyes, nor fortune;
And let him take heed how he gather these too;
For look you, father, they are just like melons,
Musk-melons are the emblems of these maids;
Now they are ripe, now cut 'em they taste plea-
And are a dainty fruit, digested easily; [santly,
Neglect this present time, and come to-morrow,
They are so ripe, they are rotten—gone! their sweetness
Run into humour, and their taste to surfeit!
La Ca. Why, these are now ripe, son.
Mir. I'll try them presently,
And, if I like their taste——
La Ca. 'Pray you please yourself, sir.
Mir. That liberty is my due, and I'll maintain it.
—Lady, what think you of a handsome man now?
Ros. A wholesome too, sir?
Mir. That's as you make your bargain.
A handsome, wholesome man then, and a kind man,
To cheer your heart up, to rejoice you, lady?
Ros. Yes, sir, I love rejoicing.
Mir. To lie close to you?
Close as a cockle? keep the cold nights from you?
Ros. That will be look'd for too; our bodies ask
Mir. And get two boys at every birth? [it.
Ros. That's nothing;
I have known a cobler do it, a poor thin cobler,
A cobler out of mouldy cheese perform it,
Cabbage, and coarse black thread; methinks, a gentleman
Should take foul scorn to have an awl out-name him.
Two at a birth? Why, every house-dove has it:
That man that feeds well, promises as well too,
I should expect indeed something of worth from.
You talk of two?
Mir. She would have me get two dozen,
Like buttons at a birth.
Ros. You love to brag, sir;
If you proclaim these offers at your marriage,
(You are a pretty-timber'd man; take heed!)
They may be taken hold of, and expected,
Yes, if not hoped for at a higher rate too.
Mir. I will take heed, and thank you for your
Father, what think you? [counsel.—
La Ca. 'Tis a merry gentlewoman;
Will make, no doubt, a good wife.
Mir. Not for me:
I marry her, and, happily, get nothing;
In what a state am I then, father? I shall suffer,
For anything I hear to th' contrary, *more majorum;*
I were as sure to be a cuckold, father,
A gentleman of antler——
La Ca. Away, away, fool!
Mir. As I am sure to fail her expectation.
I had rather get the pox than get her babies!
La Ca. You are much to blame! If this do not affect you,
Pray try the other; she's of a more demure way.
Bel. That I had but the audacity to talk thus! [*Aside.*
I love that plain-spoken gentlewoman admirably;
And, certain, I could go as near to please her,
If down-right doing—She has a perilous counte-
If I could meet one that would believe me, [nance!
And take my honest meaning without circumstance—
Mir. You shall have your will, sir; I will try the other;
But 'twill be to small use.—I hope, fair lady,
(For, methinks, in your eyes, I see more mercy)
You will enjoin your lover a less penance;
And though I'll promise much, as men are liberal,
And vow an ample sacrifice of service,
Yet your discretion, and your tenderness,
And thriftiness in love, good huswife's carefulness
To keep the stock entire——
Lil. Good sir, speak louder,
That these may witness too, you talk of nothing:
I should be loth alone to bear the burthen
Of so much indiscretion.
Mir. Hark ye, hark ye!
Ods-bobs, you are angry, lady!
Lil. Angry? 'no, sir;
I never own'd an anger to lose poorly.
Mir. But you can love, for all this; and delight
For all your set austerity, to hear [too,
Of a good husband, lady?
Lil. You say true, sir;
For, by my troth, I have heard of none these ten years,
They are so rare; and there are so many, sir,
So many longing women on their knees too,
That pray the dropping-down of these good husbands—
The dropping-down from Heaven; for they are not bred here—
That you may guess at all my hope, but hearing—
Mir. Why may not I be one?
Lil. You were near 'em once, sir,
When ye came o'er the Alps; those are near Heaven:
But since you miss'd that happiness, there's no
Mir. Can ye love a man? [hope of you.
Lil. Yes, if the man be lovely;
That is, be honest, modest. I would have him valiant,
His anger slow, but certain for his honour;
Travell'd he should be, but through himself exactly,
For 'tis fairer to know manners well than countries;
He must be no vain talker, nor no lover
To hear himself talk; they are brags of a wanderer,
Of one finds no retreat for fair behaviour.
Would you learn more?
Mir. Yes.
Lil. Learn to hold your peace then:
Fond girls are got with tongues, women with tempers.
Mir. Women, with I know what; but let that vanish:
Go thy way, good wife Bias! Sure thy husband
Must have a strong philosopher's stone, he will ne'er please thee else.
Here's a starcht piece of austerity!—Do you hear,
Do you hear this moral lecture? [father?
La Ca. Yes, and like it.
Mir. Why, there's your judgment now; there's an old bolt shot!
This thing must have the strangest observation,
(Do you mark me, father?) when she is married
The strangest custom, too, of admiration [once,
On all she does and speaks, 'twill be past sufferance:
I must not lie with her in common language,
Nor cry, "Have at thee, Kate!" I shall be hiss'd then;
Nor eat my meat without the sauce of sentences,
Your powder'd beef and problems, a rare diet!

My first son monsieur Aristotle, I know it,
Great master of the metaphysicks, or so;
The second, Solon, and the best law-setter;
And I must look Egyptian god-fathers,
Which will be no small trouble: My eldest daughter
Sappho, or such a fiddling kind of poetess,
And brought up, *invitâ Minervâ*, at her needle;
My dogs must look their names too, and all Spartan,
Lelaps, Melampus; no more Fox and Baudiface.
I married to a sullen set of sentences?
To one that weighs her words and her behaviours
In the gold weights of discretion! I'll be hang'd first.
La Ca. Pr'ythee reclaim thyself.
Mir. Pray ye, give me time then:
If they can set me anything to play at,
That seems fit for a gamester, have at the fairest!
Till then, see more and try more!
La Ca. Take your time then;
I'll bar you no fair liberty.—Come, gentlemen;
And, ladies, come; to all, once more, a welcome!
And now let's in to supper. [*Exit.*
Mir. How dost like 'em?
Pinac. They are fair enough, but of so strange behaviours——
Mir. Too strange for me: I must have those have mettle,
And mettle to my mind. Come, let's be merry.
Bel. Bless me from this woman! I would stand
Before ten words of hers. [the cannon,
De Ga. Do you find him now?
Do you think he will be ever firm?
Ori. I fear not. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*A Street.*

Enter MIRABEL, PINAC, *and* BELLEUR.

Mir. Ne'er tell me of this happiness; 'tis nothing;
The state they bring with being sought-to, scurvy!
I had rather make mine own play, and I will do.
My happiness is in mine own content,
And the despising of such glorious trifles,
As I have done a thousand more. For my humour,
Give me a good free fellow, that sticks to me,
A jovial fair companion; there's a beauty!
For women, I can have too many of them;
Good women too, as the age reckons 'em,
More than I have employment for.
Pinac. You're happy.
Mir. My only fear is that I must be forced,
Against my nature, to conceal myself:
Health and an able body are two jewels.
Pinac. If either of these two women were offer'd to me now,
I would think otherwise, and do accordingly;
Yes, and recant my heresies, I would, sir,
And be more tender of opinion,
And put a little of my travell'd liberty
Out of the way, and look upon 'em seriously.
Methinks, this grave-carried wench——
Bel. Methinks, the other,
The home-spoken gentlewoman, that desires to be fruitful,
That treats of the full manage of the matter,
(For there lies all my aim) that wench, methinks,
If I were but well set on, for she is affable,
If I were but hounded right, and one to teach me:
She speaks to th' matter, and comes home to th' point!
Now do I know I have such a body to please her,
As all the kingdom cannot fit her with, I am sure on't,
If I could but talk myself into her favour.
Mir. That's easily done.
Bel. That's easily said; 'would 'twere done!
You should see then how I would lay about me.
If I were virtuous, it would never grieve me,
Or any thing that might justify my modesty;
But when my nature is prone to do a charity,
And my calf's tongue will not help me——
Mir. Will you go to 'em?
They cannot but take it courteously.
Pinac. I'll do my part,
Though I am sure 'twill be the hardest I e'er play'd yet;
A way I never tried too, which will stagger me;
And, if it do not shame me, I am happy.
Mir. Win 'em, and wear 'em; I give up my interest.
Pinac. What say you, monsieur Belleur?
Bel. 'Would I could say,
Or sing, or any thing that were but handsome!
I would be with her presently!
Pinac. Yours is no venture;
A merry, ready wench.
Bel. A vengeance squibber!
She'll fleer me out of faith too.
Mir. I'll be near thee;
Pluck up thy heart; I'll second thee at all brunts.
Be angry, if she abuse thee, and beat her a little;
Some women are won that way.
Bel. Pray be quiet,
And let me think: I am resolved to go on;
But how I shall get off again——
Mir. I am persuaded
Thou wilt so please her, she'll go near to ravish thee.
Bel. I would 'twere come to that once! Let me pray a little.
Mir. Now for thine honour, Pinac! Board me this modesty,
Warm but this frozen snow-ball, 'twill be a conquest
(Although I know thou art a fortunate wencher,
And hast done rarely in thy days) above all thy ventures.
Bel. You will be ever near?
Mir. At all necessities;
And take thee off, and set thee on again, boy,
And cherish thee, and stroke thee.
Bel. Help me out too;
For I know I shall stick i' th' mire. If ye see us close once,
Be gone, and leave me to my fortune, suddenly,
For I am then determined to do wonders.
Farewell, and fling an old shoe. How my heart throbs!

'Would I were drunk! Farewell, Pinac! Heaven send us
A joyful and a merry meeting, man!
Pinac. Farewell,
And cheer thy heart up! and remember, Belleur,
They are but women.
Bel. I had rather they were lions.
Mir. About it; I'll be with you instantly.—
[*Exeunt* BELLEUR *and* PINAC.

Enter ORIANA.

Shall I ne'er be at rest? no peace of conscience?
No quiet for these creatures? am I ordain'd
To be devour'd quick by these she-cannibals?
Here's another they call handsome; I care not for her,
I ne'er look after her: When I am half tippled,
It may be I should turn her, and peruse her;
Or, in my want of women, I might call for her;
But to be haunted when I have no fancy,
No maw to th' matter—Now! why do you follow me?
Ori. I hope, sir, 'tis no blemish to my virtue:
Nor need you, out of scruple, ask that question,
If you remember you, before you travel,
The contract you tied to me: 'Tis my love, sir,
That makes me seek you, to confirm your memory;
And that being fair and good, I cannot suffer.
I come to give you thanks too.
Mir. For what, pr'ythee?
Ori. For that fair piece of honesty you shew'd,
That constant nobleness. [sir,
Mir. How? for I am short-headed.
Ori. I'll tell ye then; for refusing that free offer
Of monsieur Nantolet's, those handsome beauties,
Those two prime ladies, that might well have prest ye
If not to have broken, yet to have bow'd your promise.
I know it was for my sake, for your faith sake,
You slipt 'em off; your honesty compell'd ye;
And let me tell ye, sir, it shew'd most handsomely.
Mir. And let me tell thee, there was no such matter;
Nothing intended that way, of that nature:
I have more to do with my honesty than to fool it,
Or venture it in such leak barks as women.
I put 'em off because I loved 'em not,
Because they are too queasy for my temper,
And not for thy sake, nor the contract sake,
Nor vows nor oaths; I have made a thousand of 'em;
They are things indifferent, whether kept or broken;
Mere venial slips, that grow not near the conscience;
Nothing concerns those tender parts; they are trifles:
For, as I think, there was never man yet hoped for
Either constancy or secrecy from a woman,
Unless it were an ass ordain'd for sufferance;
Nor to contract with such can be a tial;
So let them know again; for ' tis a justice,
And a main point of civil policy,
Whate'er we say or swear, they being reprobates,
Out of the state of faith, we are clear of all sides,
And 'tis a curious blindness to believe us.
Ori. You do not mean this, sure?
Mir. Yes, sure, and certain;
And hold it positively, as a principle,
As ye are strange things, and made of strange fires and fluxes,
So we are allow'd as strange ways to obtain ye,
But not to hold; we are all created errant.
Ori. You told me other tales.
Mir. I not deny it;
I have tales of all sorts for all sorts of women,
And protestations likewise of all sizes,
As they have vanities to make us coxcombs:
If I obtain a good turn, so it is,
I am thankful for it; if I be made an ass,
The 'mends are in mine own hands, or the surgeon's,
And there's an end on't.
Ori. Do not you love me then?
Mir. As I love others; heartily I love thee;
When I am high and lusty, I love thee cruelly:
After I have made a plenteous meal, and satisfied
My senses with all delicates, come to me,
And thou shalt see how I love thee.
Ori. Will not you marry me?
Mir. No, certain, no, for any thing I know yet:
I must not lose my liberty, dear lady,
And, like a wanton slave, cry for more shackles.
What should I marry for? do I want any thing?
Am I an inch the farther from my pleasure?
Why should I be at charge to keep a wife of mine own,
When other honest married men's will ease me,
And thank me too, and be beholding to me?
Thou think'st I am mad for a maidenhead; thou art cozen'd:
Or, if I were addicted to that diet,
Can you tell me where I should have one? Thou art eighteen now,
And if thou hast thy maidenhead yet extant,
Sure, 'tis as big as cods-head; and those grave dishes
I never love to deal withal. Dost thou see this book here?
Look over all these ranks; all these are women,
Maids, and pretenders to maidenheads; these are my conquests;
All these I swore to marry, as I swore to thee,
With the same reservation, and most righteously:
Which I need not have done neither; for, alas, they made no scruple,
And I enjoyed 'em at my will, and left 'em:
Some of 'em are married since, and were as pure maids again,
Nay, o' my conscience, better than they were bred
The rest, fine sober women. [for;
Ori. Are you not ashamed, sir?
Mir. No, by my troth, sir; there's no shame belongs to it;
I hold it as commendable to be wealthy in pleasure,
As others do in rotten sheep and pasture.

Enter DE GARD.

Ori. Are all my hopes come to this? Is there no faith,
No troth, nor modesty, in men? [*Weeps.*
De Ga. How now, sister?
Why weeping thus? Did I not prophesy?
Come, tell me why——
Ori. I am not well; pray ye pardon me. [*Exit.*
De Ga. Now, monsieur Mirabel, what ails my sister?
You have been playing the wag with her.
Mir. As I take it,
She is crying for a cod-piece. Is she gone?

Lord, what an age is this! I was calling for ye;
For, as I live, I thought she would have ravish'd me.
De Ga. You are merry, sir.
Mir. Thou know'st this book, De Gard, this inventory?
De Ga. The debt-book of your mistresses; I remember it.
Mir. Why, this was it that anger'd her; she was stark mad
She found not her name here; and cried down-right,
Because I would not pity her immediately,
And put her in my list.
De Ga. Sure she had more modesty.
Mir. Their modesty is anger to be over-done;
They'll quarrel sooner for precedence here,
And take it in more dudgeon to be slighted,
Than they will in public meetings; 'tis their natures:
And, alas, I have so many to dispatch yet,
And to provide myself for my affairs too,
That, in good faith——
De Ga. Be not too glorious foolish;
Sum not your travels up with vanities;
It ill becomes your expectation!
Temper your speech, sir! Whether your loose story
Be true or false, (for you are so free, I fear it)
Name not my sister in't, I must not hear it;
Upon your danger, name her not! I hold her
A gentlewoman of those happy parts and carriage,
A good man's tongue may be right proud to speak her.
Mir. Your sister, sir? do ye blench at that? do ye cavil?
Do ye hold her such a piece she may not be play'd withal?
I have had an hundred handsomer and nobler,
Have sued to me too, for such a courtesy;
Your sister comes i' th' rear. Since ye are so angry,
And hold your sister such a strong Recusant,
I tell ye, I may do it; and, it may be, will too;
It may be, have too; there's my free confession:
Work upon that now!
De Ga. If I thought ye had, I would work,
And work such stubborn work should make your heart ache!
But I believe ye, as I ever knew ye,
A glorious talker, and a legend-maker
Of idle tales, and trifles; a depraver
Of your own truth: their honours fly about ye!
And so I take my leave; but with this caution,
Your sword be surer than your tongue; you'll smart else.
Mir. I laugh at thee, so little I respect thee!
And I'll talk louder, and despise thy sister;
Set up a chamber-maid that shall out-shine her,
And carry her in my coach too, and that will kill her.
Go, get thy rents up, go! [*Exit.*
De Ga. You are a fine gentleman!
Mir. Now, have at my two youths! I'll see how they do;
How they behave themselves; and then I'll study
What wench shall love me next, and when I'll lose her. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.—*A Hall in* La Castre's *House.*

Enter Pinac *and a* Servant.

Pinac. Art thou her servant, say'st thou?
Serv. Her poor creature;
But servant to her horse, sir.
Pinac. Canst thou shew me
The way to her chamber, or where I may conveniently
See her, or come to talk to her?
Serv. That I can, sir;
But the question is, whether I will or no.
Pinac. Why, I'll content thee.
Serv. Why, I'll content thee then; now you come to me.
Pinac. There's for your diligence. [*Gives money.*
Serv. There's her chamber, sir,
And this way she comes out; stand you but here, sir,
You have her at your prospect, or your pleasure.
Pinac. Is she not very angry?
Serv. You'll find that quickly:
May be she'll call you saucy, scurvy fellow,
Or some such familiar name; may be she knows you,
And will fling a piss-pot at you, or a pantofle,
According as you are in acquaintance: If she like you,
May be she'll look upon you; may be no;
And two months hence call for you.
Pinac. This is fine.
She is monstrous proud then?
Serv. She is a little haughty;
Of a small body, she has a mind well mounted.
Can you speak Greek?
Pinac. No, certain.
Serv. Get you gone then!—
And talk of stars, and firmaments, and fire-drakes?
Do you remember who was Adam's schoolmaster,
And who taught Eve to spin? She knows all these,
And will run you over the beginning o' th' world
As familiar as a fiddler.
Can you sit seven hours together, and say nothing?
Which she will do, and, when she speaks, speak oracles,
Speak things that no man understands, nor herself neither.
Pinac. Thou mak'st me wonder!
Serv. Can you smile?
Pinac. Yes, willingly;
For naturally I bear a mirth about me.
Serv. She'll ne'er endure you then; she's never merry;
If she see one laugh, she'll swoon past *aquæ vitæ.*
Never come near her, sir; if you chance to venture,
And talk not like a doctor, you are damn'd too.
I have told you enough for your crown, and so good speed you! [*Exit.*
Pinac. I have a pretty task if she be thus curious,
As, sure, it seems she is! If I fall off now,
I shall be laugh'd at fearfully; if I go forward,
I can but be abused, and that I look for;
And yet I may hit right, but 'tis unlikely.
Stay! in what mood and figure shall I attempt her?
A careless way? No, no, that will not waken her;
Besides, her gravity will give me line still,
And let me lose myself; yet this way often
Has hit, and handsomely. A wanton method?
Ay, if she give it leave to sink into her consideration:
But there's the doubt: If it but stir her blood once,
And creep into the crannies of her fancy,
Set her a-gog—But if she chance to slight it,
And by the power of her modesty fling it back,
I shall appear the arrant'st rascal to her,
The most licentious knave—for I shall talk lewdly.
To bear myself austerely? rate my words?
And fling a general gravity about me,
As if I meant to give laws? But this I cannot do,
This is a way above my understanding:
Or, if I could, 'tis odds she'll think I mock her;
For serious and sad things are ever still

Suspicious. Well, I'll say something:
But learning I have none, and less good manners,
Especially for ladies. Well; I'll set my best face.
I hear some coming. This is the first woman
I ever fear'd yet, the first face that shakes me.
[*Stands apart.*

Enter LILLIA *and* PETELLA.

Lil. Give me my hat, Petella; take this veil off,
This sullen cloud; it darkens my delights.
Come, wench, be free, and let the music warble;
Play me some lusty measure. [*Music.*
Pinac. This is she, sure,
The very same I saw, the very woman,
The gravity I wonder'd at. Stay, stay;
Let me be sure. Ne'er trust me, but she danceth!
Summer is in her face now, and she skippeth.
I'll go a little nearer.
Lil. Quicker time, fellows!
I cannot find my legs yet. Now, Petella!

Enter MIRABEL.

Pinac. I am amazed! I am founder'd in my fancy!
Mir. Ha! say you so? Is this your gravity?
This the austerity you put upon you?
I'll see more o' this sport. [*Stands apart.*
Lil. A song now!
Call in for a merry, and a light song;
And sing it with a liberal spirit.

Enter a Singing Boy.

Boy. Yes, madam.
Lil. And be not amazed, sirrah, but take us for your own company.
Let's walk ourselves: Come, wench. 'Would we had a man or two!
Pinac. Sure, she has spied me, and will abuse me dreadfully;
She has put on this for the purpose; yet I will try her.—
Madam, I would be loth my rude intrusion,
Which I must crave a pardon for——
Lil. Oh, you are welcome,
You are very welcome, sir! we want such a one.
Strike up again. I dare presume you dance well.
Quick, quick, sir, quick! the time steals on.
Pinac. I would talk with you.
Lil. Talk as you dance. [*They dance.*
Mir. She'll beat him off his legs first.
This is the finest masque!
Lil. Now, how do you, sir?
Pinac. You have given me a shrewd heat.
Lil. I'll give you a hundred.
Come, sing now, sing; for I know you sing well;
I see you have a singing face.
Pinac. A fine modesty!
If I could, she'd never give me breath.—Madam,
I might sit and recover. ['would
Lil. Sit here, and sing now;
Let's do things quickly, sir, and handsomely.—
Sit close, wench, close.—Begin, begin!
Pinac. I am lesson'd. [*Song.*
Lil. 'Tis very pretty, i' faith. Give me some
Pinac. I would fain speak to you. [wine now.
Lil. You shall drink first, believe me.
Here's to you a lusty health.
Pinac. I thank you, lady.—
'Would I were off again! I smell my misery;
I was never put to this rack! I shall be drunk too.
Mir. If thou be'st not a right one, I have lost mine aim much:
I thank Heaven, that I have 'scaped thee! To her, Pinac;
For thou art as sure to have her, and to groan for her—
I'll see how my other youth does; this speeds trimly.
A fine grave gentlewoman, and worth much honour! [*Exit.*
Lil. How do you like me, sir?
Pinac. I like you rarely.
Lil. You see, sir, though sometimes we are grave
And put on sadder dispositions, [and silent,
Yet we're compounded of free parts, and sometimes
Our lighter, airy, and our fiery metals [too
Break out, and shew themselves: And what think you of that, sir?
Pinac. Good lady, sit, (for I am very weary)
And then I'll tell you.
Lil. Fy! a young man idle?
Up, and walk; be still in action;
The motions of the body are fair beauties:
Besides, 'tis cold. Odds-me, sir, let's walk faster!
What think you now of the lady Felicia?
And Bella-Fronte, the duke's fair daughter? ha?
Are they not handsome things? There is Duarta.
And brown Olivia——
Pinac. I know none of 'em.
Lil. But brown must not be cast away, sir. If young Lelia
Had kept herself till this day from a husband,
Why, what a beauty, sir! You know Ismena,
The fair gem of Saint-Germains?
Pinac. By my troth, I do not.
Lil. And then, I know, you must hear of Brisac,
How unlike a gentleman——
Pinac. As I live, I heard nothing.
Lil. Strike me another galliard!
Pinac. By this light, I cannot!
In troth, I have sprain'd my leg, madam.
Lil. Now sit you down, sir,
And tell me why you came hither? why you chose me out?
What is your business? your errand? Dispatch, dispatch!
May be you are some gentleman's man, (and I mistook you)
That have brought me a letter, or a haunch of
Sent me from some friend of mine. [venison,
Pinac. Do I look like a carrier?
You might allow me, what I am, a gentleman.
Lil. 'Cry you mercy, sir! I saw you yesterday:
You are new come out of travel; I mistook you.
And how do all our impudent friends in Italy?
Pinac. Madam, I came with duty, and fair
Service, and honour to you. [courtesy,
Lil. You came to jeer me!
You see I am merry, sir; I have changed my copy:
None of the sages now, and pray you proclaim it;
Fling on me what aspersion you shall please, sir,
Of wantonness, or wildness; I look for it;
And tell the world, I am an hypocrite,
Mask in a forc'd and borrow'd shape, I expect it;
But not to have you believed: For, mark you, sir,
I have won a nobler estimation,
A stronger tie by my discretion
Upon opinion (howe'er you think I forc'd it)
Than either tongue or art of yours can slubber,
And, when I please, I will be what I please, sir,
So I exceed not mean; and none shall brand it,
Either with scorn or shame, but shall be slighted.
Pinac. Lady, I come to love you.

Lil. Love yourself, sir;
And when I want observers, I'll send for you.
Heigh-ho! my fit's almost off; for we do all by fits, sir.
If you be weary, sit till I come again to you.
[*Exit with* PETELLA.

Pinac. This is a wench of a dainty spirit; but
Hang me if I know yet either what to think
Or make of her; she had her will of me,
And baited me abundantly, I thank her;
And, I confess, I never was so blurted,
Nor ever so abused: I must bear mine own sins.
You talk of travels; here's a curious country!
Yet I will find her out, or forswear my faculty.
[*Exit.*

SCENE III.—*Another Room in the same.*

Enter ROSALURA *and* ORIANA.

Ros. Ne'er vex yourself, nor grieve; you are a fool then.
Ori. I am sure I am made so: Yet, before I suffer
Thus like a girl, and give him leave to triumph——
Ros. You say right; for as long as he perceives you
Sink under his proud scornings, he'll laugh at you:
For me, secure yourself; and for my sister,
I partly know her mind too: Howsoever,
To obey my father, we have made a tender
Of our poor beauties to the travell'd monsieur,
Yet two words to a bargain! He slights us
As skittish things, and we shun him as curious.
May be, my free behaviour turns his stomach,
And makes him seem to doubt a loose opinion:
I must be so sometimes, though all the world saw it.
Ori. Why should not you? Are not minds only
As long as here you stand secure—— [measured?
Ros. You say true;
As long as mine own conscience makes no question,
What care I for report? that woman's miserable,
That's good or bad for their tongues' sake. Come, let's retire,
And get my veil, wench; by my troth, your sorrow,
And the consideration of men's humorous maddings,
Have put me into a serious contemplation.

Enter MIRABEL *and* BELLEUR, *and stand apart.*

Ori. Come, 'faith, let's sit and think.
Ros. That's all my business.
Mir. Why stand'st thou peeping here? Thou
Bel. She is there; peace! [great slug, forward!
Mir. Why stand'st thou here then,
Sneaking, and peaking, as thou wouldst steal linen?
Hast thou not place and time?
Bel. I had a rare speech
Studied, and almost ready; and your violence
Has beat it out of my brains.
Mir. Hang your rare speeches!
Go me on like a man.
Bel. Let me set my beard up.
How has Pinac perform'd?
Mir. He has won already:
He stands not thrumming of caps thus.
Bel. Lord, what should I ail!
What a cold I have over my stomach; 'would I had some hum!
Certain I have a great mind to be at her,
A mighty mind.
Mir. On, fool!
Bel. Good words, I beseech you;
For I will not be abused by both.
Mir. Adieu, then,
(I will not trouble you; I see you are valiant,)
And work your own way.
Bel. Hist, hist! I will be ruled;
I will, i' faith; I will go presently:
Will you forsake me now, and leave me i' th' suds?
You know, I am false-hearted this way; I beseech you,
Good sweet Mirabel (I'll cut your throat if you
Indeed I will!) sweet-heart! [leave me,
Mir. I will be ready,
Still at thine elbow; take a man's heart to thee,
And speak thy mind; the plainer still the better.
She is a woman of that free behaviour,
Indeed, that common courtesy, she cannot deny
Go bravely on. [thee;
Bel. Madam—keep close about me.
Still at my back.—Madam, sweet madam—
Ros. Ha!
What noise is that? what saucy sound to trouble
Mir. What said she? [me?
Bel. I am saucy.
Mir. 'Tis the better.
Bel. She comes; must I be saucy still?
Mir. More saucy.
Ros. Still troubled with these vanities? Heaven bless us!
What are we born to?—Would you speak with any of my people?
Go in, sir; I am busy.
Bel. This is not she, sure:
Is this two children at a birth? I'll be hang'd then!
Mine was a merry gentlewoman, talk'd daintily,
Talk'd of those matters that befitted women;
This is a parcel-prayer-book; I'm served sweetly!
And now I am to look too; I was prepared for th'
Ros. Do you know that man? [other way.
Ori. Sure, I have seen him, lady.
Ros. Methinks 'tis pity such a lusty fellow
Should wander up and down, and want employment.
Bel. She takes me for a rogue!—You may do well, madam,
To stay this wanderer, and set him at work, forsooth;
He can do something that may please your ladyship;
I have heard of women that desire good breedings,
Two at a birth, or so.
Ros. The fellow's impudent.
Ori. Sure, he is crazed.
Ros. I have heard of men too that have had good manners;
Sure, this is want of grace; Indeed, 'tis great pity
The young man has been bred so ill; but this lewd
Is full of such examples. [age
Bel. I am founder'd,
And some shall rue the setting of me on!
Mir. Ha! so bookish, lady? is it possible?
Turn'd holy at the heart too? I'll be hang'd then.
Why, this is such a feat, such an activity,
Such fast and loose—

Enter Servant, *with a veil.*

A veil too for your knavery?
O Dio, Dio!
Ros. What do you take me for, sir?
Mir. An hypocrite, a wanton, a dissembler,

Howe'er you seem, and thus you are to be handled;
(Mark me, Belleur) and this you love, I know it.
Ros. Stand off, bold sir!
Mir. You wear good clothes to this end,
Jewels; love feasts, and masques.
Ros. Ye are monstrous saucy!
Mir. All this to draw on fools; and thus, thus, lady, [*Takes hold of her.*
Ye are to be lull'd.
Bel. Let her alone, I'll swinge ye else,
I will, i' faith! for though I cannot skill o' this matter
Myself, I will not see another do it before me,
And do it worse.
Ros. Away! you are a vain thing!
You have travell'd far, sir, to return again
A windy and poor bladder! You talk of women,
That are not worth the favour of a common one,
The grace of her grew in an hospital!
Against a thousand such blown fooleries,
I am able to maintain good women's honours,
Their freedoms, and their fames, and I will do it—
Mir. She has almost struck me dumb too.
Ros. And declaim
Against your base malicious tongues, your noises,
For they are nothing else. You teach behaviours?
Or touch us for our freedoms? Teach yourselves
Truth and sobriety, and live so clearly [manners,
That our lives may shine in ye; and then task us.
It seems, ye are hot; the suburbs will supply ye:
Good women scorn such gamesters; so I'll leave ye!
I am sorry to see this: 'Faith, sir, live fairly. [*Exit.*
Mir. This woman, if she hold on, may be virtuous;
'Tis almost possible: We'll have a new day.
Bel. Ye brought me on, ye forced me to this foolery;
I am shamed, I am scorn'd, I am flurted! yes, I am so!
Though I cannot talk to a woman like your worship,
And use my phrases, and my learned figures,
Yet I can fight with any man.
Mir. Fy!
Bel. I can, sir;
And I will fight.
Mir. With whom?
Bel. With you; with any man;
For all men now will laugh at me.
Mir. Pr'ythee be moderate.
Bel. And I'll beat all men. Come!
Mir. I love thee dearly.
Bel. I will beat all that love; love has undone me!
Never tell me! I will not be a history.
Mir. Thou art not.
Bel. 'Sfoot, I will not! Give me room,
And let me see the proudest of ye jeer me;
And I'll begin with you first.
Mir. Pr'ythee, Belleur!
If I do not satisfy thee——
Bel. Well, look you do.
But, now I think on't better, 'tis impossible!
I must beat somebody; I am maul'd myself,
And I ought in justice——
Mir. No, no, no, ye are cozen'd:
But walk, and let me talk to thee.
Bel. Talk wisely,
And see that no man laugh, upon no occasion;
For I shall think then 'tis at me.
Mir. I warrant thee.
Bel. Nor no more talk of this.
Mir. Dost think I am maddish?
Bel. I must needs fight yet; for I find it concerns me:
A pox on't: I must fight.
Mir. I' faith, thou shalt not. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*The Garden of the same House.*

Enter DE GARD *and* LUGIER.

De Ga. I know you are a scholar, and can do wonders.
Lug. There's no great scholarship belongs to this, sir;
What I am, I am: I pity your poor sister,
And heartily I hate these travellers,
These gim-cracks, made of mops and motions:
There's nothing in their houses here but hummings;
A bee has more brains. I grieve and vex too
The insolent licentious carriage
Of this out-facing fellow Mirabel;
And I am mad to see him prick his plumes up.
De Ga. His wrongs you partly know.
Lug. Do not you stir, sir;
Since he has begun with wit, let wit revenge it:
Keep your sword close; we'll cut his throat a new way.
I am ashamed the gentlewoman should suffer
Such base, lewd wrongs.
De Ga. I will be ruled; he shall live,
And left to your revenge.
Lug. Ay, ay, I'll fit him:
He makes a common scorn of handsome women;
Modesty and good manners are his may-games;
He takes up maidenheads with a new commission;
The church-warrant's out of date. Follow my counsel,
For I am zealous in the cause.
De Ga. I will, sir,
And will be still directed; for the truth is,
My sword will make my sister seem more monstrous:
Besides, there is no honour won on reprobates.
Lug. You are i' th' right. The slight he has shew'd my pupils
Sets me a-fire too. Go; I'll prepare your sister,
And, as I told you——
De Ga. Yes; all shall be fit, sir.
Lug. And seriously and handsomely.
De. Ga. I warrant you.
Lug. A little counsel more. [*Whispers.*
De Ga. 'Tis well.
Lug. Most stately!
See that observed; and then!
De Ga. I have you every way.
Lug. Away then, and be ready.
De Ga. With all speed, sir. [*Exit.*
Lug. We'll learn to travel too, may be, beyond him.

Enter LILLIA, ROSALURA, *and* ORIANA.

Good day, fair beauties!
Lil. You have beautified us,
We thank you, sir; you have set us off most gallantly
With your grave precepts.
Ros. We expected husbands
Out of your documents and taught behaviours,
Excellent husbands; thought men would run stark mad on us,
Men of all ages, and all states; we expected
An inundation of desires and offers,
A torrent of trim suitors; all we did,
Or said, or purposed, to be spells about us,
Spells to provoke.
Lil. You have provoked us finely!
We follow'd your directions, we did rarely,
We were stately, coy, demure, careless, light, giddy,
And play'd at all points: This, you swore, would carry.
Ros. We made love, and contemn'd love; now seem'd holy,
With such a reverend put-on reservation
Which could not miss, according to your principles;
Now gave more hope again; now close, now public,
Still up and down we beat it like a billow;
And ever those behaviours you read to us,
Subtle, and new: But all this will not help us!
Lil. They help to hinder us of all acquaintance,
They have frighted off all friends! What am I better
For all my learning, if I love a dunce,
A handsome dunce? to what use serves my reading?
You should have taught me what belongs to horses,
Dogs, dice, hawks, banquets, masques, free and fair meetings,
To have studied gowns and dressings.
Lug. Ye are not mad, sure!
Ros. We shall be, if we follow your encouragements:
I'll take mine own way now!
Lil. And I my fortune;
We may live maids else till the moon drop millstones.
I see, your modest women are taken for monsters;
A dowry of good breeding is worth nothing.
Lug. Since ye take it so to th' heart, pray ye give me leave yet,
And you shall see how I'll convert this heretic:
Mark how this Mirabel——
Lil. Name him no more;
For, though I long for a husband, I hate him,
And would be married sooner to a monkey,
Or to a Jack of Straw, than such a juggler.
Ros. I am of that mind too; he is too nimble,
And plays at fast and loose too learnedly,
For a plain-meaning woman; that's the truth on't.
Here's one too, that we love well, would be angry;
[*Pointing to* ORIANA.
And reason why. No, no, we will not trouble you
Nor him at this time: May he make you happy!
We'll turn ourselves loose now, to our fair fortunes;
And the down-right way——
Lil. The winning way we'll follow;
We'll bait that men may bite fair, and not be frighted;
Yet we'll not be carried so cheap neither; we'll have some sport,
Some mad-morris or other for our money, tutor.
Lug. 'Tis like enough: Prosper your own devices!
Ye are old enough to chuse: But, for this gentlewoman,
So please her give me leave——
Ori. I shall be glad, sir,
To find a friend whose pity may direct me.
Lug. I'll do my best, and faithfully deal for ye;
But then ye must be ruled.
Ori. In all, I vow to you.
Ros. Do, do: He has a lucky hand sometimes, I'll assure you;
And hunts the recovery of a lost lover deadly.
Lug. You must away straight.
Ori. Yes.
Lug. And I'll instruct you:
Here you can know no more.
Ori. By your leave, sweet ladies;
And all our fortunes arrive at our own wishes!
Lil. Amen, amen!
Lug. I must borrow your man.
Lil. Pray take him;
He is within: To do her good, take any thing,
Take us and all.
Lug. No doubt, ye may find takers;
And so we'll leave ye to your own disposes.
[*Exeunt* LUGIER *and* ORIANA.
Lil. Now, which way, wench?
Ros. We'll go a brave way, fear not;
A safe and sure way too; and yet a bye-way.
I must confess, I have a great mind to be married.
Lil. So have I too a grudging of good-will that way;
And would as fain be dispatch'd. But this monsieur Quicksilver——
Ros. No, no; we'll bar him, bye and main: Let him trample:
There is no safety in his surquedry:
An army-royal of women are too few for him;
He keeps a journal of his gentleness,
And will go near to print his fair dispatches,
And call it his triumph over time and women:
Let him pass out of memory! What think you
Of his two companions?
Lil. Pinac, methinks, is reasonable;
A little modesty he has brought home with him,
And might be taught, in time, some handsome duty.
Ros. They say, he is a wencher too.
Lil. I like him better;
A free light touch or two becomes a gentleman,
And sets him seemly off: So he exceed not,
But keep his compass clear, he may be look'd at.
I would not marry a man that must be taught,
And conjured up with kisses; the best game
Is play'd still by the best gamesters.
Ros. Fy upon thee!
What talk hast thou?
Lil. Are not we alone, and merry?
Why should we be ashamed to speak what we think? Thy gentleman,
The tall fat fellow, he that came to see thee——
Ros. Is't not a goodly man?
Lil. A wondrous goodly!
He has weight enough, I warrant thee: Mercy upon me,
What a serpent wilt thou seem under such a St. George!
Ros. Thou art a fool! Give me a man brings mettle,
Brings substance with him, needs no broths to lare him.
These little fellows shew like fleas in boxes,
Hop up and down, and keep a stir to vex us:
Give me the puissant pike; take you the small shot.

Lil. Of a great thing, I have not seen a duller:
Therefore, methinks, sweet sister——
Ros. Peace, he's modest;
A bashfulness; which is a point of grace, wench:
But, when these fellows come to moulding, sister,
To heat, and handling—As I live, I like him;
And, methinks, I could form him.

Enter MIRABEL.

Lil. Peace! the fire-drake.
Mir. Bless ye, sweet beauties, sweet incomparable ladies,
Sweet wits, sweet humours! Bless you, learned lady!
And you, most holy nun! Bless your devotions!
Lil. And bless your brains, sir, your most pregnant brains, sir!
They are in travel; may they be deliver'd
Of a most hopeful Wild-Goose!
Ros. Bless your manhood!
They say you are a gentleman of action,
A fair accomplish'd man, and a rare engineer;
You have a trick to blow up maidenheads,
A subtle trick, they say abroad.
Mir. I have, lady.
Ros. And often glory in their ruins.
Mir. Yes, forsooth;
I have a speedy trick, please you to try it:
My engine will dispatch you instantly.
Ros. I would I were a woman, sir, fit for you,
As there be such, no doubt, may engine you too;
May, with a counter-mine, blow up your valour.
But, in good faith, sir, we are both too honest;
And, the plague is, we cannot be persuaded:
For, look you, if we thought it were a glory
To be the last of all your lovely ladies——
Mir. Come, come; leave prating: This has spoil'd your market!
This pride and puft-up heart will make ye fast,
Fast, when ye are hungry too. [ladies,
Ros. The more our pain, sir.
Lil. The more our health, I hope too.
Mir. Your behaviours
Have made men stand amazed; those men that loved ye;
Men of fair states and parts. Your strange conversions
Into I know not what, nor how, nor wherefore;
Your scorns of those that came to visit ye;
Your studied whim-whams, and your fine set faces:
What have these got ye? Proud and harsh opinions!
A travell'd monsieur was the strangest creature,
The wildest monster to be wonder'd at;
His person made a public scoff, his knowledge
(As if he had been bred 'mongst bears or bandogs)
Shunn'd and avoided; his conversation snuff'd at:
What harvest brings all this?
Ros. I pray you proceed, sir.
Mir. Now ye shall see in what esteem a traveller,
An understanding gentleman, and a monsieur,
Is to be held; and to your griefs confess it,
Both to your griefs and galls!
Lil. In what, I pray ye, sir?
We would be glad to understand your excellence.
Mir. Go on, sweet ladies; it becomes ye rarely!
For me, I have blest me from ye; scoff on seriously,
And note the man ye mock'd. You, lady Learning,
Note the poor traveller that came to visit ye,
That flat unfurnish'd fellow; note him throughly!
You may chance to see him anon.
Lil. 'Tis very likely.
Mir. And see him courted by a travell'd lady,
Held dear, and honour'd by a virtuous virgin;
May be a beauty not far short of yours neither;
It may be, clearer.
Lil. Not unlikely.
Mir. Younger:
As killing eyes as yours, a wit as poignant;
May be, a state too that may top your fortune:
Enquire how she thinks of him, how she holds him;
His good parts, in what precious price already;
Being a stranger to him, how she courts him;
A stranger to his nation too, how she dotes on him;
Enquire of this; be sick to know: Curse, lady,
And keep your chamber; cry, and curse! A sweet one,
A thousand in yearly land, well bred, well friended,
Travell'd, and highly follow'd for her fashions!
Lil. Bless his good fortune, sir.
Mir. This scurvy fellow,
I think they call his name Pinac, this serving-man
That brought you venison, as I take it, madam,
Note but this scab! 'Tis strange, that this coarse creature,
That has no more set-off but his jugglings,
His travell'd tricks——
Lil. Good sir, I grieve not at him,
Nor envy not his fortune: Yet I wonder!
He's handsome, yet I see no such perfection.
Mir. 'Would I had his fortune! for it is a woman
Of that sweet-temper'd nature, and that judgment,
Besides her state, that care, clear understanding,
And such a wife to bless him——
Ros. Pray you whence is she?
Mir. Of England, and a most accomplish'd lady;
So modest that men's eyes are frighted at her,
And such a noble carriage—How now, sirrah?

Enter a BOY.

Boy. Sir, the great English lady——
Mir. What of her, sir?
Boy. Has newly left her coach, and coming this way,
Where you may see her plain: Monsieur Pinac
The only man that leads her.

Enter PINAC, MARIANA, *and* Attendants.

Mir. He is much honour'd;
'Would I had such a favour!—Now vex, ladies,
Envy, and vex, and rail!
Ros. You are short of us, sir.
Mir. Bless your fair fortune, sir!
Pinac. I nobly thank you.
Mir. Is she married, friend?
Pinac. No, no.
Mir. A goodly lady;
A sweet and delicate aspect!—Mark, mark, and wonder!—
Hast thou any hope of her? [
Pinac. A little.
Mir. Follow close then;
Lose not that hope.
Pinac. To you, sir. [MARIANA *courtesies to him.*
Mir. Gentle lady!
Ros. She is fair, indeed.
Lil. I have seen a fairer; yet
She is well.
Ros. Her clothes sit handsome too.
Lil. She dresses prettily.
Ros. And, by my faith, she's rich; she looks still sweeter.
A well-bred woman, I warrant her. [

Lil. Do you hear, sir?
May I crave this gentlewoman's name?
Pinac. Mariana, lady.
Lil. I will not say I owe you a quarrel, monsieur,
For making me your stale! A noble gentleman
Would have had more courtesy, at least more faith,
Than to turn off his mistress at first trial:
You know not what respect I might have shew'd you;
I find you have worth.
Pinac. I cannot stay to answer you;
You see my charge. I am beholding to you
For all your merry tricks you put upon me,
Your bobbs, and base accounts: I came to love you,
To woo you, and to serve you; I am much indebted to you
For dancing me off my legs, and then for walking me,
For telling me strange tales I never heard of,
More to abuse me; for mistaking me,
When you both knew I was a gentleman,
And one deserved as rich a match as you are!
Lil. Be not so bitter, sir.
Pinac. You see this lady:
She is young enough, and fair enough, to please me;
A woman of a loving mind, a quiet,
And one that weighs the worth of him that loves her;
I am content with this, and bless my fortune:
Your curious wits, and beauties——
Lil. 'Faith, see me once more.
Pinac. I dare not trouble you.
Lil. May I speak to your lady?
Pinac. I pray you content yourself: I know you are bitter,
And, in your bitterness, you may abuse her;
Which, if she comes to know, (for she understands you not)
It may breed such a quarrel to your kindred,
And such an indiscretion fling on you too
(For she is nobly friended)——
Lil. I could eat her! [*Aside.*
Pinac. Rest as ye are, a modest noble gentlewoman,
And afford your honest neighbours some of your prayers.
[*Exeunt* PINAC, MARIANA, *and* Attendants.
Mir. What think you now?
Lil. 'Faith, she's a pretty whiting;
She has got a pretty catch too!
Mir. You are angry,
Monstrous angry now, grievously angry;
And the pretty heart does swell now!
Lil. No, in troth, sir.
Mir. And it will cry anon, 'A pox upon it!'
And it will curse itself, and eat no meat, lady;
And it will sigh!
Lil. Indeed you are mistaken;
It will be very merry.
Ros. Why, sir, do you think
There are no more men living, nor no handsomer,
Than he, or you? By this light, there be ten thousand,
Ten thousand thousand! Comfort yourself, dear monsieur!
Faces, and bodies, wits, and all abiliments:
There are so many we regard 'em not.
Mir. That such a noble lady—I could burst now!
So far above such trifles——

Enter BELLEUR, *and two* Gentlemen.

Bel. You did laugh at me;
And I know why ye laugh'd!
2 *Gent.* I pray ye be satisfied
If we did laugh, we had some private reason,
And not at you.
2 *Gent.* Alas, we know you not, sir.
Bel. I'll make you know me! Set your faces soberly;
Stand this way, and look sad; I'll be no may-game!
Sadder, demurer yet!
Ros. What is the matter?
What ails this gentleman?
Bel. Go off now backward, that I may behold ye:
And not a simper, on your lives! [*Exeunt* Gentlemen.
Lil. He's mad, sure.
Bel. Do you observe me too?
Mir. I may look on you.
Bel. Why do you grin? I know your mind.
Mir. You do not.
You are strangely humorous: Is there no mirth,
But you must be the object? [nor pleasure,
Bel. Mark, and observe me: Wherever I am named,
The very word shall raise a general sadness,
For the disgrace this scurvy woman did me,
This proud pert thing! Take heed you laugh not
Provoke me not; take heed! [at me;
Ros. I would fain please you;
Do any thing to keep you quiet.
Bel. Hear me:
Till I receive a satisfaction
Equal to the disgrace and scorn you gave me,
You are a wretched woman; till thou woo'st me,
And I scorn thee as much, as seriously
Jeer and abuse thee; ask, what Gill thou art,
Or any baser name; I will proclaim thee,
I will so sing thy virtue, so be-paint thee——
Ros. Nay, good sir, be more modest.
Bel. Do you laugh again?
Because you are a woman, you are lawless,
And out of compass of an honest anger.
Ros. Good sir, have a better belief of me.
Lil. Away, dear sister.
[*Exeunt* ROSALURA *and* LILLIA.
Mir. Is not this better now, this seeming madness,
Than falling out with your friends? [madness,
Bel. Have I not frighted her?
Mir. Into her right wits, I warrant thee: Follow this humour,
And thou shalt see how prosperously 'twill guide thee.
Bel. I am glad I have found a way to woo yet; I was afraid once
I never should have made a civil suitor.
Well, I'll about it still.
Mir. Do, do, and prosper.— [*Exit* BELLEUR.
What sport do I make with these fools! what pleasure
Feeds me, and fats my sides at their poor innocence!
Wooing and wiving! hang it! give me mirth,
Witty and dainty mirth! I shall grow in love, sure,
With mine own happy head.

Enter LUGIER.

Who's this?—To me, sir?—
What youth is this?
Lug. Yes, sir, I would speak with you,
If your name be monsieur Mirabel.

Mir. You have hit it:
Your business, I beseech you?
Lug. This it is, sir;
There is a gentlewoman hath long time affected you,
And loved you dearly.
Mir. Turn over, and end that story;
'Tis long enough: I have no faith in women, sir.
Lug. It seems so, sir: I do not come to woo for her,
Or sing her praises, though she well deserve 'em;
I come to tell you, you have been cruel to her,
Unkind and cruel, false of faith, and careless;
Taking more pleasure in abusing her,
Wresting her honour to your wild disposes,
Than noble in requiting her affection:
Which, as you are a man, I must desire you
(A gentleman of rank) not to persist in,
No more to load her fair name with your injuries.
Mir. Why, I beseech you, sir?
Lug. Good sir, I'll tell you.
And I'll be short; I'll tell you, because I love you;
Because I would have you shun the shame may follow.
There is a nobleman, new come to town, sir,
A noble and a great man, that affects her,
(A countryman of mine, a brave Savoyan,
Nephew to th' duke) and so much honours her,
That 'twill be dangerous to pursue your old way,
To touch at anything concerns her honour,
Believe, most dangerous: Her name is Oriana,
And this great man will marry her. Take heed, sir;
For howsoe'er her brother, a staid gentleman,
Lets things pass upon better hopes, this lord, sir,
Is of that fiery and that poignant metal,
(Especially provoked on by affection)
That 'twill be hard—But you are wise.
Mir. A lord, sir?
Lug. Yes, and a noble lord.
Mir. 'Send her good fortune!
This will not stir her lord?—A baroness?
Say you so? say you so? By'r lady, a brave title!
Top, and top-gallant now! Save her great ladyship!
I was a poor servant of hers, I must confess, sir,
And in those days I thought I might be jovy,
And make a little bold to call in to her;
But, *basta!* now, I know my rules and distance;
Yet, if she want an usher, such an implement,
One that is throughly paced, a clean-made gentleman,
Can hold a hanging up with approbation,
Plant his hat formally, and wait with patience,
I do beseech you, sir——
Lug. Sir, leave your scoffing,
And, as you are a gentleman, deal fairly:
I have given you a friend's counsel; so I'll leave you.
Mir. But, hark ye, hark ye, sir! Is't possible
I may believe what you say?
Lug. You may choose, sir.
Mir. No baits? no fish-hooks, sir? no gins? no nooses?
No pitfalls to catch puppies?
Lug. I tell you certain:
You may believe; if not, stand to the danger! [*Exit.*
Mir. A lord of Savoy, says he? the duke's nephew?
A man so mighty? By'r lady, a fair marriage!
By my faith a handsome fortune! I must leave prating;
For, to confess the truth, I have abused her,
For which I should be sorry, but that will seem scurvy.
I must confess she was, ever since I knew her,
As modest as she was fair; I am sure she loved me;
Her means good, and her breeding excellent;
And for my sake she has refused fair matches:
I may play the fool finely.—Stay! who are these?

Enter DE GARD *disguised*, ORIANA, *and* Attendants.

'Tis she, I am sure; and that the lord, it should seem;
He carries a fair port, is a handsome man too.
I do begin to feel I am a coxcomb.
Ori. Good my lord, chuse a nobler; for I know
I am so far below your rank and honour,
That what you can say this way, I must credit
But spoken to beget yourself sport. Alas, sir,
I am so far off from deserving you,
My beauty so unfit for your affection,
That I am grown the scorn of common railers,
Of such injurious things, that, when they cannot
Reach at my person, lie with my reputation.
I am poor, besides.
De Ga. You are all wealth and goodness;
And none but such as are the scum of men,
The ulcers of an honest state, spite-weavers,
That live on poison only, like swoln spiders,
Dare once profane such excellence, such sweetness.
Mir. This man speaks loud indeed.
De Ga. Name but the men, lady;
Let me but know these poor and base depravers,
Lay but to my revenge their persons open,
And you shall see how suddenly, how fully,
For your most beauteous sake, how direfully,
I'll handle their despites. Is this thing one?
Be what he will——
Mir. Sir!
De Ga. Dare your malicious tongue, sir——
Mir. I know you not, nor what you mean.
Ori. Good my lord!
De Ga. If he, or any he——
Ori. I beseech your honour!
This gentleman's a stranger to my knowledge;
And, no doubt, sir, a worthy man.
De Ga. Your mercy!
But, had he been a tainter of your honour,
A blaster of those beauties reign within you—
But we shall find a fitter time. Dear lady,
As soon as I have freed you from your guardian,
And done some honour'd offices unto you,
I'll take you, with those faults the world flings on you,
And dearer than the whole world I'll esteem you! [*Exeunt.*
Mir. This is a thundering lord: I am glad I 'scaped him.
How lovingly the wench disclaim'd my villainy!
I am vex'd now heartily that he shall have her;
Not that I care to marry, or to lose her,
But that this bilbo-lord shall reap that maidenhead
That was my due; that he shall rig and top her!
I'd give a thousand crowns now, he might miss her.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Nay, if I bear your blows, and keep your counsel,
You have good luck, sir: I'll teach you to strike lighter.

Mir. Come hither, honest fellow: Canst thou tell me
Where this great lord lies? this Savoy lord? Thou [met'st him;
He now went by thee, certain.
Serv. Yes, he did, sir;
I know him, and I know you are fool'd.
Mir. Come hither; [*Gives money.*
Here's all this, give me truth.
Serv. Not for your money,
(And yet that may do much) but I have been beaten,
And by the worshipful contrivers beaten, and I'll [tell you.
This is no lord, no Savoy lord.
Mir. Go forward.
Serv. This is a trick, and put upon you grossly
By one Lugier: The lord is monsieur De Gard,
An honest gentleman, and a neighbour here: [sir,
Their ends you understand better than I, sure.
Mir. Now I know him;
Know him now plain!
Serv. I have discharged my choler; so God be wi' you, sir! [*Exit.*
Mir. What a purblind puppy was I! Now I remember him;
All the whole cast on's face, though it were umber'd,
And mask'd with patches. What a dunder-whelp,
To let him domineer thus! How he strutted,
And what a load of lord he clapt upon him!
'Would I had him here again! I would so bounce him,
I would so thank his lordship for his lewd plot——
Do they think to carry it away, with a great band made of bird-pots,
And a pair of pin-buttock'd breeches?—Ha!

Enter DE GARD, ORIANA, *and* Attendants.

'Tis he again; he comes, he comes, he comes! have at him.— [*Sings.*
My Savoy lord, why dost thou frown on me?
And will that favour never sweeter be?
Wilt thou, I say, for ever play the fool?
De Gard, be wise, and, Savoy, go to school!
My lord De Gard, I thank you for your antick;
My lady bright, that will be sometimes frantic;
You worthy train that wait upon this pair,
—'Send you more wit, and them a bouncing bair!
And so I take my humble leave of your honours! [*Exit.*
De Ga. We are discover'd, there's no remedy.
Lillia-Bianca's man, upon my life.
In stubbornness, because Lugier corrected him—
A shameless slave! plague on him for a rascal!
Ori. I was in perfect hope. The bane on't is now,
He will make mirth on mirth, to persecute us.
De Ga. We must be patient; I am vex'd to th' proof too.
I'll try once more; then if I fail, here's one speaks. [*Puts his hand on his sword.*
Ori. Let me be lost, and scorn'd first!
De Ga. Well, we'll consider.
Away, and let me shift; I shall be hooted else. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*A Street before the House of* PINAC.

Enter LUGIER, LILLIA, *and* Servant, *with a willow garland.*

Lug. Faint not, but do as I direct ye; trust me.
Believe me too, for what I have told you, lady,
As true as you are Lillia, is authentic;
I know it, I have found it: 'Tis a poor courage
Flies off for one repulse. These travellers
Shall find, before we have done, a home-spun wit,
A plain French understanding, may cope with 'em.
They have had the better yet, thank your sweet squire here!
And let 'em brag. You would be revenged?
Lil. Yes, surely.
Lug. And married too?
Lil. I think so.
Lug. Then be counsell'd;
You know how to proceed. I have other irons
Heating as well as yours, and I will strike
Three blows with one stone home. Be ruled, and happy;
And so I leave you. Now's the time. [*Exit.*
Lil. I am ready,
If he do come to do me.
Serv. Will you stand here,
And let the people think you are God knows what, mistress?
Let boys and prentices presume upon you?
Lil. Pr'ythee hold thy peace.
Serv. Stand at his door that hates you?
Lil. Pr'ythee leave prating.
Serv. Pray you go to th' tavern: I'll give you a pint of wine there.
If any of the mad-cap gentlemen should come by,
That take up women upon special warrant,
You were in a wise case now.
Lil. Give me the garland;
And wait you here.

Enter MIRABEL, PINAC, MARIANA, Priest, *and* Attendants.

Mir. She is here to seek thee, sirrah:
I told thee what would follow; she is mad for thee!
Shew, and advance. So early stirring, lady?
It shews a busy mind, a fancy troubled.
A willow garland too? Is't possible?
'Tis pity so much beauty should lie musty;
But 'tis not to be help'd now.
Lil. The more's my misery.
Good fortune to you, lady, you deserve it;
To me, too-late repentance, I have sought it.
I do not envy, though I grieve a little,
You are mistress of that happiness, those joys,
That might have been, had I been wise.—But fortune—
Pinac. She understands you not; pray you do not trouble her!
And do not cross me like a hare thus; 'tis as omin- [ous.
Lil. I come not to upbraid your levity,
(Though you made show of love, and though I liked you)
To claim an interest, (we are yet both strangers;
But what we might have been, had you persévered,
To be an eye-sore to your loving lady: [sir!)
This garland shews, I give myself forsaken,
(Yet, she must pardon me, 'tis most unwillingly!)
And all the power and interest I had in you

(As I persuade myself, somewhat you loved me!)
Thus patiently I render up, I offer
To her that must enjoy you, and so bless you!
Only, I heartily desire this courtesy,
And would not be denied, to wait upon you
This day, to see you tied, then no more trouble you.
Pinac. It needs not, lady.
Lil. Good sir, grant me so much.
Pinac. 'Tis private, and we make no invitation.
Lil. My presence, sir, shall not proclaim it public.
Pinac. May be, 'tis not in town.
Lil. I have a coach, sir,
And a most ready will to do you service.
Mir. Strike, now or never! make it sure! I tell thee, [*Aside to* PINAC.
She will hang herself, if she have thee not.
Pinac. Pray you, sir,
Entertain my noble mistress: Only a word or two
With this importunate woman, and I'll relieve you.—
Now you see what your flings are, and your fancies,
Your states, and your wild stubbornness; now you find
What 'tis to gird and kick at men's fair services,
To raise your pride to such a pitch and glory,
That goodness shews like gnats, scorn'd under you,
'Tis ugly, naught; a self-will in a woman,
Chain'd to an overweening thought, is pestilent,
Murders fair Fortune first, then fair Opinion:
There stands a pattern, a true patient pattern,
Humble, and sweet.
Lil. I can but grieve my ignorance.
Repentance, some say too, is the best sacrifice;
For sure, sir, if my chance had been so happy
(As I confess I was mine own destroyer)
As to have arrived at you, (I will not prophesy,
But certain, as I think) I should have pleased you;
Have made you as much wonder at my courtesy,
My love, and duty, as I have dishearten'd you.
Some hours we have of youth, and some of folly;
And being free-born maids, we take a liberty,
And to maintain that, sometimes we strain highly.
Pinac. Now you talk reason.
Lil. But being yoak'd and govern'd,
Married, and those light vanities purged from us,
How fair we grow! how gentle, and how tender,
We twine about those loves that shoot up with us!
A sullen woman fear, that talks not to you;
She has a sad and darken'd soul, loves dully:
A merry and a free wench, give her liberty,
Believe her, in the lightest form she appears to you,
Believe her excellent, though she despise you;
Let but these fits and flashes pass, she'll shew to you
As jewels rubb'd from dust, or gold new burnish'd:
Such had I been, had you believed!
Pinac. Is't possible?
Lil. And to your happiness I dare assure you,
If true love be accounted so. Your pleasure,
Your will, and your command, had tied my motions:
But that hope's gone. I know you are young and giddy,
And, till you have a wife can govern with you,
You sail upon this world's sea, light and empty;
Your bark in danger daily. 'Tis not the name neither
Of wife can steer you, but the noble nature,
The diligence, the care, the love, the patience;
She makes the pilot, and preserves the husband,
That knows and reckons every rib he is built on.
But this I tell you to my shame.
Pinac. I admire you;
And now am sorry that I aim beyond you.—
Mir. So, so, so! fair and softly! She is thine own, boy; [*Apart to him*
She comes now without lure.—
Pinac. But that it must needs
Be reckon'd to me as a wantonness,
Or worse, a madness, to forsake a blessing,
A blessing of that hope——
Lil. I dare not urge you:
And yet, dear sir——
Pinac. 'Tis most certain, I had rather,
If 'twere in my own choice—for you're my country-woman,
A neighbour, here born by me; she a stranger,
And who knows how her friends——
Lil. Do as you please, sir;
If you be fast, not all the world—I love you.
It is most true, and clear, I would persuade you;
And I shall love you still.
Pinac. Go, get before me:
So much you have won upon me—do it presently:
Here's a priest ready—I'll have you.
Lil. Not now, sir;
No, you shall pardon me!—Advance your lady;
I dare not hinder your most high preferment:
'Tis honour enough for me I have unmask'd you.
Pinac. How's that?
Lil. I have caught you, sir! Alas, I am no stateswoman,
Nor no great traveller, yet I have found you:
I have found your lady too, your beauteous lady:
I have found her birth and breeding too, her discipline,
Who brought her over, and who kept your lady.
And, when he laid her by, what virtuous nunnery
Received her in; I have found all these! Are you blank now?
Methinks, such travell'd wisdoms should not fool
Such excellent indiscretions—— [this:
Mir. How could she know this?
Lil. 'Tis true, she is English born, but most part French now,
And so I hope you will find her to your comfort.
Alas, I am ignorant of what she cost you!
The price of these hired clothes I do not know, gentlemen! [for 'em:
Those jewels are the broker's, how you stand bound
Pinac. Will you make this good?
Lil. Yes, yes; and to her face, sir,
That she's an English whore! a kind of fling-dust,
One of your London light o' loves, a right one!
Came over in thin pumps, and half a petticoat,
One faith, and one smock, with a broken haber-dasher:
I know all this without a conjurer.
Her name is Jumping-Joan, an ancient sin-weaver.
She was first a lady's chambermaid, there slipp'd,
And broke her leg above the knee; departed,
And set up shop herself; stood the fierce conflicts
Of many a furious term; there lost her colours,
And last shipp'd over hither.
Mir. We are betray'd!
Lil. Do you come to fright me with this mystery:
To stir me with a stink none can endure, sir?
I pray you proceed; the wedding will become you:
Who gives the lady? you? An excellent father!
A careful man, and one that knows a beauty!
Send you fair shipping, sir! and so I'll leave you.
Be wise and manly, then I may chance to love you! [*Exit*

Mir. As I live, I am ashamed this wench has reach'd me,
Monstrous ashamed; but there's no remedy.
This skew'd-eyed carrion——
Pinac. This I suspected ever.
Come, come, uncase; we have no more use of you;
Your clothes must back again.
Mariana. Sir, you shall pardon me;
'Tis not our English use to be degraded.
If you will visit me, and take your venture,
You shall have pleasure for your properties;
And so, sweetheart—— [*Exit.*
Mir. Let her go, and the devil go with her!
We have never better luck with these preludiums.
Come, be not daunted; think she's but a woman,
And let her have the devil's wit, we'll reach her!
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*A Grove near* NANTOLET'S *House.*

Enter ROSALURA *and* LUGIER.

Ros. You have now redeem'd my good opinion,
And you stand fair again. [tutor,
Lug. I can but labour,
And sweat in your affairs. I am sure Belleur
Will be here instantly, and use his anger,
His wonted harshness.
Ros. I hope he will not beat me.
Lug. No, sure, he has more manners. Be you ready!
Ros. Yes, yes, I am; and am resolved to fit him,
With patience to out-do all he can offer.
But how does Oriana?
Lug. Worse, and worse still;
There is a sad house for her; she is now,
Poor lady, utterly distracted.
Ros. Pity!
Infinite pity! 'Tis a handsome lady.
That Mirabel's a beast, worse than a monster,
If this affliction work not.

Enter LILLIA-BIANCA.

Lil. Are you ready?
Belleur is coming on, here, hard behind me:
I have no leisure to relate my fortune;
Only I wish you may come off as handsomely.
Upon the sign you know what. [*Exit.*
Ros. Well, well; leave me!

Enter BELLEUR.

Bel. How now?
Ros. You are welcome, sir.
Bel. 'Tis well ye have manners!
That court'sy again, and hold your countenance staidly!
That look's too light; take heed! so, sit ye down
And to confirm me that your gall is gone, [now;
Your bitterness dispersed, (for so I'll have it)
Look on me stedfastly, and, whatsoe'er I say to you,
Move not, nor alter in your face; you are gone then!
For if you do express the least distaste,
Or shew an angry wrinkle, (mark me, woman!
We are now alone) I will so conjure thee,
The third part of my execution
Cannot be spoke.
Ros. I am at your dispose, sir.
Bel. Now rise, and woo me a little; let me hear that faculty:
But touch me not; nor do not lie, I charge you!
Begin now.
Ros. If so mean and poor a beauty
May ever hope the grace——
Bel. You cog, you flatter!
Like a lewd thing, you lie! 'May hope that grace?'
Why, what grace canst thou hope for? Answer not;
For if thou dost, and liest again, I'll swinge thee!
Do not I know thee for a pestilent woman?
A proud at both ends? Be not angry,
Nor stir not o' your life!
Ros. I am counsell'd, sir.
Bel. Art thou not now (confess, for I'll have the truth out)
As much unworthy of a man of merit,
Or any of ye all, nay, of mere man,
Though he were crooked, cold, all wants upon him,
Nay, of any dishonest thing that bears that figure,
As devils are of mercy?
Ros. We are unworthy.
Bel. Stick to that truth, and it may chance to save thee.
And is it not our bounty that we take ye?
That we are troubled, vex'd, or tortured with ye,
Our mere and special bounty?
Ros. Yes.
Bel. Our pity,
That for your wickedness we swinge ye soundly;
Your stubbornness, and your stout hearts, we
Answer to that! [belabour ye?
Ros. I do confess your pity.
Bel. And dost not thou deserve in thine own person,
Thou impudent, thou pert—Do not change
Ros. I dare not, sir. [countenance!
Bel. For if you do——
Ros. I am settled.
Bel. Thou wagtail, peacock, puppy, look on me;
I am a gentleman.
Ros. It seems no less, sir.
Bel. And darest thou in thy surquedry——
Ros. I beseech you!
It was my weakness, sir, I did not view you,
I took not notice of your noble parts,
Nor culled your person, nor your proper fashion.
Bel. This is some amends yet.
Ros. I shall mend, sir, daily,
And study to deserve.
Bel. Come a little nearer!
Canst thou repent thy villainy?
Ros. Most seriously.
Bel. And be ashamed!
Ros. I am ashamed.
Bel. Cry!
Ros. It will be hard to do, sir.
Bel. Cry now instantly;
Cry monstrously, that all the town may hear thee;
Cry seriously, as if thou hadst lost thy monkey;
And, as I like thy tears——
Ros. Now!

Enter LILLIA, *and four* Women *laughing.*

Bel. How! how! do you jeer me?
Have you broke your bounds again, dame?
Ros. Yes, and laugh at you,
And laugh most heartily.
Bel. What are these? whirlwinds?
Is hell broke loose, and all the furies flutter'd?
Am I greased once again?
Ros. Yes, indeed are you;
And once again you shall be, if you quarrel!
Do you come to vent your fury on a virgin?
Is this your manhood, sir?

1 *Wom.* Let him do his best;
Let's see the utmost of his indignation;
I long to see him angry. Come; proceed, sir.
Hang him, he dares not stir; a man of timber!
2 *Wom.* Come hither to fright maids with thy bull-faces?
To threaten gentlewomen! Thou a man? a maypole!
A great dry pudding!
3 *Wom.* Come, come, do your worst, sir;
Be angry if thou darest.
Bel. The Lord deliver me!
4 *Wom.* Do but look scurvily upon this lady,
Or give us one foul word—We are all mistaken;
This is some mighty dairy-maid in man's clothes.
Lil. I am of that mind too.
Bel. What will they do to me?
Lil. And hired to come and abuse us: A man has manners;
A gentleman, civility and breeding.
Some tinker's trull, with a beard glew'd on.
1 *Wom.* Let's search him,
And as we find him——
Bel. Let me but depart from ye,
Sweet Christian women!
Lil. Hear the thing speak, neighbours.
Bel. 'Tis but a small request: If e'er I trouble ye,
If e'er I talk again of beating women,
Or beating anything that can but turn to me;
Of ever thinking of a handsome lady
But virtuously and well, of ever speaking
But to her honour—This I'll promise ye,
I will take rhubarb, and purge choler mainly,
Abundantly I'll purge.
Lil. I'll send you broths, sir.
Bel. I will be laugh'd at, and endure it patiently;
I will do anything!
Ros. I'll be your bail then.
When you come next to woo, pray you come not [boisterously,
And furnish'd like a bear-ward.
Bel. No, in truth, forsooth.
Ros. I scented you long since.
Bel. I was to blame, sure;
I will appear a gentleman.
Ros. 'Tis the best for you,
For a true noble gentleman's a brave thing.
Upon that hope, we quit you. You fear seriously?
Bel. Yes, truly do I; I confess I fear you,
And honour you, and anything!
Ros. Farewell then!
Wom. And when you come to woo next, bring more mercy!
[*Exeunt* Rosalura *and* Women.

Enter two Gentlemen.

Bel. A dairy-maid! a tinker's trull! Heaven bless me!
Sure, if I had provoked 'em, they had quarter'd me.
I am a most ridiculous ass, now I perceive it;
A coward, and a knave too.
1 *Gent.* 'Tis the mad gentleman;
Let's set our faces right.
Bel. No, no; laugh at me,
And laugh aloud.
2 *Gent.* We are better manner'd, sir.
Bel. I do deserve it; call me patch, and puppy,
And beat me, if you please.
1 *Gent.* No, indeed; we know you.
Bel. 'Death, do as I would have ye!
2 *Gent.* You are an ass then,
A coxcomb, and a calf!
Bel. I am a great calf.
Kick me a little now: Why, when? Sufficient.
[*They kick him.*
Now laugh aloud, and scorn me; so God b' wi' ye!
And ever when ye meet me, laugh.
1 *Gent.* We will, sir. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*A Room in* La Castre's *House.*

Enter Nantolet, La Castre, De Gard, Lugger, *and* Mirabel.

Mir. Your patience, gentlemen! Why do ye bait me?
Nant. Is't not a shame you are so stubborn-hearted,
So stony and so dull, to such a lady,
Of her perfections and her misery?
Lug. Does she not love you? Does not her distraction
For your sake only, her most pitied lunacy
Of all but you, shew ye? Does it not compel ye?
Mir. Soft and fair, gentlemen; pray ye proceed temperately.
Lug. If you have any feeling, any sense in you,
The least touch of a noble heart——
La Ca. Let him alone:
It is his glory that he can kill beauty.
You bear my stamp, but not my tenderness;
Your wild unsavoury courses set that in you!
For shame, be sorry, though you cannot cure her;
Shew something of a man, of a fair nature.
Mir. You make me mad!
De Ga. Let me pronounce this to you;
You take a strange felicity in slighting
And wronging women, which my poor sister feels now;
Heaven's hand be gentle on her! Mark me, sir.
That very hour she dies, (there's small hope otherwise)
That minute, you and I must grapple for it;
Either your life or mine!
Mir. Be not so hot, sir;
I am not to be wrought on by these policies,
In truth, I am not! nor do I fear the tricks,
Or the high-sounding threats, of a Savoyan.
I glory not in cruelty, (ye wrong me)
Nor grow up water'd with the tears of women.
This let me tell ye, howsoe'er I shew to ye,
Wild, as ye please to call it, or self-will'd,
When I see cause I can both do and suffer,
Freely, and feelingly, as a true gentleman.

Enter Rosalura *and* Lillia.

Ros. Oh, pity, pity! thousand, thousand pities!
Lil. Alas, poor soul! she will die! she is grown senseless;
She will not know, nor speak now.
Ros. Die for love?
And love of such a youth? I would die for a dog first!
He that kills me, I'll give him leave to eat me!
I'll know men better, ere I sigh for any of 'em.
Lil. Ye have done a worthy act, sir, a most famous;
You have kill'd a maid the wrong way; ye're a conqueror!
Ros. A conqueror? a cobler! Hang him, sowter!
Go hide thyself, for shame! go lose thy memory!
Live not 'mongst men; thou art a beast, a monster,
A blatant beast!
Lil. If you have yet any honesty,
Or ever heard of any, take my counsel;

Off with your garters, and seek out a bough,
A handsome bough; for I would have you hang like a gentleman:
And write some doleful matter to the world,
A warning to hard-hearted men.
Mir. Out, kittlings!
What catterwauling's here! what gibing!
Do you think my heart is soften'd with a black santis?
Shew me some reason.

ORIANA *is brought in, lying on a bed.*

Ros. Here then, here is a reason.
Nant. Now, if ye be a man, let this sight shake ye!
La Ca. Alas, poor gentlewoman! Do you know me, lady?
Lug. How she looks up, and stares!
Ori. I know you very well;
You are my godfather: and that's the monsieur.
De Ga. And who am I?
Ori. You are Amadis de Gaul, sir.
Oh, oh, my heart! Were ye never in love, sweet lady?
And do you never dream of flowers and gardens?
I dream of walking fires: Take heed! It comes now.
Who's that? Pray stand away. I have seen that face sure.
How light my head is!
Ros. Take some rest.
Ori. I cannot;
For I must be up to-morrow to go to church,
And I must dress me, put my new gown on,
And be as fine to meet my love! Heigh-ho!
Will not you tell me where my love lies buried?
Mir. He is not dead.—Beshrew my heart, she stirs me! [*Aside.*
Ori. He is dead to me.
Mir. Is't possible my nature
Should be so damnable, to let her suffer?—
Give me your hand.
Ori. How soft you feel, how gentle!
I'll tell you your fortune, friend.
Mir. How she stares on me!
Ori. You have a flattering face, but 'tis a fine one;
I warrant you may have a hundred sweethearts.
Will ye pray for me? I shall die to-morrow;
And will ye ring the bells?
Mir. I am most unworthy,
I do confess, unhappy. Do you know me?
Ori. I would I did!
Mir. Oh, fair tears, how ye take me!
Ori. Do ye weep too? You have not lost your lover?
You mock me; I'll go home and pray.
Mir. Pray you pardon me;
Or, if it please you to consider justly,
Scorn me, for I deserve it; scorn and shame me,
Sweet Oriana!
Lil. Let her alone; she trembles:
Her fits will grow more strong, if ye provoke her.
La Ca. Certain she knows you not, yet loves to see you.
How she smiles now!

Enter BELLEUR.

Bel. Where are ye? Oh, why do not you laugh? Come, laugh at me!
Why 'a devil art thou sad, and such a subject,
Such a ridiculous subject, as I am,
Before thy face?
Mir. Pr'ythee put off this lightness;
This is no time for mirth, nor place; I have used too much on't:
I have undone myself, and a sweet lady,
By being too indulgent to my foolery,
Which truly I repent. Look here!
Bel. What ails she?
Mir. Alas, she is mad.
Bel. Mad?
Mir. Yes, too sure; for me too.
Bel. Dost thou wonder at that? By this good light, they are all so;
They are cozening mad, they are brawling mad, they are proud mad;
They are all, all mad. I came from a world of mad women,
Mad as March hares: Get 'em in chains, then deal with 'em.
There's one that's mad; she seems well, but she is dog-mad.
Is she dead, dost think?
Mir. Dead? Heaven forbid!
Bel. Heaven further it!
For, till they be key-cold dead, there's no trusting of 'em.
Whate'er they seem, or howsoe'er they carry it,
Till they be chap-fall'n, and their tongues at peace,
Nail'd in their coffins sure, I'll ne'er believe 'em.
Shall I talk with her?
Mir. No, dear friend, be quiet,
And be at peace a while.
Bel. I'll walk aside,
And come again anon. But take heed to her:
You say she is a woman?
Mir. Yes.
Bel. Take great heed;
For if she do not cozen thee, then hang me.
Let her be mad, or what she will, she'll cheat thee! [*Exit.*
Mir. Away, wild fool!—How vile this shews in him now!
Now take my faith, (before ye all I speak it)
And with it my repentant love.
La Ca. This seems well.
Mir. Were but this lady clear again, whose sorrows
My very heart melts for, were she but perfect,
(For thus to marry her would be two miseries)
Before the richest and the noblest beauty,
France, or the world could shew me, I would take her:
As she now is, my tears and prayers shall wed her.
De Ga. This makes some small amends.
Ros. She beckons to you:
To us too, to go off.
Nant. Let's draw aside all. [*Exeunt all but* ORIANA *and* MIRABEL.
Ori. Oh, my best friend! I would fain——
Mir. What! She speaks well,
And with another voice.
Ori. But I am fearful,
And shame a little stops my tongue——
Mir. Speak boldly.
Ori. Tell you, I am well. I am perfect well; (pray you mock not)
And that I did this to provoke your nature;
Out of my infinite and restless love,
To win your pity. Pardon me!
Mir. Go forward:
Who set you on?
Ori. None, as I live, no creature;
Not any knew, or ever dream'd what I meant.
Will you be mine?
Mir. 'Tis true, I pity you;
But when I marry you, you must be wiser.
Nothing but tricks? devices?
Ori. Will you shame me?

Mir. Yes, marry, will I.—Come near, come near! a miracle!
The woman's well; she was only mad for marriage,
Stark mad to be stoned to death; give her good counsel.—
Will this world never mend?—Are you caught, damsel?

Enter BELLEUR, LA CASTRE, LUGIER, NANTOLET, DE GARD, ROSALURA, *and* LILLIA.

Bel. How goes it now?
Mir. Thou art a kind of prophet;
The woman's well again, and would have gull'd me;
Well, excellent well, and not a taint upon her.
Bel. Did not I tell you? Let 'em be what can be,
Saints, devils, any thing, they will abuse us.
Thou wert an ass to believe her so long, a coxcomb;
Give 'em a minute, they'll abuse whole millions.
Mir. And am not I a rare physician, gentlemen,
That can cure desperate mad minds?
De Ga. Be not insolent.
Mir. Well, go thy ways: From this hour I disclaim thee,
Unless thou hast a trick above this; then I'll love thee.
You owe me for your cure.—Pray have a care of her,
For fear she fall into a relapse.—Come, Belleur;
We'll set up bills to cure diseased virgins.
Bel. Shall we be merry?
Mir. Yes.
Bel. But I'll no more projects:
If we could make 'em mad, it were some mastery! [*Exeunt.*
Lil. I am glad she is well again.
Ros. So am I, certain.—
Be not ashamed.
Ori. I shall never see a man more.
De Ga. Come, you're a fool! had you but told me this trick,
He should not have gloried thus.
Lug. He shall not long, neither.
La Ca. Be ruled, and be at peace: You have my consent
And what power I can work with.
Nant. Come, leave blushing;
We are your friends: An honest way compelling you.
Heaven will not see so true a love unrecompensed.
Come in, and slight him too.
Lug. The next shall hit him. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*A Street.*

Enter DE GARD *and* LUGIER.

De Ga. 'Twill be discover'd.
Lug. That's the worst can happen:
If there be any way to reach, and work upon him,
Upon his nature suddenly, and catch him—That he loves,
Though he dissemble it and would shew contrary,
And will at length relent, I'll lay my fortune;
Nay, more, my life.
De Ga. Is she won?
Lug. Yes, and ready,
And my designments set.
De Ga. They are now for travel;
All for that game again; they have forgot wooing.
Lug. Let 'em; we'll travel with 'em.
De Ga. Where's his father?
Lug. Within; he knows my mind too, and allows it,
Pities your sister's fortune most sincerely;
And has appointed, for our more assistance,
Some of his secret friends.
De Ga. 'Speed the plough!
Lug. Well said:
And be you serious too.
De Ga. I shall be diligent.
Lug. Let's break the ice for one, the rest will drink too
(Believe me, sir) of the same cup: My young gentlewomen
Wait but who sets the game a-foot; though they seem stubborn,
Reserved, and proud now, yet I know their hearts,
Their pulses how they beat, and for what cause, sir,
And how they long to venture their abilities
In a true quarrel. Husbands they must and will have,
Or nunneries, and thin collations
To cool their bloods. Let's all about our business.
And, if this fail, let Nature work!
De Ga. You have armed me. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*Before* LA CASTRE'S *House.*

Enter MIRABEL, NANTOLET, *and* LA CASTRE.

La Ca. Will you be wilful then?
Mir. Pray, sir, your pardon;
For I must travel. Lie lazy here,
Bound to a wife? chain'd to her subtleties,
Her humours, and her wills, which are more fetters?
To have her to-day pleased, to-morrow peevish.
The third day mad, the fourth rebellious?
You see, before they are married, what moriscoes
What masques and mummeries they put upon us
To be tied here, and suffer their lavoltas!
Nant. 'Tis your own seeking.
Mir. Yes, to get my freedom.
Were they as I could wish 'em——
La Ca. Fools and meacocks,
To endure what you think fit to put upon 'em!
Come, change your mind.
Mir. Not before I have changed air, father.
When I know women worthy of my company,
I will return again and wait upon 'em;
Till then, dear sir, I'll amble all the world over.
And run all hazards, misery, and poverty,
So I escape the dangerous bay of matrimony!

Enter BELLEUR *and* PINAC.

Pinac. Are you resolved?
Mir. Yes, certain; I will out again.
Pinac. We are for you, sir; we are your servants once more:

Once more we'll seek our fortune in strange countries:
Ours is too scornful for us.
Bel. Is there ne'er a land
That you have read, or heard of, (for I care not how far it be,
Nor under what pestiferous star it lies)
A happy kingdom, where there are no women?
Nor have been ever? nor no mention
Of any such lewd things, with lewder qualities?
For thither would I travel; where 'tis felony
To confess he had a mother; a mistress, treason.
La Ca. Are you for travel too?
Bel. For any thing,
For living in the moon, and stopping hedges,
Ere I stay here to be abused, and baffled.
Nant. Why did you not break your minds to me? they are my daughters;
And sure I think I should have that command over 'em,
To see 'em well bestow'd. I know ye are gentlemen,
Men of fair parts and states; I know your parents;
And had ye told me of your fair affections——
Make but one trial more, and let me second ye.
Bel. No; I'll make hob-nails first, and mend old kettles!
Can you lend me an armour of high proof, to appear in,
And two or three field-pieces to defend me?
The king's guard are mere pigmies.
Nant. They'll not eat you.
Bel. Yes, and you too, and twenty fatter monsieurs,
If their high stomachs hold: They came with chopping-knives,
To cut me into rands and sirloins, and so powder me.—
Come, shall we go?
Nant. You cannot be so discourteous,
If ye intend to go, as not to visit 'em,
And take your leaves.
Mir. That we dare do, and civilly,
And thank 'em too.
Pinac. Yes, sir, we know that honesty.
Bel. I'll come i' th' rear, forty foot off, I'll assure you,
With a good gun in my hand; I'll no more Amazons,
I mean no more of their frights: I'll make my three legs,
Kiss my hand twice, and if I smell no danger,
If the interview be clear, may be I'll speak to her;
I'll wear a privy coat too, and behind me,
To make those parts secure, a bandog.
La Ca. You are a merry gentleman.
Bel. A wary gentleman, I do assure you;
I have been warn'd, and must be arm'd.
La Ca. Well, son,
These are your hasty thoughts; when I see you are bent to it,
Then I'll believe, and join with you; so we'll leave ye.
There is a trick will make ye stay. [*Exit.*
Nant. I hope so. [*Exit.*
Mir. We have won immortal fame now, if we leave 'em.
Pinac. You have, but we have lost.
Mir. Pinac, thou art cozen'd;
I know they love you; and to gain you handsomely,
Not to be thought to yield, they would give millions:
Their father's willingness, that must needs shew you.
Pinac. If I thought so——
Mir. You shall be hang'd, you recreant!
Would you turn renegado now?
Bel. No; let's away, boys,
Out of the air and tumult of their villainies.
Though I were married to that grasshopper,
And had her fast by th' legs, I should think she would cozen me.

Enter a young Man, disguised as a Factor.

Fac. Monsieur Mirabel, I take it?
Mir. You are i' th' right, sir.
Fac. I am come to seek you, sir; I have been at your father's,
And understanding you were here——
Mir. You are welcome.
May I crave your name?
Fac. Fosse, sir, and your servant.
That you may know me better, I am factor
To your old merchant, Leverdure.
Mir. How does he?
Fac. Well, sir, I hope; he is now at Orleans,
About some business.
Mir. You are once more welcome.
Your master's a right honest man, and one
I am much beholding to, and must very shortly
Trouble his love again.
Fac. You may be bold, sir.
Mir. Your business, if you please now?
Fac. This it is, sir.
I know you well remember, in your travel,
A Genoa merchant——
Mir. I remember many.
Fac. But this man, sir, particularly; your own benefit
Must needs imprint him in you; one Alberto,
A gentleman you saved from being murder'd
A little from Bologna:
I was then myself in Italy, and supplied you;
Though happily you have forgot me now.
Mir. No, I remember you,
And that Alberto too; a noble gentleman.
More to remember were to thank myself, sir.
What of that gentleman?
Fac. He's dead.
Mir. I am sorry.
Fac. But on his death-bed, leaving to his sister
All that he had, beside some certain jewels,
(Which, with a ceremony, he bequeathed to you,
In grateful memory) he commanded strictly
His sister, as she loved him and his peace,
To see those jewels safe and true deliver'd,
And, with them, his last love. She, as tender to
Observe this will, not trusting friend nor servant
With such a weight, is come herself to Paris,
And at my master's house.
Mir. You tell me a wonder.
Fac. I tell you a truth, sir. She is young and handsome,
And well attended; of much state and riches;
So loving and obedient to her brother,
That, on my conscience, if he had given her also,
She would most willingly have made her tender.
Mir. May not I see her?

Fac. She desires it heartily.
Mir. And presently?
Fac. She is now about some business,
Passing accounts of some few debts here owing,
And buying jewels of a merchant.
Mir. Is she wealthy?
Fac. I would you had her, sir, at all adventure:
Her brother had a main state.
Mir. And fair too?
Fac. The prime of all those parts of Italy,
For beauty and for courtesy.
Mir. I must needs see her.
Fac. 'Tis all her business, sir. You may now see her;
But to-morrow will be fitter for your visitation,
For she's not yet prepared.
Mir. Only her sight, sir:
And, when you shall think fit, for further visit.
Fac. Sir, you may see her, and I'll wait your coming.
Mir. And I'll be with ye instantly. I know the house;
Meantime, my love, and thanks, sir!
Fac. Your poor servant. [*Exit.*
Pinac. Thou hast the strangest luck! What was that Alberto?
Mir. An honest noble merchant, 'twas my chance
To rescue from some rogues had almost slain him;
And he in kindness to remember this!
Bel. Now we shall have you
(For all your protestations, and your forwardness)
Find out strange fortunes in this lady's eyes,
And new enticements to put off your journey;
And who shall have honour then?
Mir. No, no, never fear it:
I must needs see her, to receive my legacy.
Bel. If it be tied up in her smock, Heaven help thee!
May not we see too?
Mir. Yes, afore we go:
I must be known myself ere I be able
To make thee welcome. Wouldst thou see more women?
I thought you had been out of love with all.
Bel. I may be,
(I find that) with the least encouragement;
Yet I desire to see whether all countries
Are naturally possess'd with the same spirits,
For if they be, I'll take a monastery,
And never travel; for I had rather be a friar,
And live mewed up, than be a fool, and flouted.
Mir. Well, well, I'll meet you anon, then tell you more, boys;
However, stand prepared, prest for our journey;
For certain, we shall go, I think, when I have seen her,
And viewed her well.
Pinac. Go, go, and we'll wait for ye;
Your fortune directs ours.
Bel. You shall find us i' th' tavern,
Lamenting in sack and sugar for our losses.
If she be right Italian, and want servants,
You may prefer the properest man: How I could
Worry a woman now!
Pinac. Come, come, leave prating:
You may have enough to do, without this boasting.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*A Room in* La Castre's *House.*

Enter Lugier, De Gard, Rosalura, *and* Lillia-Bianca.

Lug. This is the last adventure.
De Ga. And the happiest,
As we hope, too.
Ros. We should be glad to find it.
Lil. Who shall conduct us thither?
Lug. Your man is ready,
For I must not be seen; no, nor this gentleman;
That may beget suspicion; all the rest
Are people of no doubt. I would have ye, ladies,
Keep your old liberties, and do as we instruct ye.
Come, look not pale, ye shall not lose your wishes,
Nor beg 'em neither, but be yourselves and happy.
Ros. I tell you true, I cannot hold off longer,
Nor give no more hard language.
De Ga. You shall not need.
Ros. I love the gentleman, and must now shew it:
Shall I beat a proper man out of heart?
Lug. There's none advises you.
Lil. 'Faith, I repent me too.
Lug. Repent and spoil all;
Tell what you know, you had best!
Lil. I'll tell what I think;
For if he ask me now, if I can love him,
I'll tell him, yes, I can. The man's a kind man,
And out of his true honesty affects me.
Although he play'd the fool, which I requited.
Must I still hold him at the stave's end?
Lug. You are two strange women.
Ros. We may be, if we fool still.
Lug. Dare ye believe me?
Follow but this advice I have set you in now,
And if ye lose—Would ye yield now so basely?
Give up without your honours saved?
De Ga. Fy, ladies!
Preserve your freedom still.
Lil. Well, well, for this time.
Lug. And carry that full state——
Ros. That's as the wind stands;
If it begin to chop about, and scant us,
Hang me, but I know what I'll do! Come, direct us;
I make no doubt, we shall do handsomely.
De Ga. Some part o' th' way, we'll wait upon you, ladies;
The rest your man supplies.
Lug. Do well, I'll honour ye. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*A Room in a neighbouring House with a Gallery.*

Enter the young Man *disguised as a* Factor *and* Mirabel *above;* Oriana *disguised, and two disguised as* Merchants.

Fac. Look you, sir, there she is; you see how busy.
Methinks you are infinitely bound to her, for her journey.
Mir. How gloriously she shews! She's a tall woman.
Fac. Of a fair size, sir. My master not being at home,
I have been so out of my wits to get her company!
I mean, sir, of her own fair sex and fashion——

Mir. Afar off, she's most fair too.
Fac. Near, most excellent.—
At length, I have entreated two fair ladies,
(And happily you know 'em) the young daughters
Of monsieur Nantolet——
Mir. I know 'em well, sir.
What are those? jewels?
Fac. All.
Mir. They make a rich show.
Fac. There is a matter of ten thousand pounds too
Was owing here: You see those merchants with her;
They have brought it in now.
Mir. How handsomely her shape shews!
Fac. Those are still neat; your Italians are most curious.
Now she looks this way.
Mir. She has a goodly presence!
How full of courtesy! Well, sir, I'll leave you;
And if I may be bold to bring a friend or two,
Good noble gentlemen——
Fac. No doubt, you may, sir;
For you have most command.
Mir. I have seen a wonder! [*Exit.*
Ori. Is he gone?
Fac. Yes.
Ori. How?
Fac. Taken to the utmost:
A wonder dwells about him.
Ori. He did not guess at me?
Fac. No; be secure, you shew another woman.
He is gone to fetch his friends.
Ori. Where are the gentlewomen?

Enter below ROSALURA, LILLIA, *and* Servant.

Fac. Here, here; now they are come,
Sit still, and let them see you.
Ros. Pray you, where's my friend, sir?
Fac. She is within, ladies; but here's another gentlewoman,
A stranger to this town: So please you visit her,
'Twill be well taken.
Lil. Where is she?
Fac. There, above, ladies.

Enter ROSALURA, LILLIA, *and* Servant.

Serv. Bless me! what thing is this? Two pinnacles
Upon her pate! Is't not a glade to catch woodcocks?
Ros. Peace, you rude knave!
Serv. What a bouncing bum she has too!
There's sail enough for a carrack.
Ros. What is this lady?
For, as I live, she is a goodly woman.
Fac. Guess, guess.
Lil. I have not seen a nobler presence.
Serv. 'Tis a lusty wench! Now could I spend my forty-pence,
With all my heart, to have but one fling at her,
To give her but a swashing blow.
Lil. You rascal!
Serv. Ay, that's all a man has for's good will: 'Twill be long enough
Before you cry, "Come, Anthony, and kiss me."
Lil. I'll have you whipt.
Ros. Has my friend seen this lady?
Fac. Yes, yes, and is well known to her.
Ros. I much admire her presence.
Lil. So do I too;
For, I protest, she is the handsomest,
The rarest, and the newest to mine eye,
That ever I saw yet.
Ros. I long to know her;
My friend shall do that kindness.
Ori. So she shall, ladies:
Come, pray you come up.
Ros. Oh me!
Lil. Hang me, if I knew her!
Were I a man myself, I should now love you;
Nay, I should dote.
Ros. I dare not trust mine eyes;
For, as I live, you are the strangest alter'd——
I must come up to know the truth.
Serv. So must I, lady;
For I'm a kind of unbeliever too.
Lil. Get you gone, sirrah;
And what you have seen be secret in; you are paid else!
No more of your long tongue.
Fac. Will ye go in, ladies,
And talk with her? These ventures will come straight.
Away with this fellow.
Lil. There, sirrah; go, disport you.
Serv. I would the trunk-hosed woman would go with me. [*Exit.*

SCENE V.—*The Street before the same House.*

Enter MIRABEL, PINAC, *and* BELLEUR.

Pinac. Is she so glorious handsome?
Mir. You would wonder;
Our women look like gipsies, like Gills to her;
Their clothes and fashions beggarly, and bankrupt,
Base, old, and scurvy.
Bel. How looks her face?
Mir. Most heavenly;
And the becoming motion of her body
So sets her off!
Bel. Why, then we shall stay.
Mir. Pardon me,
That's more than I know; if she be that woman
She appears to be——
Bel. As 'tis impossible.
Mir. I shall then tell you more.
Pinac. Did you speak to her?
Mir. No, no, I only saw her, she was busy:
Now I go for that end; and mark her, gentlemen,
If she appear not to you one of the sweetest,
The handsomest, the fairest, in behaviour——
We shall meet the two wenches there too; they come to visit her,
To wonder, as we do.
Pinac. Then we shall meet 'em.
Bel. I had rather meet two bears.
Mir. There you may take your leaves, dispatch that business,
And, as ye find their humours——
Pinac. Is your love there too?
Mir. No, certain; she has no great heart to set out again.
This is the house; I'll usher you.
Bel. I'll bless me,
And take a good heart, if I can.
Mir. Come, nobly. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.—*A Room in the same House.*

Enter Factor, Rosalura, Lillia, *and* Oriana.

Fac. They are come in. Sit you two off, as strangers.

Enter Boy.

There, lady.—Where's the boy? Be ready, sirrah,
And clear your pipes; the music now; they enter.
[*Music.*

Enter Mirabel, Pinac, *and* Belleur.

Pinac. What a state she keeps! How far off they sit from her!
How rich she is! Ay, marry, this shews bravely!
Bel. She is a lusty wench, and may allure a good man;
But if she have a tongue, I'll not give two-pence for her.
There sits my fury; how I shake to see her!
Fac. Madam, this is the gentleman.
Mir. How sweet she kisses!
She has a spring dwells on her lips, a Paradise!
This is the legacy.

SONG.

From the honour'd dead I bring
Thus his love and last off'ring.
Take it nobly, 'tis your due,
From a friendship ever true.
From a faith, &c.

Ori. Most noble sir,
This from my now-dead brother, as his love,
And grateful memory of your great benefit;
From me my thanks, my wishes, and my service.
Till I am more acquainted, I am silent;
Only I dare say this, you are truly noble.
Mir. What should I think?
Pinac. Think you've a handsome fortune:
'Would I had such another!
Ros. Ye are well met, gentlemen;
We hear ye are for travel?
Pinac. You hear true, lady;
And come to take our leaves.
Lil. We'll along with ye:
We see you're grown so witty by your journey,
We cannot chuse but step out too. This lady
We mean to wait upon as far as Italy.
Bel. I'll travel into Wales, amongst the mountains,
In hope they cannot find me.
Ros. If you go further,
So good and free society we hold ye,
We'll jog along too.
Pinac. Are you so valiant, lady?
Lil. And we'll be merry, sir, and laugh.
Pinac. It may be
We'll go by sea.
Lil. Why, 'tis the only voyage;
I love a sea-voyage, and a blustering tempest;
And let all split!
Pinac. This is a dainty damosel!
I think 'twill tame you.—Can you ride post?
Lil. Oh, excellently! I am never weary that way:
A hundred mile a-day is nothing with me.
Bel. I'll travel under ground. Do yo sweet lady?
I find it will be dangerous for a woman.
Ros. No danger, sir, I warrant; I love to be under.
Bel. I see she will abuse me all the world over!—
But say we pass through Germany, and drink hard?
Ros. We'll learn to drink and swagger too.
Bel. She'll beat me!—
Lady, I'll live at home.
Ros. And I'll live with thee;
And we'll keep house together.
Bel. I'll keep hounds first;
And those I hate right heartily.
Pinac. I go for Turkey!
And so it may be up into Persia.
Lil. We cannot know too much; I'll travel with you.
Pinac. And you'll abuse me?
Lil. Like enough.
Pinac. 'Tis dainty!
Bel. I will live in a bawdy-house.
Ros. I dare come to you.
Bel. Say I'm disposed to hang myself?
Ros. There I'll leave you.
Bel. I am glad I know how to avoid you.—
Mir. May I speak yet?
Fac. She beckons to you.
Mir. Lady, I could wish I knew to recompense,
Even with the service of my life, those pains,
And those high favours you have thrown upon me:
Till I be more desertful in your eye,
And till my duty shall make known I honour you,
Noblest of women, do me but this favour,
To accept this back again, as a poor testimony.
Ori. I must have you too with 'em; else the will,
That says they must rest with you, is infringed, sir;
Which, pardon me, I dare not do.
Mir. Take me then,
And take me with the truest love.
Ori. 'Tis certain,
My brother loved you dearly, and I ought
As dearly to preserve that love: But, sir,
Though I were willing, these are but your ceremonies.
Mir. As I have life, I speak my soul!
Ori. I like you:
But how you can like me, without I have testimony,
A stranger to you——
Mir. I'll marry you immediately;
A fair state I dare promise you.
Bel. Yet she'll cozen thee.
Ori. 'Would some fair gentleman durst promise for you!
Mir. By all that's good——

Enter La Castre, Nantolet, Lugier, *and* De Gard.

All. And we'll make up the rest, lady.
Ori. Then, Oriana takes you. Nay, she has caught you!
If you start now, let all the world cry shame on you!
I have out-travell'd you.
Bel. Did not I say she would cheat thee?
Mir. I thank you! I am pleased you have deceived me,
'lingly I swallow it, and joy in't:
perhaps, I knew you. Whose plot was his?

Lug. He's not ashamed that cast it: He that executed,
Follow'd your father's will.
Mir. What a world's this!
Nothing but craft and cozenage?
Ori. Who begun, sir?
Mir. Well; I do take thee upon mere compassion;
And I do think I shall love thee. As a testimony,
I'll burn my book, and turn a new leaf over.
But these fine clothes you shall wear still.
Ori. I obey you, sir, in all.
Nant. And how, how, daughters? What say you to these gentlemen?
What say ye, gentlemen, to the girls?
Pinac. By my troth—if she can love me.
Lil. How long?
Pinac. Nay, if once you love——
Lil. Then take me,
And take your chance.
Pinac. Most willingly! You are mine, lady;
And if I use you not, that you may love me——
Lil. A match, i' faith.
Pinac. Why, now you travel with me.
Ros. How that thing stands!
Bel. It will, if you urge it.
Bless your five wits!
Ros. Nay, pr'ythee, stay; I'll have thee.
Bel. You must ask me leave first.
Ros. Wilt thou use me kindly,
And beat me but once a week?
Bel. If you deserve no more.
Ros. And wilt thou get me with child?
Bel. Dost thou ask me seriously?
Ros. Yes, indeed do I.
Bel. Yes, I will get thee with child. Come presently,
An't be but in revenge, I'll do thee that courtesy.
Well, if thou wilt fear God, and me, have at thee!
Ros. I'll love you, and I'll honour you.
Bel. I am pleased then.
Mir. This Wild-Goose Chase is done; we have won o' both sides.
Brother, your love, and now to church of all hands;
Let's lose no time.
Pinac. Our travelling lay by.
Bel. No more for Italy; for the Low Countries, I. [*Exeunt.*

A WIFE FOR A MONTH.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

ALPHONSO, *King of Naples.*
FREDERICK, *Unnatural and Libidinous, Brother to* ALPHONSO, *and Usurper of his Kingdom.*
SORANO, *a Lord, Brother to* EVANTHE, FREDERICK'S *wicked instrument.*
VALERIO, *a noble young Lord, Servant to* EVANTHE.
CAMILLO, CLEANTHES, MENALLO, } *Three honest Court Lords.*
RUGIO, *an honest Lord, Friend to* ALPHONSO.
MARCO, *a Friar,* ALPHONSO'S *Friend.*
PODRANO, *a necessary creature to* SORANO.
TONY, FREDERICK'S *knavish Fool.*
CASTRUCCIO, *Captain of the Citadel, an Honest Man.*
Lawyer.
Physician.
Captain.
Cutpurse.
Friars.
Suitors.
Citizens *and* Attendants.

MARIA, *Queen, Wife to* FREDERICK, *a virtuous Lady.*
EVANTHE, *Sister to* SORANO, *the Chaste Wife of* VALERIO; *or* A WIFE FOR A MONTH.
CASSANDRA, *an old Bawd, Waiting-woman to* EVANTHE.
Ladies *and* City Wives.

Persons in the Masque.

CUPID.	DISTRUST.
THE THREE GRACES.	JEALOUSY.
FANCY.	CARE.
DESIRE.	IRE.
DELIGHT.	POVERTY.
HOPE.	DESPAIR.
FEAR.	

SCENE,—NAPLES.

PROLOGUE.

YOU are welcome, gentlemen; and 'would our feast
Were so well season'd to please every guest!
Ingenuous appetites, I hope we shall,
And their examples may prevail in all.
Our noble friend, who writ this, bid me say,
He had rather dress, upon a triumph-day,
My lord-mayor's feast, and make him sauces too,
Sauce for each several mouth; nay, further go,
He had rather build up those invincible pies
And castle-custards that affright all eyes,
Nay eat 'em all and their artillery,
Than dress for such a curious company
One single dish: Yet he has pleased ye too,
And you have confess'd he knew well what to do:
Be hungry as you were wont to be, and bring
Sharp stomachs to the stories he shall sing,
And he dare yet, he says, prepare a table
Shall make you say, well drest, and he well able.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*An Apartment in the Palace.*

Enter FREDERICK, SORANO, VALERIO, CAMILLO, CLEANTHES, MENALLO, *and* Attendants.

Sor. Will your grace speak?
Fred. Let me alone, Sorano:
Although my thoughts seem sad, they are welcome to me.
Sor. You know I am private as your secret
Ready to fling my soul upon your service, [wishes,
Ere you command me on't.
Fred. Bid those depart.
Sor. You must retire, my lords.
Cam. What new design
Is hammering in his head now?
Cle. Let's pray heartily
None of our heads meet with it: My wife's old,
That's all my comfort.
Men. Mine's ugly, that I am sure on,
And I think honest too; 'twould make me start else.
Cam. Mine's troubled in the country with a fever,
And some few infirmities else. He looks again;
Come, let's retire: Certain 'tis some she-business,
This new lord is employ'd.
[*Exeunt* CAMILLO, CLEANTHES, *and* MENALLO.
Val. I'll not be far off,
Because I doubt the cause. [*Retires.*
Fred. Are they all gone?
Sor. All but your faithful servant.

Fred. I would tell thee,
But 'tis a thing thou canst not like.
Sor. Pray you speak it:
Is it my head? I have it ready for you, sir:
Is't any action in my power? my wit?
I care not of what nature, nor what follows.
Fred. I am in love.
Sor. That's the least thing of a thousand,
The easiest to achieve.
Fred. But with whom, Sorano?
Sor. With whom you please, you must not be denied, sir.
Fred. Say, it be with one of thy kinswomen?
Sor. Say, with all;
I shall more love your grace, I shall more honour you;
And 'would I had enough to serve your pleasure!
Fred. Why, 'tis thy sister then, the fair Evanthe;
I'll be plain with thee.
Sor. I'll be as plain with you, sir;
She brought not her perfections to the world,
To lock them in a case, or hang 'em by her;
The use is all she breeds 'em for: she's yours, sir.
Fred. Dost thou mean seriously?
Sor. I mean my sister;
And if I had a dozen more, they were all yours.
Some aunts I have, they have been handsome women;
My mother's dead indeed; and some few cousins,
That are now shooting up, we shall see shortly.
Fred. No; 'tis Evanthe.
Sor. I have sent my man unto her,
Upon some business to come presently
Hither; she shall come; your grace dare speak unto her?
Large golden promises, and sweet language, sir,
You know what they work; she's a complete courtier:
Besides, I'll set in.
Fred. She waits upon my queen:
What jealousy and anger may arise,
Incensing her——
Sor. You have a good sweet lady,
A woman of so even and still a temper,
She knows not anger: Say, she were a fury,
I had thought you had been absolute, the great king,
The fountain of all honours, place, and pleasures,
Your will and your commands unbounded also:
Go, get a pair of beads and learn to pray, sir.

Enter Servant.

Serv. My lord, your servant stays.
Sor. Bid him come hither,
And bring the lady with him. [*Exit* Servant.
Fred. I will woo her;
And either lose myself, or win her favour.
Sor. She is coming in.
Fred. Thy eyes shoot through the door;
They are so piercing, that the beams they dart
Give new light to the room!

Enter Podramo *and* Evanthe.

Evan. Whither dost thou go?
This is the king's side, and his private lodgings;
What business have I here?
Pod. My lord sent for you.
Evan. His lodgings are below; you are mistaken!
We left them at the stair-foot.
Pod. Good sweet madam!
Evan. I am no counsellor, nor important suitor,
Nor have no private business through these chambers,
To seek him this way. O' my life, thou'rt drunk,
Or worse than drunk, hired to convey me hither
To some base end! Now I look on thee better,
Thou hast a bawdy face, and I abhor thee,
A beastly bawdy face! I'll go no further.
Sor. Nay, shrink not back; indeed you shall, good sister.
Why do you blush? the good king will not hurt you;
He honours you, and loves you.
Evan. Is this the business?
Sor. Yes, and the best you ever will arrive at,
If you be wise.
Evan. My father was no bawd, sir,
Nor of that worshipful stock, as I remember.
Sor. You are a fool!
Evan. You are that I shame to tell you!
Fred. Gentle Evanthe!
Evan. The gracious queen, sir,
Is well and merry, Heaven be thanked for it;
And, as I think, she waits you in the garden.
Fred. Let her wait there; I talk not of her garden;
I talk of thee, sweet flower.
Evan. Your grace is pleasant,
To mistake a nettle for a rose.
Fred. No rose,
Nor lily, nor no glorious hyacinth,
Are of that sweetness, whiteness, tenderness,
Softness, and satisfying blessedness,
As my Evanthe.
Evan. Your grace speaks very feelingly:
I would not be a handsome wench in your way, sir,
For a new gown.
Fred. Thou art all handsomeness;
Nature will be ashamed to frame another
Now thou art made; thou hast robb'd her of her cunning:
Each several part about thee is a beauty.
Sor. Do you hear this, sister?
Evan. Yes, unworthy brother!
But all this will not do.
Fred. But love, Evanthe,
Thou shalt have more than words; wealth, ease, and honours,
My tender wench.
Evan. Be tender of my credit,
And I shall love you, sir, and I shall honour you.
Fred. I love thee to enjoy thee, my Evanthe,
To give thee the content of love.
Evan. Hold, hold, sir,
You are too fleet: I have some business this way,
Your grace can ne'er content.
Sor. You stubborn toy!
Evan. Good my lord bawd, I thank you!
Fred. Thou shalt not go. Believe me, sweet Evanthe,
So high I will advance thee for this favour,
So rich and potent I will raise thy fortune,
And thy friends mighty.
Evan. Good your grace, be patient;
I shall make the worst honourable wench that ever was,
Shame your discretion, and your choice.
Fred. Thou shalt not.
Evan. Shall I be rich, do you say, and glorious,
And shine above the rest, and scorn all beauties,
And mighty in command?
Fred. Thou shalt be any thing.
Evan. Let me be honest too, and then I'll thank you.

Have you not such a title to bestow too?
If I prove otherwise, I would know but this, sir;
Can all the power you have, or all the riches,
But tie men's tongues up from discoursing of me,
Their eyes from gazing at my glorious folly,
Time that shall come, from wond'ring at my impudence,
And they that read my wanton life, from curses?
Can you do this? have you this magic in you?
This is not in your power, though you be a prince,
No more than evil is in holy angels, [sir,
Nor I, I hope. Get wantonness confirm'd
By act of parliament an honesty,
And so received by all, I'll hearken to you.
Heaven guide your grace! [*Going.*

Fred. Evanthe, stay a little!
I'll no more wantonness; I'll marry thee.

Evan. What shall the queen do?

Fred. I'll be divorced from her.

Evan. Can you tell why? What has she done against you?
Has she contrived a treason 'gainst your person?
Abused your bed? Does disobedience urge you?

Fred. That's all one; 'tis my will.

Evan. 'Tis a most wicked one,
A most absurd one, and will shew a monster!
I had rather be a whore, and with less sin,
To your present lust, than queen to your injustice.
Yours is no love, Faith and Religion fly it,
Nor has no taste of fair affection in it.
Some hellish flame abuses your fair body,
And hellish furies blow it. Look behind you:
Divorce you from a woman of her beauty,
Of her integrity, her piety,
Her love to you, to all that honours you,
Her chaste and virtuous love? are these fit causes?
What will you do to me, when I have cloy'd you?
You may find time out in eternity,
Deceit and violence in heavenly justice,
Life in the grave, and death among the blessed,
Ere stain or brack in her sweet reputation.

Sor. You have fool'd enough; be wise now, and a woman!
You have shew'd a modesty sufficient,
If not too much, for court.

Evan. You have shew'd an impudence
A more experienced bawd would blush and shake
You will make my kindred mighty? [at!

Fred. Pr'ythee hear me!

Evan. I do, sir, and I count it a great offer.

Fred. Any of thine.

Evan. 'Tis like enough you may clap honour on them,
But how 'twill sit, and how men will adore it,
Is still the question. I'll tell you what they'll say, sir,
What the report will be, and 'twill be true too;
(And it must needs be comfort to your master!)
"These are the issues of her impudence."
I'll tell your grace, so dear I hold the queen,
So dear that honour that she nursed me up in,
I would first take to me, for my lust, a Moor,
One of your galley-slaves, that cold and hunger,
Decrepid misery, had made a mock-man,
Than be your queen!

Fred. You are bravely resolute.

Evan. I had rather be a leper, and be shunn'd,
And die by pieces, rot into my grave,
Leaving no memory behind to know me,
Than be a high whore to eternity!

Fred. You have another gamester, I perceive by
You durst not slight me else. [ye:

Sor. I'll find him out;
Though he lie next thy heart hid, I'll discover him;
And, ye proud peat, I'll make you curse your insolence!

Val. [*Apart.*] Tongue of an angel, and the truth of Heaven,
How am I blest! [*Exit.*

Sor. Podramo, go in haste [*Apart to him.*
To my sister's gentlewoman (you know her well);
And bid her send her mistress presently
The lesser cabinet she keeps her letters in,
And such-like toys, and bring it to me instantly.
Away!

Pod. I am gone. [*Exit.*

Enter MARIA, *with two Ladies.*

Sor. The queen!

Fred. Let's quit the place; she may grow jealous.

[*Exeunt* FREDERICK *and* SORANO.

Mar. So suddenly departed! what's the reason?
Does my approach displease his grace? are my
So hateful to him? or my conversation [eyes
Infected, that he flies me?—Fair Evanthe!
Are you there? then I see his shame.

Evan. 'Tis true, madam,
'T has pleased his goodness to be pleasant with me.

Mar. 'Tis strange to find thy modesty in this place!
Does the king offer fair? does thy face take him?
Ne'er blush, Evanthe, 'tis a very sweet one.
Does he rain gold, and precious promises,
Into thy lap? will he advance thy fortunes?
Shalt thou be mighty, wench?

Evan. Never mock, madam;
'Tis rather on your part to be lamented,
At least revenged. I can be mighty, lady.
And glorious too, glorious and great as you are.

Mar. He'll marry thee?

Evan. Who would not be a queen, madam?

Mar. 'Tis true, Evanthe, 'tis a brave ambition,
A golden dream, that may delude a good mind.
What shall become of me?

Evan. You must learn to pray;
Your age and honour will become a nunnery.

Mar. Wilt thou remember me? [*Weeps.*

Evan. She weeps!—Sweet lady, [*Kneels.*
Upon my knees I ask your sacred pardon,
For my rude boldness; and know, my sweet mistress,
If e'er there were ambition in Evanthe,
It was and is to do you faithful duties.
'Tis true I have been tempted by the king,
And with no few and potent charms, to wrong ye,
To violate the chaste joys of your bed;
And, those not taking hold, to usurp your state:
But she that has been bred up under ye,
And daily fed upon your virtuous precepts,
Still growing strong by example of your goodness,
Having no errant motion from obedience,
Flies from these vanities, as mere illusions,
And, arm'd with honesty, defies all promises!
In token of this truth, I lay my life down
Under your sacred foot, to do you service.

Mar. Rise, my true friend, thou virtuous bud of beauty!
Thou virgins' honour, sweetly blow and flourish!
And that rude nipping wind that seeks to blast thee,

Or taint thy root, be cursed to all posterity!
To my protection from this hour I take ye;
Yes, and the king shall know——
Evan. Give his heat way, madam,
And 'twill go out again; he may forget all.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*Another Room in the same.*

Enter CAMILLO, CLEANTHES, *and* MENALLO.

Cam. What have we to do with the times? we cannot cure 'em.
Let 'em go on: When they are swoln with surfeits,
They'll burst and stink; then all the world shall smell 'em.
Cle. A man may live a bawd, and be an honest man.
Men. Yes, and a wise man too; 'tis a virtuous calling.
Cam. To his own wife especially, or to his sister,
The nearer to his own blood, still the honester:
There want such honest men: 'would we had more of 'em!
Men. To be a villain is no such rude matter.
Cam. No, if he be a neat one, and a perfect;
Art makes all excellent. What is it, gentlemen,
In a good cause to kill a dozen coxcombs,
That blunt rude fellows call good patriots?
Nothing, nor ne'er look'd after.
Men. 'Tis e'en as much,
As easy too, as honest, and as clear,
To ravish matrons, and deflower coy wenches:
But here they are so willing, 'tis a compliment.
Cle. To pull down churches with pretension
To build 'em fairer, may be done with honour;
And all this time believe no God.
Cam. I think so;
'Tis faith enough if they name him in their angers,
Or on their rotten tombs engrave an angel.
Well, brave Alphonso, how happy had we been,
If thou hadst reign'd!
Men. 'Would I had his disease,
Tied, like a leprosy, to my posterity,
So he were right again.
Cle. What is his malady?
Cam. Nothing but sad and silent melancholy,
Laden with griefs and thoughts, no man knows why neither.
The good Brandino, father to the princes,
Used all the art and industry that might be,
To free Alphonso from this dull calamity,
And seat him in his rule; he was his eldest,
And noblest too, had not fair Nature stopt in him,
For which cause this was chosen to inherit,
Frederick the younger.
Cle. Does he use his brother
With that respect and honour that befits him?
Cam. He is kept privately, as they pretend,
To give more ease and comfort to his sickness;
But he has honest servants, the grave Rugio,
And friar Marco, that wait upon his person,
And in a monastery he lives.
Men. 'Tis full of sadness,
To see him when he comes to his father's tomb,
(As once a day that is his pilgrimage,
Whilst in devotion the choir sings an anthem,)
How piously he kneels, and, like a virgin,
That some cross fate had cozen'd of her love,
Weeps till the stubborn marble sweats with pity,
And to his groans the whole choir bears a chorus!

Enter FREDERICK, SORANO *with the Cabinet, and* PODRAMO.

Cam. So do I too.—The king, with his contrivers!
This is no place for us.
[*Exeunt* CLEANTHES, CAMILLO, *and* MENALLO.
Fred. This is a jewel!
Lay it aside. What paper's that?
Pod. A letter;
But 'tis a woman's, sir, I know by the hand,
And the false orthography; they write old Saxon.
Fred. May be her ghostly mother's that instructs her.
Sor. No, 'tis a cousin's, and came up with a [great cake.
Fred. What's that?
Sor. A pair of gloves the duchess gave her;
For so the outside says.
Fred. That other paper?
Sor. A charm for the tooth-ach; here's nothing but saints and crosses.
Fred. Look in that box; methinks that should hold secrets.
Pod. 'Tis paint, and curls of hair; she begins to exercise.
A glass of water too; I would fain taste it,
But I am wickedly afraid 'twill silence me;
Never a conduit-pipe to convey this water?
Sor. These are all rings, deaths' heads, and such *memento's*,
Her grandmother and worm-eaten aunts left to her,
To tell her what her beauty must arrive at.
Fred. That, that?
Pod. They are written songs, sir, to provoke young ladies.
Lord, here's a prayer-book! how these agree!
Here's a strange union!
Sor. Ever by a surfeit
You have a julep set, to cool the patient.
Fred. Those, those?
Sor. They are verses: "To the blest Evanthe."
Fred. Those may discover. Read them out, Sorano.
[SORANO *reads.*

"*To the blest* EVANTHE.

Let those complain that feel Love's cruelty,
And in sad legends write their woes;
With roses gently he has corrected me,
My war is without rage or blows:
My mistress' eyes shine fair on my desires,
And hope springs up inflamed with her new fires.

No more an exile will I dwell,
With folded arms, and sighs all day,
Reck'ning the torments of my hell,
And flinging my sweet joys away:
I am call'd home again to quiet peace,
My mistress smiles, and all my sorrows cease.

Yet what is living in her eye,
Or being blest with her sweet tongue,
If those no other joys imply?
A golden gyve, a pleasing wrong:
To be your own but one poor month, I'd give
My youth, my fortune, and then leave to live!"

Fred. This is my rival; that I knew the hand now!
Sor. I know it, I have seen it; 'tis Valerio's,
That hopeful gentleman's that was brought up
With you, and, by your charge, nourish'd and fed
At the same table, with the same allowance.
Fred. And all this courtesy to ruin me?
Cross my desires? He had better have fed humblier,
And stood at greater distance from my fury!
Go for him quickly, find him instantly,

Whilst my impatient heart swells high with choler!
Better have loved Despair, and safer kiss'd her!
[*Exeunt* SORANO *and* PODRAMO.

Enter EVANTHE *and* CASSANDRA.

Evan. Thou old weak fool! dost thou know to what end,
To what betraying end, he got this casket?
Durst thou deliver him, without my ring,
Or a command from mine own mouth, that cabinet
That holds my heart? You unconsiderate ass,
You brainless idiot!
Cas. I saw you go with him,
At the first word commit your person to him,
And make no scruple; he's your brother's gentleman;
And, for anything I know, an honest man;
And might not I upon the same security
Deliver him a box?
Evan. A bottle-head!
Fred. [*Apart.*] You shall have cause to chafe, as I will handle it.
Evan. I had rather thou hadst deliver'd me to pirates,
Betray'd me to uncurable diseases,
Hung up my picture in a market-place,
And sold me to vile bawds!
Cas. As I take it, madam,
Your maidenhead lies not in that cabinet;
You have a closer, and you keep the key too:
Why are you vex'd thus?
Evan. I could curse thee wickedly,
And wish thee more deform'd than age can make thee!
Perpetual hunger, and no teeth to satisfy it,
Wait on thee still, nor sleep be found to ease it!
Those hands that gave the casket, may the palsy
For ever make unuseful, even to feed thee!
Long winters, that thy bones may turn to icicles,
No hell can thaw again, inhabit by thee!
Is thy care like thy body, all one crookedness?
How scurvily thou criest now! like a drunkard!
I'll have as pure tears from a dirty spout.
Do, swear thou didst this ignorantly, swear it,
Swear and be damn'd, thou half witch!
Cas. These are fine words!
Well, madam, madam!
Evan. 'Tis not well, thou mummy!
'Tis impudently, basely done, thou dirty——
Fred. Has your young sanctity done railing, madam,
Against your innocent 'squire? Do you see this sonnet,
This loving script? Do you know from whence it came too?
Evan. I do, and dare avouch it pure and honest.
Fred. You have private visitants, my noble lady,
That in sweet numbers court your goodly virtues,
And to the height of adoration.
Evan. Well, sir,
There's neither heresy nor treason in it.
Fred. A prince may beg at the door, whilst these feast with ye;
A favour or a grace, from such as I am,
Coarse common things——

Enter VALERIO *and* PODRAMO.

You are welcome! Pray come near, sir:
Do you know this paper?
Val. [*Aside.*] I am betray'd!—I do, sir;
'Tis mine, my hand and heart. If I die for her,
I am thy martyr, Love, and time shall honour me.
Cas. You saucy sir, that came in my lady's name
For her gilt cabinet, you cheating sir too,
You scurvy usher, with as scurvy legs,
And a worse face, thou poor base hanging-holder,
How durst thou come to me with a lie in thy mouth?
An impudent lie——
Pod. Holla, good Gill! you hobble.
Cas. A stinking lie, more stinking than the teller!
To play the pilfering knave? There have been rascals
Brought up to fetch and carry, like your worship,
That have been hang'd for less; whipt there are daily;
And if the law will do me right——
Pod. What then, old maggot?
Cas. Thy mother was carted younger.—I'll have thy hide,
Thy mangy hide, embroider'd with a dog-whip,
As it is now with potent pox, and thicker.
Fred. Peace, good antiquity! I'll have your bones else
Ground into gunpowder to shoot at cats with.
One word more, and I'll blanch thee like an almond:
There's no such cure for the she-falling sickness
As the powder of a dried bawd's skin. Be silent!—
You are very prodigal of your service here, sir;
Of your life more, it seems.
Val. I repent neither;
Because, your grace shall understand, it comes
From the best part of love, my pure affection;
And, kindled with chaste flame, I will not fly from it.
If it be error to desire to marry,
And marry her that sanctity would dote on,
I have done amiss; if it be a treason
To graft my soul to virtue, and to grow there,
To love the tree that bears such happiness,
(Conceive me, sir; this fruit was ne'er forbidden
Nay, to desire to taste too, I am traitor.
Had you but plants enough of this blest tree, sir,
Set round about your court, to beautify it,
Deaths twice so many, to dismay the approachers,
The ground would scarce yield graves to noble lovers.
Fred. 'Tis well maintain'd. You wish and pray to Fortune,
Here in your sonnet, (and she has heard your prayers)
So much you dote upon your own undoing,
But one Month to enjoy her as your Wife,
Though at the expiring of that time you die for't.
Val. I could wish many, many ages, sir;
To grow as old as Time in her embraces,
If Heaven would grant it, and you smile upon it:
But if my choice were two hours, and then perish,
I would not pull my heart back.
Fred. You have your wish:
To-morrow I will see you nobly married;
Your Month take out in all content and pleasure:
The first day of the following Month you die for't.
Kneel not! not all your prayers can divert me.—
Now mark your sentence; mark it, scornful lady!
If, when Valerio's dead, within twelve hours,
(For that's your latest time) you find not out
Another husband, on the same condition
To marry you again, you die yourself too!
Evan. Now you are merciful! I thank your grace.
Fred. If, when you are married, you but seek to 'scape
Out of the kingdom, you, or she, or both,
Or to infect men's minds with hot commotions,

You die both instantly!—Will you love me now, lady?
My tale will now be heard; but now I scorn you!
[*Exeunt all but* VALERIO *and* EVANTHE.
Evan. Is our fair love, our honest, our entire,
Come to this hazard?
Val. 'Tis a noble one,
And I am much in love with Malice for it;
Envy could not have studied me a way,
Nor Fortune pointed out a path to Honour,
Straighter and nobler, if she had her eyes.
When I have once enjoy'd my sweet Evanthe,
And blest my youth with her most dear embraces,
I have done my journey here, my day is out:
All that the world has else is foolery,
Labour, and loss of time. What should I live for?
Think but man's life a Month, and we are happy.
I would not have my joys grow old for any thing:
A Paradise, as thou art, my Evanthe,
Is only made to wonder at a little,
Enough for human eyes, and then to wander from.
Come, do not weep, sweet; you dishonour me!
Your tears and griefs but question my ability,
Whether I dare die. Do you love entirely?
Evan. You know I do.
Val. Then grudge not my felicity.
Evan. I'll to the queen.
Val. Do anything that's honest;
But, if you sue to him, in death I hate you!
[*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*A Street.*

Enter CAMILLO, CLEANTHES, *and* MENALLO.

Cam. Was there ever heard of such a marriage?
Men. Marriage and hanging go by destiny;
'Tis the old proverb; now they come together.
Cle. But a Month married, then to lose his life for't? [soldiers.
I would have a long Month sure, that pays the
Cam. Or get all the almanacks burnt, (that were
And have no Month remember'd. [a rare trick)

Enter TONY, *with an Urinal.*

How now, Tony?
Whose water are you casting?
Tony. A sick gentleman's,
Is very sick, much troubled with the stone;
He should not live above a Month, by his urine:
About St. David's Day it will go hard with him;
He will then be troubled with a pain in his neck too.
Men. A pestilent fool!—When wilt thou marry, Tony?
Tony. When I mean to be hang'd; and 'tis the surer contract.
Cle. What think you of this marriage of Valerio's?
Tony. They have given him a hot custard,
And mean to burn his mouth with't. Had I known
He had been given to die honourably,
I would have help'd him to a wench, a rare one,
Should have kill'd him in three weeks, and saved the sentence.
Cam. There be them would have spared ten days of that too.
Tony. It may be so; you have women of all virtues:
There be some guns that I could bring him to,
Some mortar-pieces that are placed i' th' suburbs,
Would tear him into quarters in two hours;
There be also of the race of the old cockatrices,
That would dispatch him with once looking on him.
Men. What Month wouldst thou chuse, Tony,
If thou hadst the like fortune?
Tony. I would chuse
A mull'd sack Month, to comfort my belly; for sure
My back would ache for't; and, at the Month's end, [gallows.
I would be most dismally drunk, and scorn the
Men. I would chuse March, for I would come in like a lion.
Tony. But you'd go out like a lamb, when you went to hanging.
Cam. I would take April, take the sweet o' th' year,
And kiss my wench upon the tender flowrets,
Tumble on every green, and, as the birds sung,
Embrace, and melt away my soul in pleasure.
Tony. You would go a-maying gaily to the
Cle. Pr'ythee tell us some news. [gallows.
Tony. I'll tell ye all I know:
You may be honest, and poor fools, as I am,
And blow your fingers' ends.
Cam. That's no news, fool.
Tony. You may be knaves then when you please, stark knaves,
And build fair houses; but your heirs shall have
Men. These are undoubted. [none of 'em.
Tony. Truth's not worth the hearing!
I'll tell you news then: There was a drunken sailor,
That got a mermaid with child as she went a-milking,
And now she sues him in the bawdy-court for it;
The infant monster is brought up in Fish-street.
Cam. Ay, this is something!
Tony. I'll tell you more; there was a fish taken,
A monstrous fish, with a sword by his side, a long sword,
A pike in's neck, and a gun in's nose, a huge gun,
And letters of mart in's mouth, from the duke of
Cle. This is a monstrous lie! [Florence.
Tony. I do confess it:
Do you think I'd tell you truths, that dare not hear 'em?
You are honest things, we courtiers scorn to converse with. [*Exit.*
Cam. A plaguy fool! But let's consider, gentlemen,
Why the queen strives not to oppose this sentence;
The kingdom's honour suffers in this cruelty.
Men. No doubt the queen, though she be virtuous,
Winks at the marriage; for by that only means
The king's flame lessens to the youthful lady,
If not goes out; within this Month, I doubt not,
She hopes to rock asleep his anger also.
Shall we go see the preparation?
'Tis time, for strangers come to view the wonder.
Cam. Come, let's away. Send my friends happier weddings! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*An Apartment in the Palace.*

Enter MARIA *and* EVANTHE.

Mar. You shall be merry; come, I'll have it so:
Can there be any nature so unnoble,
Or anger so inhuman, to pursue this?
Evan. I fear there is.
Mar. Your fears are poor and foolish.
Though he be hasty, and his anger death,
His will like torrents not to be resisted,
Yet law and justice go along to guide him;
And what law, or what justice, can he find
To justify his will? what act or statute,
By human or divine establishment,
Left to direct us, that makes marriage death?
Honest fair wedlock? 'Twas given for increase,
For preservation of mankind, I take it;
He must be more than man then that dare break it.
Come, dress you handsomely; you shall have my jewels,
And put a face on that contemns base fortune;
'Twill make him more insult to see you fearful:
Outlook his anger.
Evan. Oh, my Valerio!
Be witness, my pure mind, 'tis thee I grieve for!
Mar. But shew it not. I would so crucify him
With an innocent neglect of what he can do,
A brave strong pious scorn, that I would shake him!
Put all the wanton Cupids in thine eyes,
And all the graces on that nature gave thee;
Make up thy beauty to that height of excellence,
(I'll help thee, and forgive thee) as if Venus
Were now again to catch the God of War,
In his most rugged anger. When thou hast him
(As 'tis impossible he should resist thee)
And kneeling at thy conquering feet for mercy,
Then shew thy virtue, then again despise him,
And all his power; then with a look of honour
Mingled with noble chastity, strike him dead!
Evan. Good madam, dress me;
You arm me bravely.
Mar. Make him know his cruelty
Begins with him first; he must suffer for it;
And that thy sentence is so welcome to thee,
And to thy noble lord, you long to meet it.
Stamp such a deep impression of thy beauty
Into his soul, and of thy worthiness,
That when Valerio and Evanthe sleep
In one rich earth, hung round about with blessings,
He may run mad, and curse his act. Be lusty;
I'll teach thee how to die too, if thou fear'st it.
Evan. I thank your grace! you have prepared me strongly;
And my weak mind——
Mar. Death is unwelcome never,
Unless it be to tortured minds and sick souls,
That make their own hells; 'tis such a benefit
When it comes crown'd with honour, shews so sweet too!
Though they paint it ugly, that's but to restrain us,
For every living thing would love it else,
Fly boldly to their peace ere Nature call'd 'em;
The rest we have from labour and from trouble
Is some incitement; every thing alike,
The poor slave that lies private has his liberty,
As amply as his master, in that tomb
The earth as light upon him, and the flowers
That grow about him smell as sweet, and flourish;
But when we love with honour to our ends,
When memory and virtues are our mourners,
What pleasures there! they are infinite, Evanthe.
Only, my virtuous wench, we want our senses,
That benefit we are barr'd, 'twould make us proud else,
And lazy to look up to happier life,
The blessings of the people would so swell us.
Evan. Good madam, dress me; you have drest my soul:
The merriest bride I'll be, for all this misery,
The proudest to some eyes too.
Mar. 'Twill do better;
Come, shrink no more.
Evan. I am too confident. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*Another in the same.*

Enter FREDERICK *and* SORANO.

Sor. You are too remiss and wanton in your angers;
You mould things handsomely, and then neglect 'em:
A powerful prince should be constant to his power still,
And hold up what he builds; then people fear him.
When he lets loose his hand, it shews a weakness.
And men examine or contemn his greatness:
A scorn of this high kind should have call'd up her.
A revenge equal, not a pity in you.
Fred. She is thy sister.
Sor. An she were my mother,
Whilst I conceive 'tis you she has wrong'd, I hate her.
And shake her nearness off. I study, sir,
To satisfy your angers that are just,
Before your pleasures.
Fred. I have done that already,
I fear, has pull'd too many curses on me!
Sor. Curses, or envies, on Valerio's head
(Would you take my counsel, sir) they should all light,
And with the weight not only crack his scull,
But his fair credit. The exquisite vexation
I have devised, (so please you give way in't,
And let it work) shall more afflict his soul,
And trench upon that honour that he brags of,
Than fear of death in all the frights he carries.
If you sit down here, they will both abuse you,
Laugh at your poor relenting power, and scorn you.
What satisfaction can their deaths bring to you,
That are prepared, and proud to die, and willingly.
And at their ends will thank you for that honour?
How are you nearer the desire you aim at?
Or if it be revenge your anger covets,
How can their single deaths give you content, sir?
Petty revenges end in blood, slight angers;
A prince's rage should find out new diseases
Death were a pleasure to, to pay proud fools with.
Fred. What should I do?
Sor. Add but your power unto me,
Make me but strong by your protection,
And you shall see what joy and what delight,
What infinite pleasure this poor Month shall yield him.
I'll make him wish he were dead on his marriage-day,
Or bed-rid with old age; I'll make him curse,
And cry and curse, give me but power.
Fred. You have it:
Here, take my ring; I am content he pay for't.
Sor. It shall be now revenge, as I will handle it!
He shall live after this to beg his life too:

Twenty to one, by this thread, as I'll weave it,
Evanthe shall be yours.
Fred. Take all authority,
And be most happy!
Sor. Good sir, no more pity! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*The Gate of the Palace.*

Enter TONY, *three* Citizens, *and three* Wives.

1 *Wife.* Good master Tony, put me in.
Tony. Where do you dwell?
1 *Wife.* Forsooth, at the sign of the Great Shoulder of Mutton.
Tony. A hungry man would hunt your house out instantly;
Keep the dogs from your door. Is this lettice ruff
A fine sharp sallad to your sign. [your husband?
2 *Wife.* Will you put me in too?
3 *Wife.* And me, good master Tony?
Tony. Put ye all in?
You had best come twenty more; you think 'tis
A trick of legerdemain, to put ye all in: [easy,
'Twould pose a fellow that had twice my body,
Though it were all made into chines and fillets.'
2 *Wife.* Put's into th' wedding, sir! we would fain see that.
1 *Wife.* And the brave masque too.
Tony. You two are pretty women:
Are you their husbands?
2 *Cit.* Yes, for want of better.'
Tony. I think so too; you would not be so mad else
To turn 'em loose to a company of young courtiers,
That swarm like bees in May, when they see young
You must not squeak. [wenches.
3 *Wife.* No, sir; we are better tutored.
Tony. Nor, if a young lord offer you the cour-
2 *Wife.* We know what 'tis, sir. [tesy—
Tony. Nor you must not grumble,
If you be thrust up hard; we thrust most furiously.
1 *Wife.* We know the worst.
Tony. Get you two in then quietly.
[*Suffers* 1 *and* 2 Woman *to pass in.*
And shift for yourselves.—We must have no old women,
They are out of use, unless they have petitions;
Besides, they cough so loud, they drown the music.—
You would go in too? but there's no place for ye;
I am sorry for't; go, and forget your wives;
Or pray they may be able to suffer patiently:
You may have heirs may prove wise aldermen.
Go, or I'll call the guard.
3 *Cit.* We will get in;
We'll venture broken pates else!
Tony. 'Tis impossible,
You are too securely arm'd.—[*Exeunt* Citizens *and* 3 Woman.]—How they flock hither,
And with what joy the women run by heaps
To see this marriage! They tickle to think of it;
They hope for every Month a husband too.
Still how they run, and how the wittols follow 'em,
The weak things that are worn between the legs,
That brushing, dressing, nor new naps can mend,
How they post to see their own confusion!
This is a merry world.

Enter FREDERICK.

Fred. Look to the door, sirrah;
Thou art a fool, and mayst do mischief lawfully,
Tony. Give me your hand! you are my brother fool;
You may both make the law, and mar it presently.
Do you love a wench?
Fred. Who does not, fool?
Tony. Not I,
Unless you'll give me a longer lease to marry her.
Fred. What are all these that come? what business have they?
Tony. Some come to gape, those are my fellow fools;
Some to get home their wives, those be their own fools;
Some to rejoice with thee, those be the time's fools;
And some I fear to curse thee, those are poor fools,
A set, people call them honest.

Enter CASSANDRA, *passing over.*

Look, look, king, look!
A weather-beaten lady new careen'd!
Fred. An old one.
Tony. The glasses of her eyes are new rubb'd
And the worm-eaten records in her face [over,
Are daub'd up neatly:
She lays her breasts out too, like two poach'd eggs
That had the yolks suck'd out: They get new heads also,
New teeth, new tongues, (for the old are all worn
And, as 'tis hoped, new tails. [out)
Fred. For what?
Tony. For old courtiers;
The young ones are too stirring for their travels.
Fred. Go, leave your knavery, and help to keep
I will have no such press. [the door well;
Tony. Lay thy hand o' thy heart, king!
Fred. I'll have you whipp'd!
Tony. The Fool and thou art parted. [*Exit.*
Fred. Sorano, work, and free me from this spell;
'Twixt love and scorn, there's nothing felt but hell! [*Exit.*

SCENE V.—*A Room in the same.*

Enter VALERIO, CAMILLO, CLEANTHES, MENALLO, *and* Servants *dressing him.*

Val. Tie on my scarf; you are so long about me!
Good my lords, help; give me my other cloak;
That hat and feather. Lord, what a tailor's this,
To make me up thus strait! one sigh would burst me;
I have not room to breathe; come, button, button,
Button apace!
Cam. I am glad to see you merry, sir.
Val. 'Twould make you merry, had you such a
And such an age to enjoy her in. [wife,
Men. An age, sir?
Val. A Month's an age to him that is contented;
What should I seek for more?—Give me my sword.—
Ha, my good lords! that every one of you now
Had but a lady of that youth and beauty
To bless yourselves this night with! would ye not?
Pray ye speak uprightly——
Cle. We confess you happy,
And we could well wish such another banquet;
But on that price, my lord——
Val. 'Twere nothing, else;
No man can ever come to aim at Heaven,

But by the knowledge of a hell.—These shoes are heavy,
And, if I should be call'd to dance, they'll clog me;
Get me some pumps.—I'll tell you, brave Camillo,
And you, dear friends; the king has honour'd me,
Out of his gracious favour, has much honour'd me,
To limit me my time; for who would live long?
Who would be old? 'tis such a weariness,
Such a disease, that hangs like lead upon us.
As it increases, so vexations,
Griefs of the mind, pains of the feeble body,
Rheums, coughs, catarrhs; we are but our living coffins:
Besides, the fair soul's old too, it grows covetous;
Which shews all honour is departed from us,
And we are earth again!

Cle. You make fair use, sir.

Val. I would not live to learn to lie, Cleanthes,
For all the world; old men are prone to that too.
Thou that hast been a soldier, Menallo,
A noble soldier, and defied all danger,
Adopted thy brave arm the heir to victory;
Wouldst thou live so long till thy strength forsook thee?
Till thou grew'st only a long tedious story
Of what thou hadst been? till thy sword hang by,
And lazy spiders fill'd the hilt with cobwebs?

Men. No, sure, I would not.

Val. 'Tis not fit you should;
To die a young man is to be an angel;
Our great good parts put wings unto our souls!—
Pray you tell me, is't a handsome masque we have?

Cam. We understand so.

Val. And the young gentlemen dance?

Cle. They do, sir, and some dance well.

Val. They must, before the ladies.
We'll have a rouse before we go to bed, friends,
A lusty one; 'twill make my blood dance too.
[*Music within.*

Cam. Ten, if you please.

Val. And we'll be wondrous merry.
They stay sure! Come; I hear the music; forward!
You shall have all gloves presently. [*Exit.*

Men. We attend, sir,
But first we must look to the doors, the king has charged us. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.—*Another in the same, with a drawn Curtain in the back-ground.*

Enter two Servants. [*Knocking within.*

1 *Serv.* What a noise do you keep there? Call my fellows o' th' guard!
You must cease now until the king be enter'd;
He is gone to the temple now.

2 *Serv.* Look to that back door,
And keep it fast; they swarm like bees about it.

Enter CAMILLO, CLEANTHES, MENALLO; TONY *at the door.*

Cam. Keep back those citizens; and let their wives in,
Their handsome wives.

Tony. They have crowded me to verjuice;
I sweat like a butter-box.

1 *Serv.* Stand further off there.

Men. Take the women aside, and talk with 'em in private;
Give 'em that they came for.

Tony. The whole court cannot do it;
Besides, the next masque, if we use 'em so,
They'll come by millions to expect our largess.
We have broke an hundred heads.

Cle. Are they so tender?

Tony. But 'twas behind; before they have all murrions.

Cam. Let in those ladies; make 'em room, for shame there!

Tony. They are no ladies; there's one bald before 'em,
A gentlewoman bald! they are curtail'd queans in hired clothes.
They come out of Spain, I think; they are very sultry.

Men. Keep 'em in breath for an ambassador.
Methinks, my nose shakes at their memories.
What bouncing's that? [*Knocks within.*

1 *Cit.* [*Within.*] I am one o' th' music, sir.

2 *Cit.* [*Within.*] I have sweet-meats for the banquet.

Cam. Let 'em in.

Tony. They lie, my lord! they come to seek their wives:
Two broken citizens.

Cam. Break 'em more; they are but bruised yet:
Bold rascals! offer to disturb your wives?

Cle. Lock the doors fast! the music; hark! the king comes. [*Music.*

A curtain drawn. Enter FREDERICK, MARIA, VALERIO, EVANTHE, Ladies, Attendants, CAMILLO, CLEANTHES, SORANO, MENALLO.

A Masque. CUPID descends in a chariot, the Graces sitting by him. CUPID, his eyes bound, the Graces unbind them; he speaks.

Cupid. "Unbind me, my delight; this night is mine!
Now let me look upon what stars here shine,
Let me behold the beauties, then clap high
My colour'd wings, proud of my deity.
I am satisfied; bind me again, and fast;
My angry bow will make too great a waste
Of beauty else. Now call my masquers in,
Call with a song, and let the sports begin;
Call all my servants, the effects of love,
And to a measure let them nobly move."
[*The Graces sing.*

Come, ye servants of proud Love,
Come away:
Fairly, nobly, gently move!
Too long, too long you make us stay.
Fancy, Desire, Delight, Hope, Fear,
Distrust, and Jealousy, be you too here;
Consuming Care, and raging Ire,
And Poverty in poor attire,
March fairly in, and last Despair.
Now full music strike the air.

Enter the Masquers, Fancy, Desire, Delight, Hope, Fear, Distrust, Jealousy, Care, Ire, Poverty, Despair; *they dance, after which* CUPID *speaks.*

Cupid. "Away! I have done; the day begins to light.
Lovers, you know your fate; good night, good night!"
[*Exeunt* Masquers. CUPID *and the* Graces *ascend in the chariot.*

Fred. Come, to the banquet! when that's ended, sir,
I'll see you a-bed, and so good-night. Be merry;
You have a sweet bed-fellow.

Val. I thank your grace,
And ever shall be bound unto your nobleness.

Fred. I pray I may deserve your thanks. Set forward! [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*A Cathedral. A Tomb in the Background.*

Enter divers Monks, ALPHONSO *going to the tomb*, RUGIO *and* Friar MARCO.

Marco. The night grows on; lead softly to the tomb,
And sing not till I bid ye; let the music
Play gently as he passes.
Rug. Oh, fair picture,
That wert the living hope of all our honours!
How are we banish'd from the joy we dream'd of!
Will he ne'er speak more?
Marco. 'Tis full three months, Lord Rugio,
Since any articulate sound came from his tongue.
Set him down gently. [ALPHONSO *sits in a chair.*
Rug. What should the reason be, sir?
Marco. As 'tis in nature with those loving husbands,
That sympathise their wives' pains and their throes,
When they are breeding, (and 'tis usual too;
We have it by experience) so in him, sir,
In this most noble spirit that now suffers;
For when his honour'd father, good Brandino,
Fell sick, he felt the griefs, and labour'd with them;
His fits, and his disease he still inherited,
Grew the same thing, and, had not Nature check'd him,
Strength and ability, he had died that hour too.
Rug. Emblem of noble love!
Marco. That very minute
His father's breath forsook him, that same instant,
(A rare example of his piety,
And love paternal) the organ of his tongue
Was never heard to sound again; so near death
He seeks to wait upon his worthy father,
But that we force his meat, he were one body.
Rug. He points to the tomb.
Marco. That is the place he honours;
A house I fear he will not be long out of.
He will to th' tomb: Good my lord, lend your hand. [ALPHONSO *is led to the tomb.*
Now sing the funeral song, and let him kneel,
For then he's pleased. [*A song.*
Rug. Heaven lend thy powerful hand,
And ease this prince!
Marco. He will pass back again. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*An Apartment in the Palace.*

Enter VALERIO.

Val. They drink abundantly; I am hot with wine too,
Lustily warm. I'll steal now to my happiness;
'Tis midnight, and the silent hour invites me:
But she is up still, and attends the queen.
Thou dew of wine and sleep, hang on their eye-lids,
Steep their dull senses in the healths they drink,
That I may quickly find my loved Evanthe!
The king is merry too, and drank unto me;
Sign of fair peace. Oh, this night's blessedness!
If I had forty heads, I would give all for it.
Is not the end of our ambitions,
Of all our human studies, and our travels,
Of our desires, the obtaining of our wishes?
Certain, it is; and there man makes his centre.
I have obtained Evanthe, I have married her:
Can any fortune keep me from enjoying her?—

Enter SORANO.

I have my wish: what's left me to accuse now?
I am friends with all the world, but thy base malice:
Go, glory in thy mischiefs, thou proud man,
And cry it to the world, thou hast ruined virtue!
How I contemn thee, and thy petty malice!
And with what scorn I look down on thy practice!
Sor. You'll sing me a new song anon, Valerio,
And wish these hot words——
Val. I despise thee, fellow!
Thy threats, or flatteries, all I fling behind me!
I have my end, I have thy noble sister,
A name too worthy of thy blood! I have married her,
And will enjoy her too.
Sor. 'Tis very likely.
Val. And that short Month I have to bless me with her
I'll make an age: I'll reckon each embrace
A year of pleasure, and each night a jubilee,
Every quick kiss a spring; and when I mean
To lose myself in all delightfulness,
Twenty sweet summers I will tie together.
In spite of thee, and thy malignant master,
I will die old in love, though young in pleasure!
Sor. But that I hate thee deadly, I could pity thee:
Thou art the poorest miserable thing
This day on earth! I'll tell thee why, Valerio:
All thou esteem'st, and build'st upon for happiness,
For joy, for pleasure, for delight, is past thee,
And, like a wanton dream, already vanish'd!
Val. Is my love false?
Sor. No, she is constant to thee;
Constant to all thy misery she shall be,
And curse thee too.
Val. Is my strong body weaken'd,
Charm'd or abused with subtle drink? Speak, villain!
Sor. Neither; I dare speak, thou art still as lusty
As when thou lovedst her first, as strong and hopeful.
The Month thou hast given thee is a Month of misery,
And where thou think'st each hour shall yield a pleasure,
Look for a killing pain, for thou shalt find it:
Before thou diest, each minute shall prepare it,
And ring so many knells to sad afflictions;
The king has given thee a long Month to die in,
And miserably die!
Val. Undo thy riddle;
I am prepared, whatever fate shall follow.
Sor. Dost thou see this ring?
Val. I know it too.
Sor. Then mark me:
By virtue of this ring, this I pronounce to thee.
It is the king's will——
Val. Let me know it suddenly!
Sor. If thou dost offer to touch Evanthe's body,
Beyond a kiss, though thou art married to her,
And lawfully, as thou think'st, may'st enjoy her,
That minute she shall die!
Val. Oh, devil!
Sor. If thou discover this command unto her,
Or to a friend that shall importune thee,

And why thou abstainest, and from whose will, ye all perish,
Upon the self-same forfeit!—Are you fitted, sir?
Now, if you love her, you may preserve her life still;
If not, you know the worst. How falls your Month out?

Val. This tyranny could never be invented
But in the school of hell, earth is too innocent!
Not to enjoy her when she is my wife?
When she is willing too?

Sor. She is most willing,
And will run mad to miss; but if you hit her,
Be sure you hit her home, and kill her with it,
(There are such women that will die with pleasure)
The ax will follow else, that will not fail
To fetch her maidenhead, and dispatch her quickly;
Then shall the world know you are the cause of murder,
And as 'tis requisite, your life shall pay for't.

Val. Thou dost but jest; thou canst not be so monstrous
As thou proclaim'st thyself; thou art her brother,
And there must be a feeling heart within thee
Of her afflictions: Wert thou a stranger to us,
And bred amongst wild rocks, thy nature wild too,
Affection in thee, as thy breeding, cold,
And unrelenting as the rocks that nourish'd thee,
Yet thou must shake to tell me this; they tremble
When the rude sea threatens divorce amongst 'em,
They that are senseless things shake at a tempest;
Thou art a man——

Sor. Be thou too then; 'twill try thee,
And patience now will best become thy nobleness.

Val. Invent some other torment to afflict me,
All, if thou please, put all afflictions on me,
Study thy brains out for 'em, so this be none,
I care not of what nature, nor what cruelty,
Nor of what length.

Sor. This is enough to vex you.

Val. The tale of Tantalus is now proved true,
And from me shall be register'd authentic!
To have my joys within my arms, and lawful,
Mine own delights, yet dare not touch? Even as
Thou hatest me, brother, let no young man know this,
As thou shalt hope for peace when thou most need'st it,
Peace in thy soul! Desire the king to kill me,
Make me a traitor, any thing I'll yield to it,
And give thee cause, so I may die immediately!
Lock me in prison where no sun may see me,
In walls so thick no hope may e'er come at me,
Keep me from meat, and drink, and sleep, I'll bless thee!
Give me some damned potion to deliver me,
That I may never know myself again, forget
My country, kindred, name, and fortune; last,
That my chaste love may ne'er appear before me,
This were some comfort!

Sor. All I have I have brought you,
And much good may it do you, my dear brother!
See you observe it well; you'll find about you
Many eyes set, that shall o'erlook your actions:
If you transgress, you know—and so I leave you. [*Exit.*

Val. Heaven be not angry, and I have some hope yet; [*Kneels.*
To whom I kneel; be merciful unto me,
Look on my harmless youth, Angels of pity,
And from my bleeding heart wipe off my sorrows
The power, the pride, the malice and injustice
Of cruel men are bent against mine innocence:
You that controul the mighty wills of princes,
And bow their stubborn arms, look on my weakness,
And when you please, and how, allay my miseries. [*Ex.*

SCENE III.—*A Bed-Chamber in the same.*

Enter FREDERICK *and* SORANO.

Fred. Hast thou been with him?

Sor. Yes, and given him that, sir,
Will make him curse his birth; I told you what way.
Did you but see him, sir, but look upon him
With what a troubled and dejected nature
He walks now in a mist, with what a silence,
As if he were the shroud he wrapt himself in,
And no more of Valerio but his shadow,
He seeks obscurity to hide his thoughts in,
You would wonder and admire, for all you know it:
His jollity is down, valed to the ground, sir,
And his high hopes of full delights and pleasures
Are turn'd tormentors to him, strong diseases.

Fred. But is there hope of her?

Sor. It must fall necessary
She must dislike him, quarrel with his person,
(For women once deluded are next devils)
And, in the height of that opinion, sir,
You shall put on again, and she must meet you.

Fred. I am glad of this.

Sor. I'll tell you all the circumstance
Within this hour. But sure I heard your grace.
To-day as I attended, make some stops,
Some broken speeches, and some sighs between,
And then your brother's name I heard distinctly
And some sad wishes after.

Fred. You are i' th' right, sir;
I would he were as sad as I could wish him,
Sad as the earth!

Sor. Would you have it so?

Fred. Thou hear'st me.
Though he be sick, with small hope of recovery,
That hope still lives, and men's eyes live upon it,
And in their eyes their wishes: My Sorano,
Were he but cold once in the tomb he dotes on,
(As 'tis the fittest place for melancholy)
My court should be another Paradise,
And flow with all delights.

Sor. Go to your pleasures;
Let me alone with this: Hope shall not trouble you.
Nor he, three days.

Fred. I shall be bound unto thee.

Enter VALERIO, CAMILLO, CLEANTHES, *and* MENALLO.

Sor. I'll do it neatly too, no doubt shall catch me.

Fred. Be gone. They are going to bed; I'll bid good night to 'em.

Sor. And mark the man! you'll scarce know this Valerio. [*Ex.*

Cam. Chear up, my noble lord; the minute's come,
You shall enjoy the abstract of all sweetness.
We did you wrong; you need no wine to warm you,
Desire shoots through your eyes like sudden wildfires.

Val. Beshrew me, lords, the wine has made me dull
I am I know not what.

Fred. Good pleasure to ye!
Good-night and long too! As you find your appetite,
You may fall to.
Val. I do beseech your grace,
[*Aside to* FREDERICK.
For which of all my loves and services
Have I deserved this?
Fred. I am not bound to answer you.
Val. Nor I bound to obey in unjust actions.
Fred. Do as you please; you know the penalty,
And, as I have a soul, it shall be executed!
Nay, look not pale; I am not used to fear, sir.
If you respect your lady—Good-night to you!
[*Exit.*
Val. But for respect to her, and to my duty,
That reverend duty that I owe my sovereign,
Which anger has no power to snatch me from,
The good-night should be thine, good-night for ever!—
The king is wanton, lords; he would needs know of me
How many nick-chaces I would make to-night.
Men. My lord, no doubt you'll prove a perfect gamester.
Val. 'Faith, no; I am unacquainted with the pleasure;
Bungle a set I may.—How my heart trembles,
[*Aside.*
And beats my breast as it would break his way out!—
Good night, my noble friends.
Cle. Nay, we must see you
Toward your bed, my lord.
Val. Good faith, it needs not;
'Tis late, and I shall trouble you.
Cam. No, no;
Till the bride come, sir——
Val. I beseech you leave me;
You will make me bashful else, I am so foolish;
Besides, I have some few devotions, lords,
And he that can pray with such a book in's arms—
Cam. We'll leave you then; and a sweet night wait upon ye!
Men. And a sweet issue of this sweet night crown ye!
Cle. All nights and days be such till you grow old, sir!
[*Exeunt* CAMILLO, CLEANTHES, *and* MENALLO.
Val. I thank ye;—'tis a curse sufficient for me,
A labour'd one too, though you mean a blessing.
What shall I do? I'm like a wretched debtor,
That has a sum to tender on the forfeit
Of all he's worth, yet dare not offer it.
Other men see the sun, yet I must wink at it,
And though I know 'tis perfect day, deny it.
My veins are all on fire, and burn like Ætna,
Youth and desire beat 'larums to my blood,
And add fresh fuel to my warm affections.
I must enjoy her; yet, when I consider,
When I collect myself, and weigh her danger,
The tyrant's will, and his power taught to murder,
My tender care controls my blood within me,
And, like a cold fit of a peevish ague,
Creeps to my soul, and flings an ice upon me,
That locks all powers of youth up: But prevention—
Oh, what a blessedness 'twere to be old now,
To be unable, bed-rid with diseases,
Or halt on crutches to meet holy Hymen;
What a rare benefit! But I am curst!
That that speaks other men most freely happy,
And makes all eyes hang on their expectations,
Must prove the bane of me, Youth and Ability.

Enter MARIA, EVANTHE, Ladies, *and* TONY.

She comes to bed; how shall I entertain her?
Tony. Nay, I come after too; take the Fool with ye,
For lightly he is ever one at weddings.
Mar. Evanthe, make you unready, your lord stays for you,
And pr'ythee be merry!
Tony. Be very merry, chicken;
Thy lord will pipe to thee anon, and make thee dance too.
Lady. Will he so, goodman Ass?
Tony. Yes, goody filly:
An you had such a pipe, that piped so sweetly,
You would dance to death; you have learnt your sinque-a-pace.
Evan. Your grace desires that, that's too free in me;
I am merry at the heart.
Tony. Thou wilt be anon;
The young smug boy will give thee a sweet cordial.
Evan. I am so taken up in all my thoughts,
So possest, madam, with the lawful sweets
I shall this night partake of with my lord,
So far transported (pardon my immodesty)——
Val. Alas, poor wench, how shall I recompence thee!
Evan. That though they must be short, and snatched away too
Ere they grow ripe, yet I shall far prefer 'em
Before a tedious pleasure with repentance.
Val. Oh, how my heart aches!
Evan. Take off my jewels, ladies,
And let my ruff loose; I shall bid good-night to ye,
My lord stays here.
Mar. My wench, I thank thee heartily,
For learning how to use thy few hours handsomely;
They will be years, I hope. Off with your gown now.—
Lay down the bed there.
Tony. Shall I get into it,
And warm it for thee? A fool's fire is a fine thing!
And I'll so buss thee!
Mar. I'll have you whipp'd, you rascal!
Tony. That will provoke me more. I'll talk with thy husband:
He's a wise man, I hope.
Evan. Good night, dear madam!
Ladies, no further service; I am well.
I do beseech your grace to give us this leave;
My lord and I to one another freely,
And privately, may do all other ceremonies;
Woman and page we'll be to one another,
And trouble you no farther.
Tony. Art thou a wise man?
Val. I cannot tell thee, Tony; ask my neighbours.
Tony. If thou be'st so, go lie with me to-night,
(The old fool will lie quieter than the young one,
And give thee more sleep) thou wilt look to-morrow else
Worse than the prodigal fool the ballad speaks of,
That was squeez'd through a horn.
Val. I shall take thy counsel!

Mar. Why then, good-night, good-night, my best Evanthe!
My worthy maid, and, as that name shall vanish,
My worthy wife, a long and happy.—Follow, sirrah!
Evan. That shall be my care. Goodness rest with your grace!
Mar. Be lusty, lord, and take your lady to you!
And that power that shall part you be unhappy!
Val. Sweet rest unto you! to ye all sweet ladies!
Tony, good night!
Tony. Shall not the Fool stay with thee?
Mar. Come away, sirrah!
[*Exeunt* MARIA *and* Ladies.
Tony. How the fool is sought for!

Sweet malt is made of easy fire;
A hasty horse will quickly tire;
A sudden leaper sticks i' th' mire;
Phlebotomy, and the word "lie nigher,"
Take heed of, friend, I thee require.
This from an Almanack I stole,
And learn this lesson from a Fool.

Good-night, my bird! [*Exit* TONY.
Evan. Good-night, wise master Tony.—
Will you to bed, my lord? Come let me help you.
Val. To bed, Evanthe? art thou sleepy?
Evan. No;
I shall be worse, if you look sad upon me.
Pray you let's to bed!
Val. I am not well, my love.
Evan. I'll make you well; there's no such physic for you
As your warm mistress' arms.
Val. Art thou so cunning?
Evan. I speak not by experience; (pray you mistake not)
But, if you love me——
Val. I do love so dearly,
So much above the base bent of desire,
I know not how to answer thee.
Evan. To bed then;
There I shall better credit you. Fy, my lord!
Will you put a maid to't, to teach you what to do?
An innocent maid? Are you so cold a lover?
In truth, you make me blush! 'Tis midnight too,
And 'tis no stolen love, but authorised openly,
No sin we covet. Pray let me undress you;
You shall help me. Pr'ythee, sweet Valerio,
Be not so sad; the king will be more merciful.
Val. May not I love thy mind?
Evan. And I yours too;
'Tis a most noble one, adorn'd with virtue;
But if we love not one another really,
And put our bodies and our minds together,
And so make up the concord of affection,
Our love will prove but a blind superstition.
This is no school to argue in, my lord,
Nor have we time to talk away allowed us:
Pray let's dispatch. If any one should come
And find us at this distance, what would they think?
Come, kiss me, and to bed!
Val. That I dare do,
And kiss again.
Evan. Spare not; they are your own, sir.
Val. But to enjoy thee is to be luxurious,
Too sensual in my love, and too ambitious!—
Oh, how I burn!—To pluck thee from the stalk
Where now thou grow'st a sweet bud and a beauteous,
And bear'st the prime and honour of the garden,
Is but to violate thy spring, and spoil thee.
Evan. To let me blow, and fall alone, would anger you.
Val. Let's sit together thus, and, as we sit,
Feed on the sweets of one another's souls.
The happiness of love is contemplation,
The blessedness of love is pure affection,
Where no alloy of actual dull desire,
Of pleasure that partakes with wantonness,
Of human fire that burns out as it kindles,
And leaves the body but a poor repentance,
Can ever mix: Let's fix on that, Evanthe;
That's everlasting, the other casual;
Eternity breeds one, the other Fortune,
Blind as herself, and full of all afflictions:
Shall we love virtuously?
Evan. I ever loved so.
Val. And only think our love: The rarest pleasure.
(And that we most desire, let it be human)
If once enjoy'd grows stale, and cloys our appetites.
I would not lessen in my love for any thing;
Nor find thee but the same in my short journey,
For my love's safety.
Evan. Now I see I am old, sir,
Old and ill-favour'd too, poor and despised,
And am not worth your noble fellowship,
Your fellowship in love; you would not else
Thus cunningly seek to betray a maid,
A maid that honours you thus piously,
Strive to abuse the pious love she brings you.
Farewell, my lord; since you have a better mistress.
(For it must seem so, or you are no man)
A younger, happier, I shall give her room,
So much I love you still.
Val. Stay, my Evanthe!
Heaven bear me witness, thou art all I love,
All I desire! And now, have pity on me!—
I never lied before; forgive me, Justice!
Youth and Affection, stop your ears unto me!
[*Aside.*
Evan. Why do you weep? If I have spoke too harshly,
And unbeseeming, my beloved lord,
My care and duty, pardon me!
Val. Oh, hear me,
Hear me, Evanthe!—I am all on torture, [*Aside.*
And this lie tears my conscience as I vent it!—
I am no man.
Evan. How, sir?
Val. No man for pleasure;
No woman's man.
Evan. Goodness forbid, my lord!
Sure you abuse yourself.
Val. 'Tis true, Evanthe;
I shame to say you'll find it. [*Weeps.*
Evan. He weeps bitterly: [*Aside.*
'Tis my hard fortune; bless all young maids from it!—
Is there no help, my lord, in art will comfort ye?
Val. I hope there is.
Evan. How long have you been destitute?
Val. Since I was young.
Evan. 'Tis hard to die for nothing.—
Now you shall know, 'tis not the pleasure, sir,
(For I'm compell'd to love you spiritually)
That women aim at, I affect you for;
'Tis for your worth: And kiss me; be at peace.
Because I ever loved you, I still honour you,
And with all duty to my husband follow you.
Will you to bed now? You are ashamed, it seems:
Pygmalion pray'd, and his cold stone took life.

You do not know with what zeal I shall ask, sir,
And what rare miracle that may work upon you.
Still blush? Prescribe your law.
Val. I pr'ythee pardon me!
To bed, and I'll sit by thee, and mourn with thee,
Mourn both our fortunes, our unhappy ones.
Do not despise me; make me not more wretched!
I pray to Heaven, when I am gone, Evanthe,
(As my poor date is but a span of time now)
To recompence thy noble patience,
Thy love and virtue, with a fruitful husband,
Honest and honourable.
Evan. Come, you have made me weep now.
All fond desire die here, and welcome chastity,
Honour and chastity! Do what you please, sir.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*An Antechamber to the Dwelling of* ALPHONSO *in the Monastery.*

Enter at one door RUGIO *and* Friar MARCO, *at the other door* SORANO, *with a little glass phial.*

Rug. What ails this piece of mischief to look [sad?
He seems to weep too.
Marco. Something is a-hatching,
And of some bloody nature too, Lord Rugio,
This crocodile mourns thus cunningly.
Sor. Hail, holy father!
And good-day to the good Lord Rugio!
How fares the sad prince, I beseech you, sir?
Rug. 'Tis like you know; you need not ask that question:
You have your eyes and watches on his miseries
As near as ours; I would they were as tender!
Marco. Can you do him good? As the king and you appointed him,
So he is still; as you desired I think too,
For every day he is worse: Heaven pardon all!
Put off your sorrow; you may laugh now, lord;
He cannot last long to disturb your master:
You have done worthy service to his brother,
And he most memorable love.
Sor. You do not know, sir,
With what remorse I ask, nor with what weariness
I groan and bow under this load of honour;
And how my soul sighs for the beastly services
I have done his pleasures, these be witness with me!
And from your piety believe me, father,
I would as willingly uncloath myself
Of title, (that becomes me not, I know:
Good men and great names best agree together)
Cast off the glorious favours, and the trappings
Of sound and honour, wealth and promises,
His wanton pleasures have flung on my weakness,
And chuse to serve my country's cause and virtue's,
Poorly and honestly, and redeem my ruins,
As I would hope remission of my mischiefs.
Rug. Old and experienced men, my lord Sorano,
Are not so quickly caught with gilt hypocrisy.
You pull your claws in now, and fawn upon us,
As lions do to entice poor foolish beasts;
And beasts we should be too, if we believed you:
Go, exercise your art——
Sor. For Heaven sake, scorn me not,
Nor add more hell to my afflicted soul
Than I feel here! As you are honourable,
As you are charitable, look gently on me!
I will no more to court, be no more devil;
I know I must be hated even of him
That was my love now; and the more he loves me
For his foul ends, when they shall once appear to him,
Muster before his conscience, and accuse him,
The fouler and the more falls his displeasure:
Princes are fading things, so are their favours.
Marco. He weeps again;
His heart is touch'd, sure, with remorse.
Sor. See this,
And give me fair attention. Good my lord,
And worthy father, see; within this phial,
The remedy and cure of all my honour,
And of the sad prince, lie.
Rug. What new trick's this?
Sor. 'Tis true, I have done offices abundantly
Ill and prodigious to the prince Alphonso;
And, whilst I was a knave, I sought his death too.
Rug. You are too late convicted to be good yet.
Sor. But, father, when I felt this part afflict me,
This inward part, and call'd me to an audit
Of my misdeeds and mischiefs——
Marco. Well; go on, sir.
Sor. Oh, then, then, then! what was my glory then, father!
The favour of the king, what did that ease me?
What was it to be bow'd to by all creatures?
Worshipt, and courted? what did this avail me?
I was a wretch, a poor lost wretch!
Marco. Still better.
Sor. Till, in the midst of all my grief, I found
Repentance; and a learned man to give the means
A Jew, an honest and a rare physician: [to it;
Of him I had this jewel; 'tis a jewel,
And, at the price of all my wealth, I bought it.
If the king knew it, I must lose my head;
And willingly, most willingly, I would suffer.
A child may take it, 'tis so sweet in working.
Marco. To whom would you apply it to?
Sor. To the sick prince;
It will in half a day dissolve his melancholy.
Rug. I do believe, and give him sleep for ever.
What impudence is this, and what base malice,
To make us instruments of thy abuses!
Are we set here to poison him?
Sor. Mistake not;
Yet I must needs say, 'tis a noble care,
And worthy virtuous servants. If you'll see
A flourishing estate again in Naples,
And great Alphonso reign, that's truly good,
And like himself able to make all excellent,
Give him this drink; and this good health unto him! [*Drinks.*
I am not so desperate yet to kill myself.
Never look on me as a guilty man,
Nor on the water as a speedy poison:
I am not mad, nor laid out all my treasure,
My conscience and my credit, to abuse ye.
How nimbly and how chearfully it works now
Upon my heart and head! Sure I'm a new man!
There is no sadness that I feel within me,

But, as it meets it, like a lazy vapour
How it flies off! Here, give it him with speed:
You are more guilty than I ever was,
And worthier of the name of evil subjects,
If but an hour you hold this from his health.
Rug. 'Tis some rare virtuous thing sure; he is a good man!
It must be so; come, let's apply it presently,
And may it sweetly work!
Sor. Pray let me hear on't;
And carry it close, my lords.
Marco. Yes, good Sorano.
[*Exeunt* Rugio *and* Marco.
Sor. Do, my good fools, my honest pious coxcombs,
My wary fools too! Have I caught your wisdoms?
You never dream'd I knew an antidote,
Nor how to take it to secure mine own life;
I am an ass! Go, give him the fine cordial,
And when you have done, go dig his grave, good friar.
Some two hours hence we shall have such a bawl-
And roaring up and down for *aqua vitæ*, [ing,
Such rubbing, and such 'nointing, and such cooling!
I have sent him that will make a bonfire in's belly:
If he recover it, there is no heat in hell sure.
[*Exit.*

SCENE II.—*An Apartment in the Palace.*

Enter Frederick *and* Podramo.

Fred. Podramo!
Pod. Sir.
Fred. Call hither Lord Valerio;
And let none trouble us.
Pod. It shall be done, sir. [*Exit*
Fred. I know he wants no additions to his tortures,
He has enough for human blood to carry;
(Yet I must vex him further)
So many, that I wonder his hot youth
And high-bred spirit breaks not into fury;
I must yet torture him a little further,
And make myself sport with his miseries;
My anger is too poor else. Here he comes.

Enter Valerio.

Now, my young-married lord, how do you feel yourself?
You have the happiness you ever aim'd at,
The joy and pleasure.
Val. 'Would you had the like, sir!
Fred. You tumble in delights with your sweet lady,
And draw the minutes out in dear embraces;
You live a right lord's life.
Val. 'Would you had tried it,
That you might know the virtue but to suffer!
Your anger, though it be unjust and insolent,
Sits handsomer upon you than your scorn;
To do a wilful ill, and glory in it,
Is to do it double, double to be damn'd too.
Fred. Hast thou not found a loving and free prince?
High in his favours too? that has conferr'd
Such hearts-ease, and such heaps of comfort on
All thou couldst ask? [thee,
Val. You are too grown a tyrant,
Upon so suffering and so still a subject!
You have put upon me such a punishment,
That if your youth were honest it would blush at:
But you're a shame to nature, as to virtue.
Pull not my rage upon you! 'tis so just,
It will give way to no respect. My life,
My innocent life (I dare maintain it, sir),
Like a wanton prodigal you have flung away;
Had I a thousand more, I would allow 'em,
And be as careless of 'em as your will is:
But to deny those rights the law hath given me,
The holy law, and make her life the penance,
Is such a studied and unheard-of malice,
No heart that is not hired from hell dare think of:
To do it then too, when my hopes were high,
High as my blood, all my desires upon me,
My free affections ready to embrace her,
And she mine own—Do you smile at this? is't done well?
Is there not Heaven above you that sees all? [*Ex-*

Enter Cassandra.

Fred. Come hither, Time. How does your noble mistress?
Cas. As a gentlewoman may do in her case
That's newly married, sir; sickly sometimes,
And fond on't, like your majesty.
Fred. She's breeding then?
Cas. She wants much of her colour,
And has her qualms as ladies use to have, sir,
And her disgusts.
Fred. And keeps her chamber?
Cas. Yes, sir.
Fred. And eats good broths and jellies?
Cas. I am sure she sighs, sir,
And weeps, good lady!
Fred. Alas, good lady, for it!
She should have one could comfort her, Cassandra.
Could turn those tears to joys, a lusty comforter.
Cas. A comfortable man does well at all hours.
For he brings comfortable things.
Fred. Come hither;
And hold your fan between, you have eaten onions.—
Her breath stinks like a fox, her teeth are contagious; [*Aside.*
These old women are all elder-pipes.—Do you mark me? [*Gives a purse.*
Cas. Yes, sir; but does your grace think I am
That am both old and virtuous? [fit.
Fred. Therefore the fitter, the older still the
I know thou art as holy as an old cope, [better;
Yet, upon necessary use——
Cas. 'Tis true, sir.
Fred. Her feeling sense is fierce still; speak unto her,
(You are familiar) speak, I say, unto her,
Speak to the purpose; tell her this, and this.
[*Whispers.*
Cas. Alas, she is honest, sir, she is very honest,
And would you have my gravity——
Fred. Ay, ay;
Your gravity will become the cause the better.
I'll look thee out a knight shall make thee a lady too,
A lusty knight, and one that shall be ruled by thee;
And add to these, I'll make 'em good. No mincing,
Nor ducking out of nicety, good lady,
But do it home. We'll all be friends too, tell her.
And such a joy——
Cas. That's it that stirs me up, sir;

I would not for the world attempt her chastity,
But that they may live lovingly hereafter.
Fred. For that I urge it too.
Cas. A little evil
May well be suffer'd for a general good, sir.
I'll take my leave of your majesty.
Fred. Go fortunately:
Be speedy too. [*Exit* CASSANDRA.

Enter VALERIO.

Here comes Valerio:
If his afflictions have allay'd his spirit,
My work has end.—Come hither, Lord Valerio;
How do you now?
Val. Your majesty may guess,
Not so well, nor so fortunate as you are,
That can tie up men's honest wills and actions.
Fred. You clearly see now, brave Valerio,
What 'tis to be the rival to a prince,
To interpose against a raging lion:
I know you have suffer'd, infinitely suffer'd,
And with a kind of pity I behold it;
And if you dare be worthy of my mercy,
I can yet heal you (yield up your Evanthe),
Take off my sentence also.
Val. I fall thus low, sir, [*Kneels.*
My poor sad heart under your feet I lay,
And all the service of my life.
Fred. Do this then,
For without this 'twill be impossible:
Part with her for a while.
Val. You have parted us;
What should I do with that I cannot use, sir?
Fred. 'Tis well consider'd: Let me have the lady,
And thou shalt see how nobly I'll befriend thee.
How all this difference——
Val. Will she come, do you think, sir?
Fred. She must be wrought (I know she is too modest),
And gently wrought, and cunningly.
Val. 'Tis fit, sir.
Fred. And secretly it must be done.
Val. As thought.
Fred. I'll warrant you her honour shall be fair still;
No soil nor stain shall appear on that, Valerio.
You see a thousand that bear sober faces,
And shew off as inimitable modesties;
You would be sworn too that they were pure matrons,
And most chaste maids; and yet, to augment their
And get them noble friends—— [fortunes,
Val. They are content, sir,
In private to bestow their beauties on 'em.
Fred. They are so, and they are wise; they know no want for't,
For no eye sees they want their honesties.
Val. If it might be carried thus?
Fred. It shall be, sir.
Val. I'll see you dead first! [*Aside.*]—With this caution,
Why, sure, I think it might be done.
Fred. Yes, easily.
Val. For what time would your grace desire her body?
Fred. A month or two. It shall be carried still
As if she kept with you, and were a stranger,
Rather a hater, of the grace I offer;
And then I will return her, with such honour—
Val. 'Tis very like; I dote much on your honour!
Fred. And load her with such favour too, Valerio—
Val. She never shall claw off: I humbly thank you!
Fred. I'll make ye both the happiest, and the
And the mightiest too—— [richest,
Val. But who shall work her, sir?
For, on my conscience, she is very honest,
And will be hard to cut as a rough diamond.
Fred. Why, you must work her; any thing from your tongue,
Set off with golden and persuasive language,
Urging your dangers too——
Val. But all this time
Have you the conscience, sir, to leave me nothing,
Nothing to play withal?
Fred. There be a thousand;
Take where thou wilt.
Val. May I make bold with your queen?
She is useless to your grace, as it appears, sir,
And but a loyal wife, that may be lost too:
I have a mind to her, and then 'tis equal.
Fred. How, sir?
Val. 'Tis so, sir. Thou most glorious impudence,
Have I not wrongs enow to suffer under,
But thou must pick me out to make a monster?
A hated wonder to the world? Do you start
At my entrenching on your private liberty,
And would you force a highway through mine honour,
And make me pave it too? But that thy queen
Is of that excellence in honesty,
And guarded with divinity about her,
No loose thought can come near, nor flame unhal-
I would so right myself—— [low'd,
Fred. Why, take her to you;
I am not vex'd at this; thou shalt enjoy her:
I'll be thy friend, if that may win thy courtesy.
Val. I will not be your bawd, though for your royalty.
Was I brought up and nourish'd in the court,
With thy most royal brother, and thyself,
Upon thy father's charge, thy happy father's,
And suck'd the sweetness of all human arts,
Learn'd arms and honour, to become a rascal?
Was this the expectation of my youth,
My growth of honour? Do you speak this truly,
Or do you try me, sir? for I believe not,
At least I would not, and methinks 'tis impossible,
There should be such a devil in a king's shape,
Such a malignant fiend!
Fred. I thank you, sir!
To-morrow is your last day, and look to it——
Get from my sight, away!
Val. You are —— Oh, my heart's too high
And full to think upon you! [*Exeunt severally.*

SCENE III.—*Another in the same.*

Enter EVANTHE *and* CASSANDRA.

Evan. You think it fit then, mortified Cassandra,
That I should be a whore?
Cas. Why a whore, madam?
If every woman that upon necessity
Did a good turn (for there's the main point, mark it)
Were term'd a whore, who would be honest, madam?
Your lord's life, and your own, are now in hazard;
Two precious lives may be redeem'd with nothing,
Little or nothing; say, an hour's or day's sport,

Or such a toy; the end to it is [not] wantonness,
That we call lust, that maidens lose their fame for,
But a compell'd necessity of honour,
Fair as the day, and clear as innocence;
Upon my life and conscience, a direct way——
Evan. To be a rascal.
Cas. 'Tis a kind of rape too;
That keeps you clear; for where your will's compell'd,
Though you yield up your body, you are safe still.
Evan. Thou art grown a learned bawd; I ever [look'd
Thy great sufficiency would break out.
Cas. You may,
You that are young and fair, scorn us old creatures;
But you must know my years ere you be wise, lady,
And my experience too. Say the king loved you?
Say it were nothing else?
Evan. Ay, marry, wench,
Now thou com'st to me.
Cas. Do you think princes' favours are such slight things,
To fling away when you please? There be young ladies,
Both fair and honourable that would leap to reach
And leap aloft too. ['em,
Evan. Such are light enough;
I am no vaulter, wench. But canst thou tell me,
Though he be a king, whether he be sound or no?
I would not give my youth up to infection.
Cas. As sound as honour ought to be, I think, lady.
Go to! be wise; I do not bid you try him;
But, if he love you well, and you neglect him,
Your lord's life hanging on the hazard of it——
If you be so wilful proud——
Evan. Thou speak'st to the point still;
But, when I have lain with him, what am I then, gentlewoman?
Cas. What are you? why, the same you are now,
A virtuous woman, and a noble woman; [a woman,
Touching at what is noble, you become so.
Had Lucrece e'er been thought of, but for Tarquin?
She was before a simple unknown woman;
When she was ravish'd, she was a reverend saint.
And do you think she yielded not a little,
And had a kind of will to have been re-ravish'd?
Believe it, yes. There are a thousand stories
Of wond'rous loyal women that have slipp'd,
But it has been on the ice of tender honour,
That kept them cool still to the world. I think you are blest,
That have such an occasion in your hands
To beget a chronicle, a faithful one.
Evan. It must needs be much honour!
Cas. As you may make it, infinite, and safe too;
And when 'tis done, your lord and you may live
So quietly, and peaceably together,
And be what you please!
Evan. But suppose this, wench,
The king should so delight me with his company,
I should forget my lord, and no more look on him.
Cas. That's the main hazard; for I tell you truly,
I have heard Report speak he's an infinite pleasure,
Almost above belief. There be some ladies,
And modest to the world too, wond'rous modest,
That have had the blessedness to try his body,
That I have heard proclaim him a new Hercules.
Evan. So strongly able?
Cas. There will be the danger,
You being but a young and tender lady,
Although your mind be good, yet your weak body,
At first encounter too, to meet with one
Of his unconquer'd strength——
Evan. Peace, thou rude bawd,
Thou studied old corruptness! tie thy tongue up,
Your hired base tongue! Is this your timely counsel?
Dost thou seek to make me dote on wickedness,
Because 'tis ten times worse than thou deliver'st it?
To be a whore, because he has sufficiency
To make a hundred? Oh, thou impudence!
Have I relieved thy age to mine own ruin?
And worn thee in my bosom to betray me?
Can years and impotence win nothing on thee
That's good and honest, but thou must go on still?
And where thy blood wants heat to sin thyself,
Force thy decrepid will to make me wicked?
Cas. I did but tell you——
Evan. What the damned'st woman,
The cunning'st and the skilful'st bawd, comes short of!
If thou hadst lived ten ages to be damn'd in,
And exercis'd this art the devil taught thee,
Thou couldst not have express'd it more exactly.
Cas. I did not bid you sin.
Evan. Thou wooed'st me to it;
Thou, that art fit for prayer and the grave,
Thy body earth already, and corruption,
Thou taught'st the way. Go, follow your fine function:
There are houses of delight, that want good matrons,
Such grave instructors; get thee thither, monster.
And read variety of sins to wantons;
And when they roar with pains, learn to make [plaisters.
Cas. This we have for our good wills.
Evan. If e'er I see thee more,
Or any thing that's like thee, to affright me,
By this fair light, I'll spoil thy bawdery!
I'll leave thee neither eyes nor nose to grace thee:
When thou want'st bread and common pity towards [thee.
And art a-starving in a ditch, think of me:
Then die, and let the wand'ring bawds lament thee
Be gone; I charge thee leave me!

Enter FREDERICK.

Cas. You'll repent this. [*Exit.*
Fred. She's angry, and t'other crying too; my suit's cold:
I'll make your heart ache, stubborn wench, for this!
Turn not so angry from me; I will speak to you.
Are you grown proud with your delight, good lady?
So pamper'd with your sport, you scorn to know me?
Evan. I scorn you not; I would you scorn'd not me, sir,
And forced me to be weary of my duty!
I know your grace; 'would I had never seen you!
Fred. Because I love you, because I dote upon [you.
Because I am a man that seek to please you.
Evan. I have man enough already to content me,
As much, as noble, and as worthy of me,
As all the world can yield.
Fred. That's but your modesty:
You have no man—nay, never look upon me;
I know it, lady—no man to content you;
No man that can, or, at the least, that dare,
Which is a poorer man, and nearer nothing.
Evan. Be nobler, sir, inform'd.
Fred. I'll tell thee, wench,
The poor condition of this poorer fellow,
And make thee blush for shame at thine own error.

He never tender'd yet a husband's duty
To thy warm longing bed.
Evan. How should he know that? [*Aside.*
Fred. I am sure he did not, for I charged him no,
Upon his life I charged him, but to try him.
Could any brave or noble spirit stop here?
Was life to be preferr'd before affection?
Lawful and long'd-for tóo?
Evan. Did you command him?
Fred. I did, in policy, to try his spirit.
Evan. And could he be so dead-cold to observe it?
Brought I no beauty, nor no love along with me?
Fred. Why, that is it that makes me scorn to name him.
I should have lov'd him, if he had ventur'd for't;
Nay, doted on his bravery.
Evan. Only charged?
And with that spell sit down! Dare men fight bravely,
For poor slight things, for drink, or ostentation,
And there endanger both their lives and fortunes,
And for their lawful loves fly off with fear?
Fred. 'Tis true; and with a cunning base fear too to abuse thee,
Made thee believe, poor innocent Evanthe,
Wretched young girl, it was his impotency:
Was it not so? deny it.
Evan. Oh, my anger!
At my years, to be cozen'd with a young man!
Fred. A strong man too; certain he loved you dearly!
Evan. To have my shame and love mingled together,
And both flung on me like a weight to sink me!
I would have died a thousand times!
Fred. So would any,
Any that had the spirit of a man:
I would have been kill'd in your arms.
Evan. I would he had been,
And buried in mine arms! that had been noble:
And what a monument would I have made him!
Upon this breast he should have slept in peace,
Honour and everlasting Love his mourners;
And I still weeping, 'till old Time had turn'd me,
And pitying powers above, into pure crystal.
Fred. Hadst thou loved me, and had my way been stuck
With deaths, as thick as frosty nights with stars,
I would have ventured.
Evan. Sure there is some trick in't:
Valerio ne'er was coward. [*Aside.*
Fred. Worse than this too,
Tamer, and seasoning of a baser nature,
He set your woman on you to betray you,
Your bawdy woman, or your sin-solicitor;
(I pray but think what this man may deserve now)
I know he did, and did it to please me too.
Evan. Good sir, afflict me not too fast! I feel
I am a woman, and a wrong'd one too,
And sensible I am of my abuses.
Sir, you have loved me——
Fred. And I love thee still,
Pity thy wrongs, and dote upon thy person.
Evan. To set my woman on me! 'twas too base,
Fred. Abominable vile. [sir.
Evan. But I shall fit him.
Fred. All reason and all law allows it to you;
And you're a fool, a tame fool, if you spare him.
Evan. You may speak now, and happily prevail
And I beseech your grace be angry with me. [too;
Fred. I am at heart.—She staggers in her faith,
And will fall off, I hope; I'll ply her still. [*Aside*
Thou abused innocence, I suffer with thee!
If I should give him life, he would still betray thee
That fool that fears to die for such a beauty,
Would for the same fear sell thee unto misery.
I do not say he would have been bawd himself too.
Evan. Follow'd thus far? nay, then I smell th
malice; [*Aside*
It tastes too hot of practised wickedness:
There can be no such man, I am sure no gentle-
man.
Shall my anger make me whore, and not my plea-
My sudden unconsiderate rage abuse me? [sure
Come home again, my frighted faith, my virtue,
Home to my heart again!—He be a bawd too?
Fred. I will not say he offer'd, fair Evanthe.
Evan. Nor do not dare! 'Twill be an impudence
And not an honour, for a prince to lie.
Fy, sir, a person of your rank to trifle!
I know you do lie.
Fred. How?
Evan. Lie shamefully;
And I could wish myself a man but one day,
To tell you openly, you lie too basely!
Fred. Take heed, wild fool!
Evan. Take thou heed, thou tame devil!
Thou all Pandora's box, in a king's figure!
Thou hast almost whored my weak belief already,
And like an engineer blown up mine honour:
But I shall countermine, and catch your mischief
This little fort you seek I shall man nobly,
And strongly too, with chaste obedience
To my dear lord, with virtuous thoughts that scorn
you.
Victorious Thamyris never won more honour
In cutting off the royal head of Cyrus,
Than I shall do in conquering thee. Farewell!
And, if thou canst be wise, learn to be good too;
'Twill give thee nobler lights than both thine eye
do.
My poor lord and myself are bound to suffer;
And when I see him faint under your sentence,
I'll tell you more; it may be, then I'll yield too.
Fred. Fool unexampled, shall my anger follo
thee? [*Exeun*

SCENE IV.—*An Apartment in* ALPHONSO'
Monastery.

Enter RUGIO *and* Friar MARCO.

Rug. Curse on our sights! our fond credulities
A thousand curses on the slave that cheated us,
The damned slave!
Marco. We have e'en shamed our service,
Brought our best care and loyalties to nothing:
'Tis the most fearful poison, the most potent——
Heaven give him patience! Oh, it works mo
And tears him——Lord! [strongl
Rug. That we should be so stupid
To trust the arrant'st villain that e'er flatter'd,
The bloodiest too! to believe a few soft words fro
And give way to his prepared tears! [hi
Alph. [*Within.*] Oh, oh, oh!
Rug. Hark, friar Marco;
Hark, the poor prince! That we should be su
blockheads,
As to be taken with his drinking first,
And never think what antidotes are made for!

Two wooden sculls we have, and we deserve to be hang'd for't:
For certainly it will be laid to our charge;
As certain too, it will dispatch him speedily.
Which way to turn or what to——
Marco. Let us pray!
Heaven's hand is strong.
Rug. The poison's strong, you would say.
'Would anything—He comes; let's give him comfort.

ALPHONSO *is brought on a couch by two* Friars.

Alph. Give me more air, air, more air! blow, blow!
Open, thou Eastern gate, and blow upon me!
Distil thy cold dews, oh, thou icy moon,
And rivers run through my afflicted spirit!
I am all fire, fire, fire! The raging Dog-star
Reigns in my blood! Oh, which way shall I turn me?
Ætna, and all his flames, burn in my head.
Fling me into the ocean, or I perish!
Dig, dig, dig, till the springs fly up,
The cold, cold springs, that I may leap into 'em,
And bathe my scorch'd limbs in their purling pleasures!
Or shoot me up into the higher region,
Where treasures of delicious snow are nourish'd,
And banquets of sweet hail!
Rug. Hold him fast, friar;
Oh, how he burns!
Alph. What, will ye sacrifice me?
Upon the altar lay my willing body,
And pile your wood up, fling your holy incense;
And, as I turn me, you shall see all flame,
Consuming flame. Stand off me, or you are ashes!
Rug. and Marco. Most miserable wretches!
Alph. Bring hither Charity,
And let me hug her, friar: They say she's cold,
Infinite cold; devotion cannot warm her.
Draw me a river of false lovers' tears
Clean through my breast; they are dull, cold, and forgetful,
And will give ease. Let virgins sigh upon me
Forsaken souls; their sighs are precious;
Let them all sigh. Oh, hell, hell, hell! oh, horror!
Marco. To bed, good sir.
Alph. My bed will burn about me:
Like Phaeton, in all-consuming flashes
I am enclosed! Let me fly, let me fly, give room!
Betwixt the cold bear, and the raging lion,
Lies my safe way. Oh, for a cake of ice now,
To clap unto my heart to comfort me!
Decrepid Winter, hang upon my shoulders,
And let me wear thy frozen icicles
Like jewels round about my head, to cool me!
My eyes burn out, and sink into their sockets,
And my infected brain like brimstone boils!
I live in hell, and several furies vex me!
Oh, carry me where no sun ever show'd yet
A face of comfort, where the earth is crystal,
Never to be dissolved! where nought inhabits
But night and cold, and nipping frosts, and winds
That cut the stubborn rocks and make them shiver:
Set me there, friends!
Rug. Hold fast: he must to bed, friar.
What scalding sweats he has!
Marco. He'll scald in hell for't,
That was the cause.
Alph. Drink, drink, a world of drink!
Fill all the cups, and all the antique vessels,
And borrow pots; let me have drink enough!
Bring all the worthy drunkards of the time,
The experienced drunkards, let me have them all,
And let them drink their worst, I'll make them idiots:
I'll lie upon my back, and swallow vessels,
Have rivers made of cooling wine run through me.
Not stay for this man's health, or this great prince's,
But take an ocean, and begin to all! Oh, oh!
Marco. He cools a little; now away with him,
And to his warm bed presently.
Alph. No drink?
No wind? no cooling air?
Rug. You shall have anything.—
His hot fit lessens; Heaven put in a hand now,
And save his life!—There's drink, sir, in your chamber.
And all cool things.
Alph. Away, away; lets fly to 'em!
[*Exeunt, carrying him off.*

SCENE V.—*A Room in the Palace.*

Enter VALERIO *and* EVANTHE.

Evan. To say you were impotent! I am ashamed on't!
To make yourself no man? to a fresh maid too,
A longing maid? upon her wedding-night also,
To give her such a dor?
Val. I pr'ythee pardon me!
Evan. Had you been drunk, 't had been excusable;
Or, like a gentleman, under the surgeon's hands
And so not able, there had been some colour;
But wretchedly to take a weakness to you,
A fearful weakness, to abuse your body,
And let a lie work like a spell upon you,
A lie to save your life——
Val. Will you give me leave, sweet?
Evan. You have taken too much leave, and too base leave too,
To wrong your love! Hast thou a noble spirit?
And canst thou look up to the people's loves?
That call thee worthy, and not blush, Valerio?
Canst thou behold me that thou hast betray'd thus,
And no shame touch thee?
Val. Shame attend the sinful!
I know my innocence.
Evan. Ne'er think to face it, that's a double weakness,
And shows thee falser still! The king himself,
Though he be wicked, and our enemy,
But juster than thou art, in pity of my injuries,
Told me the truth.
Val. What did he tell, Evanthe?
Evan. That, but to gain thy life a fortnight longer,
Thy loved poor life, thou gav'st up all my duties.
Val. I swear 'tis false! my life and death are equal;
I have weigh'd 'em both, and find 'em but one fortune.
But kings are men, and live as men, and die too,
Have the affections men have, and their falsehoods;
Indeed, they have more power to make 'em good.
The king's to blame; it was to save thy life, wench,
Thy innocent life, that I forbore thy bed,
For if I had touch'd thee thou hadst died; he swore it.
Evan. And was not I as worthy to die nobly,

To make a story for the time that follows,
As he that married me? What weakness, sir,
Or disability, do you see in me,
Either in mind or body, to defraud me
Of such an opportunity? Do you think I married
Only for pleasure, or content in lust? [you
To lull you in my arms, and kiss you hourly?
Was this my end? I might have been a queen, sir,
If that had caught me, and have known all delicates:
There's few that would have shunn'd so fair an offer.
Oh, thou unfaithful fearful man, thou hast kill'd me!
In saving me this way, thou hast destroy'd me,
Robb'd me of that thy love can never give more!
To be unable, to save *me*? Oh, misery!
Had I been my Valerio, thou Evanthe,
I would have lain with thee under a gallows,
Though the hangman had been my Hymen, and the furies,
With iron whips and forks, ready to torture me;
I would have hugged thee too, though hell had gaped at me.
Save *my* life! that expected to die bravely,
That would have woo'd it too. 'Would I had
An eunuch, that had truly no ability, [married
Than such a fearful liar! Thou hast done me
A scurvy courtesy, that has undone me.

Val. I'll do no more; since you're so nobly fashion'd,
Made up so strongly, I'll take my share with you;
Nay, dear, I'll learn of you.

Evan. He weeps too, tenderly;
My anger's gone. Good my lord, pardon me;
And if I have offended, be more angry:
It was a woman's flash, a sudden valour,
That could not lie conceal'd.

Val. I honour you;
By all the rights of holy marriage,
And pleasures of chaste love, I wonder at you!
You appear the vision of a Heaven unto me,
Stuck all with stars of honour shining clearly,
And all the motions of your mind celestial!
Man is a lump of earth; the best man spiritless,
To such a woman; all our lives and actions
But counterfeits in arras to this virtue.
Chide me again; you have so brave an anger,
And flows so nobly from you, thus deliver'd,
That I could suffer like a child to hear you,
Nay, make myself guilty of some faults to honour you.

Evan. I'll chide no more; you have robb'd me of my courage,
And with a cunning patience check'd my impudence.
Once more, forgiveness! [*She kneels.*

Val. Will this serve, Evanthe? [*Kisses her.*
And this, my love? Heaven's mercy be upon us!
But did he tell no more?

Evan. Only this trifle;
You set my woman on me, to betray me:
'Tis true, she did her best; a bad old woman!
It stirr'd me, sir.

Val. I cannot blame thee, jewel.

Evan. And methought, when your name was sounded that way——

Val. He that will spare no fame, will spare no name, sweet.
Though, as I am a man, I am full of weakness,
And may slip happily into some ignorance,
Yet at my years to be a bawd, and cozen
Mine own hopes with my doctrine——

Evan. I believe not,
Nor never shall.—Our time is out to-morrow.

Val. Let's be to-night then full of fruitfulness;
Now we are both of one mind, let's be happy!
I am no more a wanting man, Evanthe,
Thy warm embraces shall dissolve that impotence,
And my cold lie shall vanish with thy kisses.
You hours of night, be long as when Alcmena
Lay by the lusty side of Jupiter;
Keep back the day, and hide his golden beams
Where the chaste watchful morning may not find
Old doting Tython, hold Aurora fast, ['em:
And though she blush the day-break from her cheeks,
Conceal her still: Thou, heavy wain, stand firm,
And stop the quicker revolutions;
Or, if the day must come to spoil our happiness,
Thou, envious sun, peep not upon our pleasure!
Thou, that all lovers curse, be far off from us!

Evan. Then let's to bed; and this night, in all
And chaste delights—— [joys

Enter Castruccio, *with a guard.*

Cast. Stay! I must part ye both;
It is the king's command, who bids me tell you,
To-morrow is your last hour.

Val. I obey, sir:
In Heaven we shall meet, captain, where king
Dare not appear to part us. [Frederick

Cast. Mistake me not;
Though I am rough in doing of my office,
You shall find, sir, you have a friend to honour

Val. I thank you, sir. [you.

Evan. Pray, captain, tell the king,
They that are sad on earth in Heaven shall sing.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I.—Alphonso's *Apartment in the Monastery.*

Enter Friar Marco *and* Rugio.

Rug. Have you writ to the captain of the castle?

Marco. Yes, and charged him,
Upon his soul's health, that he be not cruel;
Told him Valerio's worth among the people,
And how it must be punish'd in posterity,
Though he 'scape now.

Rug. But will not he, friar Marco,
Betray this to the king?

Marco. Though he be stubborn,
And of a rugged nature, yet he's honest,
And honours much Valerio.

Rug. How does Alphonso?
For now, methinks, my heart is light again,
And pale fear fled.

Marco. He is as well as I am;

The rogue, against his will, has saved his life:
A desperate poison has re-cured the prince.
Rug. To me, 'tis most miraculous.
Marco. To me too,
Till I consider why it should do so;
And now I have found it a most excellent physic:
It wrought upon the dull, cold, misty parts,
That clogg'd his soul, (which was another poison,
A desperate too) and found such matter there,
And such abundance also to resist it,
And wear away the dangerous heat it brought with it,
The pure blood and the spirits 'scaped untainted.
Rug. 'Twas Heaven's high hand, none of Sorano's pity.
Marco. Most certain 'twas; had the malicious villain
Given him a cooling poison, he had paid him.

Enter CASTRUCCIO.

Rug. The captain of the castle!
Marco. Oh, you are welcome.
How does your prisoner?
Cast. He must go for dead;
But when I do a deed of so much villainy,
I'll have my skin pull'd o'er mine ears, my lord!
Though I'm the king's, I am none of his abuses.
How does your royal charge? That I might see once——

Enter ALPHONSO *and* Friars.

Marco. I pray see now; you are a trusty gentleman.
Alph. Good fathers, I thank Heaven, I feel no sickness——
Cast. He speaks again!
Alph. Nothing that bars the free use of my spirit.
Methinks the air is sweet to me, and company
A thing I covet now. Castruccio?
Cast. Sir.—
He speaks and knows! For Heaven's sake, break my pate, lord,
That I may be sure I sleep not!
Alph. Thou wert honest,
Ever among the rank of good men counted.
I have been absent long out of the world,
A dream I have lived. How does it look, Castruccio?
What wonders are abroad?
Cast. I fling off duty
To your dead brother, (for he is dead in goodness)
And to the living hope of brave Alphonso,
The noble heir of Nature, and of Honour,
I fasten my allegiance.
Marco. Softly, captain;
We dare not trust the air with this bless'd secret.—
Good sir, be close again; Heaven has restored you,
And by miraculous means, to your fair health,
And made the instrument your enemies' malice,
Which does prognosticate your noble fortune;
Let not our careless joy lose you again, sir,
Help to deliver you to a further danger.
I pray you pass in, and rest awhile forgotten;
For if your brother come to know you are well again,
And ready to inherit, as your right,
Before we have strength enough to assure your life,
What will become of you? and what shall we
Deserve in all opinions that are honest,
For our loss of judgment, care, and loyalty?
Rug. Dear sir, pass in. Heaven has begun the work,
And bless'd us all; let our endeavours follow,
To preserve this blessing to our timely issues,
And bring it to the noble end we aim at:
Let our cares work now, and our eyes pick out
An hour to shew you safely to your subjects,
A secure hour!
Alph. I am counsell'd: Ye are faithful.
Cast. Which hour shall not be long, as we shall handle it.
Once more, the tender of my duty.
Alph. Thank ye.
Cast. Keep you the monastery.
Rug. Strong enough, I'll warrant you. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*An Apartment in the Palace.*

Enter TONY *and* PODRAMO.

Pod. Who are all these that crowd about the court, Foc.
Those strange new faces?
Tony. They are suitors, coxcomb,
Dainty fine suitors to the widow-lady.
Thou hadst best make one of 'em; thou wilt be hang'd as handsomely
At the month's end, and with as much joy follow'd.
(An't were to-morrow) as many mourning bawds for thee,
And holy nuns, whose vestal fire ne'er vanishes,
In sackcloth smocks, as if thou wert heir apparent
To all the impious suburbs and the sink-holes.
Pod. Out, you base rogue!
Tony. Why dost abuse thyself?
Thou art to blame; I take thee for a gentleman.
But why does not thy lord and master marry her?
Pod. Why, she's his sister.
Tony. 'Tis the better, fool;
He may make bold with his own flesh and blood.
For, o' my conscience, there's none else will trust him;
Then he may pleasure the king at a dead pinch too.
Without a Mephistophilus, such as thou art,
And engross the royal disease like a true subject.
Pod. Thou wilt be whipp'd.
Tony. I am sure thou wilt be hang'd;
I have lost a ducat else, which I would be loth
To venture without certainty. They appear.
[*Suitors pass by.*
Pod. Why, these are rascals.
Tony. They were meant to be so;
Does thy master deserve better kindred?
Pod. There's an old lawyer,
Trimm'd up like a gally-foist; what would he do with her?
Tony. As usurers do with their gold; he would look on her,
And read her over once a day, like a hard report,
Feed his dull eye, and keep his fingers itching:
For anything else she may appeal to a parliament.
Sub pœnas and *posteas* have spoiled his codpiece.
There's a physician too, older than he,
A Gallen Gallinaceus, but he has lost his spurs;
He would be nibbling too.
Pod. I mark'd the man,
If he be a man.
Tony. He has much ado to be so;
Searcloths and sirrups glew him close together,
He would fall a-pieces else: Mending of shepatients,
And then trying whether they be right or no
In his own person, (there's the honest care on't)
Has mollified the man: If he do marry her,
And come but to warm him well at Cupid's bonfire.
He will bulge so subtilly and suddenly,

You may snatch him up by parcels, like a sea-wreck.
Will your worship go, and look upon the rest, sir,
And hear what they can say for themselves?
Pod. I'll follow thee. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*Another in the same.*

Enter CAMILLO, MENALLO, CLEANTHES, *and* CASTRUCCIO.

Cam. You tell us wonders!
Cast. But I tell you truths;
They are both well.
Men. Why are not we in arms then?
And all the island given to know——
Cast. Discreetly
And privately it must be done; 'twill miss else,
And prove our ruins. Most of the noble citizens
Know it by me, and stay the hour to attend it.
Prepare your hearts and friends, let theirs be right
And keep about the king, to avoid suspicion. [too,
When you shall hear the castle bell, take courage,
And stand like men. Away! the king is coming.
[*Exeunt all but* CASTRUCCIO.

Enter FREDERICK *and* SORANO.

Fred. Now, captain! What have you done with your prisoner?
Cast. He is dead, sir, and his body flung i' th'
To feed the fishes; 'twas your will, I take it; [sea,
I did it from a strong commission,
And stood not to capitulate.
Fred. 'Tis well done,
And I shall love you for your faith. What anger
Or sorrow did he utter at his end?
Cast. 'Faith, little, sir, that I gave any ear to:
He would have spoke, but I had no commission
To argue with him, so I flung him off.
His lady would have seen; but I lock'd her up,
For fear her woman's tears should hinder us.
Fred. 'Twas trusty still. I wonder, my Sorano,
We hear not from the monastery: I believe
They gave it not, or else it wrought not fully.
Cast. Did you name the monastery?
Fred. Yes, I did, captain.
Cast. I saw the friar this morning, and Lord Rugio,
Bitterly weeping, and wringing of their hands;
And all the holy men hung down their heads.
Sor. 'Tis done, I'll warrant you.
Cast. I ask'd the reason.
Fred. What answer hadst thou?
Cast. This in few words, sir:
Your brother's dead; this morning he deceased.
I was your servant, and I wept not, sir;
I knew 'twas for your good.
Fred. It shall be for thine too,
Captain; indeed it shall.—Oh, my Sorano,
Now we shall live!
Sor. Ay, now there's none to trouble you.
Fred. Captain, bring out the woman; and give
To any suitor that shall come to marry her, [way
Of what degree soever.
Cast. It shall be done, sir. [*Exit* CASTRUCCIO.
Fred. Oh, let me have a lusty banquet after it;
I will be high and merry!
Sor. There be some lords
That I could counsel you to fling from court, sir;
They pry into our actions. They are such
The foolish people call their country's honours,
(Honest brave things) and style them with such titles,
As if they were the patterns of the kingdom;
Which makes them proud, and prone to look into
And talk at random of our actions. [us,
They should be lovers, sir, of your commands,
And followers of your will, bridles and curbs
To the hard-headed commons that malign us.

Enter CAMILLO, CLEANTHES, *and* MENALLO.

They come here to do honour to my sister,
To laugh at your severity, and fright us:
If they had power, what would these men do!
Do you hear, sir, how privily they whisper?
Fred. I shall silence 'em,
And to their shames, within this week, Sorano;
In the meantime, have patience.
Sor. How they leer,
And look upon me as I were a monster!
And talk and jeer!—How I shall pull your plumes, lords,
How I shall humble you within these two days!
Your great names, nor your country, cannot save ye.
Fred. Let in the suitors.—Yet submit, I'll pardon you.

Enter EVANTHE, Lawyer, Physician, Captain, Cutpurse, *and* TONY.

You are half undone already; do not wind
My anger to that height, it may consume you,
And utterly destroy thee, fair Evanthe!
Yet I have mercy.
Evan. Use it to your bawds;
To me use cruelty, it best becomes you,
And shews more kingly! I contemn your mercy!
It is a cozening and a bawdy mercy.
Can anything be hoped for, to relieve me?
Or is it fit I thank you for a pity,
When you have kill'd my lord?
Fred. Who will have her?
Evan. My tears are gone,
My tears of love unto my dear Valerio,
But I have fill'd mine eyes again with anger;
Oh, were it but so powerful to consume you!
My tongue with curses I have arm'd against you,
(With maiden curses, that heaven crowns with horrors)
My heart set round with hate against thy tyranny.
Oh! 'would my hands could hold the fire of heaven,
Wrapt in the thunder that the gods revenge with,
That like stern justice I might fling it on thee!
Thou art a king of monsters, not of men,
And shortly thou wilt turn this land to devils!
Fred. I'll make you one first, and a wretched
Come, who will have her? [devil.—
Law. I, an't like your majesty. I am a lawyer,
I can make her a jointure of any man's land in Naples,
And she shall keep it too; I have a trick for it.
Tony. Canst thou make her a jointure of thine
Or thy ability, thou lewd abridgment? [honesty,
Those are nonsuited and flung o'er the bar.
Phy. An't please your majesty to give me leave,
I dare accept her; and though old I seem, lady,
Like Æson, by my art I can renew
Youth and ability.
Tony. In a powdering-tub
Stew thyself tender again, like a cock-chicken;
The broth may be good, but the flesh is not fit for dogs, sure.

Capt. Lady, take me, and I'll maintain thine honour:
I am a poor captain, as poor people call me,
Very poor people; for my soldiers, they
Are quarter'd in the outsides of the city,
Men of ability to make good a highway;
We have but two grand enemies that oppose us,
The don Gout, and the gallows.
Tony. I believe you;
And both these you will bind her for a jointure.—
Now, Signor Firk!
Cutpurse. Madam, take me, and be wise:
I am rich and nimble, and those are rare in one man;
Every man's pocket is my treasury,
And no man wears a suit but fits me neatly.
Clothes you shall have, and wear the purest linen:
I have a tribute out of every shop, lady.
Meat you shall eat, (I have my caters out too,
The best and lustiest,) and drink good wine, good lady,
Good quickening wine, wine that will make you caper.
And at the worst——
Tony. It is but capering short, sir.
You seldom stay for agues or for surfeits;
A shaking fit of a whip sometimes o'ertakes ye.
Marry, you die most commonly of choakings;
Obstructions of the halter are your ends ever:
Pray leave your horn and your knife for her to live on.
Evan. Poor wretched people, why do you wrong yourselves?
Though I fear'd death, I should fear you ten times more;
You are every one a new death, and an odious!
The earth will purify corrupted bodies;
You'll make us worse, and stink eternally.
Go home, go home, and get good nurses for you;
Dream not of wives.
Fred. You shall have one of 'em,
If they dare venture for you.
Evan. They are dead already,
Crawling diseases that must creep into
The next grave they find open: Are these fit husbands
For her you have loved, sir? Though you hate me now,
And hate me mortally, as I hate you,
Your nobleness, (in that you have done otherwise,
And named Evanthe once as your poor mistress,)
Might offer worthier choice.
Fred. Speak, who dare take her
For one month, and then die?
Phy. Die, sir?
Fred. Ay, die, sir!
That's the condition.
Phy. One month is too little
For me to repent in for my former pleasure,
[And] to go still on, unless I were sure she would kill me,
And kill me delicately before my day.
Make it up a year; for by that time I must die,
My body will hold out no longer.
Fred. No, sir;
It must be but a month.
Law. Then farewell, madam!
This is like to be a great year of dissention
Among good people, and I dare not lose it;
There will be money got.
Capt. Bless your good ladyship!
There's nothing in the grave but bones and ashes;
In taverns there's good wine, and excellent wenches,
And surgeons while we live.
Cutpurse. Adieu, sweet lady!
Lay me, when I am dead, near a rich alderman,
I cannot pick his purse: No, I'll no dying;
Though I steal linen, I'll not steal my shrowd yet.
All. Send you a happy match! [*Exeunt.*
Tony. And you all halters!
You have deserved 'em richly. These do all villanies,
And mischiefs of all sorts, yet those they fear not:
To flinch where a fair wench is at the stake!
Evan. Come, your sentence! let me die! You see, sir,
None of your valiant men dare venture on me;
A Month's a dangerous thing.—Will you then be willing
To die at the time prefix'd? That I must know too.
And know it beyond doubt.
Fred. What if I did, wench?
Evan. On that condition, if I had it certain,
I would be your any thing, and you should enjoy me.
However in my nature I abhor you,
Yet, as I live, I would be obedient to you;
But when your time came, how I should rejoice!
How then I should bestir myself to thank you!
To see your throat cut, how my heart would leap, sir!
I would die with you; but first I would so torture you,
And cow you in your end, so despise you,
For a weak and wretched coward, you must endure!
Still make you fear, and shake, despised, still laugh at you——
Fred. Away with her! let her die instantly!

Enter VALERIO, *disguised.*

Cam. Stay; there's another, and a gentleman;
His habit shews no less. May be his business
Is for this lady's love.
Fred. Say why you come, sir,
And what you are.
Val. I am descended nobly,
A prince by birth, and by my trade a soldier,
A prince's fellow; Abydos brought me forth;
My parents, Duke Agenor and fair Egla;
My business hither, to renew my love
With a young noble spirit, call'd Valerio:
Our first acquaintance was at sea, in fight
Against a Turkish man of war, a stout one,
Where lion-like I saw him shew his valour,
And, as he had been made of complete virtue,
Spirit, and fire, no dregs of dull earth in him——
Evan. Thou art a brave gentleman, and bravely speak'st him!
Val. The vessel dancing under him for joy,
And the rough whistling winds becalm'd to view him,
I saw the child of honour, for he was young,
Deal such an alms amongst the spiteful pagans,
(His towering sword flew like an eager falcon)
And round about his reach invade the Turks;
He had intrench'd himself in his dead quarries;
The silver crescents on the tops they carried
Shrunk in their heads to see his rage so bloody,
And from his fury suffer'd sad eclipses;
The game of death was never play'd more nobly;
The meagre thief grew wanton in his mischiefs,
And his shrunk hollow eyes smiled on his ruins.
Evan. Heaven keep this gentleman from being a suitor,
For I shall ne'er deny him, he's so noble!

Val. But what can last long? Strength and spirit wasted,
And fresh supplies flew on upon this gentleman:
Breathless and weary with oppression,
And almost kill'd with killing, 'twas my chance
(In a tall ship I had) to view the fight;
I set into him, entertain'd the Turk,
And for an hour gave him so hot a breakfast,
He clapp'd all linen up he had to save him,
And like a lover's thought he fled our fury:
There first I saw the man I loved, Valerio;
There was acquainted, there my soul grew to him,
And his to me; we were the twins of friendship.
Evan. Fortune protect this man, or I shall ruin him!
Val. I made this voyage to behold my friend,
To warm my love anew at his affection;
But since I landed, I have heard his fate:
My father's had not been to me more cruel.
I have lamented too, and yet I keep
The treasure of a few tears, for you, lady;
For, by description, you were his Evanthe.
Evan. Can he weep that's a stranger to my story,
And I stand still and look on? Sir, I thank you!
If noble spirits after their departure
Can know, and wish, certain his soul gives thanks too.
There are your tears again; and when yours fail, sir,
Pray you call to me, I have some store to lend you.
Your name?
Val. Urbino.
Evan. That I may remember,
That little time I have to live, your friendships,
My tongue shall study both.
Fred. Do you come hither
Only to tell this story, prince Urbino?
Val. My business now is, sir, to woo this lady.
Evan. Blessing defend you! do you know the danger?
Val. Yes, and I fear it not; danger's my playfellow;
Since I was man, 't has been my best companion.—
I know your doom; 'tis for a month you give her,
And then his life you take that marries her.
Fred. 'Tis true; nor can your being born a prince,
If you accept the offer, free you from it.
Val. I not desire it; I have cast the worst,
And even that worst to me is many blessings.
I loved my friend, not measured out by time,
Nor hired by circumstance of place and honour;
But for his wealthy self and worth I loved him,
His mind and noble mold he ever moved in;
And woo his friend, because she was worthy of him,
The only relic that he left behind, sir,
To give his ashes honour.—Lady, take me,
And in me keep Valerio's love alive still.
When I am gone, take those that shall succeed me:
Heaven must want light, before you want a husband,
To raise up heirs of love and noble memory,
To your unfortunate——
Evan. Am I still hated?
Hast thou no end, oh, fate of my affliction?
Was I ordain'd to be a common murdress?
And of the best men too? Good sir——
Val. Peace, sweet!
Look on my hand. [*Apart.*
Evan. I do accept the gentleman.—
I faint with joy! [*Aside.*
Fred. I stop it! None shall have her!
Convey this stranger hence.
Val. I am no stranger! [*Throws off his disguise.*]
Hark to the bell that rings!
Hark, hark, proud Frederick, that was king of mischief!
Hark, thou abhorr'd man! dost thou hear thy sentence?
Does not this bell ring in thine ears thy ruin?
Fred. What bell is this?
Cam. The castle-bell. Stand sure, sir,
And move not; if you do, you perish.
Men. It rings your knell!—Alphonso! king Alphonso!
All. Alphonso! king Alphonso!
Fred. I am betray'd!—
Lock fast the palace.
Cam. We have all the keys, sir,
And no door here shall shut without our licence.
Cle. Do you shake now, lord Sorano? no new trick?
Nor speedy poison to prevent this business?
No bawdy meditation now to fly to?
Fred. Treason, treason, treason!
Cam. Yes, we hear you,
And we have found the traitor in your shape, sir;
We'll keep him fast too. [*They seize him.*

Enter ALPHONSO, RUGIO, MARCO, CASTRUCCIO, *and* MARIA, *with* Guards.

Fred. Recovered! Then I am gone;
The sun of all my pomp is set and vanish'd.
Alph. Have you not forgot this face of mine, king Frederick?
Brother, I am come to see you and have brought
A banquet, to be merry with your grace: [*Showing the phial.*
I pray sit down, I do beseech your majesty,
And eat, eat freely, sir. Why do you start?
Have you no stomach to the meat I bring you?
Dare you not taste? have ye no antidotes?
You need not fear; Sorano's a good apothecary.
Methinks you look not well; some fresh wine for him,
Some of the same he sent me by Sorano;
I thank you for't, it saved my life, I am bound to you;
But how 'twill work on you——I hope your lordship
Will pledge him too: methinks you look but scurvily,
And would be put into a better colour;
But I have a candied toad for your good lordship.
Sor. 'Would I had anything that would dispatch me,
So it were down, and I out of this fear once!
Fred. Sir, thus low, as my duty now compels me, [*He and* MARIA *kneel.*
I do confess my unbounded sins, my errors,
And feel within my soul the smarts already.
Hide not the noble nature of a brother,
The pity of a friend, from my afflictions;
Let me a while lament my misery,
And cast the load off of my wantonness,
Before I find your fury; then strike home;
(I do deserve the deepest blow of Justice)
And then how willingly, oh death, I'll meet thee!
Alph. Rise, madam; those sweet tears are potent speakers:—
And, brother, live; but in the monastery
Where I lived, with the self-same silence too:
I'll teach you to be good against your will, brother!
Your tongue has done much harm; that must be dumb now:
The daily pilgrimage to my father's tomb

(Tears, sighs, and groans, you shall wear out your days with,
And true ones too) you shall perform, dear brother;
Your diet shall be slender to enforce these;
Too light a penance, sir!
Fred. I do confess it.
Alph. Sorano, you shall—
Sor. How he studies for it! [*Aside.*
Hanging's the least part of my penance, certain.
[EVANTHE *kneels.*
Alph. What lady's that that kneels?
Cast. The chaste Evanthe.
Alph. Sweet, your petition?
Evan. 'Tis for this bad man, sir,
Abominable bad, but yet my brother.
Alph. The bad man shall attend as bad a master,
And both shall be confined within the monastery:
His rank flesh shall be pull'd with daily fasting;
But once a-week he shall smell meat, he'll surfeit else;
And his immodest mind compell'd to prayer;
On the bare boards he shall lie, to remember
The wantonness he did commit in beds;
And drink fair water; that will ne'er enflame him:
He saved my life, though he purposed to destroy me,
For which I'll save his, though I make it miserable.—
Madam, at court I shall desire your company:
You are wise and virtuous; when you please to visit
My brother Frederick, you shall have our licence.—
My dear best friend Valerio!
Val. Save Alphonso!
All. Long live Alphonso, king of us, and Naples!
Alph. Is this the lady that the wonder goes on?
Honour'd sweet maid! Here, take her, my Valerio;
The king now gives her, she is thine own without fear.—
Brother, have you so much provision that is good,
Not season'd by Sorano and his cooks,
That we may venture on with honest safety,
We and our friends?
Fred. All that I have is yours, sir.
Alph. Come then; let's in, and end this nuptials:
Then to our coronation with all speed!—
My virtuous maid, this day I'll be your bride-man.
And see you bedded to your own desires too.—
Beshrew me, lords, who is not merry hates me!
Only Sorano shall not bear my cup.
Come, now forget old pains and injuries,
As I must do, and drown all in fair healths:
That kingdom's blessed, where the king begins
His true love first, for there all loves are twins.
[*Exeunt.*

EPILOGUE.

WE have your favours, gentlemen, and you
Have our endeavours (dear friends, grudge not now.)
There's none of you, but when you please can sell
Many a lame horse, and many a fair tale tell;
Can put off many a maid unto a friend,
That was not so since th' action at Mile-end:
Ours is a virgin yet, and they that love
Untainted flesh, we hope our friends will prove.

THE PILGRIM.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

GOVERNOR *of Segovia.*
VERDUGO, *a Captain under him.*
ALPHONSO, *an old angry Gentleman.*
CURIO, SEBERTO, } *Two Gentlemen, Friends to* ALPHONSO.
PEDRO, *the* PILGRIM, *a noble Gentleman, Servant to* ALINDA.
An Old Pilgrim.
RODERIGO, *Rival to* PEDRO, *Captain of the Outlaws.*
LOPEZ, JAQUES, } *Two Outlaws under* RODERIGO.
Four other Outlaws.
A Gentleman *of the Country.*

Master *and* Keepers *of the Mad Folks.*
A Scholar, *A* Parson, *An* Englishman, JENKIN, *a Welshman,* } *Madmen.*
Courtiers, Porter, *Three* Gentlemen, *and Four* Peasants.

ALINDA, *Daughter to* ALPHONSO.
JULETTA, ALINDA'S *Maid, a Witty Lass.*
Fool.
Ladies.

SCENE,—SEGOVIA, ALPHONSO'S NEIGHBOURING CASTLE, AND THE CIRCUMJACENT COUNTRY.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*The Country. A Room in the Castle of* ALPHONSO.

Enter ALPHONSO, CURIO, *and* SEBERTO.

Curio. Signior Alphonso, you are too rugged to
Believe, too full of harshness. [her,
Alph. Yes, it seems so!
Seb. A father of so sweet a child, so happy,
(Fy, sir!) so excellent in all endowments,
In blessedness of beauty, such a mirror!
Alph. She is a fool; away!
Seb. Can you be angry?
Can any wind blow rough upon a blossom
So fair and tender? Can a father's nature,
A noble father too——
Alph. All this is but prating:
Let her be ruled; let her observe my humour;
With my eyes let her see; with my ears listen:
I am her father; I begot her, bred her,
And I will make her——
Curio. No doubt, you may compel her;
But what a mischievous unhappy fortune
May wait upon this will of yours, as commonly
Such forcings ever end in hates and ruins!
Alph. Is't not a man I wish her to? a strong man?
What can she have? what could she have? a gentleman?
A young man? and an able man? a rich man?
A handsome man? a valiant man? do you mark me?
None of your pieced companions, your pined gallants,
That fly to fitters, with every flaw of weather;
None of your imped bravadoes: What can she
Is't not a mettled man, fit for a woman? [ask more?
A strong-chin'd man? I'll not be fool'd, nor flurted!
Seb. I grant you, Roderigo is all these,
And a brave gentleman: Must it therefore follow
Upon necessity she must dote upon him?
Will you allow no liberty in choosing?
Curio. Alas! she's tender yet.
Alph. Enough, enough, enough, sir;
She's malleable, she'll endure the hammer:
And why not that strong workman that strikes deepest?
Let me know that: She's fifteen, with the vantage,
And if she be not ready now for manage——
Seb. You know he is a banish'd man, an outlaw,
And how he lives; his nature rough and bloody
By customary rapines: Now, her sweet humour,
That is as easy as a calm, and peaceful;
All her affections, like the dews on roses;
Fair as the flowers themselves, as sweet and gentle;
How would you have these meet?
Alph. A-bed, a-bed, sir:
Let her be the fairest rose, and the sweetest,
Yet I know this fair rose must have her prickles.
I grant you, Roderigo is an outlaw;
An easy composition calls him in again.
He is a valiant man, and he's a rich man,
And loves the fool; a little rough by custom;
She'll like him ten times better. She'll dote upon him;
If e'er they come to grappling, run mad for him:
But there's another in the wind, some castrel,
That hovers over her, and dares her daily;
Some flick'ring slave!
Curio. I dare not think so poorly.
Alph. Something there is, and must be; but I shall scent it,
And hunt it narrowly.
Seb. I never saw her yet

Make offer at the least glance of affection,
But still so modest, wise——
Alph. They are wise to gull us.
There was a fellow, old Ferando's son,
(I must confess handsome, but my enemy,
And the whole family I hate,) young Pedro;
That fellow I have seen her gaze upon,
And turn, and gaze again, and make such offers
As if she would shoot her eyes like meteors at him:
But that cause stands removed.
Curio. You need not doubt him,
For long since (as 'twas thought, on a grieved conscience)
He left his father and his friends; more pity!
For truth reports he was a noble gentleman.
Alph. Let him be what he will, he was a beggar!
And there I'll leave him.
Seb. The more the court must answer.
But certainly I think, though she might favour him,
And love his goodness, (as he was an honest man,)
She never with loose eyes stuck on his person.
Alph. She is so full of conscience too, and charity,
And outward holiness, she will undo me;
Relieves more beggars than an hospital;
And all poor rogues, that can but say their prayers,
And turn their pipes to lamentations,
She thinks she's bound to dance to.

Enter ALINDA *and* JULETTA.

Good morrow to you!
And that's as you deserve too. You know my mind,
And study to observe it; do it chearfully,
And readily, and home!
Alin. I shall obey you;
But, noble sir,——
Alph. Come, come, away with your flatteries,
And your fine phrases——
Curio. Pray you be gentle to her.
Alph. I know 'em, and know your feats! If you will find me
Noble and loving, seek me in your duty;
You know I am too indulgent——
Seb. Alas, poor lady!
Alph. To your devotions; I take no good thing from you—
Come, gentlemen, leave pitying and moaning of her,
And praising of her virtues, and her whim-whams:
It makes her proud and sturdy. [*Exit.*
Seb. Curio. Good hours wait on you. [*Exeunt.*
Alin. I thank ye, gentlemen: I want such comforts.
I would thank you too, father, but your cruelty
Hath almost made me senseless of my duty;
Yet still I must know—'would I had known nothing!
What poor attend my charity to-day, wench?
Jul. Of all sorts, madam; your open-handed bounty
Makes 'em flock every hour: Some worth your pity,
But others that have made a trade of begging.
Alin. Wench, if they ask it truly, I must give it:
It takes away the holy use of charity
To examine wants.
Jul. I would you would be merry!
A chearful-giving hand, as I think, madam,
Requires a heart as chearful.
Alin. Alas, Juletta,
What is there to be merry at? what joy now,
Unless we fool our own afflictions,
And make them shew ridiculous?
Jul. Sure, madam,
You could not seem thus serious, if you were
Thus sad and full of thoughts. [married.
Alin. Married? to whom, wench?
Thou think'st if there be a young handsome fellow,
As those are plentiful, our cares are quench'd there.
Jul. Madam, I think a lusty handsome fellow,
If he be kind and loving, and a right one,
Is even as good a pill to purge this melancholy,
As ever Galen gave; I am sure more natural,
And merrier for the heart, than wine and saffron.
Madam, a wanton youth is such a cataplasm!
Alin. Who has been thy tutor, wench?
Jul. Even my own thoughts, lady;
For though I be barr'd the liberty of talking,
Yet I can think unhappily, and as near the mark
'Faith, marry, and be merry. [marry.
Alin. Who will have me?
Who will be troubled with a tettish girl?
(It may be proud, and to that vice expenceful.
Who can assure himself I shall live honest?
Jul. Let every man take his fortune.
Alin. And, o' my conscience,
If once I grow to breeding, a whole kingdom
Will not contain my stock.
Jul. The more the merrier:
'Tis brave to be a mother of new nations.
Alin. Why, I should bury a hundred husbands
Jul. 'Tis no matter,
As long as you leave sufficient men to stock you
Alin. Is this thy mirth? are these the joys of marriage?
Away, light-headed fool! are these contentments
If I could find a man——
Jul. You may, a thousand.
Alin. Mere men I know I may: And there is
Has liberty (at least she'll venture for it) [women
To be a monster, and become the time too;
But to enjoy a man, from whose example,
As from a compass, we may steer our fortunes,
Our actions, and our age, and safe arrive at
A memory that shall become our ashes,
Such things are few, and far to seek; to find one
That can but rightly manage the wild beast Woman,
And sweetly govern with her—But no more of this, wench;
'Tis not for thy discourse: Let's in, and see
What poor afflicted wait our charity. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*Before the Castle-gate.*

Enter a Porter, *four* Beggars, PEDRO, *and* Old Pilgrim.

Por. Stand off, and keep your ranks! Twenty foot further;
There louse yourselves with reason and discretion.
The sun shines warm; the further still the better
Your beasts will bolt anon, and then 'tis dangerous.
1 *Beg.* Heaven bless our mistress!
Por. Does the crack go that way?
'Twill be o' the other side anon.
2 *Beg.* Pray you, friend——
Por. Your friend? and why your friend? Why, goodman Turncoat,
What dost thou see within me, or without me,

Or what itch dost thou know upon me, tell me,
That I should be thy friend? What do I look like?
Any of thy acquaintance hung in gibbets?
Hast thou any friends, kindred, or alliance,
Or any higher ambition than an alms-basket?
2 *Beg.* I would be your worship's friend.
Por. So you shall, sirrah,
When I quarter the same louse with you.
3 *Beg.* 'Tis twelve o'clock.
Por. 'Tis ever so with thee, when thou hast done scratching,
For that provokes thy stomach to ring noon.
Oh, the infinite seas of porridge thou hast swallow'd!
And yet thou look'st as if they had been but glisters:
Thou feed'st abundance, thou hadst need of sustenance.
Alms do you call it to relieve these rascals?
Nothing but a general rot of sheep can satisfy 'em!

Enter ALPHONSO, CURIO, *and* SEBERTO.

Alph. Did not I tell you, how she would undo me?
What marts of rogues and beggars!
Seb. It is charity,
Methinks, you are bound to love her for.
Alph. Yes, I warrant you!
If men could sail to Heaven in porridge-pots,
With masts of beef and mutton, what a voyage should I make!—
What are all these?
1 *Beg.* Poor people, an't like your worship!
2 *Beg.* Wretched poor people!
3 *Beg.* Very hungry people!
Alph. And very lousy.
4 *Beg.* Yes, forsooth, so, so.
Por. I'll undertake five hundred head about 'em,
And that's no needy grasier.
Alph. What are you?
Old Pil. Strangers that are come to wonder at your charity,
Yet people poor enough to beg a blessing.
Curio. Use them with favour, sir; their shows are reverend.
It seems ye are holy pilgrims?
Old Pil. You guess right, sir;
And bound far off, to offer our devotions.
Alph. What make ye this way? We keep no relics here,
Nor holy shrines.
Old Pil. The holiest we e'er heard of;
You keep a living monument of goodness,
A daughter of that pious excellence,
The very shrines of saints sink at her virtues,
And sweat they cannot hold pace with her pieties.
We come to see this lady; not with prophane eyes,
Nor wanton bloods, to dote upon her beauties,
But, through our tedious ways, to beg her blessings.
Alph. This is a new way of begging, and a neat one,
And this cries money for reward; good store too:
These commendations beg not with bag and bottle.
Well, well, the sainting of this woman, gentlemen,
I know what it must come to; these women-saints
Are plaguy heavy saints, they out-weigh a he-saint
Three thousand thick; I know, I feel.
Seb. You are more afraid than hurt, sir.
Alph. Have you your commendations ready too? [*To* PEDRO.
He bows and nods.

Curio. A handsome well-built person.
Alph. What country-craver are you?—Nothing but motion?
A puppet-pilgrim?
Old Pil. He's a stranger, sir;
This four days I have travell'd in his company,
But little of his business, or his language,
As yet I have understood.
Seb. Both young and handsome;
Only the sun has been too saucy with him.
Alph. Would you have money, sir, or meat? what kind of blessing
Does your devotion look for?—Still more ducking!
Be there any saints that understand by signs only?
More motion yet?—This is the prettiest Pilgrim,
The pink of Pilgrims! I'll be for you, sir:
Do you discourse with signs? You're heartily welcome. [*Offers him a piece of gold.*
A poor *viaticum!*—Very good gold, sir;
But holy men affect a better treasure:
I kept it for your goodness; but, ne'ertheless,
Since it can prove but burthensome to your holiness,
And you affect light prayer, fit for carriage,
I'll put this up again.
Curio. You are too unreverent.
Alph. You talk too broad. Must I give way, and wealth too,
To every toy that carries a grave seeming?
Must my good angels wait on him?—If the proud hilding
Would yield but to my will, and know her duty,
I know what I would suffer.
Seb. Good sir, be patient!
The wrongs you do these men may light on you.
Too heavy too; and then you'll wish you had said less:
A comely and sweet usage becomes strangers.
Alph. We shall have half the kingdom strangers shortly,
An this fond prodigality be suffer'd;
But I must be an ass! See 'em relieved, sirrah.
If I were young again, I would sooner get bear-whelps,
And safer too, than any of these she-saints!
But I will break her.
Curio. Such a face, for certain!
Seb. Methinks I have seen it too; but we are cozen'd.
But fair befal thee, Pilgrim! thou look'st lovely.
[*Exeunt* ALPHONSO, CURIO, *and* SEBERTO.
Por. Will ye troop up, ye porridge regiment?
Captain Poor's-quarter, will you move?

Enter ALINDA *and* JULETTA.

Alin. You dull knave,
Are not these wretches served yet?
Beggars. 'Bless my mistress!
Alin. Do you make sport, sir, with their miseries?
You drowsy rogue!
Por. They are too high fed, madam;
Their stomachs are asleep yet.
Alin. Serve 'em plentifully,
Or I'll serve you out next; even out o' doors,
And serve 'em quickly too. [sirrah!
Beggars. Heaven bless the lady!
Alin. Bless the good end I mean it for.
Jul. I would I knew it!
If it be for any man's sake, I'll cry "amen" too.
Well, madam, you have e'en as pretty a port of pensioners——

Alin. Vain glory would seek more, and handsomer;
But I appeal to Virtue what my end is—
[*Exeunt* Beggars.
What men are these?
Jul. It seems they are holy Pilgrims.
That handsome youth should suffer such a penance!
Would I were e'en the saint they make their vows to!
How easily I would grant!
Old Pil. Heaven's grace in-wheel you,
And all good thoughts and prayers dwell about you!
Abundance be your friend! and holy Charity
Be ever at your hand, to crown you glorious!
Alin. I thank you, sir. Peace guide your travels too,
And what you wish for most, end all your troubles!
Remember me by this; and in your prayers,
When your strong heart melts, mediate my poor fortunes. [*Gives money.*
Old Pil. All my devotions wait upon your service!
Alin. Are you of this country, sir?
Old Pil. Yes, worthiest lady,
But far off bred; my fortunes farther from me.
Alin. Gentle, I dare believe?
Old Pil. I have lived freer.
Alin. I am no inquisitor; that were too curious.
Whatever vow or penance pulls you on, sir,
Conscience, or love, or stubborn disobedience,
The saint you kneel to, hear, and ease your travels!
Old Pil. Yours ne'er begin! and thus I seal my prayers. [*Exit.*
Alin. How constantly this man looks! how he sighs!
Some great affliction hatches his devotions.—
Right holy sir—How young, and sweet he suffers!
Jul. 'Would I might suffer with him!
Alin. He turns from us.
Alas, he weeps too! Something presses him
He would reveal, but dare not. Sir, be comforted;
You come for that, and take it. If it be want, sir,
To me you appear so worthy of relieving,
I am your steward: Speak, and take.—He's dumb still!
Now, as I have a faith, this man so stirs me,
His modesty makes me afraid I have trespass'd.
Jul. 'Would he would stir me too! I like his shape well.
Alin. May-be he would speak alone: Go off, Juletta.
Afflicted hearts fear their own motions,
Be not far off.
Jul. 'Would I were nearer to him!
A young smug handsome holiness has no fellow.
[*Exit.*
Alin. Why do you grieve? Do you find your penance sharp?
Or are the vows you have made too mighty for you?
Does not the world allure you to look back,
And sorrow for the sweet time you have lost?
You are young and fair: Be not deluded, sir;
A manly made-up heart contemns these shadows,
And yours appears no less: Griefs for your fears,
For hours ill-spent, for wrongs done rash and rudely,
For foul contempts, for faiths ill violated,
Become tears well;—I dare not task your goodness—
And then a sorrow shews in his true glory,
When the whole heart is excellently sorry.
I pray you be comforted.
Pedro. I am, dear lady;
And such a comfort you have cast upon me,
That, though I struggle with mine own calamities,
Too mighty and too many for my manage,
And though, like angry waves, they curl'd upon me,
Contending proudly who should first devour me,
Yet I would stem their danger.
Alin. He speaks nobly! [*Aside.*
What do you want?
Pedro. All that can make me happy;
I want myself!
Alin. Yourself? Who robb'd you, Pilgrim?—
Why does he look so constantly upon me? [*Aside.*
"I want myself."—Indeed, you holy wanderers
Are said to seek much; but to seek yourselves—
Pedro. "I seek myself, and am but myself's shadow;"
Have lost myself, and now am not so noble.
Alin. "I seek myself." Something I yet remember
That bears that motto. 'Tis not he; he is younger,
And far more tender.—For that self sake, Pilgrim,
Be who it will, take this! [*Offers him money.*
Pedro. Your hand I dare take;
(That be far from me, lady!) thus I kiss it,
And thus I bless it too. "Be constant, fair, still:
Be good," and live to be a great example! [*Exit.*
Alin. One word more, Pilgrim!—He has amazed me strangely!
"Be constant, fair, still?" 'Tis the posy here;
And here without, "Be good." He wept to see me—
Juletta! [

Enter Juletta.

Jul. Madam.
Alin. Take this key, and fetch me
The marygold-jewel that lies in my little cabinet:
I think 'tis that.—What eyes had I to miss him!
[*Exit* Juletta.
Oh me, what thoughts! He had no beard then, and,
As I remember well, he was more ruddy,
If this be he, he has a manly face yet,
A goodly shape.

Enter Juletta, *with the jewel.*

Jul. Here, madam.
Alin. Let me see it!—
'Tis so too true. It must be he, or nothing:
He spake the words just as they stand engraved here;
"I seek myself, and am but myself's shadow."
Alas, poor man! Didst thou not meet him, Juletta:
The Pilgrim, wench?
Jul. He went by long ago, madam.
Alin. I forgot to give him something.
Jul. 'Twas ill done, lady;
For, o'my troth, he is the handsomest man
I saw this many a day: Would he had all my wealth,
And me to boot!—What ails she, to grow sullen?
Alin. Come, I forgot; but I will recompense it.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*A Room in the Castle.*

Enter ALPHONSO, CURIO, SEBASTO, JULETTA, Porter, *and* Servants.

Alph. Can she slip through a cat-hole? tell me
Resolve me, [that!
Can she fly i' th' air? is she a thing invisible?
Gone, and none know it?
Seb. You amaze your servants.
Alph. Some pelting rogue has watch'd her hour of itching,
And claw'd her, claw'd her; do ye mark me?
Some that I foster up. [claw'd her!
Curio. They are all here, sir.
Alph. Let 'em be where they will, they are arrant rascals,
And, by this hand, I'll hang 'em all!
Seb. Deal calmly:
You will not give 'em time to answer you.
Alph. I'll choke 'em, famish 'em! What say you, wagtail?
You knew her mind, you were of council with her;
Tell me, and tell me true.
Curio. Ask with discretion.
Alph. Discretion? hang discretion! hang ye all!
Let me know where she is.
Jul. Would you know o' me, sir?
Alph. O' thee, sir! ay, o' thee, sir! What art thou, sir?
Jul. Her woman, sir, an't like your worship, sir.
Alph. Her bawd, her fiddle-stick,
Her lady-fairy, to oil the doors o' nights,
That they may open with discretion,
Her gin, her nut-crack!
Jul. 'Tis very well, sir.
Alph. Thou liest! 'tis damnable ill, 'tis most [abominable!
Will you confess, thing?
Jul. Say I were guilty, sir,
I would be hang'd before I would confess:
Is this a world to confess in?
Curio. Deal directly.
Jul. Yes, if my matter lie direct before me;
But when I am forced and ferreted——
Alph. Tell me the truth,
And, as I live, I'll give thee a new petticoat.
Jul. An you would give me ten, I would not tell you;
Truths bear a greater price than you're aware of.
Seb. Deal modestly.
Jul. I do not pluck my clothes up.
Alph. What say you, sirrah? you? or you? are ye dumb all?
Por. I saw her last night, an't shall like your [worship,
When I served in her livery.
Alph. What's that, sirrah?
Por. Her chamber-pot, an't please you.
Seb. A new livery.
Alph. Where lay she? who lay with her?
Por. In truth, not I, sir:
I lay with my fellow Frederick, in the flea-chamber;
An't like your worship, we are almost worried.
Jul. I left her by herself, in her own closet,
And there I thought she had slept.
Alph. Why lay you from her?
Jul. It was her will I should; she is my mistress,
And my part is obedience.
Alph. Were all the doors lock'd?
Por. All mine.
Serv. And mine: She could not get out those ways
Unless she leap'd the walls; and those are higher
Than any woman's courage dare aspire at.
Alph. Come, you must know!
Curio. Conceal it not, but deal plain.
Jul. If I did know, and her trust lay upon me,
Not all your angers, nor your flatteries,
Should make me speak; but having no more interest
Than I may well deliver to the air,
I'll tell you what I know, and tell it liberally.
I think she is gone, because we cannot find her;
I think she is weary of your tyranny,
And therefore gone; may-be, she is in love;
May-be, in love where you shew no great liking,
And therefore gone; may-be, some point of [conscience,
Or vow'd devotion——
Alph. These are nothing, minion!
You that can aim at these, must know the truth too.
Jul. Any more truth than this, if I know, hang [me,
Or where to search for it! If I make a lie
To gain your love, and envy my best mistress,
Pin me against a wall, with my heels upwards.
Alph. Out of my doors!
Jul. That's all my poor petition;
For if your house were gold, and she not in it,
Sir, I should count it but a cage to whistle in.
Alph. Whore! If she be above ground, I will have her.
Jul. I would live in a coal-pit, then, were I your [daughter.
Seb. Certain she does not know, sir.
Alph. Hang her, hang her,
She knows too much! Search all the house, all
And where 'tis possible she may go out! [corners,
[*Exeunt* Servants.
If I do find your tricks——
Jul. Reward me for 'em.
Or, if I had such tricks you could discover,
So weak and slightly woven, you might look through,
All the young girls should hoot me out o' th' parish.
You are my master, but you own an anger
Becomes a school-boy, that hath lost his apples!
Will you force things into our knowledges?
Alph. Come hither, Juletta; thou didst love me.
Jul. And do still;
You are my lady's father, and I reverence you.
Alph. Thou wouldst have pleased my humour.
Jul. Any good way,
That carried not suspicion in't, or flattery,
Or fail of trust.
Alph. Come, come, thou wouldst have——
Jul. Stay, sir!
Alph. And thou hast felt my bounty for't, and
Dost thou want clothes, or money? [shalt do.
Jul. Both.
Alph. 'Shalt have both.
Jul. But not this way; I had rather be an [Adamite,
And bring fig-leaves into fashion again.
If you were young, sir,
Handsome, and fitted to a woman's appetite,
And I a giddy-headed girl, that cared for nothing,
Much might be done; then you might fumble with me,
And think to grope out matters of some moment,
Which now you will put too short for:
For what you have seen hitherto,
And known by me, has been but honest service,

Which I dare pin i' th' market-place to answer;
And let the world, the flesh, and devil examine it,
And come you in too, I dare stand your strictest.
And so, much good may do you with your dreams
Of courtesy!
Alph. This is most monstrous!

Enter Porter *drunk, and* Servants.

Seb. Sure she does not know, sir;
She durst not be so confident, and guilty.
Alph. How now? what news? what hopes and steps discover'd?
Speak anything that's good, that tends to th' matter.
Do you stand staring still?
1 *Serv.* We are no gods, sir,
To say she is here, or there, and what she is doing;
But we have search'd.
Por. I am sure she is not i' th' cellar;
For, look you, sir, if she had been i' th' cellar—
Alph. I am sure thou hast been there.
Por. As I carried the matter,
For I search'd every piece of wine; yes, sure, sir,
And every little tierce that could but testify;
And I drew hard to bolt her out.
Alph. Away with him!
Fling him i' th' hay-mow, let him lie a-mellowing;
He stinks of muskadel like an English Christmas.
Are these your cares? your services?
2 *Serv.* Pray you hear, sir;
We have found where she went out; her very footing.
Alph. Where? where? go on.
Curio. Observe then with more staidness.
2 *Serv.* Searching the garden, at the little postern
That opens to the park, we first discover'd it.
Alph. A little foot?
1 *Serv.* It must be hers, or none, sir.
Alph. How far beyond that?
2 *Serv.* To the park it leads us;
But there the ground being hard, we could not mark it.
Alph. She always kept that key; I was a coxcomb,
A fool, an ass, to give a girl that liberty!—
Saddle my horses, rogues! ye drunken varlets,
Your precious diligence lies in pint-pots,
Your brains in butts! My horses, ye pin-buttocks!
—You'll bear me company?
Seb. We dare not leave you,
Unless we found a quieter soul within you.
Curio. If we may do the lady any service,
Sweet, gentle soul!—
Alph. I say again, my horses!—
Are you so hot? have you your private pilgrimages?
Must you be Jumping-Joan? I'll wander with you,
I'll jump you, and I'll joggle you!—My horses!
And keep me this young lirry-poop within doors.
I will discover, dame——
Jul. 'Tis fit you should, sir,
If you knew what.—Well, love, if thou be'st with her, [*Aside.*
Or what power else that arms her resolution,
Conduct her fair, and keep her from this madman;
Direct her to her wishes, dwell about her,
That no dishonourable end o'er-take her,
Danger, or want; and let me try my fortune!
Alph. You know the place we meet in?
Seb. We shall hit it.
Alph. And, as you are honest gentlemen, endeavour——
Curio. We'll search the best we can; if she light in our hands——
Alph. Tie her to th' horse-tail!
Seb. We know how to use her;
But not your way, for all your state.
Alph. Make haste there!——
And get you in, and look to th' house. If you stir out, damsel,
Or set o' foot any new motion this way,
When I come home, (which shall be suddenly,
You know my mind—if you do play the rascal—
I have my eyes and ears in sundry places;
If you do prance——
Jul. I shall do that that's fit, sir—
And fit to cross your fooleries; I'll fail else.
[*Ap*
And so I'll to my chamber. [*Ex*
Alph. To your prayers,
And leave your stubborn tricks!—She is not far yet,
She cannot be; and we dividing suddenly——
Curio. Keep her from thy hands, I beseech!
[*Ex*
Alph. Our horses!—
Come, chearfully. I'll teach her to run gadding
[*Exe*

SCENE II.—*A Forest.*

Enter Roderigo *and four* Outlaws.

1 *Out.* Captain, you are not merry.
Rod. We get nothing,
We have no sport; whoring and drinking spoils us.
We keep no guards.
2 *Out.* There come no passengers,
Merchants, nor gentlemen, nor whosoever,
But we have tribute.
Rod. And whilst we spend that idly,
We let those pass that carry the best purchase.
I'll have all search'd and brought in. Rogues and beggars
Have got the trick now to become bank-masters.
I'll have none 'scape; only my friends and neighbours,
That may deliver to the king my innocence.
Those I would have regarded;—it is policy—
But otherwise, nor gravities, nor shadows,
Appear they how they will, that may have purses,
For they shall pay.
3 *Out.* You speak now like a captain;
And if we spare, flay us, and coin our cassocks!
Will you look blithe?
Rod. You hear no preparation
The king intends against us yet?
4 *Out.* Not a word, sir:
Good man, he's troubled with matter of more moment;
Hummings of higher nature vex his brains, sir.
Do we not fee his garrisons?
Rod. Who are out now?
4 *Out.* Good fellows, sir, that, if there be any purchase stirring,
Will strike it dead; Jaques and Lopez, lads
That know their quarters, as they know their knapsacks,
And will not off. [
Rod. Where is the boy you brought me?
A pretty lad, and of a quick capacity,
And bred up neatly.
1 *Out.* He's within at meat, sir;
The knave is hungry; yet he seasons all

He eats or drinks with many tears and sighings.
The saddest appetite I ever look'd on!
Rod. The boy is young; 'tis fear, and want of company
He knows and loves; use him not rough nor harshly,
He will be quickly bold. I'll entertain him:
I want a pretty boy to wait upon me,
And, when I am sad or sleepy, to prate to me.
Besides, there's something in his face I like well;
And still the more I look, more like. Let him [want nothing
And use him gently, all.
2 *Out.* Here's a small box, sir,
We took about him, which he grieved to part with;
May be, some wealth.
Rod. Alas, some little money
The poor knave carried to defray his lodgings:
I'll give it him again, and add unto it.
'Twere sin to open such a petty purchase.

Enter LOPEZ *and* JAQUES, *with* PEDRO.

How now? who's this? what have you brought me, soldiers?
Lopez. We know not well what; a strange [staving fellow;
Sullen enough, I am sure.
Rod. Where took ye him?
Jac. Upon the skirt o' the wood, viewing, and gaping,
And some time standing still, as if he had meant
To view the best accesses to our quarters.
Money, he has enough; and, when we threaten'd him,
He smiled and yielded, but not one word utter'd.
Lopez. His habit says he's holy; if his heart
Keep that proportion too, 'tis best you free him.
We'll keep his wallet here; I am sure 'tis heavy.
Rod. Pilgrim! come hither, sir! Are you a Pilgrim?
A piece of pretty holiness! Do you shrink, sir?
A smug young saint! What country were you born in?
You have a Spanish face. In a dumb province?
And had your mother too this excellent virtue?
No tongue, do you say? sure she was a matchless woman!—
What a fine family is this man sprung from!
Certain, he was begotten in a calm,
When all was husht; the midwife was dumb Midnight.—
Are you seal'd up? or do you scorn to answer?
You are in my hands, and I have medicines for you
Can make you speak.—Pull off his bonnet, soldiers!
—You have a speaking face.
Lopez. I am sure a handsome:
This Pilgrim cannot want she-saints to pray to.
Rod. Stand nearer.—Ha!
Pedro. Come, do your worst! I am ready.
Rod. Is your tongue found?—Go off, and let [me talk with him;
And keep your watches round.
All. We are ready, captain. [*Exeunt* Outlaws.
Rod. So; now what are you?
Pedro. Am I?
My habit shews me what I am.
Rod. Thy heart,
A desperate fool, and so thy fate shall tell thee.
What devil brought thee hither? for I know thee.
Pedro. I know thou dost; and since it is my
To light into thy fingers, I must think too [fortune
The most malicious of all devils brought me:
Yet some men say thou art noble.
Rod. Not to thee;
That were a benefit to mock the giver.
Thy father hates my friends and family,
And thou hast been the heir of all his malice:
Can two such storms meet then, and part with [kissing?
Pedro. You have the mightier hand.
Rod. And so I'll use it.
Pedro. I cannot hinder you; less can I beg
Submissive at his knees that knows not honour;
That bears the stamp of man, and not his nature.
You may do what you please.
Rod. I will do all.
Pedro. And when you have done all, which is my poor ruin,
(For farther your base malice cannot venture,)
Dishonour's self will cry you out a coward.
Hadst thou been brave, and noble, and an enemy,
Thou wouldst have sought me whilst I carried arms,
Whilst my good sword was my profession,
And then have cried out, "Pedro, I defy thee!"
Then stuck Alphonso's quarrel on the point,
The mercenary anger thou servest under
To get his daughter; then thou shouldst have braved me,
And, arm'd with all thy family's hate, upon me
Done something worthy feat? Now, poor and basely
Thou set'st toils to betray me; and, like the
That dare not meet the lion in the face, [peasant
Dig'st crafty pit-falls! thou shamest the Spanish honour;
Thou hast neither point of man, nor conscience in thee.
Rod. Sir, sir, you are brave! you plead now in a sanctuary,
You think your Pilgrim's bulwark can defend you:
You will not find it so.
Pedro. I look not for't:
The more unhallow'd soul hast thou to offer it!
Rod. When you were bravest, sir, and your sword sharpest,
I durst affront you; when the court-sun gilded you,
And every cry was the young hopeful Pedro,
Ferando's sprightly son! then durst I meet you,
When you were master of this fame and fashion,
And all your glories in the full meridian,
The king's proof-favour buckled on your body.
Had we then come to competition,
Which I have often sought——
Pedro. And I desired too.
Rod. You should have seen this sword, (howe'er you slight it,)
And felt it too, sharper than sorrow felt it,
In execution quicker than thy scorns;
Thou shouldst have seen all this, and shrunk to see it!
Then, like a gentleman I would have used thee,
And given thee the fair fortune of thy being;
Then, with a soldier's arm I had honour'd thee:
But since thou steal'st upon me like a spy,
And thief-like think'st that holy case shall carry
Through all my purposes, and so betray me, [thee
Base as the act, thy end be, and I forget thee.
Pedro. What poor evasions thou build'st on, to abuse me!
The goodness of a man ne'er taught these princi-
I come a spy! Durst any noble spirit [ples.
Put on this habit, to become a traitor?
Even in an enemy shew me this antipathy,
Where there is Christian faith, and this not
I come a spy! No, Roderigo, no. [reverenced.

A hater of thy person, a maligner!
So far from that, I brought no malice with me,
But rather, when I meet thee, tears to soften thee.
When I put on this habit, I put off
All fires, all angers, all those starts of youth
That clapt too rank a bias to my being,
And drew me from the right mark all should aim at;
Instead of stubborn steel, I put on prayers;
For rash and hasty heats, a sweet repentance;
Long weary steps, and vows, for my vain-glories.
Oh, Roderigo!
Rod. If thy tongue could save thee,
Prating be thy bail, thou hast a rare benefit!—
Soldiers, come out, and bring a halter with ye.—
I'll forgive your holy habit, sir, but I'll hang you.

Enter Outlaws, Lopez, *and* Jaques.

1 *Out.* Wherefore this halter, captain?
Rod. For this traitor.
Go, put it on him, and then tie him up.
1 *Out.* Do you want a band, sir? This is a coarse wearing; [*Puts the halter on him.*
'Twill sit but scurvily upon this collar:
But patience is as good as a French pickadel.
Lopez. What's his fault, captain?
Rod. 'Tis my will he perish,
And that's his fault.
Pedro. A captain of good government!
Come, soldiers, come; ye are roughly bred, and bloody;
Shew your obedience, and the joy ye take
In executing impious commands;
Ye have a captain seals your liberal pardons.
Be no more Christians, put religion by,
'Twill make ye cowards; feel no tenderness,
Nor let a thing call'd Conscience trouble ye;
Alas, 'twill breed delay. Bear no respect
To what I seem; were I a saint indeed,
Why should that stagger ye? ye know not holiness;
To be excellent in evil, is your goodness;
And be so, 'twill become ye. Have no hearts,
For fear you should repent; that will be dangerous;
For if there be a knocking there, a pricking,
And that pulse beat back to your considerations,
How ye have laid a stiff hand on religion——
Rod. Truss him, I say!
Pedro. And violated faith——
Rod. Hear him not prate!
Pedro. Why, what a thing will this be!
What strange confusion then will breed among ye——
Rod. Will none of ye obey? [
Pedro. What devils vex ye!
The fears ye live in, and the hourly dangers,
Will be delights to these; those have their ends,
But these out-live all time, and all repentance:
And if it creep into your conscience once,
Be sure ye lock that close.
Rod. Why stand ye gazing?
Pedro. Farewell, sleep, peace, all that are human comforts!
Better ye had been trees, or stones, and happier;
For those die here, and seek no further being,
Nor hopes, nor punishments.
Rod. Rots take ye, rascals!
Jaq. What would you have us do?
Rod. Dispatch the prater.
Jaq. And have religious blood hang on our consciences!
We are bad enough already; sins enough
To make our graves even loath us.
Rod. No man love me?
Lopez. Although I be a thief, I am no hangman:
They are two men's trades, and let another execute.
Lay violent hands on holy things!
Rod. Base cowards!
Put to your powers, ye rascals, I command ye!
Holy, or unholy, if I say it,
I'll have it done.
1 *Out.* If I do't, let me starve for't.
2 *Out.* Or I.
3 *Out.* Or I. We will obey things handsome.
And bad enough, and over-do obedience;
But to be made such instruments of mischief——
Jaq. I have done as many villainies as another:
And with as little reluctation;
Let me come clear of these, and wipe that score off.
Put me upon a felt and known perdition?
Rod. Have ye conspired, ye slaves?
Pedro. How vilely this shews,
In one that would command another's temper,
And bear no bound in his own!
Rod. Am I thus jaded?
Pedro. Is it my life thou long'st for, Roderigo:
And can no sacrifice appease thy malice,
But my blood spilt? Do it thyself, dispatch it;
And, as thou takest the whole revenge unto thee,
Take the whole sin upon thee, and be mighty,
Mighty in evil, as thou art in anger;
And let not these poor wretches howl for thy sake.
Those things that in thine own glass seem most monstrous,
Wouldst thou abuse their weak sights with, for amiable?
Is it, thou think'st to fear me with thy terrors,
And into weak condition draw my virtue?
If I were now to learn to die, I would sue to thee:
Or did I fear death, then I would make thee glorious;
But knowing what and how far I can suffer,
And all my whole life being but death's preface,
My sleep but at next door——
Rod. Are you so valiant?
I'll make you feel, I'll make you know and feel too!
—And, rascals, ye shall tremble! Keep him here,
And keep him safe too; if he 'scape your guards—
Pedro. Fear not, I will not.
Rod. As I live, ye die for't! [*Exit.*
I will not be thus baffled.
Jaq. What a devil have ye done, Pilgrim? or what mischief
Have you conspired, that he should rage and rave thus?
Have you kill'd his father, or his mother?
Or strangled any of his kindred?
Lopez. Has he no sisters? have you not been bouncing
About their belly-pieces?
Jaq. Why should that be dangerous,
Or any way deserve death? is it not natural?
Bar us the Christian liberty of women,
And build us up with brick, take away our freestone.
1 *Out.* Because thou art holier than he, upon my conscience,
He does not envy thee; that's not his quarrel;
For, look you, that might be compounded without prayers.
Lopez. Nor that thou seem'st an honester man: for here
We have no trading with such tinsel-stuff;

To be an excellent thief is all we aim at.
Wilt thou take a spit and stride, and see if thou canst out-run us?
Pedro. I scorn to shift his fury; keep your obedience;
For though your government admit no precedent,
Keep yourselves careful in't.
Jaq. Thou wilt be hang'd then?
Pedro. I cannot die with fewer faults upon me.
2 *Out.* 'Tis ten to one he'll shoot him; for the devil's in him
If he hang him himself.
Lopez. He has too proud a nature;
He will compel some one.
Jaq. I am confident.
Lopez. And so are all, I think.
Pedro. Be not molested;
If I must die, let it not trouble you;
It stirs not me; it is the end I was born for.
Only this honest office I desire ye,
If there be courtesy in men of your breed,
To see me buried; not to let his fury
Expose my body to the open violence
Of beasts and fowls; so far I urge humanity.
Jaq. He shall not deny us that; we'll see you under ground,
And give you a volley of as good cups of sack,
For that's our discipline.

Enter RODERIGO, *and* ALINDA *in boy's dress.*

Lopez. He comes again,
As high in rage as ever; the boy with him.
1 *Out.* Will he compel the child?
Lopez. He is bent to do it,
And must have somebody.
Rod. If thou lovest me, do it!
Love me, or love me not, I say thou shalt do it!
Stare not, nor stagger, sirrah! if ye deny me—
Do you see this, rogue?
Alin. What would you have me do, sir?—
Heaven's goodness bless me! [*Apart.*
Rod. Do? why, hang a rascal,
That would hang me.
Alin. I am a boy, and weak, sir.
Rod. Thou art strong enough to tie him to a bough,
And turn him off. Come, thou shalt be my jewel,
And I'll allow thee horse, and all thy pleasures,
And twenty gallant things; I'll teach thee arms
Make thee mine heir. [too;
Alin. Let me inherit death first!
Rod. Make me not angry, sirrah!
Alin. Which is the man, sir?
I'll pluck up the best heart I can; yet——
Rod. Fear not;
It is my will. That in the Pilgrim's coat there,
That devil in the saint's skin.
Alin. Guard me, goodness! [*Apart.*
Rod. Dispatch him presently.
Pedro. I wait your worst, sir.
Jaq. Will the boy do it? is the rogue so confident?
So young, so deep in blood?
Lopez. He shakes and trembles.
Pedro. Dost thou seek more coals still to sear thy conscience?
Work sacred innocence to be a devil?
Do it thyself for shame, thou best becomest it.
Rod. Sirrah, I scorn my finger should be 'filed with thee;
And yet I'll have it done; this child shall strangle thee:
A crying girl, if she were here, should master thee.
Alin. How should I save him? how myself from violence? [*Aside.*
Pedro. Leave your tongue-valour, and dispatch your hate, sir;
The patience of my death shall more torment thee,
Thou painted honour, thou base man made back-
Than all my life has fear'd thee. [ward!
Rod. Gag him, sirrah!
Jaq. The boy looks chearfully now; sure he
Lopez. He will maul him else. [will do it.
Alin. Are you prepared to die, sir!
Pedro. Yes, boy, and ready; pr'ythee to thy business.
Alin. Why are you then so angry? so perplex'd, sir?
Patience wins Heaven, and not the heat of passion.
Why do you rail?
Lopez. The boy's a pretty priest.
Pedro. I thank you, gentle child; you teach me
Alin. You seem to fear too. [truly.
Pedro. Thou seest more than I feel, boy.
Alin. You tremble, sure.
Pedro. No, sure, boy; 'tis thy tenderness.
Pr'ythee make haste, and let that gulph be satisfied.
Alin. Are you so willing to go to't?
Pedro. Most willing:
I would not borrow from his courtesy
One hour of life, to gain an age of glory.
Alin. And is your reckoning straight, sir?
Pedro. As straight as truth, boy;
I cannot go more joyfully to a wedding.
Alin. Then to your prayers; I'll dispatch you presently.—
Now guide my tongue, thou blessedness! [*Aside.*
Rod. A good boy!
Alin. But hark you, sir, one word; and pray you resolve me.
Let me speak privately. [*They walk apart.*
Rod. What wouldst thou have, child?
Alin. Shall this man die?
Rod. Why dost thou make that question?
Alin. Pray you be not angry; if he must, I'll
But must he now? [do it.
Rod. What else? who dare reprieve him?
Alin. Pray you think again; and as your injuries
Are great, and full, you suffer from this fellow,
Do not you purpose so to suit your vengeance?
Rod. I do, and must.
Alin. You cannot, if he die now.
Rod. Cannot?
Alin. No, cannot; be not vex'd; you'll find it.
I have consider'd, and I know it certain,
You suffer below him; lose all your angers.
Rod. Why, my best boy?
Alin. I love and tender you,
I would not tell you else. Is that revenge,
To slight your cause, and saint your enemy?
Clap the dove's wings of downy peace unto him,
And let him soar to Heaven, whilst you are sighing?
Is this revenge?
Rod. I would have him die.
Alin. Prepared thus?
The blessing of a father never reach'd it!
His contemplation now scorns you, contemns you,
And all the tortures you can use: Let him die thus,
And these that know and love revenge will laugh at you.

Here lies the honour of a well-bred anger,
To make his enemy shake and tremble under him,
Doubt, nay, almost despair, and then confound him.
This man you rock asleep, and all your rages
Are requiems to his parting soul, mere anthems.
Rod. Indeed he is strongly built.
Alin. You cannot shake him;
And the more weight you put on his foundation,
Now as he stands, you fix him still the stronger.
If you love him, honour him, would heap upon him
Friendships and benefits beyond example,
Hope him a star in Heaven, and there would stick
Now take his life. [him,
Rod. I had rather take mine own, boy.
Alin. I'll ease him presently,
Rod. Stay, be not hasty.
Alin. Bless my tongue still! [*Aside.*
Lopez. What has the boy done to him?
How dull and still he looks!
Alin. You are a wise man,
And long have buckled with the world's extremities,
A valiant man, and no doubt know both fortunes;
And would you work your master-piece thus madly,
Take the bare name of honour? that will pity you,
When the world knows you have prey'd on a poor Pilgrim.
Rod. The boy has stagger'd me: What wouldst thou have me——
Alin. Have you? do you not feel, sir? does it not stir you?
Do you ask a child? I would have you do most bravely,
(Because I most affect you,) like yourself, sir;
Scorn him, and let him go; seem to contemn him,
And, now you have made him shake, seal him his pardon.
When he appears a subject fit for anger,
And fit for you, his pious armour off,
His hopes no higher than your sword may reach at,
Then strike, and then you know revenge, then take it.
I hope I have turn'd his mind. [*Aside.*
Rod. Let the fool go there!—
I scorn to let loose so base an anger
May light on thee: See me no more, but quit me:
And when we meet again——
Pedro. I'll thank you, captain. [*Exit.*
Alin. Why, this was like yourself.—But which way goes he?
Shall we ne'er happy meet! [*Aside.*
Rod. I am drowsy, boy;
Go with me, and discourse: I like thy company;
Oh, child! I love thy tongue. [*Exit.*
Alin. I shall wait on you. [*Exit.*
Lopez. The boy has done't; a plaguy witty rascal!
And I shall love him terribly.
Jaq. 'Twas he, most certain:
For, if you mark, how earnest he was with him,
And how he labour'd him!
Lopez. A cunning villain!
But a good rogue. This boy will make us all honest.
1 *Out.* I scarce believe that; but I like the boy well.
Come, let's to supper; then upon our watches.
Lopez. This Pilgrim 'scaped, a joyful one.
Jaq. Let's drink round
To the boy's health, and then about our business.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*The same.*

Enter Roderigo, Jaques, Lopez, *and three* Outlaws.

Rod. None of you know her?
Jaq. Alas, sir, we ne'er saw her,
Nor ever heard of her, but from your report.
Rod. No happy eye?
Lopez. I do not think 'tis she, sir;
Methinks, a woman dares not——
Rod. Thou speak'st poorly;
What dares not woman, when she is provoked?
Or what seems dangerous to love or fury?
That it is she, this has confirm'd me certain,
These jewels here, a part of which I sent her,
And, though unwilling, yet her father wrought her
To take and wear.
Lopez. A wench, and we not know it?
And among us? Where were our understandings?
I could have guess'd unhappily, have had some feeling
In such a matter: Here are as pretty fellows,
At the discovery of such a jigambob!
A handsome wench too? Sure we have lost our faculties,
We have no motions. What should she do here, sir?
Rod. That's it that troubles me. Oh, that base rascal! [him,
here lies the misery! How cunningly she quit
And how she urged! Had ye been constant to me,
I ne'er had suffer'd this.
1 *Out.* You might have hanged him;
And 'would he had been hang'd! that's all we care
So our hands had not done't. [for't.
Rod. She is gone again too;
And what care have ye for that? gone, and contemn'd me;
Master'd my will and power, and now laughs at me.
Lopez. The devil, that brought her hither, sir, I think
Has carried her back again invisible,
For we ne'er knew nor heard of her departure.
Jaq. No living thing came this night through our watches;
She went with you.
Rod. Was by me till I slept,
But when I waked, and call'd—Oh, my dull pate here!
If I had open'd this when it was given me,
This roguy box——
Lopez. We could but give it you.
Rod. Pilgrim? a pox o' Pilgrims! there the game goes,
There's all my fortune fled; I know it, I feel it.

Enter Alphonso *and two* Outlaws.

Alph. Bring me unto thy captain! where's thy captain?
I am founder'd, melted; some fairy thing or other
Has led me dancing; the devil has haunted me
I' th' likeness of a voice.—Give me thy captain!

2 *Out.* He's here, sir; there he stands.
Alph. How dost thou, captain?
I have been fool'd and jaded, made a dog-bolt!
My daughter's run away; I have been haunted too;
I have lost my horse; I am hungry, and out of my wits also.
Rod. Come in; I'll tell you what I know; strange things!
And take your ease; I'll follow her recovery:
These shall be yours the whilst, and do you service.
Alph. Let me have drink enough; I am almost choak'd too.
Rod. You shall have anything. — What think you now, soldiers?
Jaq. I think a woman is a woman, that's any thing.
The next we take, we'll search a little nearer;
We'll not be boy'd again with a pair of breeches.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*Before the Dwelling of the* Outlaws *in the Forest.*

Enter JULETTA *in boy's clothes.*

Jul. He's gone in here: This is Roderigo's quarter,
And I'll be with him soon; I'll startle him
A little better than I have done. All this long night
I have led him out o' th' way, to try his patience,
And made him swear, and curse, and pray, and swear again,
And cry for anger; I made him leave his horse too,
Where he can never find him more; whistled to him,
And then he would run through thick and thin to reach me;
And down in this ditch, up again, and shake him,
And swear some certain blessings; then into that bush
Pop goes his pate, and all his face is comb'd over,
And I sit laughing: A hundred tricks I have served him,
And I will double 'em, before I leave him:
I'll teach his anger to dispute with women.
But all this time I cannot meet my mistress,
I cannot come to comfort her, that grieves me,
For sure she is much afflicted; till I do,
I'll haunt, thy ghost, Alphonso; I'll keep thee waking.
Yes, I must get a drum: I am villainous weary,
And yet I'll trot about these villages
Till I have got my will, and then have at you!
I'll make your anger drop out at your elbows, ere I leave you. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.—*Another part of the Forest.*

Enter SEBERTO *and* CURIO.

Seb. 'Tis strange, in all the circuit we have ridden,
We cannot cross her; no way light upon her.
Curio. I do not think she is gone thus far, or this way;
For certain, if she had, we should have reach'd her,
Made some discovery, heard some news; we have seen nothing.
Seb. Nor pass'd by any body that could promise anything.
She is certainly disguised; her modesty
Durst never venture else.
Curio. Let her take any shape,
And let me see it once, I can distinguish it.
Seb. So should I think too. Has not her father found her?
Curio. No, I'll be hang'd then; he has no patience
(Unless she light in his teeth) to look about him;
He guesses now, and chafes, and frets like tinsel.
Seb. Let him go on, he cannot live without it;
But keep her from him, Heaven! Where are we, Curio?
Curio. In a wood I think! hang me, if I know else!
And yet I have ridden all these coasts at all hours,
And had an aim.
Seb. I would we had a guide.
Curio. And if I be not much awry, Seberto,
Not far off should be Roderigo's quarter;
For in this fastness, if I be not cozen'd,
He and his Outlaws live.
Seb. This is the place then
We appointed him to meet in.
Curio. Yes, I think so.
Seb. 'Would we could meet some living thing!—

Enter ALINDA *disguised.*

What's that there?
Curio. A boy, I think. Stay; why may not he direct us?
Alin. I am hungry, and I am weary, and I cannot find him.
Keep my wits, Heaven! I feel 'em wavering.
Oh, God, my head!
Seb. Boy! dost thou hear? thou stripling!
Alin. Now they will tear me, torture me! now
Will hang him without mercy—Ha! [Roderigo
Curio. Come hither!—
A very pretty boy.—What place is this, child?
And whither dost thou travel?—How he stares!
Some stubborn master has abused the boy,
And beaten him: How he complains!—Whither goest thou?
Alin. I go to Segovia, sir, to my sick mother;
I have been taken here by drunken thieves,
And—oh, my bones!—I have been beaten, sir,
Misused and robb'd; extremely beaten, gentlemen.
Oh, God, my side!
Seb. What beasts would use a boy thus?
Look up, and be of good cheer.
Alin. Oh, I cannot.
My back, my back, my back!
Curio. What thieves?
Alin. I know not,
But they call the captain, Roderigo.
Curio. Look you!
I knew we were thereabouts.
Seb. Dost thou want anything?
Alin. Nothing but ease, but ease, sir.
Curio. There's some money,
And get thee to thy mother.
Alin. I thank ye, gentlemen.
Seb. This was extremely foul, to vex a child thus.
Come, let's along; we cannot lose our way now.
[*Exeunt.*
Alin. Though ye are honest men, I fear your fingers,
And glad I am got off. Oh, how I tremble!
Send me but once within his arms, dear Fortune,

And then come all the world!—What shall I do now?
'Tis almost night again, and where to lodge me
Or get me meat, or anything, I know not.
These wild woods, and the fancies I have in me,
Will run me mad.

Enter JULETTA *with a drum.*

Jul. Boy! boy!
Alin. More set to take me?
Jul. Dost thou hear, boy? thou pointer!
Alin. 'Tis a boy too,
A lacky-boy: I need not fear his fierceness.
Jul. Canst thou beat a drum?
Alin. A drum?
Jul. This thing, a drum here.
Didst thou never see a drum? Canst thou make this grumble?
Alin. Juletta's face and tongue! Is she run mad too?
Here may be double craft. [*Aside.*]—I have no skill in't.
Jul. I'll give thee a ryal but to go along with me.
Alin. I care not for thy ryal: I have other business.
Drum to thyself, and dance to it. [
Jul. Sirrah, sirrah!
Thou scurvy sirrah! thou snotty-nosed scab! dost thou hear me?
If I lay down my drum——
Alin. Here comes more company!
I fear a plot; Heaven send me fairly from it. [*Exit.*

Enter RODERIGO *and two* Outlaws.

Jul. *Basta!* who's here? [*Retires.*
Lopez. Captain, do you need me farther?
Rod. No, not a foot. Give me the gown; the sword now.
Jul. This is the devil thief; and, if he take me,
Woe be to my gally-gaskins!
Lopez. Certain, sir,
She'll take her patches off, and change her habit.
Rod. Let her do what she please. No, no, Alinda,
You cannot cozen me again in a boy's figure,
Nor hide the beauty of that face in patches,
But I shall know it.
Jul. A boy? his face in patches?
Rod. Nor shall your tongue again bewitch mine anger——
If she be found i' th' woods, send me word presently,
And I'll return; she cannot be far gone yet:
If she be not, expect me when you see me.
Use all your service to my friend Alphonso,
And have a care to your business. Farewell!
No more: Farewell! [*Exeunt severally.*
Jul. I am heartily glad thou art gone yet.
This boy in patches was the boy came by me,
The very same; how hastily it shifted!
What a mope-eyed ass was I, I could not know her!
This must be she, this is she, now I remember her;
How loth she was to talk too, how she fear'd me!
I could now piss my eyes out for mere anger.
I'll follow her—But who shall vex her father then?
One flurt at him, and then I am for the voyage.
If I can cross the captain, too—Come, tabor! [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.—*Before the Cabin of the* Outlaws.

Enter JAQUES *and First* Outlaw.

Jaq. Are they all set?
1 *Out.* All, and each quarter quiet.
Jaq. Is the old man asleep?
1 *Out.* An hour ago, sir.
Jaq. We must be very careful in his absence,
And very watchful.
1 *Out.* It concerns us nearly.
He will not be long from us.
Jaq. No, he cannot.
1 *Out.* A little heat of love, which he must wander out;
And then again—Hark! [*Drum afar off.*
Jaq. What?
1 *Out.* 'Tis not the wind, sure;
That's still and calm; no noise, nor flux of waters.
Jaq. I hear a drum, I think.
2 *Out.* That, that; it beats again now. [*Drum.*
Jaq. Now it comes nearer. Sure we are surprised, sir;
Some from the king's command. We are lost, we are dead all!
1 *Out.* Hark, hark! a charge now! my captain has betray'd us,
And left us to this ruin, run away from us!

Enter two Outlaws.

Lopez. Another beats o' that side.
2 *Out.* Fly, fly, Jaques!
We are taken in a toil, snapt in a pitfal;
Methinks I feel a sword already shave me.
3 *Out.* A thousand horse and foot, a thousand pioneers,
If we get under ground, to fetch us out again;
And every one an axe to cut the woods down.
Lopez. This is the dismal'st night— [*Exeunt.*

Enter ALPHONSO.

Alph. Where is my nag now?
And what make I here to be hang'd? what devil
Brought me into this danger? Is there ne'er a hole,
That I may creep in deep enough, and die quickly:
Ne'er an old ditch to choke me? I shall be taken
For their commander now, their general,
And have a commanding gallows set up for me
As high as a may-pole, and nasty songs made on me:
Be printed with a pint-pot and a dagger.
They are all kill'd by this time. Can I pray?
Let me see that first—I have too much fear to be faithful.
Where's all my state now? I must go hunt for daughters,
Daughters, and damsels of the lake, damn'd daughters!
A hundred crowns for a good tod of hay,
Or a fine hollow tree, that would contain me.
I hear 'em coming; I feel the noose about me!

Enter SEBERTO, CURIO, Outlaws, *and* JAQUES.

Seb. Why do you fear, and fly? here are no soldiers.
None from the king to vex you. [
1 *Out.* The drum, the drum, sir!
Curio. I never saw such pigeon-hearted people!
What drum? what danger?—Who's that that shakes behind there?
Mercy upon me, sir, why are you fear'd thus?
Alph. Are we all kill'd? no mercy to be hoped for?
Am I not shot, do you think? [
Seb. You are strangely frighted;
Shot with a fiddle-stick! Who's here to shoot you?
A drum we saw indeed; a boy was beating it,
And hunting squirrels by moon-light.
Lopez. Nothing else, sir?
Curio. Not anything: no other person stirring.
Alph. Oh, that I had that boy! this is that devil,

That fairy rogue, that haunted me last night!
He has sleeves like dragon's wings.
Seb. A little foot-boy.
Alph. Come, let's go in, and let me get my clothes on.
If e'er I stay here more to be thus martyr'd——
Did ye not meet the wench?
Seb. No, sure, we met her not. [tlemen,
Alph. She has been here in boy's apparel, gen-
(A gallant thing, and famous for a gentlewoman,)
And all her face patch'd over for discovery;
A Pilgrim too, and thereby hangs a circumstance,
That she hath play'd her master-prize, a rare one.
I came too short.
Curio. Such a young boy we met, sir.
Alph. In a grey hat?
Curio. The same; his face all patch'd too.
Alph. 'Twas she, a rot run with her! she, that rank she!
Walk in, I'll tell ye all; and then we'll part again;
But get some store of wine; this fright sits here yet. [*Exeunt into the Cabin.*

Enter JULETTA.

Jul. What a fright I have put 'em in; what a brave hurry!
If this do bolt him, I'll be with him again
With a new part, was never play'd; I'll ferk him;
As he hunts her, so I'll hunt him; I'll claw him.
Now will I see if I can cross her footing.
Yet still I'll watch his water, he shall pay for't;
And when he thinks most malice, and means worse,
I'll make him know the mare's the better horse.
[*Exit.*

SCENE V.—SEGOVIA. *A Street.*

Enter PEDRO, *and the third* Gentleman.

Gent. You are a stranger, sir; and, for humanity,
Being come within our walls, I would shew you
You have seen the castle? [something.
Pedro. Yes, sir; 'tis a strong one,
And well maintain'd.
Gent. Why are you still thus sad, sir?
How do you like the walks?
Pedro. They are very pleasant;
Your town stands cool and sweet.
Gent. But that I would not
Affect you with more sadness, I could shew you
A place worth view.
Pedro. Shows seldom alter me, sir;
Pray you speak it, and then shew it.
Gent. 'Tis a house here
Where people of all sorts, that have been visited
With lunacies and follies, wait their cures:
Their fancies, of a thousand stamps and fashions,
Like flies in several shapes, buz round about ye,
And twice as many gestures; some of pity,
That it would make you melt to see their passions;
And some as light again, that would content you.
But I see, sir, your temper is too modest,
Too much inclined to contemplation,
To meet with these.
Pedro. You could not please me better;
And I beseech you, sir, do me the honour
To let me wait upon you.
Gent. Since you are willing,
To me it shall be a pleasure to conduct you.
Pedro. I ne'er had such a mind yet to see misery!
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.—*A Mad-house in the same City; Madmen are seen in their Cells.*

Enter two Keepers.

1 *Keep.* Carry Mad Bess some meat, she roars like thunder;
And tie the parson short, the moon's i' th' full,
He has a thousand pigs in's brains. Who looks to the prentice?
Keep him from women, he thinks he has lost his mistress;
And talk of no silk stuffs, 'twill run him horn-mad.
2 *Keep.* The justice keeps such a stir yonder with his charges,
And such a coil with warrants!
1 *Keep.* Take away his statutes;
The devil has possess'd him in the likeness
Of penal laws; keep him from *aqua-vitæ*,
For if that spirit creep into his quorum,
He will commit us all. How is it with the scholar?
2 *Keep.* For anything I see, he's in his right wits.
1 *Keep.* Thou art an ass! in his right wits, goodman coxcomb?
As though any man durst be in's right wits, and be here:
It is as much as we dare be, that keep 'em.

Enter English Madman.

Eng. Give me some drink!
1 *Keep.* Oh, there's the Englishman.
Eng. Fill me a thousand pots, and froth 'em, froth 'em!
Down o' your knees, you rogues, and pledge me roundly! [*Sings.*

One, two, three, and four;
We shall all be merry within this hour.

To the great Turk!
1 *Keep.* Peace, peace, thou heathen drunkard!
These English are so malt-mad, there's no meddling with 'em;
When they have a fruitful year of barley there,
All the whole island's thus.
Eng. A snuff, a snuff, a snuff,
A lewd notorious snuff! give't him again, boy.

Enter She-Fool.

Fool. God ye good even, gaffer!
2 *Keep.* Who let the Fool loose!
1 *Keep.* If any of the madmen take her, she is
They'll bounce her loins. [pepper'd;
Fool. Will you walk into the coal-house?
1 *Keep.* She is as lecherous too as a she-ferret.
2 *Keep.* Who a vengeance looks to her?—Go
I'll give thee a fine apple. [in, Kate.
Fool. Will you buss me,
And tickle me and make me laugh?
1 *Keep.* I'll whip you.
Eng. Fool, Fool! come up to me, Fool.
Fool. Are you peeping?
Eng. I'll get thee with five fools.
Fool. Oh, fine, oh, dainty!
Eng. And thou shall lie-in in a horse-cloth,
Fool. And shall I have a coach? [like a lady.
Eng. Drawn with four turkies;
And they shall tread thee too.
Fool. We shall have eggs then!
And shall I sit upon 'em!
Eng. Ay, ay, and they shall be all addle,
And make an admirable tansey for the devil.

Come, come away; I am taken with thy love, Fool,
And will mightily belabour thee.
1 *Keep.* How the Fool bridles! how she twitters at him!
These Englishmen would stagger a wise woman.
If we should suffer her to have her will now,
We should have all the women in Spain as mad as she here.
2 *Keep.* They would strive who should be most fool.—Away with her!

Enter Master, *three* Gentlemen, Scholar, *and* Pedro.

Fool. Pray ye stay a little! let's hear him sing; he has a fine breast.
1 *Keep.* Here comes my master.—To the spit, you whore,
And stir no more abroad, but tend your business;
You shall have no more sops i' th' pan else, nor [no porridge:
Besides, I'll whip your breech.
Fool. I'll go in presently.
1 *Gent.* I'll assure you, sir, the Cardinal's angry
For keeping this young man. [with you
Mast. I am heartily sorry.
If ye allow him sound, pray ye take him with ye.
3 *Gent.* [*To* Pedro.] This is the place, and now observe their humours.
2 *Gent.* We can find nothing in him light, nor tainted;
No startings, nor no rubs, in all his answers;
In all his letters, nothing but discretion,
Learning, and handsome style.
Mast. Be not deceived, sir;
Mark but his look.
1 *Gent.* His grief, and his imprisonment,
May stamp that there.
Mast. Pray talk with him again then.
2 *Gent.* That will be needless; we have tried him long enough,
And if he had a taint we should have met with it.
Yet to discharge your care,—
Pedro. A sober youth!
Pity so heavy a cross should light upon him.
2 *Gent.* You find no sickness?
Schol. None, sir, I thank Heaven,
Nor nothing that diverts my understanding.
1 *Gent.* Do you sleep o' nights?
Schol. As sound, and sweet, as any man.
2 *Gent.* Have you no fearful dreams?
Schol. Sometimes, as all have
That go to bed with raw and windy stomachs;
Else, I am all one piece.
1 *Gent.* Is there no unkindness
You have conceived from any friend, or parent?
Or scorn from what you loved?
Schol. No, truly, sir:
I never yet was master of a faith
So poor, and weak, to doubt my friend or kindred!
And what love is, unless it lie in learning,
I think I am ignorant.
1 *Gent.* This man is perfect;
A civiler discourser I ne'er talk'd with.
Mast. You'll find it otherwise.
2 *Gent.* I must tell you true, sir,
I think you keep him here to teach him madness!
Here's his discharge from my lord cardinal.—
And come, sir, go with us.
Schol. I am bound unto ye;
And farewell, master.
Mast. Farewell, Stephano.
Alas, poor man!

1 *Gent.* What flaws and whirls of weather,
Or rather storms, have been aloft these three days.
How dark, and hot, and full of mutiny!
And still grows louder.
Mast. It has been stubborn weather.
2 *Gent.* Strange work at sea; I fear me there's old tumbling.
1 *Gent.* Bless my old uncle's bark! I have a venture.
2 *Gent.* And I, more than I would wish to lose
Schol. Do you fear?
2 *Gent.* Ha! how he looks!
Mast. Nay, mark him better, gentlemen.
2 *Gent.* Mercy upon me, how his eyes are altered
Mast. Now tell me how you like him; whether
He be that perfect man ye credited? [now
Schol. Does the sea stagger ye?
Mast. Now you have hit the nick.
Schol. Do ye fear the billows?
1 *Gent.* What ails him? who has stirr'd him
Schol. Be not shaken,
Nor let the singing of the storm shoot through ye.
Let it blow on, blow on! let the clouds wrestle,
And let the vapours of the earth turn mutinous.
The sea in hideous mountains rise and tumble,
Upon a dolphin's back I'll make all tremble,
For I am Neptune!
Mast. Now what think ye of him?
2 *Gent.* Alas, poor man!
Schol. Your bark shall plough through all,
And not a surge so saucy to disturb her;
I'll see her safe, my power shall sail before her:

Down, ye angry waters all;
Ye loud whistling whirlwinds, fall;
Down, ye proud waves; ye storms, cease;
I command ye, be at peace.
Fright not with your churlish notes,
Nor bruise the keel of bark that floats;
No devouring fish come nigh,
Nor monster in my empery
Once shew his head, or terror bring;
But let the weary sailor sing:
Amphitrite with white arms
Strike my lute, I'll sing [thy] charms.

Mast. He must have music now: I must observe him;
His fit will grow too full else.
[*Music, a song within.*
2 *Gent.* I must pity him.
Mast. Now he will in himself, most quietly,
And clean forget all, as he had done nothing.
1 *Gent.* We are sorry, sir, and we have seen a wonder.
From this hour we'll believe; and so will leave ye.
[*Exeunt two* Gentlemen.
Pedro. This was a strange fit.
Mast. Did you mark him, sir?
Pedro. He might have cozen'd me with his behaviour.
Mast. Many have sworn him right, and I have thought so;
Yet, on a sudden, from some word or other,
When no man could expect a fit, he has flown out:
I dare not give him will.

Enter Alinda *as a* Boy.

Pedro. Pray Heaven recover him!
Alin. Must I come in too?
Mast. No, my pretty lad;
Keep in thy chamber, boy; 'shalt have thy supper.
Pedro. I pray you what is he, sir?

Mast. A strange boy, that last night
Was found i' th' town, a little crazed, distracted,
And so sent hither.
Pedro. How the pretty knave looks,
And plays, and peeps upon me!—Sure such eyes
I have seen and loved!—What fair hands!—
Certainly—
Mast. Good sir, you'll make him worse.
Pedro. I pray believe not;
Alas, why should I hurt him!—How he smiles!
The very shape and sweetness of Alinda!—
Let me look once again: Were it in such clothes
As when I saw her last—This must be she!
How tenderly it strokes me!
Mast. Pray you be mild, sir!
I must attend elsewhere. [*Exit.*
Pedro. Pray you be secure, sir.—
What would you say?—How my heart beats and trembles!
He holds me hard by th' hand. O' my life, her flesh too!
I know not what to think! Her tears, her true ones,
Pure orient tears!—Hark, do you know me, little one!
Alin. Oh, Pedro, Pedro!
Pedro. Oh, my soul!
3 *Gent.* What fit's this? [*Aside.*
The Pilgrim's off the hooks too!
Alin. Let me hold thee;
And now come all the world, and all that hate me!
Pedro. Be wise, and not discover'd. Oh, how I love you!
How do you now?
Alin. I have been miserable;
But your most virtuous eyes have cured me, Pedro.
Pray you think it no immodesty, I kiss you.
My head's wild still!
Pedro. Be not so full of passion,
Nor do not hang so greedily upon me;
'Twill be ill taken.
Alin. Are you weary of me?
I will hang here eternally, kiss ever,
And weep away for joy.

Enter Master.

Mast. I told you, sir,
What you would do! For shame, do not afflict him:
You have drawn his fit upon him fearfully.
Either depart, and presently, I'll force you else.
Who waits within?

Enter two Keepers.

Pedro. Alas, good sir——
Mast. This is the way never to hope recovery.
Stay but one minute more, I'll complain to th' governor.
Bring in the boy. Do you see how he swells and tears himself?
Is this your cure? Be gone! If the boy miscarry,
Let me ne'er find you more, for I'll so hamper you!
3 *Gent.* You were to blame, too rash.
Pedro. Farewell for ever! [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*A High-Road before the City.*

Enter Alphonso, *a* Gentleman, *and* Juletta *apart.*

Gent. You are now within a mile o' th' town, sir; if my business
Would give me leave, I would turn and wait upon ye,
But for such gentlemen as you inquire of,
Certain, I saw none such; but for the boy ye spoke of,
I will not say 'tis he, but such a one,
Just of that height—
Alph. In such clothes?
Gent. I much mistake else——
Was sent in the other night, a little maddish,
And where such people wait their cures.
Alph. I understand you.
Gent. There you may quickly know.
Alph. I thank you, sir.——
Jul. So do I too; and if there be such a place,
I ask no more: but you shall hear more of me.
She may be there, and you may play the tyrant;
I'll see what I can do. I am almost founder'd
In following him; and yet I'll never leave him,
I'll crawl of all four first; my cause is meritorious,
And come what can come!——
Gent. All you have told me's certain,
Complexion, and all else.
Alph. It may be she then;
And I'll so fumble her! Is she grown mad now?
Is her blood set so high? I'll have her madded!
I'll have her worm'd!
Jul. Mark but the end, old master! [*Apart.*
If thou be'st not sick o' th' bots within these five hours,
And kick'st and roar'st—I'll make ye fart fire, signior.

Enter Alinda, *disguised as the* She-fool.

Gent. Here's one o' th' house, a fool, an idiot, sir:
May-be, she is going home; she'll be a guide to ye,
And so I kiss your hand. [*Exit.*
Alph. I am your servant.
Alin. Oh, now I am lost, lost, lost! Lord, how I tremble! [*Apart.*
My father, arm'd in all his hates and angers!
This is more misery than I have 'scap'd yet.
Alph. Fool! Fool!
Alin. He knows me not.—Will you give me twopence?
And, gaffer, here's a crow-flower, and a daisy;
I have some pie in my pocket too.
Alph. This is an arrant fool,
An ignorant thing.
Alin. Believe so, and I am happy. [*Aside.*
Alph. Dost thou dwell in Segovia, Fool?
Alin. No, no, I dwell in Heaven;
And I have a fine little house, made of marmalade,
And I am a lone woman, and I spin for Saint Peter;
I have a hundred little children, and they sing psalms with me.
Alph. 'Tis pity this pretty thing should want understanding.
But why do I stand talking with a coxcomb?
If I do find her, if I light upon her—
I'll say no more.—Is this the way to the town, Fool?
Alin. You must go o'er the top of that high steeple, gaffer——
Alph. A plague o' your fool's face!
Jul. No; take her counsel. [*Aside.*

Alin. And then you shall come to a river twenty mile over,
And twenty mile and ten, and then you must pray,
And still you must pray, and pray—— [gaffer,
Alph. Pray Heaven deliver me
From such an ass as thou art!
Alin. Amen, sweet gaffer!—
And fling a sop of sugar-cake into it;
And then you must leap in naked——
Jul. 'Would he would believe her!
Alin. And sink seven days together: Can you sink, gaffer?
Alph. Yes, coxcomb, yes. Pr'ythee, farewell! a pox on thee!
A plague o' that fool too, that set me upon thee!
Alin. And then I'll bring you a sup of milk
I am going to get apples. [shall serve you:
Alph. Go to the devil!
Was ever man tormented with a puppy thus?
Thou tell me news! thou be a guide!
Alin. And then, nuncle——
Alph. Pr'ythee keep on thy way, good naunt.—I could rail now
These ten hours at mine own improvidence.—
Get apples and be choak'd! farewell! [*Exit.*
Alin. Farewell, nuncle!
Jul. I rejoice in anything that vexes him,
And I shall love this fool extremely for't.
Could I but see my mistress now, to tell her
How I have truly, honestly wrought for her,
How I have worn myself away to serve her——
Fool, there's a ryal for the sport thou mad'st me
In crossing that old fool, that parted from thee.
Alin. [*Apart.*] Thou'rt honest sure, but yet thou must not see me.——
I thank you, little gentleman! Heaven bless you,
And I'll pray for you too. Pray you keep this nutmeg;
'Twas sent me from the lady of the Mountain,
A golden lady.
Jul. How prettily it prattles!
Alin. 'Tis very good to rub your understanding;
And so good night; the moon's up.
Jul. Pretty innocent!
Alin. Now, Fortune, if thou darest do good, protect me! [*Exit.*
Jul. I'll follow him to yond town; he shall not 'scape me.
Stay; I must counterfeit a letter by the way first,
And one that must carry some credit with it; I am wide else,
And all this to no purpose that I aim at.
A letter must be had, and neatly handled;
And then if goodwife Fortune do not fail me,
Have at his skirts! I shall worse anger him
Than ever I have done, and worse torment him.
It does me good to think how I shall conjure him,
And crucify his crabbedness: He's my master;
But that's all one, I'll lay that on the left hand.
He would now persecute my harmless mistress;
A fault without forgiveness, as I take it,
And under that bold banner flies my vengeance;
A meritorious war, and so I'll make it.—
I' th' name of innocence, what's this the Fool gave me?
She said 'twas good to rub my understanding.
What strange concealment? bread, or cheese, or a chestnut?
Ha! 'tis a ring, a pretty ring, a right one:
A ring I know too! the very same ring!
Oh, admirable blockhead! oh, base eyes!
A ring my mistress took from me, and wore it;
I know it by the posy, "Prick me, and heal me."
None could deliver this but she herself too.
Am I twice sand-blind? twice so near the blessing
I would arrive at, and block-like never know it?
I am vengeance angry; but that shall light on thee.
And heavily, and quickly, I pronounce it.
There are so many cross-ways, there's no following her,——
And yet I must—not now. I hope she is right still.
For all her outward show, for sure she knew me:
And, in that hope, some few hours I'll forget her.
[*Exit.*

SCENE II.—*Near the out-skirts of a Village*

Enter Roderigo, *in a Pilgrim's habit.*

Rod. She is not to be recover'd, which I vex at
And he beyond my vengeance, which torments me.
Oh, I am fool'd and slighted, made a rascal;
My hopes are flutter'd, as my present fortunes!
Why should I wander thus, and play the coxcomb?
Tire out my peace and pleasure for a girl?
A girl that scorns me too? a thing that hates me?
And, consider'd at the best, is but a short breakfast
For a hot appetite. Why should I walk, and wait
And fret myself, and travel like a carrier, [thus
And peep, and watch; want meat and wine to cherish me,
When thousand women may be had, ten thousand
And thank me too, and I sit still? Well, true beauty
And chastity, and all that seem to ruin me,
Let me not take you, let me not come near you,
For I'll so trim you, I'll so bustle with you—
'Tis not the name of virgin shall redeem you,
(I'll change that property,) nor tears, nor angers:
I bear a hate about me scorns those follies.
To find this villain too (for there's my main prize.
And if he snap me then——

Enter Alinda.

Alin. Is not that Pedro?
'Tis he, 'tis he! Oh!
Rod. What art thou?
Alin. Ha! now, now, now,
Oh, now, most miserable!
Rod. What, a devil, art thou?
Alin. No end of my misfortunes, Heaven?
Rod. What antick?
Speak, puppet, speak!
Alin. That habit to betray me?
Ye holy Saints, can ye see this?
Rod. It danceth!
The devil in a fool's coat? is he turn'd innocent?
What mops and mowes it makes! heigh, how it frisketh!
Is't not a fairy? or some small hobgoblin?
It has a mortal face, and I have a great mind to it;
But if it should prove the devil then?
Alin. Come hither.
Rod. I think 'twill ravish me.
It is a handsome thing, but horribly sun-burnt.
What's that it points at?
Alin. Dost thou see that star there?
That, just above the sun?
Pr'ythee go thither, and light me this tobacco;
And stop it with the horns o' th' moon.
Rod. The thing's mad,

Abominably mad, her brains are butter'd.
Go sleep, fool, sleep.
Alin. Thou canst not sleep so sweetly;
For so I can say my prayers, and then slumber.

I am not proud, nor full of wine,
(This little flower will make me fine,)
Cruel in heart, (for I shall cry,
If I see a sparrow die:)
I am not watchful to do ill,
Nor glorious to pursue it still:
Nor pitiless to those that weep;
Such as are, bid them go sleep.

Do, do, do, and see if they can.
Rod. It said true;
I feel it sink into me forcibly.
Sure 'tis a kind of sybil, some mad prophet.
I feel my wildness bound and fetter'd in me.
Alin. Give me your hand, and I'll tell you what's your fortune.
Rod. Here; pr'ythee speak.
Alin. Fy, fy, fy, fy, fy!
Wash your hands, and pare your nails, and look finely;
You shall never kiss the king's daughter else.
Rod. I wash 'em daily.
Alin. But still you foul 'em faster.
Rod. This goes nearer.
Alin. You'll have two wives.
Rod. Two wives?
Alin. Ay, two fine gentlewomen;
(Make much of 'em, for they'll stick close to you,
And these two, in two days. [sir)
Rod. That's a fine riddle.
Alin. To-day you shall wed Sorrow,
And Repentance will come to-morrow.
Rod. Sure she's inspired!
Alin. I'll sing you a fine song, sir.

He called down his merry men all,
By one, by two, by three;
William would fain have been the first,
But now the last is he.

Rod. 'Tis the mere chronicle of my mishaps.
Alin. I'll bid you good even: for my boat stays for me yonder,
And I must sup with the moon to-night in the Mediterranean. [*Exit.*
Rod. When fools and mad-folks shall be tutors
And feel my sores, yet I unsensible—— [to me,
Sure it was set by Providence upon me,
To steer my heart right. I am wondrous weary;
My thoughts too, which add more burden to me—
I have been ill, and, which is worse, pursued it,
And still run on: I must think better, nobler,
And be another thing, or not at all.
Still I grow heavier, heavier; Heaven defend me!
I'll lie down, and take rest, and goodness guard me!
[*Lies down on one side of the stage.*

Enter four Peasants.

1 *Pea.* We have 'scaped to-day well; certain, if the Outlaws
Had known we had been stirring, we had paid for't.
2 *Pea.* Plague on 'em, they have robb'd me
3 *Pea.* And me five times; [thrice.
Beside, they made my daughter one of us too,
An arrant drum: Oh, they are the lewdest rascals;
The captain such a damn'd piece of iniquity——
But we are far enough off on 'em, that's the best
They cannot hear. [on't.
4 *Pea.* They'll come to me familiarly,
And eat up all I have; drink up my wine too,
And if there be a servant that contents 'em,
Let her keel hold, they'll give her stowage enough.
We have no children now, but thieves and Outlaws:
The very brats in their mothers' bellies have their
They'll steal into the world. [qualities,
1 *Pea.* 'Would we had some of 'em here!
2 *Pea.* Ay, o' that condition we could master
They are sturdy knaves. ['em;
3 *Pea.* A devil take their sturdiness!
We can neither keep our wives from 'em, nor our states;
We pay the rent, and they possess the benefit.
1 *Pea.* What is this lies here? is it drunk or
It sleeps, and soundly too. [sober?
2 *Pea.* 'Tis an old woman,
That keeps sheep hereabouts. It turns and stretches.
4 *Pea.* Does she keep sheep with a sword?
3 *Pea.* It has a beard too.
1 *Pea.* Peace, peace! It is the devil Roderigo!
Peace of all hands, and look.
2 *Pea.* 'Tis he.
3 *Pea.* Speak softly.
4 *Pea.* Now we may fit him.
3 *Pea.* Stay, stay! let's be provident.
1 *Pea.* Kill him, and wake him then.
4 *Pea.* Let me come to him;
Even one blow at his pate; if e'er he wake more—
3 *Pea.* So, so, so! lay that by. [*Takes his sword.*
2 *Pea.* I must needs kill him;
It stands with my reputation.
3 *Pea* Stand off, I say,
And let us some way make him sure; then torture
To kill him presently has no pleasure in't; [him:
He has been tormenting of us at least this twelve-
Rod. Oh, me! [month.
All. He comes, he comes.
4 *Pea.* Has he no guns about him?
3 *Pea.* Softly again! No, no; take that hand easily,
And tie it fast there; that to th' other bough there.
Fast, fast, and easy, least he wake!
[*They tie him to a tree.*
2 *Pea.* Have we got you?
This was a benefit we never aim'd at.
3 *Pea.* Out with your knives, and let us carve
Daintily carve him! [this cock-thief,
1 *Pea.* I would he had been used thus
Ten years ago! we might have thought we had children.
3 *Pea.* Oh, that Sir Nicholas now, our priest, were here,
What a sweet homily would he say over him,
For ringing all in, with his wife i' th' bellfry!
He would stand up stiff girt. Now pounce him lightly;
And, as he roars and rages, let's go deeper.
Come near; you are dim-eyed; on with your spectacles.
Rod. Oh, what torments me thus! what slaves, what villains?
Oh, spare me; do not murder me!
3 *Pea.* We'll but tickle you:
You have tickled us at all points.
4 *Pea.* Where are his emblems?

Enter Pedro.

Rod. As ye are men, and Christians——
2 *Pea.* Yes, we hear you;
And you shall hear of us too.

Rod. Oh! no mercy?
Pedro. What noise is this? what roar?—I cannot find her,
She is got free again; but where, or which way?
Rod. Oh, villains, beasts!
Pedro. Murdering a man, ye rascals?
Ye inhuman slaves, off, off, and leave this cruelty,
Or as I am a gentleman—Do ye brave me?
Then have among ye all, ye slaves, ye cowards!
Take up that sword, and stand. [*To* RODERIGO.]
Ye cut-throat rogues—— [Stay, ye base rascals,
All. Away, away! [*Exeunt* Peasants.
Pedro. Ye dog-whelps!
Rod. Oh! I am now more wretched far than ever.
Ped. A violence to that habit?—Ha! Roderigo?
What makes he here, thus clad? Is it repentance,
Or only a fair show to guide his mischiefs?
Rod. This benefit has made me shame to see him;
To know him, blush.
Pedro. You are not much hurt?
Rod. No, sir;
All I can call a hurt, sticks in my conscience;
That pricks and tortures me.
Pedro. Have you consider'd
The nature of these men, and how they used you?
Was it fair play? did it appear to you handsome?
Rod. I dare not speak; or, if I do, 'tis nothing
Can bring me off, or justify me.
Pedro. Was it noble
To be o'er-lay'd with odds and violence?
Manly, or brave, in these thus to oppress you?
Do you blush at this, in such as are mere rudeness?
That have stopt souls, that never knew things gentle?
And dare you glorify worse in yourself, sir?
You used me with much honour, and I thank you;
In this, I have requited some. You know me:
Come, turn not back; you must and you shall know me.
Had I been over-season'd with base anger,
And suited all occasions to my mischiefs,
Bore no respect to honesty, religion;
No faith, no common tie of man, humanity,
Had I had in me; but given reins and licence
To a tempestuous will, as wild as winter,
This day, know, Roderigo, I had set
As small a price upon thy life and fortunes
As thou didst lately on mine innocence;
But I reserve thee to a nobler service.
Rod. I thank you, and I'll study more to honour you:
You have the nobler soul, I must confess it,
And are the greater master of your goodness.
Though it be impossible I should now recover,
And my rude will grow handsome, in an instant,
Yet, touching but the pureness of your metal,
Something shall shew like gold, at least shall glister;
That men may hope, although the mine be rugged,
Stony and hard to work, yet time and honour
Shall find and bring forth that that's rich and worthy.
Pedro. I'll try that; and to th' purpose. You told me, sir,
In noble emulation,—so I take it;
I'll put your hatred far off, and forget it—
You had a fair desire to try my valour;
You seem'd to court me to it: You have found a [time.
A weapon in your hand, an equal enemy,
That, as he puts this off, puts off all injuries,
And only now for honour's sake defies you!
Now, as you are a man,—I know you are valiant—
As you are gentle bred, a soldier fashion'd——
Rod. His virtue startles me!—I dare fight:
Pedro.
Pedro. And as you have a mistress that you [honour.
Mark me! a mistress—— [honour.
Rod. Ha!
Pedro. A handsome mistress:
As you dare hold yourself deserving of her——
Rod. Deserving? what a word was that to fire me!
Pedro. I could compel you now without the circumstance;
But I'll deal free and fairly, like a gentleman:
As you are worthy of the name you carry,
A daring man——
Rod. Oh, that I durst not suffer!
For all I dare do now implies but penance.
Pedro. Now do me noble right.
Rod. I'll satisfy you;
But not by th' sword. Pray you hear me, and allow me.
I have been rude; but shall I be a monster,
And teach my sword to hurt that that preserves me?
Though I be rough by nature, shall my name
Inherit that eternal stain of *barbarous?*
Give me an enemy, a thing that hates you,
That never heard of yet, nor felt your goodness,
That is one main antipathy to sweetness,
And set me on! You cannot hold me coward.
If I have ever err'd, 't has been in hazard,
The temper of my sword starts at your virtue,
And will fly off, nay, it will weep to light [on] you.
Things excellently mingled, and of pure nature,
Hold sacred love and peace with one another.
See how it turns!
Pedro. This is a strange conversion!—
And can you fail your mistress? can you grow cool
In such a case?
Rod. Those heats that they add to us,
Oh, noble Pedro! let us feel 'em rightly,
And rightly but consider how they move us.
Pedro. Is not their honour ours?
Rod. If they be virtuous;
And then their sword adds nothing to their lustre,
But rather calls in question what's not doubted:
If they be not, the best swords and best valours
Can never fight 'em up to fame again,
No, not a Christian war; and that's held pious.
Pedro. How bravely now he's temper'd! I must fight,
And rather make it honourable, than angry.
I would not task those sins to me committed.
Rod. You cannot, sir; you have cast those by, discarded 'em;
And, in a noble mind, so low and loosely
To look back, and collect such lumps, and lick 'em
Into new horrid forms again——
Pedro. Still braver!
Rod. To fight because I dare, were worse and [weaker
Than if I had a woman in my cause, sir,
And more proclaim'd me fool; yet I must confess
I have been covetous of all occasions,
And this I have taken upon trust for noble,
The more shame mine! Devise a way to fight thus,

That, like the wounded air, no blood may issue,
Nor, where this sword shall enter, no lost spirit,
And set me on! I would not scar that body,
That virtuous, valiant body, nor deface it,
To make the kingdom mine. If one must bleed,
Let me be both the sacrifice and altar,
And you the priest; I have deserved to suffer.
Pedro. The noble Roderigo now I call you,
And thus my love shall ever count and hold you.
Rod. I am your servant, sir; and now this habit,
Devotion, not distrust, shall put upon me.
I'll wait upon your fortunes, (that's my way now,)
And where you grieve, or joy, I'll be a partner.
Pedro. I thank you, sir; I shall be too proud of you.
Oh, I could tell you strange things! [you.
Rod. I guess at 'em;
And I could curse myself, I made 'em stranger.
Yet my mind says, you are not far from happiness.
Pedro. It shall be welcome. Come, let's keep us thus still,
And be as we appear, Heaven's hand may bless us.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*The Mad-house in Segovia.*

Enter ALPHONSO, Master, *and* Keepers.

Mast. Yes, sir, here be such people; but how
They will appear to you—— [pleasing
Alph. Pray let me see 'em;
I come to that end; pray let me see 'em all.
Mast. They will confound you, sir; like bells rung backward,
They are nothing but confusion, and mere noises.
Alph. May-be I love a noise. But, hark ye, sir!
Have you no boys? handsome young boys?
Mast. Yes, one, sir;
A very handsome boy.
Alph. Long here?
Mast. But two days;
A little crazed, but much hope of recovery.
Alph. Ay, that boy let me see; may-be, I know him;
That boy, I say.—This is the boy he told me of,
[*Aside.*
And it must needs be she!—That boy, I beseech
That boy I come to see. [ye, sir!
Mast. And you shall see him,
Or any else; but pray be not too violent.
Alph. I know what to do, I warrant you; I am for all fancies;
I can talk to 'em, and dispute——
1 *Keep.* As madly?
For they are very mad, sir.
Alph. Let 'em be horn-mad.
1 *Keep.* We have few citizens; they have bedlams of their own, sir,
And are mad at their own charges.
Alph. Who lies here?
Mast. Pray you do not disturb 'em, sir; here lie such youths
Will make you start if they but dance their trenchmores.
Fetch out the boy, sirrah.—Hark! [*Exit* Keeper.
Alph. Heigh, boys! [*Shaking of irons within.*

Enter English Madman, Scholar, *and* Parson.

Eng. Bounce!
Clap her o' th' star-board! bounce! top the can.
Schol. Dead, ye dog, dead! do you quarrel in [my kingdom?
Give me my trident!
Eng. Bounce, 'twixt wind and water,
Loaden with mackrels! Oh, brave meat!
Schol. My sea-horses!
I'll charge the northern-wind, and break his bladder!
Par. I'll sell my bells, before I be out-braved thus.
Alph. What's he? what's he?
Mast. A parson, sir, a parson,
That run mad for tithe-goslings.
Alph. Green sauce cure him!
Par. I'll curse ye all! I'll excommunicate ye!
Thou English heretic, give me the tenth pot.
Eng. Sue me; I'll drink up all. Bounce, I say once more.
Oh, have I split your mizen? Blow, blow, thou west-wind,
Blow till thou rive, and make the sea run roaring;
I'll hiss it down again with a bottle of ale.
Schol. Triton! why, Triton!
Eng. Triton's drunk with metheglin.
Schol. Strike, strike the surges, strike!
Eng. Drink, drink; 'tis day-light;
Drink, didle, didle, didle, drink, Parson, proud Parson:
A pig's tail in thy teeth, and I defy thee!
Par. Give me some porridge, or I'll damn thee, English.
Alph. How comes this English madman here?
Mast. Alas,
That is no question; they are mad every where,
Their fits are cool now; let 'em rest. [sir.—

Enter Keepers, *and* She-Fool *in* ALINDA's *boy's clothes.*

Alph. Mad gallants,
Most admirable mad; I love their fancies.
1 *Keep.* You stinking whore!—Who knew of this? who look'd to him?
Pox take him, he was sleepy when I left him.
2 *Keep.* Certain, he made the Fool drunk.
Mast. How now? who's this here;
Where is the boy?
1 *Keep.* The boy, sir?
Mast. Ay, the boy, sir.
1 *Keep.* Here's all the boys we found.
Mast. These are his clothes;
But where's the boy?
Fool. The boy is gone a-maying;
He'll bring me home a cuckoo's nest. Do you hear, master?
I put my clothes off, and I dizen'd him,
And pinn'd a plumb in's forehead, and a feather,
And buss'd him twice, and bid him go seek his fortune:
He gave me this fine money, and fine wine too,
And bid me sop, and gave me these trim clothes
And put 'em on. [too,
Alph. Is this the boy you would shew?
Fool. I'll give you twopence, master.
Alph. Am I fool'd of all sides?
I met a fool i' th' woods, (they said she dwelt here)
In a long pied coat.
Mast. That was the very boy, sir.
Fool. Ay, ay, ay; I gave him leave to play forsooth:
He'll come again to-morrow, and bring peacods.
Mast. I'll bring your bones!
Alph. Pox o' your fools, and bedlams!
Plague o' your owls and apes!
Mast. Pray you, sir, be tamer;

We cannot help this presently; but we shall know—
I'll recompense your cares too! [*To the* Keepers.
Alph. Know me a pudding!
You juggle, and you fiddle; fart upon you!
I am abused!
Mast. Pray you, sir——

Enter Welsh Madman.

Alph. And I will be abused, sir!
And you shall know I am abused!
Welsh. Whaw, Master Keeper.
Alph. Pox o' thy whaws, and thy whims,
Pox o' thy urship!
Welsh. Give me some ceeze and onions, give me some wash-brew;
I have —— in my bellies; give me abundance.
Pendragon was a shentleman, marg you, sir;
And the organs at Rixum were made by revelations:
There is a spirit blows, and blows the bellows,
And then they sing!
Alph. What moon-calf's this? what dream?
Mast. Pray you, sir, observe him;
He is a mountaineer, a man of goatland.
Welsh. I will beat thy face as black as a blue clout;
I will leave no more sheet in thine eyes——
Mast. He will not hurt you.
Welsh. Give me a great deal of guns: Thou art the devils,
I know thee by thy tails. Poor Owen's hungry!
I will pig thy bums full of bullets.
Alph. This is the rarest rascal!
He speaks as if he had butter-milk in's mouth.
Is this any thing akin to th' English?
Mast. The elder brother, sir,
He run mad because a rat eat up's cheese.
Alph. He had a great deal of reason, sir.
Welsh. *Besar las manos*, is for an old codpiece, marg you.
I will borrow thy urship's whore to seal a letter.
Mast. Now he grows villainous.
Alph. Methinks he's best now.
Mast. Away with him.
Alph. He shall not.
Mast. Sir, he must.
Welsh. I will sing and dance, do any thing!
Alph. Wilt thou declaim in Greek?
Mast. Away with the Fool;
And whip her soundly, sirrah.
Fool. I'll tell no more tales. [*Exit.*
Alph. Or wilt thou fly i' th' air?
Eng. Do; and I'll catch thee,
And, like a wisp of hay, I'll whirl and whirl thee,
And puff thee up, and puff thee up!
Schol. I'll save thee,
And thou shalt fall into the sea, soft, softly.
Welsh. I'll get upon a mountain, and call my countrymen.
Mast. They all grow wild. Away with him, for Heaven's sake!—
Sir, you are much to blame.
Alph. No, no, 'tis brave, sir!
You have cozen'd me; I'll make you mad.
Mast. In with him,
And lock him fast.
Alph. I'll see him in his lodging. [*Exit.*
Mast. What means this gentleman?

Enter Juletta.

Jul. He's in; have at him.—
Are you the master, sir?
Mast. What would you with him?
Jul. I have a business from the Duke of Medina
Is there not an old gentleman come lately in?
Mast. Yes, and a wild one too; but not a prisoner.
Jul. Did you observe him well? 'tis like he may be.
Mast. I have seen younger men of better temper.
Jul. You have hit the cause I come for.—
There's a letter;
Pray you peruse it well.—I shall be with you. [*Aside.*
And suddenly, I fear not; finely, daintily;
I shall so feed your fierce vexation,
And raise your worship's storms; I shall so niggle you,
And juggle you, and fiddle you, and firk you,
I'll make you curse the hour you vex'd a woman:
I'll make you shake, when our sex are but sounded
"For the Lord's sake," we shall have him at: I long to see it,
As much as for my wedding-night; I gape after it.
Mast. This letter says, the gentleman is lunatic.
I half suspected it.
Jul. 'Tis very true, sir;
And such pranks he has play'd!
Mast. He is some great man,
The duke commands me with such care to look to him,
And if he grow too violent, to correct him,
To use the speediest means for his recovery;
And those he must find sharp.
Jul. The better for him.
Mast. How got you him hither?
Jul. With a train I tole'd him:
He is in love with a boy, there lies his melancholy.
Mast. Hither he came to seek one.
Jul. Yes, I sent him;
Now had we dealt by force, we had never brought him.
Mast. Here was a boy.
Jul. He saw him not.
Mast. He was gone first.
Jul. It is the better. Look you to your charge well;
I'll see him lodged, for so the duke commanded me.
He will be very rough.
Mast. We are used to that, sir;
And we as rough as he, if he give occasion.
Jul. You will find him gainful, but be sure you curb him.
And get him if you can fairly to his lodging;
I am afraid you will not.

Enter Alphonso, *with a* Keeper.

Mast. We must sweat then.
Alph. What dost thou talk to me of noises? I'll have more noise,
I'll have all loose, and all shall play their prizes;
Thy master has let loose the boy I look'd for,
Basely convey'd him hence.
Keep. Will you go out, sir?
Alph. I will not out, I will have all out with me,
I'll have thy master in; he's only mad here! [*Shaking of irons.*
And, rogues, I'll have ye all whipt! Heigh, mad boys, mad boys!
Jul. Do you perceive him now?
Mast. 'Tis too apparent.
Jul. I am glad she is gone, he raves thus. [*Aside.*
Mast. Do you hear, sir?

Pray will you make less stir, and see your chamber?—
Call in more help, and make the closet ready.
Keep. I thought he was mad; I'll have one long lash at you.
Alph. My chamber! where? my chamber! why [my chamber?
Where's the young boy?
Mast. Nay, pray you, sir, be more modest,
For your own credit sake; the people see you,
And I would use you with the best.
Alph. Best? hang you!
What, dost thou think me mad?
Mast. Pray, and be civil;
Heaven may deliver you.
Alph. Into a rogue's hands?
Mast. You do but draw more misery upon you,
And add to your disease.
Alph. Get from me!
Mast. No, sir;
You must not be left so; bear yourself civilly,
And 'twill be better for you; swell not, nor chafe not.
Alph. I am a gentleman, and a neighbour, rascal.
Mast. A great deal the more pity; I have heard of you.
Jul. Excellent master! [*Aside.*
Mast. The duke is very tender too.
Alph. Am I a lunatic? am I run mad?
What dost thou talk to me of dukes and devils?
Why do the people gape so?
Mast. Do not anger 'em,
But go in quietly, and slip in softly,
They will so tew you else; I am commanded, sir.
Alph. Why, pr'ythee, why?
Mast. You are dog-mad, yet perceive it not;
Very far mad, and whips will scant recover you.
Alph. Ha! whips?
Mast. Ay, whips, and sore whips, an you were a [lord, sir,
If you be stubborn here.
Alph. Whips? What am I grown?
Jul. Oh, I could burst! Hold, hold, hold, hold o' both ends! [*Apart.*
How he looks! pray Heaven he be not mad indeed.
Alph. I do not perceive I am so, but if you think it—
Nor I'll be hang'd if't be so.
Mast. Do you see this, sir? [*Irons brought in.*
Down with that devil in ye!
Alph. Indeed I am angry,
But I'll contain myself: Oh, I could burst now,
And tear myself! but these rogues will torment me.
Mad in mine old days? make mine own afflictions?
Mast. What do you mutter, sir?
Alph. Nothing, sir, nothing;
I will go in, and quietly, most civilly:
And, good sir, let none of your tormentors come about me;
You have a gentle face, they look like dragons.
Mast. Be civil and be safe. Come, for these two days,
You must eat nothing neither; 'twill ease your fits, sir.
Alph. 'Twill starve me, sir; but I must bear it joyfully.
I may sleep?
Mast. Yes, a little. Go in with these men.
Alph. Oh, miserable me! [*He is led off by the* Keepers.
Mast. I'll follow presently.—
You see 'tis done, sir.
Jul. Ye have done it handsomely,
And I'll inform the duke so. Pray you attend him;
Let him want nothing, but his will.
Mast. He shall not;
And if he be rebellious——
Jul. Never spare him:
He has flesh, and hide enough; he loves a whipping.
Mast. My service to his grace! [*Exit.*
Jul. I shall commend it.—
So, thou art fast; I must go get some fresh room
To laugh and caper in: Oh, how it tickles me!
Oh, how it tumbles me with joy! Thy mouth's stopt:
Now if I can do my mistress good, I am sainted. [*Exit.*

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*The Forest.*

Enter Seberto *and* Curio.

Seb. Now, o' my conscience, we have lost him utterly!
He's not gone home; we heard from thence this morning,
And since our parting last at Roderigo's,
You know what ground we have travell'd.
Curio. He's asleep sure;
For if he had been awake, we should have met with him.
'Faith, let's turn back, we have but a fruitless journey;
And to hope further of Alinda's recovery,
(For sure she'll rather perish than return,)
Is but to seek a moth i' th' sun.
Seb. We'll on sure;
Something we'll know, some cause of all this fooling,
Make some discovery.
Curio. Which way shall we cast then?
For all the champaign country, and the villages,
And all those sides——
Seb. We'll cross these woods a while then:
Here if we fail, we'll gallop to Segovia,
And if we light of no news there, hear nothing,
We'll even turn fairly home, and coast the other side.
Curio. He may be sick, or fall'n into some danger;
He has no guide, nor no man to attend him.
Seb. He's well enough; he has a travell'd body,
And, though he be old, he's tough, and will endure [well;
But he's so violent to find her out,
That his anger leads him a thousand wild-goose [chases:
I'll warrant he is well.
Curio. Shall we part company?
Seb. By no means; no; that were a sullen business,
No pleasure in our journey. Come, let's cross here first;
And where we find the paths, let them direct us. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*Another part of the Forest.*

Enter JULETTA *and* ALINDA.

Jul. Why are you still so fearful of me, lady?
So doubtful of my faith and honest service,
To hide yourself from me, to fly my company?
Am I not yours? all yours?—By this light, you shake still!
Do you suspect me false? did I e'er fail you?
Do you think I am corrupted, base, and treacherous?
Lord, how ye look! Is not my life tied to ye?
And all the power I have, to serve and honour ye?
Still do you doubt? still am I terrible?
I will not trouble ye: Good Heaven preserve ye,
And send ye what ye wish! I will not see ye,
Nor once remember I had such a mistress!
I will not speak of ye, nor name Alinda,
For fear you should suspect I would betray ye:
Goodness and peace conduct ye!
Alin. Pr'ythee pardon me!
I know thou art truly faithful; and thou art
A welcome partner to my miseries: [welcome,
Thou know'st I love thee too.
Jul. I have thought so, lady.
Alin. Alas, my fears have so distracted me,
I durst not trust myself.
Jul. Come, pray ye think better,
And cast those by; at least consider, lady,
How to prevent 'em: Pray ye put off this fool's coat;
Though it have kept ye secret (for a season,)
'Tis known now, and will betray ye. Your arch enemy
Roderigo is abroad; many are looking for ye.
Alin. I know it, and those many I have cozen'd.
Jul. You cannot still thus.
Alin. I have no means to shift it.
Jul. I have, and shift you too. I lay last night
At a poor widow's house here in the thicket,
Whither I will conduct ye, and new-shape ye;
Myself too, to attend ye.
Alin. What means hast thou?
For mine are gone.
Jul. Fear not, enough to serve you;
I came not out so empty.
Alin. Pr'ythee tell me,
For thou hast struck a kind of comfort through me,
When saw'st thou Roderigo?
Jul. Even this morning,
And in these woods: Take heed; he has got a new shape.
Alin. The habit of a pilgrim? Yes, I know it,
And I hope shall prevent it. Was he alone?
Jul. No, madam; and, which made me wonder mightily,
He was in company with that handsome Pilgrim,
That sad, sweet man.
Alin. That I forgot to give to?
Jul. The same, the very same, that you so pitied;
A man as fit to suit his villainies——
Alin. And did they walk together?
Jul. Wond'rous civilly.
Alin. Talk, and discourse?
Jul. I think so; for I saw 'em
Make many stands, and then embrace each other.
Alin. The Pilgrim is betray'd! a Judas dwells with him,
A Sinon, that will seem a saint to choke him!—
Canst thou but shew me this?
Jul. Lord, how she trembles!—
Not thus, for all the world; ye are undone then.
But let's retire, and alter, then we'll walk free;
And then I'll shew ye anything.
Alin. Come, good wench,
And speedily, for I have strange faiths working,
As strange fears too; I'll tell thee all my life then.
Jul. Come quick; I will conduct ye, and sub-serve ye:
And do not fear; hang fear, it spoils all projects.
This way! I'll be your guide. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—SEGOVIA. *An open Place.*

Enter Governor, VERDUGO, *and* Citizens.

Gov. Use all your sports,
All your solemnities; 'tis the king's day to-morrow,
His birth-day, and his marriage; a glad day,
A day we ought to honour, all.
1 *Cit.* We will, sir,
And make Segovia ring with our rejoicings.
Gov. Be sumptuous, but not riotous; be bounteous,
But not in drunken bacchanals; free to all strangers,
Easy and sweet in all your entertainments;
For 'tis a royal day, admits no rudeness.
2 *Cit.* Your lordship will do us the honour to
Be here yourself, and grace the day?
Gov. It is
A main part of my service.
3 *Cit.* I hope your honour
Has taken into your consideration
The miseries we have suffer'd by these Outlaws,
The losses, hourly fears, the rude abuses,
Strangers that travel to us are daily loaden with:
Our daughters' and our wives' complaints.
Gov. I am sorry for't,
And have commission from the king to ease it:
You shall not be long vex'd.
1 *Cit.* Had we not walls, sir,
And those continually mann'd too with our watches,
We should not have a bit of meat to feed us;
And yet they are our friends, and we must think so,
And entertain 'em so sometimes, and feast 'em,
And send them loaden home too; we are lost else.
2 *Cit.* They'll come to church among us, as we hope, Christians,
When all their zeal is but to steal the chalices.
At this good time now, if your lordship were near,
To awe their violence with your authority, [here,
They would play such gambols!
Gov. Are they grown so heady?
2 *Cit.* They would drink up all our wine, piss out our bonfires,
Then, like the drunken Centaurs, have at the fairest,
Nay, have at all; fourscore and ten's a goddess:
Whilst we, like fools, stand shaking in our cellars.
Gov. Are they so fierce upon so little sufferance?
I'll give 'em such a purge, and suddenly:—
Verdugo, after this solemnity is over,
Call on me for a charge of men, of good men,
(To see what house these knaves keep), of good soldiers,
As sturdy as themselves; that dare dispute with them,
Dare walk the woods as well as they, as fearless,
But with a better faith belabour 'em:
I'll know what claim they have to their possession.
'Tis pity of their captain Roderigo,

A well-bred gentleman, and a good soldier,
And one his majesty has some little reason
To thank for sundry services, and fair ones;
That long neglect bred this: I am sorry for him.
Verd. The hope of his estate keeps back his pardon;
There's divers wasps that buz about that honey-box,
And long to lick themselves full.
Gov. True, Verdugo;
'Would he had but the patience to discern it,
And policy to wipe their lips!
Verd. To fetch him in, sir,
By violence, he being now no infant,
Will ask some bloody crowns. I know his people
Are of his own choice, men that will not totter
Nor blench much at a bullet; I know his order:
And though he have no multitude, he has manhood;
The elder twin to that too, staid experience.
But if he must be forced, sir——
Gov. There's no remedy,
Unless he come himself.
Verd. That will be doubtful,—
Did you ne'er hear yet of the noble Pedro?
Gov. I cannot, by no means; I think he's dead, sure;
The court bewails much his untimely loss;
The king himself laments him.
Verd. He was sunk;
And, if he be dead, he died happily;
He buried all he had in the king's service,
And lost himself.
Gov. Well, if he be alive, captain,
(As hope still speaks the best), I know the king's mind
So inwardly and full, he will be happy.
Come; to this preparation! when that's done,
The Outlaws' expedition is begun.
Cit. We'll contribute all to that, and help ourselves too. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*The Forest.*

RODERIGO *and* PEDRO, *discovered lying under a Tree.*

Rod. How sweet these solitary places are! How wantonly
The wind blows through the leaves, and courts and plays with 'em!
Will you sit down and sleep? The heat invites you.
Hark, how yon purling stream dances and murmurs;
The birds sing softly too; Pray take some rest, sir.—
I would fain woo his fancy to a peace; [*Aside.*
It labours high and hastily upon him.—
Pray you sit, and I'll sit by.
Pedro. I cannot sleep, friend;
I have those watches here admit no slumbers.
Saw you none yet?
Rod. No creature.
Pedro. What strange music
Was that we heard afar off?
Rod. I cannot guess:
'Twas loud, and shrill; sometimes it shew'd hard by us,
And by and by the sound fled as the wind does.
Here's no inhabitants.
Pedro. It much delighted me.
Rod. They talk of fairies, and such demi-devils;
This is as fine a place to dance their gambols——
Pedro. Methought I heard a voice. [*Music and birds.*
Rod. They can sing admirably;
They never lose their maidenheads.—I would fool any way, [*Apart.*
To make him merry now.—Methinks yon rocks
Shew like enchanted cells, where they inhabit. [*Music afar off. Birds.*
Pedro. 'Tis here again. Hark, gentle Roderigo,
Hark, hark! oh, sweet, sweet! how the birds record too!
Mark how it flies now every way!—Oh, love!
In such a harmony art thou begotten;
In such soft air, so gentle, lull'd and nourish'd.
Oh, my best mistress!
Rod. How he weeps! Dear Heaven,
Give him his heart's content, and me forgive too!
I must melt too.
Pedro. The birds sing louder, sweeter,
And every note they emulate one another:
Lie still and hear.—These, when they have done their labours,
Their pretty airs, fall to their rests, enjoy 'em:
Nothing rocks love asleep but death.

Enter ALINDA *and* JULETTA, *like old women.*

Rod. Who are these?
Pedro. What?
Rod. Those there, those, those things that come upon us,
Those grandam things, those strange antiquities.
Did not I say these woods begot strange wonders?
Jul. Now you may view 'em.
Alin. Ha!
Jul. The men you long'd for;
Here they are both. Now you may boldly talk with 'em,
And ne'er be guess'd at; be not afraid, nor faint not.
They wonder at us; let's maintain that wonder.
Shake not; but what you purpose, do discretely;
And from your tongue I'll take my part.
Alin. Ha!
Jul. There,
Before you, there. Do not turn coward, mistress!
If you do love, carry your love out handsomely.
Alin. 'Tis he and Roderigo: What a peace
Dwells in their faces! what a friendly calm
Crowns both their souls!
Rod. They shew as if they were mortal.
They come upon us still.
Pedro. Be not afraid, man;
Let 'em be what they will, they cannot hurt us.
Rod. That thing i' th' button'd cap looks terribly:
She has guns in her eyes; the devil's engineer!
Pedro. Come, stand: and let's go meet 'em. [*Rises.*
Rod. Go you first;
I have less faith: When I have said my prayers—
Pedro. There needs no fear.—Hail, reverend dames!
Alin. Good even!
What do ye seek?
Pedro. We would seek happier fortunes.
Rod. That little devil has main need of a barber!
What a trim beard she has! [*Aside.*

Alin. Seek 'em, and make 'em!
Lie not still, nor linger here;
Here inhabits nought but fear.
Be constant, good: in faith be clear;
Fortune will wait ye every where.
Pedro. Whither should we go? for we believe thy reverence,
And next obey.
Alin. Go to Segovia;
And there before the altar pay thy vows,
Thy gifts, and pray'rs: unload thy heaviness;
To-morrow shed thy tears, and gain thy suit:
Such honest noble showers ne'er wanted fruit.
Jul. Stand you out too! [*To* Roderigo.
Rod. I shall be hang'd, or whipp'd now;
These know and these have power.
Jul. See how he shakes!
A secure conscience never quakes:
Thou hast been ill, be so no more;
A good retreat is a great store.
Thou hast commanded men of might;
Command thyself, and then thou'rt right.
Alin. Command thy will, thy foul desires;
Put out and quench thy unhallow'd fires;
Command thy mind, and make that pure;
Thou'rt wise then, valiant, and secure;
A blessing then thou may'st beget.
Jul. A curse else, that shall never set,
Will light upon thee. Say thy prayers;
Thou hast as many sins as hairs.
Thou art a captain, let thy men
Be honest, have good thoughts, and then
Thou mayst command, and lead in chief;
Yet thou art bloody, and a thief.
Rod. What shall I do? I do confess.
Alin. Retire,
And purge thee perfect in his fire:
His life observe; live in his school,
And then thou shalt put off the fool.
Jul. Pray at Segovia too, and give
Thy offerings up; repent, and live!
[*Music within.*
Alin. Away, away! inquire no more:
Do this, ye're rich; else, fools, and poor.—
What music's this? [*Aside.*
Jul. Retire; 'tis some neat joy,
In honour of the king's great day. They wonder:
This comes in right to confirm their reverence.
Away, away! let them admire; it makes
For our advantage. How the captain shakes!
[*Exeunt.*
Pedro. This was the music.
Rod. Yes, yes. How I sweat!
I was never so deserted! Sure these woods are
Only inhabited with rare dreams and wonders.
I would not be a knave again, a villain——
Lord, how I loath it now! for these know all, sir,
And they would find me out.
Pedro. They are excellent women;
Deep in their knowledge, friend.
Rod. I would not be traitor,
And have these of my jury—How light I am,
And how my heart laughs now methinks within me!
Now I am catechized, I would ever dwell here,
For here's a kind of court of reformation:
Had I been stubborn, friend——
Pedro. They would have found it.
Rod. And then they would have handled me a new way;
The devil's dump had been danced then.
Pedro. Let's away,
And do their great commands, and do 'em handsomely,
Contrite, and true; for I believe, Roderigo,
And constantly believe, we shall be happy.
Rod. So you do well; fall edge or flat o' my side.
All I can stagger at is the king's anger;
Which, if it come, I am prepared to meet it.
Pedro. The king has mercy, friend, as well as justice.
And when you fall——
Rod. No more; I hope the fairest. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—Segovia. *An Ante-chamber in the Mad-house.*

Enter Master, Sebastro, *and* Curio.

Curio. We have told ye what he is, what time we have sought him,
His nature, and his name; the seeming boy too.
Ye had here, how, and what; by your own relation
All circumstances we have clear'd; that the dean sent him
We told ye how impossible; he knows him not:
That he is mad himself, and therefore fit
To be your prisoner, we dare swear against it.
Seb. Take heed, sir; be not madder than you would make him!
Though he be rash, and sudden, (which is all his wildness,)
Take heed ye wrong him not: He is a gentleman.
And so must be restored and clear'd in all points.
The king shall be a judge else.
Curio. 'Twas some trick
That brought him hither; the boy and letter counterfeit,
Which shall appear, if ye dare now detain him.
Mast. I dare not, sir, nor will not; I believe ye.
And will restore him up: Had I known sooner
He had been a neighbour, and the man you speak him,
(Though, as I live, he carried a wild seeming,)
My service and myself had both attended him.
How I have used him, let him speak.
Seb. Let's in, and visit him;
Then to the holy temple, there pay our duties;
And so we'll take our leaves.
Mast. I'll wait upon ye. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.—*The Cathedral in the same City. An Altar prepared. Solemn Music.*

Enter Governor, Verdugo, Courtiers, Ladies, *&c., kneeling at the Altar, and offering Oblations.*

Gov. This to devotion sacred be;
This to the king's prosperity;
This to the queen, and chastity. [*Music.*
Verd. These oblations first we bring
To purge ourselves; these to the king;
To love and beauty these: Now sing.
[*Music.*
Ladies. Holy altar, deign to take
These for ourselves, for the king's sake.
And honour, these; these sacred lie
To virtue, love, and modesty,
Our wishes to eternity. [*Music.*

Enter PEDRO *and* RODERIGO, *and kneel before the Altar.*

Pedro. For ourselves first, thus we bend;
Forgive us, Heaven, and be our friend!
Rod. And happy fortune to us send!
Pedro. To the king, honour and all joy,
Long, and happy from annoy.
Rod. Prosperous be all his days,
Every new hour a new praise!
Pedro. Every minute thus be seen,
Both. And thousand honours crown the queen.
[*Music.*

Enter ALPHONSO, CURIO, *and* SEBERTO.

Seb. Come to the altar; let us do our duties.
Alph. I have almost forgot a church.
Curio. Kneel reverently.
Alph. For my lost wits (let me see)
First I pray; and secondly,
To be at home again, and free;
And if I travel more, hang me!
For the king, and for the queen,
That they may be wise, and seen
Never in the madman's inn,
For my daughter I would pray;
But she has made a holiday,
And needs not my devotion now:
Let her take her own course, Heaven,
Whether it be odd or even,
And if that please not, take her you!
[*Music.*
Seb. A short and sweet meditation!—What are these here?

Enter ALINDA *and* JULETTA, *habited like shepherdesses, with garlands of flowers.*

Alin. Hail to this sacred place!
Jul. They are all here, madam;
No violence dare touch here; be secure!
My bilbo-master too? How got he loose again?
How lamentably he looks! he has had discipline.
I dare not let him know my pranks. [*They kneel.*
Seb. 'Tis she sure.
Curio. 'Tis certainly.
Pedro. Ha! do I dazzle?
Rod. 'Tis the fair Alinda.
Gov. What wonder stand these strangers in?
Rod. Her woman by her!
The same, sir, as I live.
Alph. I had a daughter
With such a face once, such eyes, and nose too.
Ha, let me see! 'tis wondrous like Alinda.
Their devotion ended, I'll mark 'em, and nearer.
And she had a filly too that waited on her,
Just with such a favour: Do they keep goats now?
Alin. Thus we kneel, and thus we pray
A happy honour to this day;
Thus our sacrifice we bring
Ever happy to the king.
Jul. These of purple, damask, green,
Sacred to the virtuous queen,
Here we hang.
Alin. As these are now,
Her glories ever spring, and shew!
These for ourselves, our hopes, and loves,
Full of pinks, and lady-gloves,
Of heart's-ease too, which we would fain,
As we labour for, attain:
Hear me, Heaven, and, as I bend,
Full of hope, some comfort send!
Jul. Hear her, hear her! if there be
A spotless sweetness, this is she. [*Music.*
Pedro. Now, Roderigo, stand.
Rod. He that divides ye
Divides my life too.
Gov. Pedro! noble Pedro!
Do not you know your friend?
Pedro. I know, and honour you.
Gov. Lady, this leave I'll crave, (pray be not angry,)
I will not long divide you. How happy, Pedro,
Would all the court be now, might they behold thee,
Might they but see you thus, and thus embrace you!
The king will be a joyful man, believe it,
Most joyful, Pedro.
Pedro. I am his humble servant.—
Nay, good sir, speak your will; I see you wonder;
One easy word from you——
Alph. I dare say nothing;
My tongue's a new tongue, sir, and knows his tether:
Let her do what she please, I dare do nothing;
I have been damn'd for doing.—Will the king know him,
That fellow there? will he respect and honour him?
He has been look'd upon, they say; will he own him?
Gov. Yes, certainly, and grace him, ever honour him,
Restore him every way: he has much lamented him.
Alph. Is't your will too? This is the last time of asking.
Rod. I am sure, none else shall touch her, none
If this, and this hold. [else enjoy her,
Alph. You had best begin
The game then; I have no title in her;
Pray take her, and dispatch her, and commend me to her,
And let me get me home, and hope I am sober:
Kiss, kiss; it must be thus. Stand up, Alinda;
I am the more child, and more need of blessing.
You had a waiting-woman, one Juletta,
A pretty desperate thing, just such another
As this sweet lady; we call'd her Nimble-chaps:
I pray is this the party?
Jul. No, indeed, sir,
She is at home: I am a little foot-boy,
That walk o'nights, and fright old gentlemen;
Make 'em lose hats and cloaks.
Alph. And horses too?
Jul. Sometimes I do, sir; teach 'em the way through ditches,
And how to break their worships' shins and noses
Against old broken stiles and stumps.
Alph. A fine art!
I feel it in my bones yet.
Jul. I am a drum, sir,
A drum at midnight; ran, tan, tan, tan, tan, sir
Do you take me for Juletta? I am a page, sir,
That brought a letter from the duke of Medina
To have one signior Alphonso, (just such another
As your old worship,) worm'd for running mad, sir
Alas, you are mistaken.
Alph. Thou art the devil,
And so thou hast used me.
Jul. I am anything;
An old woman, that tells fortunes——
Rod. Ha!
Jul. And frights good people,
And sends them to Segovia for their fortunes;

I am strange airs and excellent sweet voices;
I am anything, to do her good, believe me.
She now recover'd, and her wishes crown'd,
I am Juletta again; Pray, sir, forgive me!
Alph. I dare not
Do otherwise, for fear thou shouldst still follow me:
Pr'ythee be forgiven, and I pr'ythee forgive me too,
And if any of you will marry her——
Jul. No, I beseech you, sir; my mistress is my husband;
With her I'll dwell still; And when you play
Any more pranks, you know where to have me.
Pedro. You know him, sir?
Gov. Know him, and much lament him.
The king's incensed much, much, sir, I can assure you.
Pedro. Noble governor——
Gov. But since he is your friend, and now appears,
In honour of this day, and love to you, sir,
I'll try the power I have; to the pinch I'll put it.
Here's my hand, Roderigo, I'll set you fair again.
Rod. And here's mine, to be true and full of service.
Gov. Your people too shall have their general pardons.
We'll have all peace and love.
Rod. All shall pray for you.
Gov. To my house now, and suit you to your worths;
Off with these weeds, and appear glorious:
Then to the priest that shall attend us here,
And this be styled Love's new and happy year!
Rod. The king's and queen's; two noble honours meet
To grace this day, two true loves at their feet.
Alph. Well, well, since wedding will come after wooing,
Give me some rosemary, and let's be going.

[*Exeunt.*

THE CAPTAIN.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

JULIO, *a noble Gentleman, in Love with* LELIA.
ANGELO, *a Gentleman, Friend to* JULIO.
LODOVICO, PISO, } *Two cowardly Gulls.*
FREDERICK, *a Gentleman, Brother to* FRANK.
JACOMO, *an angry Captain, a Woman-Hater.*
FABRITIO, *a merry Soldier, Friend to* JACOMO.
Father *to* LELIA, *an old poor Gentleman.*
Host.
Vintner.
Drawers.
Servants.

FRANK, *Sister to* FREDERICK, *a Lady passionately in Love with* JACOMO.
CLORA, *Sister to* FABRITIO, *a witty Companion to* FRANK.
LELIA, *a cunning Wanton Widow.*
Waiting-Woman.
Maid-Servants.

SCENE,—VENICE.

PROLOGUE.

To please you with this play, we fear, will be
(So does the author too) a mystery
Somewhat above our art; for all men's eyes,
Ears, faiths, and judgments, are not of one size.
For, to say truth, and not to flatter ye,
This is nor comedy, nor tragedy,
Nor history, nor anything that may
(Yet in a week) be made a perfect play:
Yet those that love to laugh, and those that think
Twelve-pence goes further this way than in drink,
Or damsels, if they mark the matter through,
May stumble on a foolish toy, or two,
Will make 'em shew their teeth. Pray, for my sake,
(That likely am your first man) do not take
A distaste before you feel it; for ye may,
When this is hiss'd to ashes, have a play,
And here, to out-hiss this: Be patient then.
My honour done, you're welcome, gentlemen!

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*The Street.*

Enter LODOVICO *and* PISO.

Lod. The truth is, Piso, so she be a woman,
And rich and wholesome, let her be of what
Condition and complexion it please,
She shall please me, I am sure: Those men are fools
That make their eyes their choosers, not their needs.
Piso. Methinks, I would have her honest too, and handsome.
Lod. Yes, if I could have both; but since they [are
Wishes so near impossibilities,
Let me have that that may be.
Piso. If it were so,
I hope your conscience would not be so nice
To start at such a blessing.
Lod. No, believe me,
I do not think I should.
Piso. But thou wouldst be,
I do not doubt, upon the least suspicion,
Unmercifully jealous.
Lod. No, I should not;
For I believe those mad that seek vexations:
A wife, though she be honest, is a trouble.
Had I a wife as fair as Helen was,
That drew so many cuckolds to her cause,
These eyes should see another in my saddle
Ere I believe my beast would carry double.
Piso. So should not I, by'r lady! and I think
My patience (by your leave) as good as yours.
Report would stir me mainly, I am sure on't.
Lod. Report? you are unwise; report is no-[thing;
For if there were a truth in what men talk,
(I mean of this kind) this part of the world
I am sure would be no more call'd Christendom.
Piso. What then?
Lod. Why, Cuckoldom; for we should lose
Our old faiths clean, and hold their new opinions:
If talk would make me sweat, before I would marry,
I'd tie a surer knot, and hang myself.
I tell thee, there was never woman yet,
(Nor never hope there shall be) though a saint,
But she has been a subject to men's tongues,
And in the worst sense: And that desperate husband,

That dares give up his peace, and follow rumours,
(Which he shall find too busy, if he seek 'em)
Beside the forcing of himself an ass,
He dies in chains, eating himself with anger.
Piso. Having these antidotes against opinion,
I would marry any one; an arrant whore.
Lod. Thou dost not feel the nature of this physic;
Which I prescribe not to beget diseases,
But, where they are, to stop them.
Piso. I conceive you:
What think'st thou, thy way, of the widow Lelia?
Lod. 'Faith, thou hast found out one, I must confess,
Would stagger my best patience; From that woman,
As I would bless myself from plagues and surfeits,
From men-of-war at sea, from storms, and quicksands,
From hearing treason and concealing it,
From daring of a madman, or a drunkard,
From heresy, ill wine, and stumbling post-horse,
So would I pray each morning, and each night,
(And if I said each hour, I should not lie)
To be deliver'd of all these in one,
The woman thou hast named.
Piso. Thou hast set her in a pretty litany.

Enter JULIO, ANGELO, *and* Father.

Ang. Pray take my counsel.
Jul. When I am myself,
I'll hear you any way; love me though thus,
As thou art honest, which I dare not be,
Lest I despise myself. Farewell! [*Exit.*
Piso. [*To the* Father.] Do you hear, my friend? Sir! are you not a setter
For the fair widow here, of famous memory?
Father. [*Apart.*] Ha! am I taken for a bawd? Oh, God!
To mine own child too? Misery, I thank thee,
That keep'st me from their knowledge.—Sir, believe me,
I understand you not.
Lod. You love plain-dealing:
Are you not parcel bawd? Confess your function;
It may be, we would use it.
Father. Were she worse,
(As I fear strangely she is ill enough)
I would not hear this tamely.
Piso. Here's a shilling,
To strike good luck withal.
Father. Here is a sword, sir,
To strike a knave withal: Thou liest, and basely,
Be what thou wilt! [*Strikes him.*
Ang. Why, how now, gentlemen?
Father. You are many: I shall meet you, sir, again,
And make you understand, you have wrong'd a woman
Compared with whom thy mother was a sinner.
Farewell! [*Exit.*
Piso. He has amazed me.
Ang. With a blow?
By'r lady, 'twas a sound one! Are ye good
At taking knocks? I shall know ye hereafter.
You were to blame to tempt a man so far,
Before you knew him certain. He has not hurt ye?
Piso. No, I think.
Lod. We were to blame indeed to go so far;
For men may be mistaken: If he had swinged us,
He had served us right. Beshrew my heart, I think,
We have done the gentlewoman as much wrong too;
For hang me if I know her,
In my particular.
Piso. Nor I. This 'tis to credit
Men's idle tongues: I warrant they have said
As much by our two mothers.
Lod. Like enough.
Ang. I see a beating now and then does more
Move and stir up a man's contrition
Than a sharp sermon; here *probatum est.*

Enter FREDERICK *and* Servant.

Serv. What shall I tell your sister?
Fred. Tell her this;
Till she be better conversation'd,
And leave her walking by herself, and whining
To her old melancholy lute, I'll keep
As far from her as the gallows. [*Exit* Servant.
Ang. Who's that? Frederick?
Fred. Yes, marry is't. Oh, Angelo, how dost thou?
Ang. Save you, sir! How does my mistress?
Fred. She is in love, I think; but not with you.
I can assure you. Saw you Fabritio?
Ang. Is he come over?
Fred. Yes, a week ago:
Shall we dine?
Ang. I cannot.
Fred. Pr'ythee do.
Ang. Believe me, I have business.
Fred. Have you too, gentlemen?
Piso. No, sir.
Fred. Why then, let's dine together.
Lod. With all my heart.
Fred. Go then. Farewell, good Angelo.
Commend me to your friend.
Ang. I will. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*A Room in* FREDERICK'S *House.*

Enter FRANK *and* CLORA.

Clora. Do not dissemble, Frank; mine eyes are quicker
Than such observers, that do ground their faith
Upon one smile or tear: You are much alter'd,
And are as empty of those excellencies
That were companions to you, (I mean mirth,
And free disposure of your blood and spirit)
As you were born a mourner.
Frank. How, I pr'ythee?
For I perceive no such change in myself.
Clora. Come, come, this is not wise, nor provident,
To halt before a cripple. If you love,
Be liberal to your friend, and let her know it:
I see the way you run, and know how tedious
'Twill prove without a true companion.
Frank. Sure thou wouldst have me love.
Clora. Yes, marry would I;
I should not please you else.
Frank. And who, for God's sake?
For I assure myself, I know not yet:
And pr'ythee, Clora, since thou'lt have it so
That I must love, and do I know not what,
Let him be held a pretty handsome fellow,
And young; and if he be a little valiant,
'Twill be the better; and a little wise,
And, 'faith, a little honest.
Clora. Well, I will sound you yet, for all your craft. [*Aside.*
Frank. Heigh-ho! I'll love no more.

Clora. Than one; and him
You shall love, Frank.
Frank. Which him? Thou art so wise,
People will take thee shortly for a witch.
But, pr'ythee tell me, Clora, if I were
So mad as thou wouldst make me, what kind of man
Wouldst thou imagine him?
Clora. 'Faith, some pretty fellow,
With a clean strength, that cracks a cudgel well,
And dances at a wake, and plays at nine-holes.
Frank. Oh, God!
What pretty commendations thou hast given him!
'Faith, if I were in love (as, I thank God,
I do not think I am) this short epistle
Before my love, would make me burn the legend.
Clora. You are too wild: I mean, some gentleman.
Frank. So do not I, till I can know 'em wiser.
Some gentleman? No, Clora, till some gentleman
Keep some land, and fewer whores, believe me,
I'll keep no love for him: I do not long
To go a-foot yet, and solicit causes.
Clora. What think you then of an adventurer?
I mean some wealthy merchant.
Frank. Let him venture
In some decay'd crare of his own: He shall not
Rig me out, that's the short on't. Out upon't!
What young thing of my years would endure
To have her husband in another country,
Within a month after she is married,
Chopping for rotten raisins, and lie pining
At home, under the mercy of his foreman? No;
Though they be wealthy, and indifferent wise,
I do not see that I am bound to love 'em.
Clora. I see you are hard to please: yet I will please you.
Frank. 'Faith, not so hard neither, if consider'd
What woman may deserve as she is worthy.
But why do we bestow our time so idly?
Pr'ythee, let's entertain some other talk;
This is as sickly to me as faint weather.
Clora. Now I believe I shall content you, Frank:
What think you of a courtier?
Frank. Faith, so ill,
That if I should be full, and speak but truth,
'Twould shew as if I wanted charity.
Pr'ythee, good wench, let me not rail upon 'em;
Yet I have an excellent stomach, and must do it:
I have no mercy of these infidels,
Since I am put in mind on't; good, bear with me.
Clora. Can no man fit you? I will find him out.
Frank. This summer-fruit, that you call courtier,
While you continue cold and frosty to him,
Hangs fast, and may be sound; but when you fling
Too full a heat of your affections
Upon this root, and make him ripe too soon,
You'll find him rotten in the handling:
His oaths and his affections are all one
With his apparel, things to set him off;
He has as many mistresses as faiths,
And all apocrypha; his true belief
Is only in a private surgeon:
And, for my single self, I'd sooner venture
A new conversion of the Indies,
Than to make courtiers able men, or honest.
Clora. I do believe you love no courtier;
And, by my troth, to guess you into love
With any I can think of, is beyond
Either your will, or my imagination:
And yet I am sure you're caught, and I will know him.—
There's none left now worthy the thinking of,
Unless it be a soldier; and, I am sure,
I would ever bless myself from such a fellow.
Frank. Why, pr'ythee?
Clora. Out upon 'em, firelocks!
They are nothing in the world but buff and scarlet,
Tough unhewn pieces, to hack swords upon;
I had as lieve be courted by a cannon,
As one of those.
Frank. Thou art too malicious;
Upon my faith, methinks they're worthy men.
Clora. Say you so? I'll pull you on a little further. [*Aside.*
What worth can be in those men, whose profession
Is nothing in the world but drink and *damn me?*
Out of whose violence they are possess'd
With legions of unwholesome whores and quarrels?
I am of that opinion, and will die in't,
There is no understanding, nor can be,
In a soused soldier.
Frank. Now 'tis ignorance,
I easily perceive, that thus provokes thee,
And not the love of truth. I'll lay my life,
If God had made thee man, thou hadst been a coward.
Clora. If to be valiant, be to be a soldier,
I'll tell you true, I had rather be a coward;
I am sure with less sin.
Frank. This heresy
Must be look'd to in time; for if it spread,
'Twill grow too pestilent. Were I a scholar,
I would so hamper thee for thy opinion,
That, ere I left, I would write thee out of credit
With all the world, and make thee not believed
Even in indifferent things; that I would leave thee
A reprobate, out of the state of honour.
By all good things, thou hast flung aspersions
So like a fool (for I am angry with thee)
Upon a sort of men, that, let me tell thee,
Thy mother's mother would have been a saint
Had she conceived a soldier! They are people
(I may commend 'em, while I speak but truth)
Of all the old world, only left to keep
Man as he was, valiant and virtuous.
They are the model of those men, whose honours
We heave our hands at when we hear recited.
Clora. They are,
And I have all I sought for: 'Tis a soldier [self!
You love (hide it no longer); you have betray'd your-
Come, I have found your way of commendations,
And what I said was but to pull it from you.
Frank. 'Twas pretty! Are you grown so cunning, Clora?
I grant I love a soldier; but what soldier
Will be a new task to you. But all this,
I do imagine, was but laid to draw me
Out of my melancholy.
Clora. I will have the man,
Ere I forsake you.
Frank. I must to my chamber.
Clora. May not I go along?
Frank. Yes; but, good wench,
Move me no more with these fond questions;
They work like rhubarb with me.
Clora. Well, I will not. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*A Room in the House of* LELIA.

Enter LELIA *and her* Waiting-Woman.

Lelia. How now! who was that you stay'd to speak with?
Woman. The old man, forsooth.

Lelia. What old man?
Woman. The poor old man,
That uses to come hither; he that you call father.
Lelia. Have you dispatch'd him?
Woman. No; he would fain speak with you.
Lelia. Wilt thou never learn more manners, than to draw in
Such needy rascals to disquiet me?
Go, answer him, I will not be at leisure.
Woman. He will needs speak with you; and, good old man!
He weeps so, that, by my troth, I have not
The heart to deny him. Pray let him speak with [you.
Lelia. Lord!
How tender-stomach'd you are grown of late!
You are not in love with him, are you? If you be,
Strike up the match; you shall have three pounds
And a pair of blankets! Will you go answer him?
Woman. Pray let him speak with you; he'll not away else.
Lelia. Well, let him in then, if there be no remedy. [*Exit* Woman.
I thank God, I am able to abuse him;
I shall ne'er come clear else of him.—

Re-enter Woman *with* Father.

Now, sir; what is your business? Pray be short;
For I have other matters of more moment,
To call me from you.
Father. If you but look upon me like a daughter,
And keep that love about you that makes good
A father's hope, you'll quickly find my business,
And what I would say to you, and, before
I ask, will be a giver: Say that sleep,
(I mean that love) or be but numb'd within you,
The nature of my want is such a searcher,
And of so mighty power, that, where he finds
This dead forgetfulness, it works so strongly,
That if the least heat of a child's affection
Remain unperish'd, like another nature,
It makes all new again! Pray do not scorn me,
Nor seem to make yourself a greater business
Than my relieving.
Lelia. If you were not old,
I should laugh at you! What a vengeance ails you,
To be so childish to imagine me
A founder of old fellows?—Make him drink, wench;
And if there be any cold meat in the buttery,
Give him some broken bread, and that, and rid him.
Father. Is this a child's love? or a recompense
Fit for a father's care? Oh, Lelia,
Had I been thus unkind, thou hadst not been;
Or, like me, miserable! But 'tis impossible
Nature should die so utterly within thee,
And lose her promises: Thou art one of those
She set her stamp more excellently on,
Than common people, as foretelling thee
A general example of her goodness.
Or, say she could lie, yet Religion
(For love to parents is religious)
Would lead thee right again: Look well upon me;
I am the root that gave thee nourishment,
And made thee spring fair: do not let me perish,
Now I am old and sapless.
Lelia. As I live,
I like you far worse now you grow thus holy!
I grant you are my father; am I therefore
Bound to consume myself, and be a beggar
Still in relieving you? I do not feel
Any such mad compassion yet within me.
Father. I gave up all my state, to make your's thus!
Lelia. 'Twas as you ought to do; and now you [cry for't.
As children do for babies, back again.
Father. How wouldst thou have me live?
Lelia. I would not have you;
Nor know no reason fathers should desire
To live and be a trouble, when [their] children
Are able to inherit; let them die;
'Tis fit, and look'd for, that they should do so.
Father. Is this your comfort?
Lelia. All that I feel yet.
Father. I will not curse thee!
Lelia. If you do, I care not.
Father. Pray you give me leave to weep.
Lelia. Why, pray take leave,
If it be for your ease.
Father. Thy mother died
(Sweet peace be with her!) in a happy time.
Lelia. She did, sir, as she ought to do; 'would you
Would take the pains to follow! What should you,
Or any old man do, wearing away
In this world with diseases, and desire
Only to live to make their children scourge-sticks.
And hoard up mill-money? Methinks, a marble
Lies quieter upon an old man's head
Than a cold fit o' th' palsy.
Father. Oh, good God!
To what an impudence, thou wretched woman,
Hast thou begot thyself again! Well, Justice
Will punish disobedience.
Lelia. You mistake, sir;
'Twill punish beggars. Fy for shame! go work,
Or serve; you are grave enough to be a porter
In some good man of worship's house, and give
Sententious answers to the comers-in;
(A pretty place!) or be of some good consort,
You had a pleasant touch o' th' cittern once,
If idleness have not bereft you of it:
Be anything but old and beggarly,
Two sins that ever do out-grow compassion.
If I might see you offer at a course
That were a likely one, and shew'd some profit,
I would not stick for ten groats, or a noble.
Father. Did I beget this woman?
Lelia. Nay, I know not;
And, till I know, I will not thank you for't:
However, he that got me had the pleasure,
And that, methinks, is a reward sufficient.
Father. I am so strangely strucken with amaze-
I know not where I am, nor what I am. [ment.
Lelia. You had best take fresh air somewhere else; 'twill bring you
Out of your trance the sooner.
Father. Is all this
As you mean, Lelia?
Lelia. Yes, believe me, is it;
For yet I cannot think you are so foolish,
As to imagine you are young enough
To be my heir, or I so old to make
A nurse at these years for you, and attend
While you sup up my state in penny pots
Of malmsey. When I am excellent at candles,
And cullices, and have enough spare gold
To boil away, you shall be welcome to me;
'Till when, I'd have you be as merry, sir,
As you can make yourself with that you have,
And leave to trouble me with these relations,
Of what you have been to me, or you are;

For as I hear them, so I lose them. This,
For aught I know yet, is my resolution. [end
Father. Well, God be with thee! for I fear thy
Will be a strange example. [*Exit*.
Lelia. Fare you well, sir!—
Now would some poor tender-hearted fool have wept,
Relented, and have been undone: Such children
(I thank my understanding) I hate truly;
For, by my troth, I had rather see their tears
Than feel their pities! My desires and ends
Are all the kindred that I have, and friends.—

Enter Woman.

Is he departed?
Woman. Yes; but here's another.
Lelia. Not of his tribe, I hope: Bring me no more,
I would wish you, such as he is. If thou seest
They look like men of worth, and state, and carry
Ballast of both sides, like tall gentlemen,
Admit 'em; but no snakes to poison us
With poverty. Wench, you must learn a wise rule;
Look not upon the youths of men, and making,
How they descend in blood, nor let their tongues,
(Though they strike suddenly and sweet as music)
Corrupt thy fancy: See, and say them fair too,
But ever keep thyself without their distance,
Unless the love thou swallow'st be a pill,
Gilded to hide the bitterness it brings;
Then fall on without fear, wench; yet so wisely
That one encounter cloy him not; nor promise
His love hath made thee more his, than his monies:
Learn this, and thrive; then let thine honour ever
(For that's the last rule) be so stood upon,
That men may fairly see
'Tis want of means, not virtue, makes thee fall;
And if you weep, 'twill be a great deal better,
And draw on more compassion, which includes
A greater tenderness of love and bounty:
This is enough at once; digest it well.
Go, let him in, wench, if he promise profit,
Not else.—

Enter Julio.

Oh, you are welcome, my fair servant!
Upon my troth, I have been longing for you.
Woman. This, by her rule, should be a liberal man:
I see, the best on's may learn every day. [*Exit*.
Lelia. There's none come with you?
Julio. No.
Lelia. You do the wiser;
For some that have been here (I name no man),
Out of their malice, more than truth, have done me
Some few ill offices.
Julio. How, sweet?
Lelia. Nay, nothing;
Only have talk'd a little wildly of me,
As their unruly youth directed 'em;
Which, though they bite me not, I would have wish'd
Had lit upon some other that deserved 'em.
Julio. Though she deserve this of the loosest tongue,
(Which makes my sin the more) I must not see it;
Such is my misery. [*Aside*.]—I would I knew him!
Lelia. No, no; let him go;
He is not worth your anger.—I must chide you
For being such a stranger to your mistress;
Why would you be so, servant?
Julio. I should chide,
If chiding would work anything upon you,
For being such a stranger to your servant;
I mean, to his desires: When, my dear mistress,
Shall I be made a happy man? [*Kisses her*.
Lelia. Fy, servant!
What do you mean? Unhand me; or, by Heaven,
I shall be very angry! This is rudeness.
Julio. 'Twas but a kiss or two, that thus offends you.
Lelia. 'Twas more, I think, than you have warrant for.
Julio. I am sorry I deserved no more.
Lelia. You may;
But not this rough way, servant: We are tender,
And ought in all to be respected so.
If I had been your horse, or whore, you might
Back me with this intemperance! I thought
You had loved as worthy men, whose fair affections
Seek pleasures warranted, not pull'd by violence.
Do so no more.
Julio. I hope you are not angry?
Lelia. I should be with another man, I am sure,
That durst appear but half thus violent.
Julio. I did not mean to ravish you.
Lelia. You could not.
Julio. You are so willing?
Lelia. How!
Julio. Methinks this shadow,
If you had so much shame as fits a woman,
(At least, of your way, mistress) long ere this
Had been laid off to me that understand you.
Lelia. That understand me? Sir, you under-
Nor shall, no more of me than modesty [stand,
Will, without fear, deliver to a stranger:
You understand I am honest; else, I tell you,
(Though you were better far than Julio)
You and your understanding are two fools.
But, were we saints, thus we are still rewarded:
I see that woman had a pretty catch on't,
That had made you the master of a kindness,
She durst not answer openly. Oh, me!
How easily we women may be cozen'd!
I took this Julio, as I have a faith,
(This young dissembler, with the sober vizard)
For the most modest-temper'd gentleman,
The coolest, quietest, and best companion,
For such an one I could have wish'd a woman——
Julio. You have wish'd me ill enough o' conscience;
Make me no worse, for shame! I see, the more
I work by way of service to obtain you,
You work the more upon me. Tell me truly
(While I am able to believe a woman,
For, if you use me thus, that faith will perish)
What is your end? and whither will you pull me?
Tell me; but tell me that I may not start at,
And have a cause to curse you.
Lelia. Bless me, goodness!
To curse me, did you say, sir? Let it be
For too much loving you then; such a curse
Kill me withal, and I shall be a martyr.
You have found a new way to reward my doting,
And, I confess, a fit one for my folly;
For you yourself, if you have good within you,
And dare be master of it, know how dearly
This heart hath held you ever. Oh, good God,
That I had never seen that false man's eyes,
That dares reward me thus with fears and curses!
Nor never heard the sweetness of that tongue,

That will, when this is known, yet cozen women!
Curse me, good Julio, curse me bitterly;
(I do deserve it for my confidence)
And I beseech thee, if thou hast a goodness
Of power yet in thee to confirm thy wishes,
Curse me to earth! for what should I do here,
Like a decaying flower, still withering
Under his bitter words, whose kindly heat
Should give my poor heart life? No, curse me, Julio!
Thou canst not do me such a benefit
As that, and well done, that the Heavens may hear it.

Julio. [*Aside.*] Oh, fair tears! were you but as chaste as subtle,
Like bones of saints, you would work miracles.
What were these women to a man that knew not
The thousand, thousand ways of their deceiving?
What riches had he found? Oh, he would think
Himself still dreaming of a blessedness,
That, like continual spring, should flourish ever:
For if she were as good as she is seeming,
Or, like an eagle, could renew her virtues,
Nature had made another world of sweetness.—
Be not so grieved, sweet mistress; what I said,
You do, or should know, was but passion:
Pray wipe your eyes, and kiss me. Take these trifles,
And wear them for me, which are only rich
When you will put them on. Indeed, I love you:
Beshrew my sick heart, if I grieve not for you!

Lelia. Will you dissemble still? I am a fool,
And you may easily rule me. If you flatter,
The sin will be your own.

Julio. You know I do not.

Lelia. And shall I be so childish once again,
After my late experience of your spite,
To credit you? You do not know how deep
(Or, if you did, you would be kinder to me)
This bitterness of yours has struck my heart.

Julio. I pray, no more.

Lelia. Thus you would do, I warrant,
If I were married to you.

Julio. Married to me?
Is that your end?

Lelia. Yes; is not that the best end,
And, as all hold, the noblest way of love?
Why do you look so strange, sir? Do not you
Desire it should be so?

Julio. Stay!

Lelia. Answer me.

Julio. Farewell! [*Exit.*

Lelia. Ay! are you there? are all these tears lost then?
Am I so overtaken by a fool,
In my best days and tricks? My wise fellow,
I'll make you smart for't, as I am a woman!
And, if thou be'st not timber, yet I'll warm thee.

Enter Woman.

And is he gone?

Woman. Yes.

Lelia. He's not so lightly struck,
To be recovered with a base repentance;
I should be sorry then. Fortune, I pr'ythee
Give me this man but once more in my arms,
And, if I lose him, women have no charms! [*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*The Street.*

Enter Jacomo *and* Fabritio.

Jac. Signor, what think you of this sound of wars?

Fab. As only of a sound: They that intend
To do are like deep waters, that run quietly,
Leaving no trace of what they were behind 'em.
This rumour is too common, and too loud,
To carry truth.

Jac. Shall we ne'er live to see
Men look like men again, upon a march?
This cold dull rusty peace makes us appear
Like empty pictures, only the faint shadows
Of what we should be. 'Would to God my mother
Had given but half her will to my begetting,
And made me woman, to sit still and sing,
Or be sick when I list, or anything
That is too idle for a man to think of!
Would I had been a whore! 't had been a course
Certain, and (of my conscience) of more gain
Than two commands, as I would handle it.
'Faith I could wish I had been anything,
Rather than what I am, a soldier,
A carrier, or a cobler, when I knew
What 'twas to wear a sword first! for their trades
Are, and shall be, a constant way of life,
While men send cheeses up, or wear out buskins.

Fab. Thou art a little too impatient,
And mak'st thy anger a far more vexation
Than the not having wars. I am a soldier,
Which is my whole inheritance, yet I,
Though I could wish a breach with all the world,
If not dishonourable, I am not so malicious
To curse the fair peace of my mother-country.
But thou want'st money, and the first supply
Will bury these thoughts in thee.

Jac. 'Pox o' peace!
It fills the kingdom full of holidays,
And only feeds the wants of whores and pipers,
And makes the idle drunken rogues get spinsters.
'Tis true, I may want money, and no little,
And almost clothes too; of which if I had both
In full abundance, yet against all peace
(That brings up mischiefs thicker than a shower)
I would speak louder than a lawyer.
By Heaven, it is the surfeit of all youth,
That makes the toughness and the strength of nations
Melt into women; 'tis an ease that broods
Thieves and bastards only.

Fab. This is more
(Though it be true) than we ought to lay open.
And seasons only of an indiscretion.
Believe me, captain, such distemper'd spirits,
Once out of motion, though they be proof-valiant,
If they appear thus violent and fiery,
Breed but their own disgraces, and are nearer
Doubt and suspect in princes, than rewards.

Jac. 'Tis well they can be near 'em any way.

But call you those true spirits ill-affected,
That, whilst the wars were, served like walls and [ribs
To girdle in the kingdom, and now, fall'n
Through a faint peace into affliction,
Speak but their miseries? Come, come, Fabritio,
You may pretend what patience you please,
And seem to yoke your wants like passions;
But, while I know thou art a soldier,
And a deserver, and no other harvest
But what thy sword reaps for thee to come in,
You shall be pleased to give me leave to tell you,
You wish a devil of this musty peace:
To which prayer, as one that's bound in conscience,
And all that love our trade, I cry, Amen!

Fab. Pr'ythee no more; we shall live well enough:
There's ways enough besides the wars, to men
That are not logs, and lie still for the hands
Of others to remove 'em.

Jac. You may thrive, sir;
Thou art young and handsome yet, and well enough
To please a widow; thou canst sing, and tell
These foolish love-tales, and indite a little,
And, if need be, compile a pretty matter,
And dedicate it to the Honourable;
Which may awaken his compassion,
To make you clerk o' th' kitchen, and at length
Come to be married to my lady's woman,
After she's crack'd i' th' ring.

Fab. 'Tis very well, sir.

Jac. But what dost thou think shall become of [me,
With all my imperfections? Let me die,
If I think I shall ever reach above
A forlorn tapster, or some frothy fellow,
That stinks of stale beer!

Fab. Captain Jacomo,
Why should you think so hardly of your virtues?

Jac. What virtues? By this light, I have no virtue
But downright buffeting! What can my face
(That is no better than a ragged map now,
Of where I have march'd and travell'd) profit me?
Unless it be for ladies to abuse,
And say 'twas spoil'd for want of a *bongrace*
When I was young, and now 'twill make a true
Prognostication of what man must be?
Tell me of a fellow that can mend noses? and complain,
So tall a soldier should want teeth to his stomach?
And how it was great pity, that it was,
That he that made my body was so busied
He could not stay to make my legs too, but was [driven
To clap a pair of cat-sticks to my knees,
For which I am indebted to two school-boys?
This must follow necessary.

Fab. There's no such matter.

Jac. Then for my morals, and those hidden [pieces
That art bestows upon me, they are such,
That, when they come to light, I am sure will shame me;
For I can neither write, nor read, nor speak,
That any man shall hope to profit by me;
And for my languages, they are so many,
That, put them all together, they will scarce
Serve to beg single beer in. The plain truth is,
I love a soldier, and can lead him on,
And if he fight well, I dare make him drunk:
This is my virtue, and if this will do,
I'll scramble yet amongst 'em.

Fab. 'Tis your way
To be thus pleasant still; but fear not, man,
For though the wars fail, we shall screw ourselves
Into some course of life yet.

Jac. Good Fabritio,
Have a quick eye upon me, for I fear
This peace will make me something that I love not:
For, by my troth, though I am plain and dudgeon,
I would not be an ass; and to sell parcels,
I can as soon be hang'd. Pr'ythee bestow me,
And speak some little good, though I deserve not.

Enter Father, *disguised as an old Soldier, on one side of the Stage.*

Fab. Come, we'll consider more. Stay! this
Should be another windfall of the wars.

Jac. He looks indeed like an old tatter'd colours,
That every wind would borrow from the staff:
These are the hopes we have for all our hurts.
They have not cast his tongue too?—

Father. They that say
Hope never leaves a wretched man that seeks her,
I think are either patient fools, or liars;
I am sure I find it so! for I am master'd
With such a misery and grief together,
That that stay'd anchor men lay hold upon
In all their needs, is to me lead that bows,
Or breaks, with every strong sea of my sorrows.
I could now question Heaven (were it well
To look into their justice) why those faults,
Those heavy sins others provoke 'em with,
Should be rewarded on the heads of us
That hold the least alliance to their vices:
But this would be too curious: for I see
Our suffering, not disputing, is the end
Reveal'd to us of all these miseries.

Jac. Twenty such holy hermits in a camp
Would make 'em all Carthusians: I'll be hang'd
If he know what a whore is, or a health,
Or have a nature liable to learn,
Or so much honest nurture to be drunk.
I do not think he has the spleen to swear
A greater oath than sempsters utter socks with.
Spur him a question.

Father. They are strangers both
To me as I to them, I hope. I would not have
Me and my shame together known by any:
I'll rather lie myself unto another.

Fab. I need not ask you, sir, your country;
I hear you speak this tongue: Pray what more are [you?
Or have you been? if it be not offensive
To urge you so far. Misery in your years
Gives every thing a tongue to question it.

Father. Sir, though I could be pleased to make my ills
Only mine own, for grieving other men,
Yet, to so fair and courteous a demander,
That promises compassion, at worst pity,
I will relate a little of my story.
I am a gentleman, however thus
Poor and unhappy; which, believe me, sir,
Was not born with me; for I well have tried
Both the extremes of fortune, and have found
Both dangerous. My younger years provoked me,
(Feeling in what an ease I slept at home,
Which to all stirring spirits is a sickness)
To see far countries, and observe their customs:
I did so, and I travell'd till that course
Stored me with language, and some few slight manners,
Scarce worth my money; when an itch possess'd [me
Of making arms my active end of travel.

Fab. But did you so?
Father. I did; and twenty winters
I wore the Christian cause upon my sword,
Against his enemies. At Buda siege,
Full many a cold night have I lodged in armour,
When all was frozen in me but mine honour;
And many a day, when both the sun and cannon
Strove who should most destroy us, have I stood
Mail'd up in steel, when my tough sinews shrunk,
And this parch'd body ready to consume
As soon to ashes, as the pike I bore.
Want has been to me as another nature;
Which makes me with this patience still profess it.
And, if a soldier may, without vainglory,
Tell what he has done, believe me, gentlemen,
I could turn over annals of my dangers!
With this poor weakness have I mann'd a breach,
And made it firm with so much blood, that all
I had to bring me off alive was anger.
Thrice was I made a slave, and thrice redeem'd
At price of all I had; the miseries
Of which times, if I had a heart to tell,
Would make ye weep like children; but I'll spare [ye.
Jac. Fabritio, we two have been soldiers
Above these fourteen years, yet, o' my conscience,
All we have seen, compared to his experience,
Has been but cudgel-play, or cock-fighting!
By all the faith I have in arms, I reverence
The very poverty of this brave fellow;
Which were enough itself, and his, to strengthen
The weakest town against half Christendom.
I was never so ashamed of service
In all my life before, now I consider
What I have done; and yet the rogues would [swear
I was a valiant fellow: I do find
The greatest danger I have brought my life through,
Now I have heard this worthy, was no more
Than stealing of a may-pole, or, at worst,
Fighting at single billet with a bargeman.
Fab. I do believe him, Jacomo.
Jac. Believe him?
I have no faith within me, if I do not.
Father. I see they are soldiers, [*Aside.*
And, if we may judge by affections,
Brave and deserving men. How they are stirr'd
But with the mere relation of what may be!
Since I have won belief and am not known,
Forgive me, Honour! I'll make use of thee.
Fab. Sir, 'would I were a man or great or able,
To look with liberal eyes upon your virtue.
Jac. Let's give him all we have, and leave off prating.—
Here, soldier; there's even five months' pay; be [merry,
And get thee handsome clothes.
Fab. What mean you, Jacomo?
Jac. You are a fool!
The very story's worth a hundred pounds.
Give him more money.
Father. Gentlemen, I know not
How I am able to deserve this blessing;
But if I live to see fair days again,
Something I'll do in honour of your goodness,
That shall shew thankfulness, if not desert.
Fab. If you please, sir, till we procure you place,
To eat with us, or wear such honest garments
As our poor means can reach to, you shall be
A welcome man: To say more, were to feed you
Only with words. We honour what you have been,
For we are soldiers, though not near the worth
You spake of lately.
Father. I do guess ye so;
And knew, unless ye were a soldier,
Ye could not find the way to know my wants.
Jac. But methinks all this while you are to temperate:
Do you not tell men sometimes of their dullness.
When you are griped, as now you are, with need.
I do; and let them know those silks they wear,
The war weaves for 'em; and the bread they eat
We sow, and reap again, to feed their hunger.
I tell them boldly, they are masters of
Nothing but what we fight for; their fair women
Lie playing in their arms, whilst we, like Lares,
Defend their pleasures. I am angry too,
And often rail at these forgetful great men
That suffer us to sue, for what we ought
To have flung on us, ere we ask.
Father. I have
Too often told my griefs that way, when all
I reap'd was rudeness of behaviour:
In their opinions, men of war that thrive,
Must thank 'em when they rail, and wait to live.
Fab. Come, sir; I see your wants need more relieving,
Than looking what they are: Pray go with us.
Father. I thank you, gentlemen! Since you are pleased
To do a benefit, I dare not cross it:
And what my service or endeavours may
Stand you in stead, you shall command, not pray.
Jac. So you shall us.
I'll to the tailor's with you bodily. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*Night.*—*Street before* FREDERICK'S *House.*

Enter FREDERICK, LODOVICO, *and* PISO.

Lod. Well, if this be true, I'll believe a woman
When I have nothing else to do.
Piso. 'Tis certain, if there be a way of truth
In blushes, smiles, and commendations;
For, by this light, I have heard her praise you fellow
In such a pitch, as if she had studied
To crowd the worths of all men into him;
And I imagine these are seldom used
Without their special ends, and by a maid
Of her desires and youth.
Fred. It may be so.
She's free, as you, or I am, and may have,
By that prerogative, a liberal choice
In the bestowing of her love.
Lod. Bestowing?
If it be so, she has bestow'd herself
Upon a trim youth! Piso, what do you call him?
Piso. Why, Captain Jacomo.
Lod. Oh, Captain Jack-boy;
That is the gentleman.
Fred. I think he be
A gentleman at worst.
Lod. So think I too;
Would he would mend, sir!
Fred. And a tall one too.
Lod. Yes, of his teeth; for of my faith I think
They are sharper than his sword, and dare do more,
If the *beuffe* meet him fairly.
Fred. Very well!
Piso. Now do I wonder what she means to do
When she has married him.
Lod. Why, well enough;

Trail his pike under him, and be a gentlewoman
Of the brave captain's company.
Fred. Do you hear me?
This woman is my sister, gentlemen.
Lod. I'm glad she's none of mine. But, Frederick,
Thou art not such a fool sure to be angry,
Unless it be with her: We are thy friends, man.
Fred. I think ye are.
Lod. Yes, 'faith! and do but tell thee
How she will utterly o'erthrow her credit,
If she continue gracing of this pot-gun.
Piso. I think she was bewitch'd, or mad, or blind;
She would ne'er have taken such a scare-crow else
Into protection. O' my life, he looks
Of a more rusty, swarth complexion,
Than an old arming doublet!
Lod. I would send
His face to th' cutler's then, and have it sanguined;
'Twill look a great deal sweeter. Then his nose
I would have shorter; and my reason is,
His face will be ill-mounted else.
Piso. For his body,
I will not be my own judge, lest I seem
A railer; but let others look upon't,
And if they find it any other thing
Than a trunk-cellar, to send wines down in,
Or a long walking bottle, I'll be hang'd for't.
His hide (for sure he is a beast) is ranker
Than the Moscovy-leather, and grain'd like it;
And, by all likelihoods, he was begotten
Between a stubborn pair of winter boots;
His body goes with straps, he is so churlish.
Lod. He's poor and beggarly, besides all this,
And of a nature far uncapable
Of any benefit; for his manners cannot
Shew him a way to thank a man that does one,
He's so uncivil. You may do a part
Worthy a brother, to persuade your sister
From her undoing: If she prove so foolish
To marry this cast captain, look to find her,
Within a month, where you, or any good man,
Would blush to know her; selling cheese and prunes,
And retail'd bottle-ale. I grieve to think,
Because I loved her, what a march this captain
Will set her into.
Fred. You are both, believe me,
Two arrant knaves; and, were it not for taking
So just an execution from his hands
You have belied thus, I would swaddle ye,
Till I could draw off both your skins like scabbards.
That man that you have wrong'd thus, though to me
He be a stranger, yet I know so worthy,
However low in fortune, that his worst parts,
The very wearing of his clothes, would make
Two better gentlemen than you dare be;
For there is virtue in his outward things.
Lod. Belike you love him then?
Fred. Yes, marry do I.
Lod. And will be angry for him?
Fred. If you talk,
Or pull your face into a stitch again,
As I love truth, I shall be very angry!
Do not I know thee (though thou hast some land,
To set thee out thus among gentlemen)
To be a prating and vain-glorious ass?
I do not wrong thee now, for I speak truth.
Do not I know thou hast been a cudgel'd coward,
That has no cure for shame but cloth of silver?
And think'st the wearing of a gaudy suit
Hides all disgraces?
Lod. I understand you not; you hurt not me,
Your anger flies so wide.
Piso. Signior Frederick,
You much mistake this gentleman.
Fred. No, sir.
Piso. If you would please to be less angry,
I would tell you how——
Fred. You had better study, sir,
How to excuse yourself, if you be able;
Or I shall tell you once again——
Piso. Not me, sir;
For, I protest, what I have said was only
To make you understand your sister's danger.
Lod. He might, if it pleased him, conceive it so.
Fred. I might, if it pleased me, stand still and hear
My sister made a May-game, might I not?
And give allowance to your liberal jests
Upon his person, whose least anger would
Consume a legion of such wretched people,
That have no more to justify their actions
But their tongues' ends? that dare lie every way,
As a mill grinds? From this hour, I renounce
All part of fellowship that may hereafter
Make me take knowledge of you, but for knaves;
And take heed, as ye love whole skins and cox-combs,
How, and to whom, ye prate thus. For this time,
I care not if I spare ye: Do not shake;
I will not beat ye, though ye do deserve it
Richly.
Lod. This is a strange course, Frederick!
But sure you do not, or you would not, know us.
Beat us?
Piso. 'Tis somewhat low, sir, to a gentleman.
Fred. I'll speak but few words, but I'll make 'em truths:
Get you gone both, and quickly, without murmuring,
Or looking big; and yet, before you go,
I will have this confess'd, and seriously,
That you two are two rascals.
Lod. How!
Fred. Two rascals.
Come, speak it from your hearts; or, by this light,
My sword shall fly among ye! Answer me,
And to the point, directly.
Piso. You shall have
Your will for this time, since we see you're grown
So far untemperate: Let it be so, sir,
In your opinion.
Fred. Do not mince the matter,
But speak the words plain. And you, Lodovic,
That stand so tally on your reputation,
You shall be he shall speak it.
Lod. This is pretty!
Fred. Let me not stay upon't!
Lod. Well, we are rascals;
Yes, Piso, we are rascals.
Fred. Get ye gone now!
Not a word more! you are rascals.

[*Exeunt* Lodovico *and* Piso.

Enter Fabritio *and* Jacomo.

Fab. That should be Frederick.
Jac. 'Tis he.—Frederick!
Fred. Who's that?
Jac. A friend, sir.
Fred. It is so, by the voice.

I have sought you, gentlemen; and, since I have found you
So near our house, I'll force ye stay a while:
I pray let it be so.
Fab. It is too late;
We'll come and dine to-morrow with your sister,
And do our services.
Jac. Who were those with you?
Fab. We met two came from hence.
Fred. Two idle fellows,
That you shall beat hereafter; and I'll tell you,
Some fitter time, a cause sufficient for it.
Fab. But, Frederick, tell me truly; do you think
She can affect my friend? [*Aside to* FREDERICK.
Fred. No certainer
Than when I speak of him, or any other,
She entertains it with as much desire
As others do their recreations.
Fab. Let not him have this light by any means:
He will but think he's mock'd, and so grow angry,
Even to a quarrel, he's so much distrustful
Of all that take occasion to commend him,
Women especially; for which he shuns
All conversation with 'em, and believes
He can be but a mirth to all their sex.—
[*Lute within.*
Whence is this music?
Fred. From my sister's chamber.
Fab. The touch is excellent; let's be attentive.
Jac. Hark! are the waits abroad?
Fab. Be softer, pr'ythee:
'Tis private music.
Jac. What a din it makes?
I had rather hear a Jew's trump than these lutes;
They cry like school-boys.
Fab. Pr'ythee, Jacomo!
Jac. Well, I will hear, or sleep, I care not whether. [*Lies down.*

FRANK *and* CLORA *appear at the Window.*

THE SONG.

1. Tell me, dearest, what is love?
2. 'Tis a lightning from above;
'Tis an arrow, 'tis a fire,
'Tis a boy they call Desire.
Both. 'Tis a grave,
Gapes to have
Those poor fools that long to prove.

1. Tell me more, are women true?
2. Yes, some are, and some as you.
Some are willing, some are strange,
Since you men first taught to change.
Both. And till troth
Be in both,
All shall love, to love anew.

1. Tell me more yet, can they grieve?
2. Yes, and sicken sore, but live:
And be wise, and delay,
When you men are as wise as they.
Both. Then I see,
Faith will be,
Never till they both believe.

Frank. Clora! come hither! who are these below there?
Clora. Where?
Frank. There.
Clora. Ha! I should know their shapes,
Though it be darkish. There are both our brothers:
What should they make thus late here?
Frank. What's the other?
Clora. What t'other?
Frank. He that lies along there.
Clora. Oh, I see him,
As if he had a branch of some great pedigree
Grew out on's belly.
Frank. Yes.
Clora. That should be,
If I have any knowledge in proportion——
Fab. They see us.
Fred. 'Tis no matter.
Fab. What a log's this,
To sleep such music out!
Fred. No more; let's hear 'em.
Clora. The Captain Jacomo; those are his legs
Upon my conscience.
Frank. By my faith, and neat ones!
Clora. You mean the boots; I think they are neat by nature.
Frank. As thou art knavish. 'Would I saw his face!
Clora. 'Twould scare you in the dark.
Frank. A worse than that
Has never scared you, Clora, to my knowledge.
Clora. 'Tis true, for I have never seen a worse
Nor, while I say my prayers heartily,
I hope I shall not.
Frank. Well, I am no tell-tale:
But is it not great pity, tell me, Clora,
That such a brave deserving gentleman,
As every one delivers this to be,
Should have no more respect and worth flung to him
By able men? Were I one of these great ones
Such virtue should not sleep thus.
Clora. Were he greater,
He would sleep more, I think. I'll waken him.
Frank. Away, you fool!
Clora. Is he not dead already,
And they two taking order
About his blacks? Methinks they are very busy
A fine clean corse he is! I would have him buried
Even as he lies, cross-legg'd, like one o' th' Templars
(If his Westphalia gammons will hold crossing),
And on his breast a buckler, with a pike in't,
In which I would have some learned cutler
Compile an epitaph; and at his feet
A musquet, with this word upon a label
(Which from the cock's mouth thus should be deliver'd),
"I have discharged the office of a soldier."
Frank. Well, if thy father were a soldier,
Thus thou wouldst use him.
Clora. Such a soldier,
I would indeed.—
Fab. If he hear this, not all
The power of man could keep him from the windows,
Till they were down, and all the doors broke open.
For God's sake, make her cooler; I dare not venture
To bring him else: I know he'll go to buffets
Within five words with her, if she holds this spirit.
Let's waken him, and away: we shall hear worse else.
Frank. Well, if I be not even with thee, Clora,
Let me be hang'd, for this! I know thou dost it
Only to anger me, and purge your wit,
Which would break out else.
Clora. I have found ye;
I'll be no more cross. Bid 'em good night.

Frank. No, no;
They shall not know we have seen 'em. Shut the window. [*Exeunt* FRANK *and* CLORA.
Fab. Will you get up, sir?
Jac. Have you paid the fiddlers?
Fab. You are not left to do it. Fy upon thee!
Hast thou forsworn manners?
Jac. Yes; unless they
Would let me eat my meat without long graces,
Or drink without a preface to the pledger,
Of "Will it please you?" "Shall I be so bold, sir?"
"Let me remember your good bed-fellow!"
And lie, and kiss my hand unto my mistress
As often as an ape does for an apple.
These are mere schisms in soldiers; (where's my friend?)
These are to us as bitter as purgations:
We love that general freedom we are bred to;
Hang these faint fooleries! they smell of peace.
Do they not, friend?
Fab. 'Faith, sir, to me they are
As things indifferent; yet I use 'em not,
Or, if I did, they would not prick my conscience.
Fred. Come, shall we go? 'Tis late.
Jac. Yes, any whither:
But no more music; it has made me dull.
Fab. 'Faith, anything but drinking disturbs thee, Jacomo.
We'll even to bed.
Jac. Content.
Fab. Thou'lt dream of wenches.
Jac. I never think of any (I thank God)
But when I am drunk; and then, 'tis but to cast
A cheap way how they may be all destroy'd,
Like vermin. Let's away; I am very sleepy.
Fab. Ay, thou art ever so, or angry. Come.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*The Street.*

Enter JULIO *and* ANGELO.

Julio. I will but see her once more, Angelo,
That I may hate her more, and then I am
Myself again.
Ang. I would not have thee tempt lust;
'Tis a way dangerous, and will deceive thee,
Hadst thou the constancy of all men in thee.
Julio. Having her sins before me, I dare see her,
Were she as catching as the plague, and deadly,
And tell her she is fouler than all those,
And far more pestilent, if not repentant;
And, like a strong man, chide her well, and leave her.
Ang. 'Tis easily said. Of what complexion is she?
Julio. Make but a curious frame unto thyself,
As thou wouldst shape an angel in thy thought;
Such as the poets, when their fancies sweat,
Imagine Juno is, or fair-eyed Pallas;
And one more excellent than all those figures
Shalt thou find her. She's brown, but of a sweetness
(If such a poor word may express her beauty),
Believe me, Angelo, would do more mischief
With a forced smile, than twenty thousand Cupids,
With their love-quivers full of ladies' eyes,
And twice as many flames, could fling upon us.
Ang. Of what age is she?
Julio. As a rose at fairest,
Neither a bud, nor blown; but such a one,
Were there a Hercules to get again
With all his glory, or one more than he,
The god would chuse out 'mongst a race of women
To make a mother of. She is outwardly
All that bewitches sense, all that entices;
Nor is it in our virtue to uncharm it.
And when she speaks, oh, Angelo, then music
(Such as old Orpheus made, that gave a soul
To aged mountains, and made rugged beasts
Lay by their rages; and tall trees, that knew
No sound but tempests, to bow down their branches,
And hear, and wonder; and the sea, whose surges
Shook their white heads in Heaven, to be as midnight
Still and attentive) steals into our souls
So suddenly, and strangely, that we are
From that time no more ours, but what she pleases!
Ang. Why look, how far you have thrust yourself again
Into your old disease! Are you that man,
With such a resolution, that would venture
To take your leave of folly, and now melt
Even in repeating her?
Julio. I had forgot me.
Ang. As you will still do.
Julio. No; the strongest man
May have the grudging of an ague on him;
This is no more. Let's go; I would fain be fit
To be thy friend again, for now I am no man's!
Ang. Go you: I dare not go, I tell you truly;
Nor were it wise I should.
Julio. Why?
Ang. I am well,
And, if I can, will keep myself so.
Julio. Ha?
Thou mak'st me smile, though I have little cause,
To see how prettily thy fear becomes thee:
Art thou not strong enough to see a woman?
Ang. Yes, twenty thousand; but not such a one
As you have made her: I'll not lie for th' matter;
I know I am frail, and may be cozen'd too,
By such a syren.
Julio. 'Faith, thou shalt go, Angelo!
Ang. 'Faith, but I will not! No; I know how far, sir,
I'm able to hold out, and will not venture
Above my depth. I do not long to have
My sleep ta'en from me, and go pulingly,
Like a poor wench had lost her market-money;
And, when I see good meat, sit still and sigh,
And call for small beer, and consume my wit
In making anagrams, and faithful posies:
I do not like that itch; I am sure I had rather
Have the main pox, and safer.
Julio. Thou shalt go;
I must needs have thee as a witness with me
Of my repentance. As thou lov'st me, go!
Ang. Well, I will go, since you will have it so;
But if I prove a fool too, look to have me
Curse you continually, and fearfully.

Julio. And if thou seest me fall again, good Angelo,
Give me thy counsel quickly, lest I perish.
Ang. Pray God, I have enough to save myself!
For, as I have a soul, I had rather venture
Upon a savage island than this woman! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*Another Street.*

Enter Father, *in brave Apparel, and* Servant, *with a Letter.*

Father. From whom, sir, comes this bounty? [for I think
You are mistaken.
Serv. No, sir; 'tis to you,
I'm sure, my mistress sent it.
Father. Who's your mistress,
That I may give her thanks?
Serv. The virtuous widow.
Father. The virtuous widow, sir? I know none [such.
Pray what's her name?
Serv. Lelia.
Father. I knew you err'd;
'Tis not to me, I warrant you. There, sir;
Carry it to those she feeds fat with such favours;
I am a stranger to her.
Serv. Good sir, take it,
And, if you will, I'll swear she sent it to you;
For I am sure mine eye never went off you
Since you forsook the gentlemen you talk'd with
Just at her door.
Father. Indeed, I talk'd with two,
Within this half hour, in the street.
Serv. 'Tis you, sir,
And none but you, I am sent to. Wiser men
Would have been thankful sooner, and received it;
'Tis not a fortune every man can brag of,
And from a woman of her excellence.
Father. Well, sir, I am catechised. What more belongs to't?
Serv. This only, sir; she would entreat you come
This evening to her without fail.
Father. I will.
Serv. You guess where.
Father. Sir, I have a tongue else. [*Exit* Servant.
She is downright devil; or else my wants
And her disobedience have provoked her
To look into her foul self, and be sorry.
I wonder how she knew me! I had thought
I had been the same to all I am to them
That changed me thus: God pardon me for lying!
For I have paid it home: Many a good man,
That had but found the profit of my way,
Would forswear telling true again in haste.

Enter Lodovico *and* Piso.

Here are my praters: Now, if I did well,
I should belabour 'em; but I have found
A way to quiet 'em worth a thousand on't.
Lod. If we could get a fellow that would do it!
Father. What villainy is now in hand? [*Retires.*
Piso. 'Twill be hard to be done, in my opinion,
Unless we light upon an Englishman
With sevenscore surfeits in him.
Lod. Are the Englishmen
Such stubborn drinkers?
Piso. Not a leak at sea
Can suck more liquor: You shall have their children
Christen'd in mull'd sack, and, at five years old,
Able to knock a Dane down. Take an Englishman,
And cry "St. George!" and give him but a rasher,
And you shall have him upon even terms
Defy a hogshead. Such a one would do it
Home, boy, and like a workman.
Lod. At what weapon?
Piso. Sherry sack: I would have him drink stark dead,
If it were possible; at worst, past pottage.
Lod. What is the end then?
Piso. Dost thou not perceive it?
If he be drunk dead, there's a fair end of him.
If not, this is my end, or by enticing,
Or by deceiving, to conduct him where
The fool is that admires him; and if sober
His nature be so rugged, what will't be
When he is hot with wine? Come, let's about it:
If this be done but handsomely, I'll pawn
My head she hath done with soldiers.
Lod. This may do well.
Father. Here's a new way to murder men alive:
I'll choak this train.—[*Coming forward.*]—God save ye, gentlemen!
It is to you—stay!—yes, it is to you. [*Gives him the letter.*
Lod. What's to me?
Father. You are fortunate: I cannot stand to tell you more now;
Meet me here soon, and you'll be made a man. [*Exit.*
Lod. What vision's this?
Piso. I know not.
Lod. Well, I'll meet it;
Think you o' th' other, and let me awhile
Dream of this fellow.
Piso. For the drunkard, Lodovic,
Let me alone.
Lod. Come, let's about it then. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*A Room in* Frederick's *House.*

Enter Clora *and* Frank.

Clora. Ha, ha, ha! Pray let me laugh extremely.
Frank. Why? pr'ythee why? hast thou such cause?
Clora. Yes, 'faith;
My brother will be here straightway, and——
Frank. What?
Clora. The other party. Ha, ha, ha!
Frank. What party?
Wench, thou art not drunk?
Clora. No, 'faith.
Frank. 'Faith, thou hast been among the bottles, Clora.
Clora. 'Faith, but I have not, Frank. Pr'ythee be handsome!
The captain comes along too, wench.
Frank. Oh, is that it
That tickles ye?
Clora. Yes, and shall tickle you too;
You understand me?
Frank. By my troth, thou art grown
A strange lewd wench! I must e'en leave thy company;
Thou wilt spoil me else.
Clora. Nay, thou art spoil'd to my hand.
Hadst thou been free, as a good wench ought to be,
When I went first a-birding for thy love,
And roundly said, that is the man must do it,
I had done laughing many an hour ago.
Frank. And what dost thou see in him, now thou know'st him,
To be thus laugh'd at?

Clora. Pr'ythee be not angry,
And I'll speak freely to thee.
Frank. Do; I will not.
Clora. Then, as I hope to have a handsome husband,
This fellow, in mine eye (and, Frank, I am held
To have a shrewd guess at a pretty fellow)
Appears a strange thing.
Frank. Why, how strange, for God's sake?
He is a man, and one that may content
(For anything I see) a right good woman:
And sure I am not blind.
Clora. There lies the question;
For (but you say he is a man, and I
Will credit you) I should as soon have thought him
Another of God's creatures: Out upon him!
His body, that can promise nothing
But laziness and long strides,—
Frank. These are your eyes!
Where were they, Clora, when you fell in love
With the old footman, for singing of Queen Dido,
And swore he look'd in his old velvet trunks,
And his sliced Spanish jerkin, like Don John?
You had a parlous judgment then, my Clora.
Clora. Who told you that?
Frank. I heard it.
Clora. Come, be friends!
The soldier is a Mars. No more; we are all
Subject to slide away.
Frank. Nay, laugh on still.
Clora. No, faith; thou art a good wench, and 'tis pity
Thou shouldst not be well quarried at thy entering,
Thou art so high-flown for him. Look, who's there!

Enter FABRITIO *and* JACOMO *at the Door.*

Jac. Pr'ythee, go single; what should I do
Thou know'st I hate these visitations, [there?
As I hate peace or perry.
Fab. Wilt thou never
Make a right man?
Jac. You make a right fool of me,
To lead me up and down to visit women,
And be abused and laugh'd at. Let me starve
If I know what to say, unless I ask 'em
What their shoes cost!
Fab. Fy upon thee, coward!
Canst thou not sing?
Jac. Thou know'st I can sing nothing
But Plumpton-Park.
Fab. Thou wilt be bold enough,
When thou art enter'd once.
Jac. I had rather enter
A breach: If I miscarry, by this hand,
I will have you by the ears for't!
Fab. [*Entering.*] 'Save ye, ladies!
Clora. Sweet brother, I dare swear you're wel-
So is your friend. [come hither;
Fab. Come, blush not, but saluts 'em.
Frank. Good sir, believe your sister; you are most welcome!
So is this worthy gentleman, whose virtues
I shall be proud to be acquainted with.
Jac. She has found me out already, and has
Shall we be going? [paid me.—
Fab. Peace!—Your goodness, lady,
Will ever be afore us. For myself
I will not thank you single, lest I leave
My friend, this gentleman, out of acquaintance.
Jac. More of me yet?
Frank. 'Would I were able, sir,
From either of your worths to merit thanks!
Clora. But, brother, is your friend thus sad still?
'Tis an unseemly nature in a soldier. [Methinks,
Jac. What hath she to do with me, or my behaviour?
Fab. He does but shew so; Pr'ythee to him, sister!
Jac. If I do not break thy head, I am no Christian,
If I get off once!
Clora. Sir, we must entreat you
To think yourself more welcome, and be merry:
'Tis pity a fair man, of your proportion,
Should have a soul of sorrow.
Jac. Very well!—
Pray, gentlewoman, what would you have me say?
Clora. Do not you know, sir?
Jac. Not so well as you,
That talk continually.
Frank. You have hit her, sir.
Clora. I thank him, so he has;
Fair fall his sweet face for it!
Jac. Let my face
Alone, I would wish you, lest I take occasion
To bring a worse in question.
Clora. Meaning mine?—
Brother, where was your friend brought up? He has sure
Been a great lover in his youth of pottage,
They lie so dull upon his understanding.
Fab. No more of that; thou'lt anger him at heart.
Clora. Then let him be more manly; for he looks
Like a great school-boy, that had been blown up
Last night at Dust-Point.
Frank. You will never leave,
Till you be told how rude you are. Fy, Clora!—
Sir, will it please you sit?
Clora. And I'll sit by you.
Jac. Woman, be quiet, and be ruled, I would
Clora. I have done, Sir Captain. [wish you.
Fab. Art thou not ashamed?
Jac. You are an ass! I'll tell you more anon;
You had better have been hang'd than brought me hither!
Fab. You are grown a sullen fool! Either be handsome,
Or, by this light, I will have wenches bait thee!
Go to the gentlewoman, and give her thanks,
And hold your head up! what?
Jac. By this light, I'll brain thee!
Frank. Now, o' my faith, this gentleman does nothing
But it becomes him rarely. Clora, look
How well this little anger, if it be one,
Shews in his face.
Clora. Yes, it shews very sweetly.
Frank. Nay, do not blush, sir; o' my troth, it
I would be ever angry to be thus.— [does!
Fabritio, o' my conscience, if I ever
Do fall in love, (as I will not forswear it,
Till I am something wiser) it must be,
I will not say directly with that face:
But certainly such another as that is,
And thus disposed, may chance to hamper me.
Fab. Dost thou hear this, and stand still?
Jac. You will prate still!
I would you were not women; I would take
A new course with ye.

Clora. Why, Courageous?
Jac. For making me a stone to whet your tongues on.
Clora. Pr'ythee, sweet Captain!
Jac. Go, go spin, go hang!
Clora. Now could I kiss him.
Jac. If you long for kicking,
You're best come kiss me; do not though, I'd wish ye.
I'll send my footman to thee; he shall leap thee,
An thou want'st horsing.—I will leave ye, ladies.
Frank. Beshrew my heart, you are unmannerly
To offer this unto a gentleman
Of his deserts, that comes so worthily
To visit me! I cannot take it well.
Jac. I come to visit you, you foolish woman?
Frank. I thought you did, sir, and for that I thank you;
I would be loth to lose those thanks. I know
This is but some odd way you have,—and, 'faith,
It does become you well,—to make us merry:
I have heard often of your pleasant vein.
Fab. What wouldst thou ask more?
Jac. Pray, thou scurvy fellow!
Thou hast not long to live.—Adieu, dear damsels!
You filthy women, farewell, and be sober,
And keep your chambers!
Clora. Farewell, old Don Diego!
Frank. Away, away!—You must not be so angry,
To part thus roughly from us: Yet to me
This does not shew as if 'twere yours; the wars
May breed men something plain, I know; but not
Thus rude. Give me your hand, good sir:
I know 'tis white, and——
Jac. If I were not patient,
What would become of you two prating housewives?
Clora. For anything I know, we would in to supper,
And there begin a health of lusty claret,
To keep care from our hearts; and it should be——
Fab. 'Faith, to whom?—Mark but this, Jacomo.
Clora. Even to the handsomest fellow now alive.
Fab. Do you know such a one?
Frank. He may be guess'd at
Without much travel.
Fab. There's another item.
Clora. And he should be a soldier.
Frank. 'Twould be better.
Clora. And yet not you, sweet Captain.
Frank. Why not he?
Jac. Well! I shall live to see your husbands beat you,
And hiss 'em on like bandogs.
Clora. Ha, ha, ha!
Jac. Green sicknesses and serving-men light on ye,
With greasy codpieces, and woollen stockings!
The devil (if he dare deal with two women)
Be of your counsels! Farewell, plaisterers! [*Exit.*
Clora. This fellow will be mad at Midsummer,
Without all doubt.
Fab. I think so too.
Frank. I am sorry
He's gone in such a rage. But sure, this holds him
Not every day?
Fab. 'Faith, every other day,
If he come near a woman.
Clora. I wonder how his mother could endure
To have him in her belly, he's so boisterous.
Frank. He's to be made more tractable, I doubt not.
Clora. Yes, if they taw him, as they do white leather,
Upon an iron, or beat him soft like stock-fish.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*A Room in the House of* LELIA.

Enter LELIA *and her* Waiting-Woman, *with a Fan.*

Lelia. Art sure 'tis he?
Woman. Yes, and another with him.
Lelia. The more the merrier. Did you give the money,
And charge it to be deliver'd where I shew'd you?
Woman. Yes, and what else you bade me.
Lelia. That brave fellow,
Though he be old, whate'er he be, shews toughness;
And such a one I long for, and must have
At any price; these young soft melting gristles
Are only for my safer ends.
Woman. They are here.
Lelia. Give me my veil; and bid the boy go sing
That song above, I gave him; the sad song.—
Now if I miss him, I am cursed.—Go, wench,
And tell 'em I have utterly forsworn
All company of men; yet make a venture
At last to let 'em in: Thou know'st these things:
Do 'em to th' life.
Woman. I warrant you; I am perfect. [*Fr.*
Lelia. Some ill woman, for her use, would give
A million for this wench, she is so subtle.

Enter, to the Door, JULIO *and* ANGELO.

Woman. Good sir, desire it not; I dare not do it.
For since your last being here, sir, believe me,
She has grieved herself out of all company,
And, sweet soul, almost out of life too.
Julio. Pr'ythee,
Let me but speak one word.
Woman. You will offend, sir;
And yet your name is more familiar with her
Than anything but sorrow. Good sir, go.
Ang. This little varlet hath her lesson perfect;
These are the baits they bob with.
Jul. 'Faith, I will not.
Woman. I shall be chidden cruelly for this;
But you are such a gentleman——
Julio. No more.
Ang. There's a new tire, wench. Peace; thou art well enough. [*Men.*
Julio. What, has she music?
Woman. Yes; for God's sake, stay;
'Tis all she feeds upon.
Julio. [*Entering.*] Alas, poor soul!
Ang. Now will I pray devoutly; for there's need on't.

THE SONG.

Away, delights; go seek some other dwelling,
For I must die:
Farewell, false love; thy tongue is ever telling
Lie after lie.
For ever let me rest now from thy smarts;
Alas, for pity go,
And fire their hearts
That have been hard to thee; mine was not so.

Never again deluding Love shall know me,
For I will die;

And all those griefs that think to over-grow me,
Shall be as I:
For ever will I sleep, while poor maids cry,
"Alas, for pity stay,
And let us die
With thee; men cannot mock us in the clay."

Julio. Mistress! not one word, mistress? If I I can depart again. [grieve you,

Ang. Let's go then quickly;
For if she get from under this dark cloud,
We shall both sweat, I fear, for't.

Julio. Do but speak,
Though you turn from me, and speak bitterly,
And I am gone; for that I think will please you.

Ang. Oh, that all women were thus silent ever.
What fine things they were!

Julio. You have look'd on me,
When, if there be belief in women's words,
Spoken in tears, you swore you loved to do so.

Lelia. Oh, me, my heart!

Ang. Now, Julio, play the man,
Or such another "oh, me!" will undo thee.
'Would I had anything to keep me busy,
I might not hear her; think but what she is,
Or I doubt mainly, I shall be i' th' mesh too.

Julio. Pray, speak again.

Lelia. Where is my woman? [*Unveils.*

Woman. Here.

Ang. Mercy upon me! what a face she has!
'Would it were veil'd again!

Lelia. Why did you let
This flattering man in to me? Did not I
Charge thee to keep me from his eyes again,
As carefully as thou wouldst keep thine own?
Thou hast brought me poison in a shape of Heaven,
Whose violence will break the hearts of all,
Of all weak women, as it hath done mine,
That are such fools to love, and look upon him.
Good sir, be gone; you know not what an ease
Your absence is.

Ang. By Heaven, she is a wonder!
I cannot tell what 'tis, but I am qualmish.

Julio. Though I desire to be here more than
As I am now, yet, if my sight offend you, [Heaven,
So much I love to be commanded by you,
That I will go. Farewell! [*Weeps.*

Lelia. I should say something
Ere you depart, and I would have you hear me.
But why should I speak to a man that hates me,
And will but laugh at anything I suffer?

Julio. If this be hate——

Lelia. Away, away, deceiver!

Julio. Now help me, Angelo!

Ang. I am worse than thou art.

Lelia. Such tears as those might make another
Believe thee honest, Julio; almost me, [woman
That know their ends; for I confess they stir me.

Ang. What will become of me? I cannot go now,
If you would hang me, from her. Oh brave eye!
Steal me away, for God's sake, Julio.

Julio. Alas, poor man! I am lost again too, strangely.

Lelia. No, I will sooner trust a crocodile
When he sheds tears, (for he kills suddenly,
And ends our cares at once) or anything
That's evil to our natures, than a man:
I find there is no end of his deceivings,
Nor no avoiding 'em, if we give way.
I was requesting you to come no more,
And mock me with your service; 'tis not well,
Nor honest, to abuse us so far: You may love too;
For though, I must confess, I am unworthy
Of your love every way, yet I would have you
Think I am somewhat too good to make sport of.

Julio. Will you believe me?

Lelia. For your vows and oaths,
And such deceiving tears as you shed now,
I will, as you do, study to forget 'em.

Julio. Let me be most despised of men——

Lelia. No more!
There is no new way left, by which your cunning
Shall once more hope to catch me. No, thou false
I will avoid thee, and, for thy sake, all [man,
That bear thy stamp, as counterfeit in love!
For I am open-eyed again, and know thee.
Go, make some other weep, as I have done,
That dare believe thee; go, and swear to her
That is a stranger to thy cruelty,
And knows not yet what man is, and his lyings,
How thou diest daily for her; pour it out
In thy best lamentations; put on sorrow,
As thou canst, to deceive an angel, Julio,
And vow thyself into her heart, that when
I shall leave off to curse thee for thy falsehood,
Still a forsaken woman may be found
To call to Heaven for vengeance!

Ang. [*Aside.*] From this hour,
I heartily despise all honest women:
(I care not if the world took knowledge on't)
I see there's nothing in them, but that folly
Of loving one man only. Give me henceforth,
(Before the greatest blessing can be thought of,
If this be one) a whore; that's all I aim at.

Julio. Mistress, the most offending man is heard
Before his sentence: Why will you condemn me
Ere I produce the truth to witness with me,
How innocent I am of all your angers?

Lelia. There is no trusting of that tongue; I know't,
And how far, if it be believed, it kills: No more,

Julio. It never lied to you yet; if it did, [sir!
'Twas only when it call'd you mild and gentle.

Lelia. Good sir, no more! Make not my understanding,
(After I have suffer'd thus much evil by you)
So poor to think I have not reach'd the end
Of all your forced affections: Yet, because
I once loved such a sorrow, too, too dearly,
As that would strive to be, I do forgive you,
Even heartily as I would be forgiven,
For all your wrongs to me (my charity
Yet loves you so far, though again I may not);
And wish, when that time comes you will love truly,
(If you can ever do so) you may find
The worthy fruit of your affections,
True love again, not my unhappy harvest;
Which, like a fool, I sow'd in such a heart,
So dry and stony, that a thousand showers,
From these two eyes continually raining,
Could never ripen.

Julio. You have conquer'd me!
I did not think to yield; but make me now
Even what you will, my Lelia, so I may
Be but so truly happy to enjoy you.

Lelia. No, no; those fond imaginations
Are dead and buried in me; let 'em rest!

Julio. I'll marry you.

Ang. The devil thou wilt, Julio? [*Aside to* JULIO.

How that word waken'd me! Come hither, friend!
Thou art a fool! Look steadfastly upon her:
Though she be all that I know excellent,
As she appears; though I could fight for her,
And run through fire; though I am stark mad too,
Never to be recover'd; though I would
Give all I had i' th' world to lie with her,
Even to my naked soul (I am so far gone);
Yet, methinks still, we should not dote away
That, that is something more than ours, our honours.
I would not have thee marry her by no means—
(Yet I should do so):—Is she not a whore?
Julio. She is; but such a one——
Ang. 'Tis true, she's excellent;
And, when I well consider, Julio,
I see no reason we should be confined
In our affections; when all creatures else
Enjoy still where they like.
Julio. And so will I then.
Lelia. He's fast enough I hope, now, if I hold him. [*Aside.*
Ang. You must not do so though, now I consider
Better what 'tis. [*Aside to* Julio.
Julio. Do not consider, Angelo;
For I must do it.
Ang. No; I'll kill thee first:
I love thee so well, that the worms shall have thee
Before this woman, friend.
Julio. It was your counsel.
Ang. As I was a knave; not as I loved thee.
Julio. All this is lost upon me, Angelo;
For I must have her.—I will marry you
When you please: Pray look better on me.
Ang. Nay then, no more, friend; farewell, Julio!
I have so much discretion left me yet
To know, and tell thee, thou art miserable.
Julio. Stay; thou art more than she, and now I find it.
Lelia. Is he so? [
Julio. Mistress!
Lelia. No; I'll see thee starved first! [*Exit.*
Julio. Friend!
Ang. Fly her as I do, Julio; she's a witch.
Julio. Beat me away then; I shall grow here still else.
Ang. That were the way to have me grow there with thee.
Farewell, for ever! [*Exit.*
Julio. Stay! I am uncharm'd.
Farewell, thou cursed house! from this hour be
More hated of me than a leprosy! [*Exit.*

Enter Lelia.

Lelia. Both gone? A plague upon 'em both!
Am I deceived again? Oh, I would rail,
And follow 'em, but I fear the spite of people,
Till I have emptied all my gall.
The next I seize upon shall pay their follies
To the last penny; this will work me worse;
He that comes next, by Heaven, shall feel their curse! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—*A Room in* Fabritio's *Lodgings.*

Enter Jacomo *at one Door, and* Fabritio *at another.*

Fab. Oh, you're a sweet youth, so uncivilly
To rail, and run away!
Jac. Oh! are you there, sir?
I am glad I have found you! You have not now
To shew your wit before. [your ladies,
Fab. Thou wou'lt not, wou'lt a?
Jac. What a sweet youth I am, as you have made me, [*Draws.*
You shall know presently.
Fab. Put up your sword;
I have seen it often; 'tis a fox.
Jac. It is so;
And you shall feel it too. Will you dispatch, sir,
And leave your mirth out? or I shall take occasion
To beat you, and disgrace you too.
Fab. Well; since
There is no other way to deal with you,
(Let's see your sword; I am sure you scorn all odds)
I will fight with you.
[*They measure, and* Fabritio *gets his sword.*
Jac. How now?
Fab. Nay, stand out;
Or, by this light, I'll make you!
Jac. This is scurvy,
And out of fear done.
Fab. No, sir; out of judgment;
For he that deals with thee (thou art grown so boisterous)
Must have more wits, or more lives, than another,
Or always be in armour, or enchanted,
Or he is miserable.
Jac. Your end of this, sir?
Fab. My end is only mirth, to laugh at thee,
Which now I'll do in safety; Ha, ha, ha!
Jac. 'Sheart! then I am grown ridiculous!
Fab. Thou art;
And wilt be shortly sport for little children,
If thou continuest this rude stubbornness.
Jac. Oh, God, for anything that had an edge!
Fab. Ha, ha, ha!
Jac. Fy, what a shame it is,
To have a lubber shew his teeth!
Fab. Ha, ha!
Jac. Why dost thou laugh at me, thou wretched fellow?
Speak, with a pox! and look you render me
Just such a reason——
Fab. I shall die with laughing!
Jac. As no man can find fault with. I shall have
Another sword, I shall, you fleering puppy!
Fab. Does not this testiness shew finely in thee?
Once more, take heed of children! If they find thee,
They'll break up school to bear thee company,
(Thou wilt be such a pastime) and hoot at thee,
And call thee Bloody-bones, and Spade, and Spit-fire,
And Gaffer Madman, and Go-by-Jeronimo,
And Will with a Whisp, and Come-Aloft, and Crack-Rope,
And old Saint Dennis with the dudgeon codpiece,
And twenty such names.
Jac. No, I think they will not.
Fab. Yes, but they will; and nurses still their children
Only with thee, and "Here take him, Jacomo!"
Jac. God's precious, that I were but over thee
One steeple height! I would fall and break thy neck.
Fab. This is the reason I laugh at thee, and,
While thou art thus, will do. Tell me one thing.
Jac. I wonder how thou durst thus question me!
Pr'ythee restore my sword.

Fab. Tell me but one thing,
And it may be I will. Nay, sir, keep out.
Jac. Well, I will be your fool now; speak your mind, sir.
Fab. Art thou not breeding teeth?
Jac. How! teeth?
Fab. Yes, teeth;
Thou wouldst not be so froward else.
Jac. Teeth?
Fab. Come; 'twill make thee
A little rheumatic, but that's all one;
We'll have a bib, for spoiling of thy doublet,
And a fringed muckender hang at thy girdle;
I'll be thy nurse, and get a coral for thee,
And a fine ring of bells.
Jac. 'Faith, this is somewhat
Too much, Fabritio, to your friend that loves you:
Methinks, your goodness rather should invent
A way to make my follies less, than breed 'em.
I should have been more moderate to you;
But I see you despise me.
Fab. Now I love you.
There, take your sword; continue so. I dare not
Stay now to try your patience; soon I'll meet you:
And, as you love your honours, and your state,
Redeem yourself well to the gentlewoman,
Farewell, till soon! [*Exit.*
Jac. Well, I shall think of this. [*Exit.*

SCENE VI.—*A Room in a Tavern.*

Enter Host, Piso, *and* Boy, *with a Glass of Wine.*

Piso. Nothing i' th' world but a dried tongue or two.
Host. Taste him, and tell me.
Piso. He's a valiant wine;
This must be he, mine Host.
Host. This shall be *ipse.*
Oh, he's a devilish biting wine, a tyrant
Where he lays hold, sir; this is he that scorns
Small beer should quench him, or a foolish caudle
Bring him to bed; no, if he flinch I'll shame him,
And draw him out to mull amongst old midwives.
Piso. There is a soldier, I would have thee batter
Above the rest, because he thinks there's no man
Can give him drink enough.
Host. What kind of man?
Piso. That thou mayst know him perfectly, he's one
Of a left-handed making, a lank thing,
As if his belly were ta'en up with straw,
To hunt a match.
Host. Has he no beard to shew him?
Piso. Faith, but a little; yet enough to note him,
Which grows in parcels, here and there a remnant:
And that thou mayst not miss him, he is one
That wears his forehead in a velvet scabbard.
Host. That note's enough; he's mine; I'll fuddle him,
Or lie i' th' suds. You will be here too?
Piso. Yes.
Till soon, farewell, and bear up.
Host. If I do not,
Say I am recreant; I'll get things ready. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*The Street.*

Enter Julio *and* Angelo.

Julio. 'Tis strange thou shouldst be thus, with thy discretion.
Ang. I am sure I am so.
Julio. I am well, you see.
Ang. Keep yourself warm then, and go home and sleep,
And pray to God thou mayst continue so.
'Would I had gone to th' devil of an errand,
When I was made a fool to see her! Leave me;
I am not fit for conversation.
Julio. Why thou art worse than I was.
Ang. Therefore leave me;
The nature of my sickness is not eased
By company or counsel: I am mad;
And, if you follow me with questions,
Shall shew myself so.
Julio. This is more than error.
Ang. Pray be content that you have made me thus,
And do not wonder at me.
Julio. Let me know
But what you mean to do, and I am gone:
I would be loth to leave you thus else.
Ang. Nothing
That needs your fear; that is sufficient.
Farewell, and pray for me.
Julio. I would not leave you.
Ang. You must and shall.
Julio. I will then. 'Would yon woman
Had been ten fathom under ground, when first
I saw her eyes!
Ang. Yet she had been dangerous;
For to some wealthy rock of precious stone,
Or mine of gold as tempting, her fair body
Might have been turn'd; which once found out by labour,
And brought to use, having her spells within it,
Might have corrupted states, and ruin'd kingdoms;
Which had been fearful, friend. Go: when I see thee
Next, I will be as thou art, or no more.
Pray do not follow me: you'll make me angry.
Julio. Heaven grant you may be right again!
Ang. Amen! [*Exeunt severally.*

SCENE II.—*A Room in the Tavern.*

Enter Tavern Boys, *&c.*

Boy. Score a gallon of sack, and a pint of olives, to the Unicorn.
Above within. Why, drawer! [
Boy. Anon, anon!
Another Boy. Look into the Nag's-head there.
2 *Boy.* Score a quart of claret to the Bar;
And a pound of sausages into the Flower-pot.

Enter First Servant, *with Wine.*

1 *Serv.* The devil's in their throats. Anon, anon!

Enter Second Servant.

2 *Serv.* Mull a pint
Of sack there for the women in the Flower-de-luce,
And put in ginger enough; they belch like pot-guns:
And, Robin, fetch tobacco for the Peacock;

They will not be drunk till midnight else. How
How does my master? [now!
2 *Boy*. 'Faith, he lies, drawing on apace.
1 *Boy*. That's an ill sign.
2 *Boy*. And fumbles with the pots too.
1 *Boy*. Then there's no way but one with him.
2 *Boy*. All the rest,
Except the Captain, are *in limbo patrúm*,
Where they lie sod in sack.
1 *Boy*. Does he bear up still?
2 *Boy*. Afore the wind still, with his lights up
All he takes in I think he turns to juleps, [bravely:
Or he has a world of stowage in his belly;
The rest look all like fire-drakes, and lie scatter'd
Like rushes round about the room. My master
Is now the loving'st man, I think, above ground—
1 *Boy*. 'Would he were always drunk then!
Within. Drawer!
2 *Boy*. Anon, anon, sir!
1 *Boy*. And swears I shall be free to-morrow;
And calls upon my mistress! [and so weeps,
2 *Boy*. Then he's right.
1 *Boy*. And swears the Captain must lie this night with her,
(And bade me break it to her with discretion)
That he may leave an issue after him,
Able to entertain a Dutch ambassador:
And tells him feelingly how sweet she is,
And how he stole her from her friends i' th' country,
And brought her up disguised with the carriers,
And was nine nights bereaving her her maidenhead,
And the tenth got a drawer. Here they come.

Enter Host, Lodovico, *and* Piso, *drunk; and* Jacomo.

Within. Drawer!
1 *Boy*. Anon, anon! Speak to the Tiger, Peter.
Host. There's my bells, boys, my silver bell.
Piso. 'Would he were hang'd
As high as I could ring him!
Host. Captain.
Jac. Ho, boy?
Lod. Robin, sufficient single beer, as cold
As crystal; quench, Robin, quench.
1 *Boy*. I am gone, sir.
Host. Shall we bear up still? Captain, how I love thee!
Sweet Captain, let me kiss thee! By this hand,
I love thee next to malmsey in a morning,
Of all things transitory.
Jac. I love thee too,
As far as I can love a fat man.
Host. Dost thou, Captain?
Sweetly? and heartily?
Jac. With all my heart, boy.
Host. Then, welcome, Death!—Come, close
Thou shalt have all. [mine eyes, sweet Captain;
Jac. What shall your wife have then?
Host. Why, she shall have
(Besides my blessing, and a silver spoon)
Enough to keep her stirring in the world,
Three little children; one of them was mine,
Upon my conscience; th' other two are Pagans!
Jac. 'Twere good she had a little foolish money,
To rub the time away with.
Host. Not a rag,
Not a denier: No; let her spin, a' God's name,
And raise her house again.
Jac. Thou shalt not die though.—
Boy, see your master safe delivered;
He's ready to lie in.
Host. Good night!
Jac. Good morrow!
Drink till the cow come home, 'tis all paid, boys.
Lod. A pox of sack!
Host. Marry, God bless my butts! Sack is a
'Tis comfortable, gentlemen. [jewel:
Jac. More beer, boy;
Very sufficient single beer.
Boy. Here, sir.
How is it, gentlemen?
Jac. But even so so.
Host. Go before finely, Robin, and prepare
My wife; bid her be right and straight; I come.
And, sirrah, if they quarrel, let 'em use [boy.
Their own discretions, by all means, and stir not:
And he that's kill'd shall be as sweetly buried.—
Captain, adieu! adieu, sweet bully Captain!
One kiss before I die, one kiss!
Jac. Farewell, boy!
Host. All my sweet boys, farewell! [Ex.
Lod. Go sleep; you are drunk.
Jac. Come, gentlemen; I'll see you at your
You look not lustily; a quart more? [lodging.
Lod. No, boy.
Piso. Get us a torch.
Boy. 'Tis day, sir.
Jac. That's all one.
Piso. Are not those the stars, thou scurvy boy?
Lod. Is not Charle-wain there? tell me that
Jac. Yes.— [there?
I have paid 'em truly.—Do not vex him, sirrah.
Piso. Confess it, boy; or, as I live, I'll beat
Midnight into thy brains.
Boy. I do confess it.
Piso. Then live; and draw more small beer presently.
Jac. Come, boys, let's hug together, and be loving,
And sing, and do brave things. Cheerly, my hearts!
A pox o' being sad! Now could I fly,
And turn the world about upon my finger.
Come, ye shall love me; I'm an honest fellow:
Hang care and fortune! we are friends.
Lod. No, Captain.
Jac. Do not you love me? I love you two dearly.
Piso. No, by no means; you are a fighting captain,
And kill up such poor people as we are by th' dozens.
Lod. As they kill flies with fox-tails, Captain.
Jac. Well, sir?
Lod. Methinks now, as I stand, the Captain shews
To be a very merciful young man.
And pr'ythee Piso, let me have thy opinion.
Piso. Then he shall have mercy that merciful is,
Or all the painters are Apocrypha.
Jac. I am glad you have your wits yet. Will ye go?
Piso. You had best say we are drunk.
Jac. Ye are.
Lod. You lie!
Jac. Ye are rascals, drunken rascals!
Piso. 'Tis sufficient.
Jac. And now I'll tell you why, before I beat ye:
You have been tampering any time these three
Thus to disgrace me. [days,
Piso. That's a lie too.
Jac. Well, sir!
Yet, I thank God, I have turn'd your points on you;
For which I'll spare ye somewhat, half a beating.

Piso. I'll make you fart fire, Captain, by this hand.
An ye provoke—Do not provoke, I'd wish you.
Jac. How do you like this? [*Beats them.*
Lod. Sure I am enchanted.
Piso. Stay till I draw——
Jac. Dispatch then; I am angry.
Piso. And thou shalt see how suddenly I'll kill thee.
Jac. Thou dar'st not draw. Ye cold, tame, mangy cowards,
Ye drunken rogues, can nothing make ye valiant?
Not wine, nor beating?
Lod. If this way be suffer'd——
'Tis very well!
Jac. Go; there's your way; go and sleep!
I have pity on you; you shall have the rest
To-morrow when we meet.
Piso. Come, Lodovic:
He's monstrous drunk now; there's no talking with him.
Jac. I am so; when I am sober, I'll do more.
Boy, where's mine host?
[*Exeunt* Lodovico *and* Piso.
Boy. He's on his bed, asleep, sir. [*Exit.*
Jac. Let him alone then. Now am I high proof
For any action; now could I fight bravely,
And charge into a wildfire; or I could love
Any man living now, or any woman,
Or indeed any creature that loves sack,
Extremely, monstrously: I am so loving,
Just at this instant, that I might be brought,
(I feel it) with a little labour, now to talk
With a justice of peace, that to my nature
I hate next an ill sword. I will do
Some strange brave thing now; and I have it here:
Pray God the air keep out! I feel it buzzing.
[*Exit.*

SCENE III.—*A Room in* Frederick's *House.*

Enter Frederick, Clora, *and* Frank, *walking alone.*

Clora. She loves him too much; that's the plain truth, Frederick;
For which, if I might be believed, I think her
A strange forgetter of herself: There's Julio,
Or twenty more——
Fred. In your eye, I believe you;
But, credit me, the Captain is a man,
Lay but his rough affections by, as worthy——
Clora. So is a resty jade a horse of service,
If he would leave his nature. Give me one,
By your leave, sir, to make a husband of,
Not to be wean'd, when I should marry him:
Methinks, a man is misery enough.
Fred. You are too bitter. I would not have him worse;
Yet I shall see you hamper'd one day, lady,
I do not doubt it, for this heresy.
Clora. I'll burn before!—[*To* Frank.]—Come, pr'ythee leave this sadness,
This walking by thyself to see the devil,
This mumps, this *lachrymæ*, this love in sippets;
It fits thee like a French hood.
Frank. Does it so?
I am sure it fits thee to be ever talking,
And nothing to the purpose: Take up quickly;
Thy wit will founder of all four else, wench,
If thou hold'st this pace: take up, when I bid thee.
Clora. Before your brother? fy!
Fred. I can endure it.
Enter Jacomo, *drunk.*
Clora. Here's Raw-head come again. Lord, how he looks!
Pray God we 'scape with broken pates!
Frank. Were I he,
Thou shouldst not want thy wish. He has been
Has he not, Frederick? [drinking;
Fred. Yes; but do not find it.
Clora. Peace, and let's hear his wisdom.
Fred. You will mad him.
Jac. I am somewhat bold, but that's all one.
Clora. A short
And pithy saying of a soldier.
Frank. As I live,
Thou art a strange mad wench!
Clora. To make a parson.
Jac. Ladies, I mean to kiss you——
Clora. How he wipes
His mouth, like a young preacher! We shall have it.
Jac. In order as you lie before me: First,
I will begin with you.
Frank. With me, sir?
Jac. Yes.
Frank. If you will promise me to kiss in ease,
I care not if I venture.
Jac. I'll kiss according to mine own inventions,
As I shall see cause; sweetly I would wish you.
I love you. [*Kisses her.*
Frank. Do you, sir?
Jac. Yes, indeed do I;
'Would I could tell you how!
Frank. I would you would, sir!
Jac. I would to God I could; but 'tis sufficient,
I love you with my heart.
Frank. Alas, poor heart!
Jac. And I am sorry,—but we'll talk of that
Hereafter, if't please God.
Frank. Even when you will, sir.
Clora. He's dismal drunk; would he were [muzzled!
Jac. You,
I take it, are the next.
Frank. Go to him, fool.
Clora. Not I; a' will bite me.
Jac. When, wit? when?
Clora. Good Captain!
Jac. Nay, an you play bo-peep, I'll ha' no mercy,
But catch as catch may.
Fred. Nay, I'll not defend you.
Clora. Good Captain, do not hurt me! I am sorry
That e'er I anger'd you.
Jac. I'll tew you for't,
By this hand, wit, unless you kiss discreetly.
[*Kisses her*
Clora. No more, sir.
Jac. Yes, a little more, sweet wit;
One taste more o' your office. Go thy ways,
With thy small kettle-drums; upon my conscience
Thou art the best that e'er man laid his leg o'er.
Clora. He smells just like a cellar: Fy upon him
Jac. Sweet lady, now to you.
[*Going to* Frederick
Clora. For love's sake, kiss him.
Fred. I shall not keep my countenance.
Frank. Try, pr'ythee.
Jac. Pray be not coy, sweet woman; for I'l
I am blunt; but you must pardon me. [kiss you
Clora. Oh, God, my sides!
All. Ha, ha, ha, ha!

Jac. Why ha, ha, ha? why laugh?
Why all this noise, sweet ladies?
Clora. Lusty Lawrence,
See what a sweet gentlewoman you have saluted:
Pray God, she prove not quick!
Fred. Where were thine eyes,
To take me for a woman? ha, ha, ha!
Jac. Who art'a? art'a mortal?
Fred. I am Frederick.
Jac. Then Frederick is an ass, a scurvy Frederick,
To laugh at me.
Frank. Sweet Captain!
Jac. Away, woman!
Go stitch, and serve God; I despise thee, woman!
And Frederick shall be beaten.—'Sblood, you rogue,
Have you none else to make your puppies of
But me?
Fred. I pr'ythee be more patient;
There's no hurt done.
Jac. 'Sblood, but there shall be, scab! [*Draws.*
Clora. Help, help, for love's sake!
Frank. Who's within there?
Fred. So!
Now you have made a fair hand.
Jac. Why?
Fred. You have kill'd me. [*Falls as killed.*
Clora. Call in some officers, and stay the Captain!
Jac. You shall not need.
Clora. This is your drunkenness!
Frank. Oh, me, unhappy brother Frederick!
Look but upon me; do not part so from me!
Set him a little higher. He is dead!
Clora. Oh, villain, villain!

Enter Fabritio, *and* Servants.

Fab. How now! what's the matter?
Frank. Oh, sir, my brother! Oh, my dearest brother!
Clora. This drunken trough has kill'd him.
Fab. Kill'd him?
Clora. Yes.
For Heaven's sake, hang him quickly! he will do
Every day such a murder else. There's nothing
But a strong gallows that can make him quiet;
I find it in his nature too late.
Fab. Pray be quiet;
Let me come to him.
Clora. Some go for a surgeon!
Frank. Oh, what a wretched woman has he
Let me alone, good sir! [made me!
Fab. To what a fortune
Hast thou reserved thy life!
Jac. Fabritio.
Fab. Never entreat me; for I will not know thee,
Nor utter one word for thee, unless it be
To have thee hang'd.—For God sake, be more temperate!
Jac. I have a sword still, and I am a villain!
[*Offers to kill himself.*
Clora, &c. Hold, hold, hold!
Jac. Ha!
[Servants *lay hold on him; he struggles.*
Clora. Away with him, for Heaven's sake!
He is too desperate for our enduring.
Fab. Come, you shall sleep; come, strive not;
I'll have it so. Here, take him to his lodging;
And see him laid before you part.
Serv. We will, sir.
[*Exeunt* Jacomo *and* Servants.
Fred. Ne'er wonder; I am living yet, and well.
I thank you, sister, for your grief; pray keep it
Till I am fitter for it.
Fab. Do you live, sir?
Fred. Yes; but 'twas time to counterfeit, or
To such a madness in his wine. [was green
Fab. 'Twas well, sir,
You had that good respect unto his temper,
That no worse followed.
Fred. If I had stood him,
Certain one of us must have perish'd. How now,
Frank?
Frank. Beshrew my heart, I tremble like an
aspen!
Clora. Let him come here no more, for Heaven's
Unless he be in chains. [sake.
Frank. I would fain see him
After he has slept, Fabritio, but to try
How he will be. Chide him, and bring him back.
Clora. You'll never leave, till you be worried
with him.
Frank. Come, brother; we'll walk in, and lay
To get this fever off me. [a little.
Clora. Hang him, squib!
Now could I grind him into priming powder.
Frank. Pray will you leave your fooling?
Fab. Come, all friends.
Frank. Thou art enough to make an age of me
Thou art so cross and peevish. [so.
Fab. I will chide him;
And, if he be not graceless, make him cry for't.
Clora. I would go a mile (to see him cry in
slippers,
He would look so like a whey-cheese.
Frank. 'Would we might see him once more!
Fab. If you dare
Venture a second trial of his temper,
I make no doubt to bring him.
Clora. No, good Frank,
Let him alone: I see his vein lies only
For falling out at wakes and bear-baitings,
That may express him sturdy.
Fab. Now, indeed,
You are too sharp, sweet sister; for unless
It be this sin, which is enough to drown him,
I mean this sourness, he's as brave a fellow,
As forward, and as understanding else,
As any he that lives.
Frank. I do believe you;
And, good sir, when you see him, if we have
Distasted his opinion any way,
Make peace again.
Fab. I will. I'll leave ye, ladies.
Clora. Take heed! you had best; he has sworn
to pay you else.
Fab. I warrant you; I have been often threaten'd.
Clora. When he comes next, I have the cough,
or tooth-ach,
Or something that shall make me keep my chamber;
I love him so well.
Frank. 'Would you would keep your tongue!
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*The Street before* Lelia's *House.*

Enter Angelo.

Ang. I cannot keep from this ungodly woman,
This Lelia! whom I know too, yet am caught;
Her looks are nothing like her: 'Would her faults
Were all in Paris print upon her face,
Cum privilegio to use 'em still!

I would write an epistle
Before it, on the inside of her mask,
And dedicate it to the whore of Babylon;
With a preface upon her nose to the gentle reader:
And they should be to be sold
At the sign of the Whore's Head i' th' Pottage-pot,
In what street you please. But all this helps not me!
I am made to be thus catch'd, past any redress,
With a thing I contemn too. I have read Epictetus
Twice over against the desire of these outward things;
And still her face runs in my mind: I went
To say my prayers, and they were so laid out o' th' way,
That if I could find any prayers I had,
I am no Christian. This is the door, and the short is,
I must see her again. [*He knocks.*

Enter Maid.

Maid. Who's there?
Ang. 'Tis I:
I would speak with your mistress.
Maid. Did she send for you?
Ang. No; what then? I would see her. Pr'ythee, by thy leave!
Maid. Not by my leave; for she will not see you, but doth hate
You and your friend, and doth wish you both hang'd;
Which, being so proper men, is great pity
That you are not.
Ang. How is this?
Maid. For your sweet self in particular,
Who she resolves persuaded your friend to neglect her,
She deemeth whipcord the most convenient unction,
For your back and shoulders.
Ang. Let me in, I'll satisfy her.
Maid. And if it shall happen that you are in doubt
Of these my speeches, insomuch that you
Shall spend more time in arguing at the door,
I am fully persuaded that my mistress in person from above,
Will utter her mind more at large, by way
Of urine upon your head, that it may sink
The more soundly into your understanding faculties.
Ang. This is the strangest thing! Good pretty soul,
Why dost thou use me so? I pray thee
Let me in, sweet-heart!
Maid. Indeed I cannot, sweet-heart!
Ang. Thou art a handsome one, and this cross-ness
Does not become thee.
Maid. Alas, I cannot help it.
Ang. Especially to me: Thou know'st when I was here,
I said I liked thee of all thy mistress' servants.
Maid. So did I you; though it be not my fortune
To express it at this present; for truly,
If you would cry, I cannot let you in.
Ang. [*Apart.*] Pox on her! I must go the downright way.—Look you,
Here is ten pound for you, let me speak with her.
Maid. I like your gold well, but it is a thing,
By Heaven, I cannot do! She will not speak with you,
Especially at this time; she has affairs.
Ang. [*Apart.*] This makes her leave her jesting yet.—But take it,
And let me see her; bring me to a place
Where, undiscerned of herself, I may
Feed my desiring eyes but half-an-hour.
Maid. Why, 'faith, I think I can; and I will stretch
My wits and body too for gold. If you will swear,
As you are gentle, not to stir or speak,
Whatever you shall see or hear, now or hereafter—
Give me your gold: I'll plant you.
Ang. Why, as I am a gentleman,
I will not.
Maid. Enough. Quick! follow me. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Servant.

Serv. Why, where's this maid? She has much care of her business!
Nell! I think she be sunk! Why, Nell! whiew!
Maid. [*Within.*] What's the matter?

Enter Maid.

Serv. I pray you heartily come away!
Oh, come, come. The gentleman my mistress invited
Is coming down the street, and the banquet
Not yet brought out! [*They bring in the banquet.*
Lelia. [*Within.*] Nell, sirrah!
Maid. I come forsooth. [*Exit.*
Serv. Now must I walk:
When there is any fleshly matters in hand,
My mistress sends me of a four hours' errand:
But if I go not about mine own bodily business
As well as she, I am a Turk. [*Exit.*

SCENE V.—*A Room within the House, with a Gallery: a banquet set out.*

Enter Father, *in his disguise as a soldier.*

Father. What! all wide open? 'Tis the way to sin,
Doubtless; but I must on; the gates of hell
Are not more passable than these: How they
Will be to get out, God knows; I must try.
'Tis very strange! If there be any life
Within this house, 'would it would shew itself!
What's here? a banquet? and no mouth to eat,
Or bid me do it? This is something like
The entertainment of adventurous knights
Entering enchanted castles; for the manner,
Though there be nothing dismal to be seen,
Amazes me a little. What is meant,
By this strange invitation? I will sound
My daughter's meaning ere I speak to her,
If it be possible; for by my voice
She will discover me. Hark! whence is this? [*Music.*

THE SONG.

Come hither, you that love, and hear me sing
Of joys still growing,
Green, fresh, and lusty, as the pride of spring,
And ever blowing.
Come hither, youths that blush, and dare not know
What is desire,
And old men, worse than you, that cannot blow
One spark of fire.
And with the power of my enchanting song,
Boys shall be able men, and old men young.

Enter Angelo *on the Gallery.*

Come hither, you that hope, and you that cry;
Leave off complaining;
Youth, strength, and beauty, that shall never die,
Are here remaining.

Come hither, fools, and blush you stay so long
From being blest,
And mad men worse than you, that suffer wrong,
Yet seek no rest.
And in an hour, with my enchanting song,
You shall be ever pleased, and young maids long.

Enter LELIA *and* Maid, *with Night-gown and Slippers.*

Lelia. Sir, you are welcome hither! as this kiss,
Given with a larger freedom than the use
Of strangers will admit, shall witness to you.—
Put the gown on him.—In this chair sit down.—
Give him his slippers.—Be not so amazed: [*Drinks.*
Here's to your health! and you shall feel this wine
Stir lively in me, in the dead of night.—
Give him some wine.—Fall to your banquet, sir;
And let us grow in mirth. Though I am set
Now thus far off you, yet, four glasses hence,
I will sit here, and try, till both our bloods
Shoot up and down to find a passage out;
Then mouth to mouth will we walk up to bed,
And undress one another as we go;
Where both my treasure, body, and my soul,
Are yours to be disposed of.

Father. Umh! umh!
[*Makes signs of his white head and beard.*

Lelia. You are old?
Is that your meaning? Why, you are to me
The greater novelty; all our fresh youth
Are daily offer'd me. Though you perform,
As you think, little, yet you satisfy
My appetite; from your experience
I may learn something in the way of lust
I may be better for. But I can teach
These young ones: But this day I did refuse
A pair of them, Julio and Angelo,
And told them they were, as they were, raw fools
And whelps. [ANGELO *makes discontented signs.*

Maid. Pray God he speak not!
[Maid *lays her finger across her mouth to him.*

Lelia. Why speak you not,
Sweet sir?

Father. Umh!
[*Stops his ears; shews he is troubled with the Music.*

Lelia. Peace there, that music!—Now sir,
Speak to me.

Father. Umh! [*Points at the* Maid.

Lelia. Why? would you have her gone?
You need not keep your freedom in for her;
She knows my life, that she might write it; think
She is a stone: She is a kind of bawdy confessor,
And will not utter secrets.

Father. Umh! [*Points at her again.*

Lelia. Be gone then,
Since he needs will have it so. 'Tis all one.
[*Exit* Maid. Father *locks the door.*
Is all now as you would? Come, meet me then;
And bring a thousand kisses on thy lips,
And I will rob thee of 'em, and yet leave
Thy lips as wealthy as they were before.

Father. [*Discovering himself.*] Yes, all is as I would, but thou!

Lelia. By Heaven,
It is my father! [*Starts.*

Father. And I do beseech thee
Leave these unheard-of lusts, which worse become
Than mocking of thy father. Let thine eyes [thee
Reflect upon thy soul, and there behold
How loathed black it is; and whereas now
Thy face is heavenly fair, but thy mind foul,
Go but into thy closet, and there cry
Till thou hast spoil'd that face, and thou shalt find
How excellent a change thou wilt have made,
For inward beauty.

Lelia. Though I know him now [*Aside.*
To be my father, never let me live
If my lust do abate! I'll take upon me
To have known him all this while.

Father. Look! dost thou know me?

Lelia. I knew you, sir, before.

Father. What didst thou do?

Lelia. Knew you: And so unmovedly have you
All the sad crosses that I laid upon you, [borne
With such a noble temper, which indeed
I purposely cast on you, to discern
Your carriage in calamity, and you
Have undergone 'em with that brave contempt,
That I have turn'd the reverence of a child
Into the hot affection of a lover:
Nor can there on the earth be found, but yours,
A spirit fit to meet with mine.

Father. A woman?
Thou art not, sure!

Lelia. Look and believe.

Father. Thou art
Something created to succeed the devil,
When he grows weary of his envious course,
And compassing the world. But I believe thee;
Thou didst but mean to try my patience,
And dost so still: But better be advised,
And make thy trial with some other things
That safelier will admit a dalliance:
And if it should be earnest, understand
How curs'd thou art! so far from Heaven, that thou
Believ'st it not enough to damn alone,
Or with a stranger, but wouldst heap all sins
Unnatural upon this aged head;
And draw thy father to thy bed, and hell!

Lelia. You are deceived, sir; 'tis not against
For us to lie together: if you have [nature
An arrow of the same tree with your bow,
Is't more unnatural to shoot it there
Than in another? 'Tis our general nature
To procreate, as fire's is to consume;
And it will trouble you to find a stick
The fire will turn from. If't be Nature's will
We should not mix, she will discover to us
Some most apparent crossness, as our organs
Will not be fit; which if we do perceive
We'll leave, and think it is her pleasure
That we should deal with others.

Father. The doors are fast;
Thou shalt not say a prayer! 'tis not God's will
Thou shouldst. When this is done, I'll kill myself,
That never man may tell me I got thee.
[Father *draws his sword;* ANGELO *discovers himself.*

Lelia. I pray you, sir!—Help there!—for God's sake, sir!

Ang. Hold, reverend sir! for honour of your age!

Father. Who's that?

Ang. For safety of your soul, and of the soul
Of that too-wicked woman yet to die!

Father. What art thou? and how cam'st thou to that place?

Ang. I am a man so strangely hither come,
That I have broke an oath in speaking this;
But I believe 'twas better broke than kept,
And I desire your patience. Let me in,
And I protest I will not hinder you
In any act you wish, more than by word.
If so I can persuade you, that I will not

Use violence, I'll throw my sword down to you.
This house holds none but I, only a maid,
Whom I will lock fast in, as I come down.
Father. I do not know thee; but thy tongue doth seem
To be acquainted with the truth so well
That I will let thee in: Throw down thy sword.
Ang. There 'tis! [*Throws down his sword, and exit.*
Lelia. How came he there? I am betray'd to shame!
The fear of sudden death struck me all over
So violently, that I scarce have breath
To speak yet: But I have it in my head,
And out it shall, that, Father, may perhaps
O'er-reach you yet.
[Father *lets in* Angelo, *and locks the door.*
Father. Come, sir; what is't you say?
Lelia. My Angelo! By all the joys of love,
Thou art as welcome, as these pliant arms
Twined round, and fast about thee, can persuade thee!
Ang. Away!
Lelia. I was in such a fright before thou cam'st!
Yon old mad fellow (it will make thee laugh,
Though it fear'd me) has talk'd so wildly here!
Sirrah, he rush'd in at my doors, and swore
He was my father, and, I think, believed it:
But that he had a sword, and threaten'd me,
I'faith he was good sport. Good, thrust him out,
That thou and I may kiss together; wilt thou?
Father. Are you her companion? and with these fair words,
Got in to rescue her from me? [*Offers to run at him.*
Ang. Hold, sir!
I swear I do not harbour such a thought:
I speak it not for that you have two swords,
But for 'tis truth.
Lelia. Two swords, my Angelo?
Think this, that thou hast two young brawny arms
And ne'er a sword, and he has two good swords
And ne'er an arm to use 'em: Rush upon him!
I could have beaten him with this weak body,
If I had had the spirit of a man.
Ang. Stand from me, and leave talking, or by Heaven
I'll trample thy last damning word out of thee!
Father. Why do you hinder me then? stand away,
And I will rid her quickly.
Lelia. 'Would I were
Clear of this business! yet I cannot pray.
Ang. Oh, be advised! Why, you were better kill her,
If she were good. Convey her from this place,
Where none but you, and such as you appoint,
May visit her; where let her hear of nought
But death and damning, (which she hath deserved)
Till she be truly, justly sorrowful;
And then, lay mercy to her, who does know
But she may mend?
Father. But whither should I bear her?
Ang. To my house;
'Tis large and private; I will lend it you.
Father. I thank you, sir; and happily it fits
With some design I have. But how shall we
Convey her——
Lelia. Will they carry me away?
Father. For she will scratch and kick, and scream so loud
That people will be drawn to rescue her.
Ang. Why none can hear her here, but her own maid,
Who is as fast as she.
Father. But in the street?
Ang. Why, we will take 'em both into the kitchen,
There bind 'em, and then gag 'em, and then throw 'em
Into a coach I'll bring to the back-door,
And hurry 'em away.
Father. It shall be so.
I owe you much for this, and I may pay you:
There is your sword. Lay hold upon her quickly.
—This way with me, thou disobedient child!
Why does thy stubborn heart beat at thy breast?
Let it be still; for I will have it search'd
Till I have found a well of living tears
Within it, that shall spring out of thine eyes,
And flow all o'er thy body foul'd with sin,
Till it have wash'd it quite without a stain.
Lelia. Help! help! ah! ah! Murder! I shall be murder'd! [*They drag her.*
I shall be murdered!
Father. This helps thee not.
Lelia. Basely murder'd, basely!
Father. I warrant you. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*A Street.*

Enter Lodovico *and* Piso.

Lod. This roguy Captain has made fine work with us.
Piso. I would the devil in a storm would carry him
Home to his garrison again. I ache all over,
That I am sure of! Certainly my body
Is of a wildfire, for my head rings backward,
Or else I have a morris in my brains.
Lod. I'll deal no more with soldiers. Well remember'd;
Did not the vision promise to appear
About this time again?
Piso. Yes. Here he comes:
He's just on's word.

Enter Father.

Father. Oh, they be here together.
She's penitent; and, by my troth, I stagger
Whether, as now she is, either of these
Two fools be worthy of her: Yet, because
Her youth is prone to fall again, ungovern'd,
And marriage now may stay her, one of 'em
(And Piso, since I understand him abler)
Shall be the man; the other bear the charges,
And willingly, as I will handle it.
I have a ring here, which he shall believe
Is sent him from a woman I have thought of:
But ere I leave it, I'll have one of his
In pawn worth two on't; for I will not lose
By such a mess of sugar-sops as this is;
I am too old.
Lod. It moves again; let's meet it.
Father. Now, if I be not out, we shall have fine sport.—
I am glad I have met you, sir, so happily;
You do remember me, I am sure.

Lod. I do, sir.
Piso. This is a short preludium to a challenge.
Father. I have a message, sir, that much concerns you,
And for your special good. Nay, you may hear [too.
Piso. What should this fellow mean?
Father. There is a lady—
How the poor thing begins to warm already— [*Aside.*
Come to this town, (as yet a stranger here, sir)
Fair, young, and rich, both in possessions,
And all the graces that make up a woman,
A widow, and a virtuous one.—It works;
He needs no broth upon't. [*Aside.*
Lod. What of her, sir?
Father. No more but this; she loves you.
Lod. Loves me?
Father. Yes;
And with a strong affection, but a fair one.
If you be wise and thankful, you are made:
There's the whole matter.
Lod. I am sure I hear this.
Father. Here is a ring, sir, of no little value;
Which, after she had seen you at a window,
She bade me haste, and give it; when she blush'd
Like a blown rose.
Lod. But pray, sir, by your leave—
Methinks your years should promise no ill meaning.
Father. I am no bawd, nor cheater, nor a courser
Of broken-winded women: If you fear me,
I'll take my leave, and let my lady use
A fellow of more form; an honester
I am sure she cannot.
Lod. Stay! you have confirm'd me:
Yet let me feel; you are in health?
Father. I hope so;
My water's well enough, and my pulse.
Lod. Then
All may be excellent. Pray pardon me;
For I am like a boy that had found money,
Afraid I dream still.
Piso. Sir, what kind of woman,
Of what proportion, is your lady?
Lod. Ay?
Father. I'll tell you presently her very picture:
Do you know a woman in this town they call—
Stay; yes; it is so—Lelia?
Piso. Not by sight.
Father. Nor you, sir?
Lod. Neither.
Father. These are precious rogues, [*Aside.*
To rail upon a woman they ne'er saw:
So they would use their kindred.
Piso. We have heard, though,
She is very fair and goodly.
Father. Such another,
Just of the same complexion, making, speech,
(But a thought sweeter) is my lady.
Lod. Then
She must be excellent indeed.
Father. Indeed she is,
And you will find it so. You do believe me?
Lod. Yes, marry do I; and I am so alter'd—
Father. Your happiness will alter any man.
Do not delay the time, sir: At a house
Where Don Velasco lay, the Spanish signor,
Which now is signor Angelo's, she is.
Lod. I know it.
Father. But before you shew yourself,
Let it be night by all means; willingly
By day she would not have such gallants seen
Repair unto her; 'tis her modesty.
Lod. I'll go and fit myself.
Father. Do; and be sure
You send provision in, in full abundance,
Fit for the marriage; for this night, I know,
She will be yours. Sir, have you ne'er a token
Of worth to send her back again? You must;
She will expect it.
Lod. Yes; pray give her this, [*Gives a ring.*
And with it, all I have. I am made for ever! [*Exit.*
Piso. Well, thou hast fool's luck. Should I live as long
As an old oak, and say my prayers hourly,
I should not be the better of a penny.
I think the devil be my ghostly father!
Upon my conscience, I am full as handsome;
I am sure I have more wit, and more performance.
Which is a pretty matter.
Father. Do you think, sir,
That your friend, Signor Piso, will be constant
Unto my lady? you should know him well.
Piso. Who? Signor Piso?
Father. Yes, the gentleman.
Piso. Why, you are wide, sir.
Father. Is not his name Piso?
Piso. No; mine is Piso.
Father. How!
Piso. It is indeed, sir;
And his is Lodovic.
Father. Then I'm undone, sir!
For I was sent at first to Piso. What a rascal
Was I, so ignorantly to mistake you!
Piso. Peace;
There is no harm done yet.
Father. Now 'tis too late,
I know my error: At turning of a street,
(For you were then upon the right-hand of him)
You changed your places suddenly; where I
(Like a cross blockhead) lost my memory.
What shall I do? My lady utterly
Will put me from her favour.
Piso. Never fear it;
I'll be thy guard, I warrant thee. Oh, oh!
Am I at length reputed? For the ring,
I'll fetch it back with a light vengeance from him:
He had better keep tame devils than that ring.
Art thou not steward?
Father. No.
Piso. Thou shalt be shortly.
Father. Lord, how he takes it! [*Aside.*
Piso. I'll go shift me straight.
Art sure it was to Piso?
Father. Oh, too sure, sir.
Piso. I'll mount thee, if I live, for't.—Give me patience,
Heaven, to bear this blessing, I beseech thee!
I am but man!—I pr'ythee break my head,
To make me understand I am sensible.
Father. Lend me your dagger, and I will, sir.
Piso. No;
I believe now, like a good Christian.
Father. Good sir, make haste; I dare not go without you,
Since I have so mistaken.
Piso. 'Tis no matter:
Meet me within this half-hour at St. Margaret's.—
Well, go thy ways, old leg! thou hast the trick on't. [*Exit.*

Enter ANGELO *and* JULIO.

Ang. How now! the news?
Father. Well, passing well; I have 'em
Both in a leash, and made right for my purpose.
Julio. I am glad on't. I must leave you.
Ang. Whither, man?
Julio. If all go right, I may be fast enough too.
Ang. I cry you mercy, sir! I know your mean-
Clora's the woman; she's Frank's bedfellow. [ing:
Commend me to 'em; and go, Julio,
Bring 'em to supper all, to grace this matter:
They'll serve for witnesses.
Julio. I will. Farewell!
[*Exeunt* JULIO *at one Door;* ANGELO *and* Father *at another.*

SCENE II.—*A Room in* FREDERICK'S *House.*

Enter CLORA, FRANK, FREDERICK, *and* Maid.

Fred. Sister, I brought you Jacomo to th' door:
He has forgot all that he said last night;
And shame of that makes him more loth to come.
I left Fabritio persuading him;
But 'tis in vain.
Frank. Alas, my fortune, Clora!
Clora. Now, Frank, see what a kind of man you
That loves you when he's drunk. [love,
Frank. If so,
'Faith I would marry him: My friends, I hope,
Would make him drink.
Clora. 'Tis well consider'd, Frank,
He has such pretty humours then. Besides,
Being a soldier, 'tis better he should love you
When he's drunk, than when he's sober; for then
He will be sure to love you the greatest part on's life.
Frank. And were not I a happy woman then?
Clora. That ever was born, Frank, i'faith.
Fred. How now, what says he?

Enter FABRITIO.

Fab. 'Faith, you may
As well 'tice a dog up with a whip and bell,
As him by telling him of love and women:
He swears they mock him.
Fred. Look how my sister weeps.
Fab. Why, who can help it?
Fred. Yes, you may safely swear she loves him.
Fab. Why, so I did; and may do all the oaths
Arithmetic can make, ere he believe me;
And since he was last drunk, he is more jealous
They would abuse him. If we could persuade him
She loved, he would embrace it.
Fred. She herself
Shall bate so much of her own modesty,
To swear it to him, with such tears as now
You see rain from her.
Fab. I believe 'twould work;
But would you have her do't i' th' open street?
Or, if you would, he'll run away from her.
How shall we get him hither?
Fred. By entreaty.
Fab. 'Tis most impossible. No; if we could
Anger him hither, (as there is no way
But that to bring him) and then hold him fast,
Women and men, whilst she delivers to him
The truth seal'd with her tears, he would be pliant
As a pleased child. He walks below for me,
Under the window.
Clora. We'll anger him, I warrant ye:
Let one o' th' maids take a good bowl of water,
Or say it be a piss-pot, and pour't on's head.
Fab. Content! Hang me, if I like not
To cast on't rarely: for no question
'Tis an approved receipt to fetch such a fellow.
Take all the woman-kind in this house, betwixt
The age of one and one hundred, and let them
Take unto them a pot or a bowl, containing
Seven quarts or upwards, and let them never leave
Till the above-named pot or bowl become full;
Then let one of them stretch out her arm, and pour it
On his head, and, *probatum est*, 'twill fetch him;
For in his anger he will run up, and then
Let us alone.
Clora. Go you and do it. [*Exit* Maid.
Frank. Good Clora, no.
Clora. Away, I say, and do it. Never fear;
We have enough of that water ready distill'd.
Frank. Why, this will make him mad, Fabritio;
He'll neither love me drunk, nor sober, now.
Fab. I warrant you. What, is the wench come up?

Enter Maid *above.*

Clora. Art thou there, wench?
Maid. Ay.
Fab. Look out then
If thou canst see him.
Maid. Yes, I see him; and by my troth
He stands so fair, I could not hold, were he
My father. His hat's off too, and he's scratching
His head.
Fab. Oh, wash that hand, I pr'ythee.
Maid. God send thee good luck!
'Tis the second time I have thrown thee out to-day.
—Ha, ha, ha! just on's head.
Frank. Alas!
Fab. What does he now?
Maid. He gathers stones; God's light, he breaks all the street-windows!
Jac. [*Within.*] Whores! bawds! your windows,
Maid. Now he is breaking [your windows!
All the low windows with his sword: Excellent sport!
Now he's beating a fellow that laugh'd at him;
Truly the man takes it patiently: Now he goes
Down the street gravely, looking on each side;
There's not one more dare laugh.
Frank. Does he go on?
Maid. Yes.
Frank. Fabritio, you have undone a maid [*Kneels.*
By treachery; know you some other better,
You would prefer your friend to? If you do not,
Bring him again! I have no other hope
But you, that made me lose hope; if you fail me,
I ne'er shall see him, but shall languish out
A discontented life, and die contemn'd.
Fab. This vexes me! I pray you be more patient.
If I have any truth, let what will happen, [*Lifts her up.*
I'll bring him presently. Do you all stand
At the street-door, the maids, and all, to watch
When I come back, and have some private place
To shuffle me into; for he shall follow
In fury, but I know I can outrun him:
As he comes in, clap all fast hold on him,
And use your own discretions.
Fred. We will do it.

Fab. But suddenly; for I will bring him hither,
With that unstopp'd speed, that he shall run over
All that's in's way: And though my life be ven-
'Tis no great matter, I will do't. [tured,
Frank. I thank you,
Worthy Fabritio. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*The Street.*

Enter JACOMO.

Jac. I ever knew no woman could abide me;
But am I grown so contemptible,
By being once drunk amongst 'em, that they begin
To throw piss on my head? for surely it was piss:
Huh, huh! [*Smells.*

Enter FABRITIO.

Fab. Jacomo, how dost thou?
Jac. Well, something troubled
With wat'rish humours.
Fab. Foh! how thou stink'st!
Pr'ythee stand further off me. Methinks these humours
Become thee better than thy dry choleric humours,
Or thy wine-wet humours. Ha!
Jac. You are pleasant;
But, Fabritio, know I am not in the mood
Of suffering jests.
Fab. If you be not i' th' mood,
I hope you will not be moody. But truly
I cannot blame the gentlewomen; you stood eves-dropping
Under their window, and would not come up.
Jac. Sir, I suspect now, by your idle talk,
Your hand was in't; which, if I once believe,
Be sure you shall account to me.
Fab. The gentlewomen and the maids have counted
To you already; the next turn I see is mine.
Jac. Let me die, but this is very strange! Good
Do not provoke me so. [Fabritio,
Fab. Provoke you? You're grown
The strangest fellow! there's no keeping company
Pish! take you that. [with you.
[FABRITIO *gives him a box o' th' ear.* JACOMO *draws his sword.*
Jac. Oh, all the devils! Stand, slave!
Fab. Follow me if thou dar'st. [*Exit.*
Jac. Stay, coward, stay! [*Exit running.*

SCENE IV.—*The Room in* FREDERICK'S *House.*

Enter FREDERICK, FRANK, CLORA, Servant, *and* Maid.

Clora. Be ready; for I see Fabritio running,
And Jacomo behind him.

Enter FABRITIO.

Fab. Where's the place?
Fred. That way, Fabritio. [*Exit* FABRITIO.

Enter JACOMO.

Jac. Where art thou, treacher?
[FREDERICK, CLORA, *and* Maid *lay hold on* JACOMO.
What's the matter, sirs?
Why do you hold me? I am basely wrong'd!
Torture and hell be with you! let me go!
[*They drag him to a chair, and hold him down in it.*
Fred. Good Jacomo, be patient; and but hear
What I can say: You know I am your friend;
If you yet doubt it, by my soul I am.
Jac. 'Sdeath, stand away! I would my breath were poison!
Fred. As I have life, that which was thrown on you,
And this now done, were but to draw you hither
For causes weighty, that concern yourself,
Void of all malice; which this maid, my sister,
Shall tell you.
Jac. Puh! a pox upon you all! you will not hold me
For ever here; and, till you let me go,
I'll talk no more.
Frank. As you're a gentleman, [*Kneels.*
Let not this boldness make me be believed
To be immodest! If there were a way
More silently to be acquainted with you,
God knows, that I would chuse; but as it is,
Take it in plainness: I do love you more
Than you do your content. If you refuse
To pity me, I'll never cease to weep;
And when mine eyes be out, I will be told
How fast the tears I shed for you do fall;
And if they do not flow abundantly,
I'll fetch a sigh shall make 'em start and leap,
As if the fire were under.
Jac. Fine mocking, fine mocking!
Fred. Mocking? Look how she weeps.
Jac. Does she counterfeit crying too?
Fred. Behold how the tears flow! Or pity her.
Or never more be call'd a man.
Jac. How's this?
Soft you, soft you, my masters! Is't possible
She should be in earnest? [think you.
Clora. Earnest? Ay, in earnest:
She is a fool to break so many sleeps,
That would have been sound ones,
And venture such a face, and so much life,
For e'er an humorous ass i' th' world.
Frank. Why, Clora,
I have known you cry as much for Julio,
That has not half his worth. All night you write
And weep, too much, I fear; I do but what
I should.
Clora. If I do write, I am answer'd, Frank.
Frank. I would I might be so!
Jac. Good Frederick, let me go;
I would fain try if that thing do not counterfeit.
Fred. Give me your sword then.
Jac. No; but take my word,
As I am man, I will not hurt a creature
Under this roof, before I have deliver'd
Myself, as I am now, into your hands,
Or have your full consent.
Fred. It is enough. [*They let him loose.*
Jac. Gentlewoman, I pray you let me feel your face:—
I am an infidel, if she do not weep!
Stay; where's my handkerchief? I'll wipe
The old wet off: The fresh tears come! Pox on't.
I am
A handsome gracious fellow amongst women,
And knew't not.—Gentlewoman, how should I know
These tears are for me? Is not your mother dead?
Frank. By Heaven, they are for you!
Jac. 'Slight, I'll have my head curl'd and powder'd
To-morrow by break of day. If you love me,
I pray you kiss me; for if I love you,

It shall be such love as I will not be
Ashamed of.—If this be a mock, [*Kisses.*
It is the heartiest and the sweetest mock
That e'er I tasted. Mock me so again!
[*Kisses again.*

Fred. Fy, Jacomo! why do you let her kneel
So long?

Jac. It's true; I had forgot it, and should have done [*Lifts her up.*
This twelvemonth: Pray you rise.—Frederick,
If I could all this while have been persuaded
She could have loved me, dost thou think I had
Not rather kiss her than another should?
And yet you may gull me, for aught I know;
But if you do, hell take me if I do not cut
All your throats sleeping!

Fred. Oh, do not think of such a thing.

Jac. Otherwise, if she be in earnest, the short is, I am.

Frank. Alas, I am.

Jac. And I did not think it possible any woman
Could have liked this face: It's good for nothing, [is it?

Clora. Yes,
It is worth forty shillings to pawn, being lined
Almost quite through with velvet.

Frank. 'Tis better than your Julio's.

Jac. Thou thinkest so;
But otherwise, in faith, it is not, Frank.
[*Kisses her.*

Enter Fabritio.

Fab. Hist, Jacomo! How dost thou, boy, ha?

Jac. Why, very well,
I thank you, sir.

Fab. Dost thou perceive the reason
Of matters and passages, yet, sirrah, or no?

Jac. 'Tis wond'rous good, sir.

Fab. I have done simply for you:
But now you are beaten to some understanding,
I pray you dally not with the gentlewoman,
But dispatch your matrimony with all convenient speed.

Fred. He gives good counsel.

Jac. And I'll follow it.

Fab. And I you. Pr'ythee do not take it unkindly;
For, trust me, I box'd thee for thy advancement:
A foolish desire I had to joggle thee
Into preferment.

Jac. I apprehend you, sir;
And if I can study out a course how a bastinadoing
May any ways raise your fortunes in the state,
You shall be sure on't.

Fab. Oh, sir, keep your way.
God send you much joy!

Clora. And me my Julio! [Julio *speaks within.*
Oh, God, I hear his voice! Now he is true,
Have at a marriage, Frank, as soon as you!
[*Exeunt all but* Frederick.

Enter Messenger.

Mess. Sir, I would speak with you.

Fred. What is your hasty business, friend?

Mess. The duke commands your present attendance at court.

Fred. The cause?

Mess. I know not in particular: but this;
Many are sent for more, about affairs
Foreign, I take it, sir.

Fred. I will be there
Within this hour. Return my humble service.

Mess. I will, sir. [*Exit.*

Fred. Farewell, friend. What news with you?

Enter a Servant.

Serv. My mistress would desire you, sir, to follow
With all the haste you can: She is gone to church,
To marry Captain Jacomo; and Julio,
To do as much for the young merry gentlewoman,
Fair mistress Clora.

Fred. Julio marry Clora?
Thou art deceived, I warrant thee.

Serv. No sure, sir;
I saw their lips as close upon the bargain
As cockles.

Fred. Give 'em joy! I cannot now go;
The duke hath sent for me in haste.

Serv. This note, sir,
When you are free, will bring you where they are.
[*Exit.*

Fred. [*Reading.*] "You shall find us all at Signor Angelo's,
Where Piso, and the worthy Lelia
Of famous memory, are to be married;
And we not far behind." 'Would I had time
To wonder at this last couple in hell.

Enter Messenger *again.*

Mess. You are stay'd for, sir.

Fred. I come. Pray God the business
Hold me not from this sport! I would not lose it.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—*An Apartment in* Angelo's *House.*

Enter Father, Piso, Angelo, *and* Lelia.

Ang. God give you joy, and make you live together
A happy pair!

Piso. I do not doubt we shall. There was never
Poor gentleman had such a sudden fortune!
I could thrust my head betwixt two pales, and strip me
Out of my old skin like a snake. Will the guests come,
Thou saidst thou sentest for to solemnise the nuptials?

Father. They will; I look'd for 'em ere this.

Enter Julio, Jacomo, Fabritio, Frank, *and* Clora.

Julio. By your leave all.

Father. They are here, sir.

Julio. Especially, fair lady,
I ask your pardon; to whose marriage-bed
I wish all good success! I have here brought you
Such guests as can discern your happiness,
And best do know how to rejoice at it
(For such a fortune they themselves have run):
The worthy Jacomo, and his fair bride;
Noble Fabritio, (whom this age of peace
Has not yet taught to love aught but the wars);
And his true friend, this lady, who is but
A piece of me.

Lelia. Sir, you are welcome all!—
Are they not, sir? [*Exit* Father.

Piso. Bring in some wine;
Some of the wine Lodovic the fool sent hither.
Whoever thou bid'st welcome, shall find it.

Lelia. An unexpected honour you have done
To our too hasty wedding.

Jac. 'Faith, madam, our weddings were as hasty as yours:
We're glad to run up and down any whither,
To see where we can get meat to our wedding.
Piso. That Lodovic hath provided too, good ass!
Ang. I thought you, Julio, would not thus have stolen
A marriage, without acquainting your friends.
Julio. Why, I did give thee inklings.
Ang. If a marriage
Should be thus slubber'd up in a play,
Ere almost any body had taken notice
You were in love, the spectators would take it
To be hut ridiculous.
Julio. This was the first, and I
Will never hide another secret from you.

Enter Father.

Father. Sir, yonder's your friend Lodovic: Hide yourself,
And it will be the best sport——
Piso. Gentlemen,
I pray you take no notice I am here:
The coxcomb Lodovic is coming in. [*Retires.*

Enter Lodovico.

Lod. Is that the lady?
Father. That is my lady.
Lod. As I live, she's a fair one!
What make all these here?
Father. Oh, Lord, sir, she's so pester'd——
Fab. Now will the sport be; it runs right as Julio
Told us.
Lod. Fair lady, health to you! Some words
I have, that require an utterance more private
Than this place can afford.
Lelia. I'll call my husband;
All business I hear with his ears now.
Lod. Good madam, no; (but I perceive your jest)
You have no husband; I am the very man
That walk'd the streets so comely.
Lelia. Are you so?
Lod. Yes, 'faith; when Cupid first did prick your heart.
I am not cruel; but the love begun
I' th' street I'll satisfy i' th' chamber fully.
Lelia. To ask a madman whether he be mad
Were but an idle question; if you be,
I do not speak to you; but if you be not,
Walk in the streets again, and there perhaps
I may dote on you; here I not endure you.
Lod. Good madam, stay; do not you know this ring?
Lelia. Yes, it was mine; I sent it by my man
To change, and so he did; it has a blemish,
And this he brought me for it: Did you change it?
Are you a goldsmith?
Lod. Sure the world is mad!—
Sirrah, did you not bring me this ring from your lady?
Father. Yes, surely, sir, did I; but your worship must
Even bear with me, for there was a mistaking in it;
And so, as I was saying to your worship,
My lady is now married.
Lod. Married? to whom?
Father. To your worship's friend Piso.
Lod. 'Sdeath! to Piso?
Piso. [*Within.*] Ha, ha, ha!
Ang. Yes, sir, I can assure you
She's married to him; I saw't with these grey eyes.
Lod. Why, what a rogue art thou then? Thou hast made me
Send in provision too.
Father. Oh, a gentleman
Should not have such foul words in's mouth;
But your worship's provision
Could not have come in at a fitter time.
Will it please you to taste any of your own wine?
It may be the vintner has cozen'd you.
Lod. Pox, I am mad!
Ang. You have always plots, sir; and see how they fall out!
Jac. You had a plot upon me: How do you like this?
Lod. I do not speak to you.
Fab. Because you dare not.
Lod. But I will have one of that old rogue's teeth
Set in this ring.
Father. Dost not thou know
That I can beat thee?—Dost thou know it now? [*Discovers himself.*
Lod. He beat me once indeed.
Father. And if you have
Forgot it, I can call a witness.—Come forth, Piso
Remember you it?
Piso. 'Faith, I do call to mind
Such a matter. [*Coming forward.*
Father. And if I cannot still do't,
You are young, and will assist your father-in-law.
Piso. My father-in-law?
Ang. Your father-in-law,
As sure as this is widow Lelia.
Piso. How? widow Lelia?
Father. I'faith, 'tis she, son.
Lod. Ha, ha, ha! let my provision go!
I am glad I have miss'd the woman.
Piso. Have you put
A whore upon me?
Lelia. By heaven, you do me wrong!
I have a heart as pure as any woman's;
And I mean to keep it so for ever.
Father. There is
No starting now, son; if you offer it,
I can compel you; her estate is great,
But all made o'er to me, before this match:
Yet if you use her kindly, (as I swear
I think she will deserve) you shall enjoy it
During your life, all, save some slender piece
I will reserve for my own maintenance;
And if God bless you with a child by her,
It shall have all.
Piso. So I may have the means,
I do not much care what the woman is.—
Come, my sweetheart! as long as I shall find
Thy kisses sweet, and thy means plentiful,
Let people talk their tongues out.
Lelia. They may talk
Of what is pass'd; but all that is to come
Shall be without occasions.
Julio. Shall we not make
Piso and Lodovic friends?
Jack. Hang 'em, they dare not be enemies;
Or, if they be, the danger is not great.
Welcome, Frederick!

Enter Frederick.

Fred. First, joy unto you all!
And next, I think we shall have wars.
Jac. Give me some wine!
I'll drink to that.

Fab. I'll pledge.
Frank. But I shall lose you then.
Jac. Not a whit, wench;
I'll teach thee presently to be a soldier.
Fred. Fabritio's command, and yours,
Are both restored.
Jac. Bring me four glasses then!
Fab. Where are they?
Ang. You shall not drink 'em here. 'Tis supper time!
And from my house no creature here shall stir
These three days; mirth shall flow as well as wine.
Father. Content. Within, I'll tell you more at large
How much I am bound to all, but most to you,
Whose undeserved liberality
Must not escape thus unrequited.
Jac. 'Tis happiness to me, I did so well:
Of every noble action the intent
Is to give Worth reward, Vice punishment.
[*Exeunt.*

EPILOGUE.

If you mislike (as you shall ever be
Your own free judges) this play utterly,
For your own nobleness yet do not hiss!
But, as you go by, say it was amiss,
And we will mend: Chide us, but let it be
Never in cold blood! O' my honesty,
(If I have any) this I'll say for all;
Our meaning was to please you still, and shall.

END OF VOL. I.

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